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Easter in Paris

From the painting by

Anna Whelan Betts

THE CENTURY

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Enoch Soames

A Memory of the Eighteen-nineties

By MAX BEERBOHM

Author of "James Pethel," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

WHEN a book about the literature of the eighteen-nineties was given by Mr. Holbrook Jackson to the world, I looked eagerly in the index for Soames, Enoch. It was as I feared: he was not there. But everybody else was. Many writers whom I had quite forgotten, or remembered but faintly, lived again for me, they and their work, in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's pages. The book was as thorough as it was brilliantly written. And thus the omission found by me was an all the deadlier record of poor Soames's failure to impress himself on his decade.

I dare say I am the only person who noticed the omission. Soames had failed so piteously as all that! Nor is there a counterpoise in the thought that if he had had some measure of success he might have passed, like those others, out of my mind, to return only at the historian's beck. It is true that had his gifts, such as they were, been acknowledged in his lifetime, he would never have made the bargain I saw him make—that strange bargain whose results have kept him always in the foreground of my memory. But it is from those very results that the full piteousness of him glares out.

Not my compassion, however, impels me to write of him. For his sake, poor fellow, I should be inclined to keep my pen out of the ink. It is ill to deride the dead. And how can I write about Enoch Soames without making him ridiculous? Or, rather, how am I to hush up the horrid fact that he *was* ridiculous? I shall not be able to do that. Yet, sooner or later, write about him I must. You will see in due course that I have no option. And I may as well get the thing done now.

IN the summer term of '93 a bolt from the blue flashed down on Oxford. It drove deep; it hurtlingly embedded itself in the soil. Dons and undergraduates stood around, rather pale, discussing nothing but it. Whence came it, this meteorite? From Paris. Its name? Will Rothenstein. Its aim? To do a series of twenty-four portraits in lithograph. These were to be published from the Bodley Head, London. The matter was urgent. Already the warden of A, and the master of B, and the Regius Professor of C had meekly "sat." Dignified and doddering old men who had never consented to sit to any one could not withstand this dynamic

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little stranger. He did not sue; he invited: he did not invite; he commanded. He was twenty-one years old. He wore spectacles that flashed more than any other pair ever seen. He was a wit. He was brimful of ideas. He knew Whistler. He knew Daudet and the Goncourts. He knew every one in Paris. He knew them all by heart. He was Paris in Oxford. It was whispered that, so soon as he had polished off his selection of dons, he was going to include a few undergraduates. It was a proud day for me when I—I was included. I liked Rothenstein not less than I feared him; and there arose between us a friendship that has grown ever warmer, and been more and more valued by me, with every passing year.

At the end of term he settled in, or, rather, meteoritically into, London. It was to him I owed my first knowledge of that forever-enchanting little world-in-itself, Chelsea, and my first acquaintance with Walter Sickert and other august elders who dwelt there. It was Rothenstein that took me to see, in Cambridge Street, Pimlico, a young man whose drawings were already famous among the few —Aubrey Beardsley by name. With Rothenstein I paid my first visit to the Bodley Head. By him I was inducted into another haunt of intellect and daring, the domino-room of the Café Royal.

There, on that October evening—there, in that exuberant vista of gilding and crimson velvet set amidst all those opposing mirrors and upholding caryatids, with fumes of tobacco ever rising to the painted and pagan ceiling, and with the hum of presumably cynical conversation broken into so sharply now and again by the clatter of dominoes shuffled on marble tables, I drew a deep breath and, "This indeed," said I to myself, "is life!" (Forgive me that theory. Remember the waging of even the South African War was not yet.)

It was the hour before dinner. We drank vermuth. Those who knew Rothenstein were pointing him out to those who knew him only by name. Men were constantly coming in through the swing-doors and wandering slowly up and down in search of vacant tables or of tables occupied by friends. One of these rovers interested me because I was sure he wanted to catch Rothenstein's eye. He had twice passed our table, with a hesitating look; but Rothenstein, in the thick of a disquisition on Puvis de Chavannes, had not seen him. He was a stooping, shambling person, rather tall, very pale, with longish and brownish hair. He had a thin, vague beard, or, rather, he had a chin on which a large number of hairs weakly curled and clustered to cover its retreat. He was an odd-looking person; but in the nineties odd apparitions were more frequent, I think, than they are now. The young writers of that era—and I was sure this man was a writer—strove earnestly to be distinct in aspect. This man had striven unsuccessfully. He wore a soft black hat of clerical kind, but of Bohemian intention, and a gray waterproof cape which, perhaps because it was waterproof, failed to be romantic. I decided that "dim" was the *mot juste* for him. I had already essayed to write, and was immensely keen on the *mot juste,* that Holy Grail of the period.

The dim man was now again approaching our table, and this time he made up his mind to pause in front of it.

"You don't remember me," he said in a toneless voice.

Rothenstein brightly focused him.

"Yes, I do," he replied after a moment, with pride rather than effusion—pride in a retentive memory. "Edwin Soames."

"Enoch Soames," said Enoch.

"Enoch Soames," repeated Rothenstein in a tone implying that it was enough to have hit on the surname. "We met in Paris a few times when you were living there. We met at the Café Groche."

"And I came to your studio once."

"Oh, yes; I was sorry I was out."

"But you were in. You showed me some of your paintings, you know. I hear you 're in Chelsea now."

"Yes."

I almost wondered that Mr. Soames did not, after this monosyllable, pass along. He stood patiently there, rather

like a dumb animal, rather like a donkey looking over a gate. A sad figure, his. It occurred to me that "hungry" was perhaps the *mot juste* for him; but—hungry for what? He looked as if he had little appetite for anything. I was sorry for him; and Rothenstein, though he had not invited him to Chelsea, did ask him to sit down and have something to drink.

Seated, he was more self-assertive. He flung back the wings of his cape with a gesture which, had not those wings been waterproof, might have seemed to hurl defiance at things in general. And he ordered an absinthe. *"Je me tiens toujours fidèle,"* he told Rothenstein, *"à la sorcière glauque."*

"It is bad for you," said Rothenstein, dryly.

"Nothing is bad for one," answered Soames. "Dans ce monde il n'y a ni bien ni mal."

"Nothing good and nothing bad? How do you mean?"

"I explained it all in the preface to 'Negations.'"

"'Negations'?"

"Yes, I gave you a copy of it."

"Oh, yes, of course. But did you explain, for instance, that there was no such thing as bad or good grammar?"

"N-no," said Soames. "Of course in art there is the good and the evil. But in life—no." He was rolling a cigarette. He had weak, white hands, not well washed, and with finger-tips much stained with nicotine. "In life there are illusions of good and evil, but"—his voice trailed away to a murmur in which the words *"vieux jeu"* and "rococo" were faintly audible. I think he felt he was not doing himself justice, and feared that Rothenstein was going to point out fallacies. Anyhow, he cleared his throat and said, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

It occurs to you that he was a fool? It did n't to me. I was young, and had not the clarity of judgment that Rothenstein already had. Soames was quite five or six years older than either of us. Also—he had written a book. It was wonderful to have written a book.

If Rothenstein had not been there, I should have revered Soames. Even as it was, I respected him. And I was very near indeed to reverence when he said he had another book coming out soon. I asked if I might ask what kind of book it was to be.

"My poems," he answered. Rothenstein asked if this was to be the title of the book. The poet meditated on this suggestion, but said he rather thought of giving the book no title at all. "If a book is good in itself—" he murmured, and waved his cigarette.

Rothenstein objected that absence of title might be bad for the sale of a book.

"If," he urged, "I went into a bookseller's and said simply, 'Have you got?' or, 'Have you a copy of?' how would they know what I wanted?"

"Oh, of course I should have my name on the cover," Soames answered earnestly. "And I rather want," he added, looking hard at Rothenstein, "to have a drawing of myself as frontispiece." Rothenstein admitted that this was a capital idea, and mentioned that he was going into the country and would be there for some time. He then looked at his watch, exclaimed at the hour, paid the waiter, and went away with me to dinner. Soames remained at his post of fidelity to the glaucous witch.

"Why were you so determined not to draw him?" I asked.

"Draw him? Him? How can one draw a man who does n't exist?"

"He is dim," I admitted. But my *mot juste* fell flat. Rothenstein repeated that Soames was non-existent.

Still, Soames had written a book. I asked if Rothenstein had read "Negations." He said he had looked into it, "but," he added crisply, "I don't profess to know anything about writing." A reservation very characteristic of the period! Painters would not then allow that any one outside their own order had a right to any opinion about painting. This law (graven on the tablets brought down by Whistler from the summit of Fuji-yama) imposed certain limitations. If other arts than painting were not ut-

terly unintelligible to all but the men who practised them, the law tottered—the Monroe Doctrine, as it were, did not hold good. Therefore no painter would offer an opinion of a book without warning you at any rate that his opinion was worthless. No one is a better judge of literature than Rothenstein; but it would n't have done to tell him so in those days, and I knew that I must form an unaided judgment of "Negations."

Not to buy a book of which I had met the author face to face would have been for me in those days an impossible act of self-denial. When I returned to Oxford for the Christmas term I had duly secured "Negations." I used to keep it lying carelessly on the table in my room, and whenever a friend took it up and asked what it was about, I would say: "Oh, it 's rather a remarkable book. It 's by a man whom I know." Just "what it was about" I never was able to say. Head or tail was just what I had n't made of that slim, green volume. I found in the preface no clue to the labyrinth of contents, and in that labyrinth nothing to explain the preface.

Lean near to life. Lean very near—nearer.

Life is web and therein nor warp nor woof is, but web only.

It is for this I am Catholick in church and in thought, yet do let swift Mood weave there what the shuttle of Mood wills.

These were the opening phrases of the preface, but those which followed were less easy to understand. Then came "Stark: *A Conte,*" about a *midinette* who, so far as I could gather, murdered, or was about to murder, a *mannequin.* It was rather like a story by Catulle Mendès in which the translator had either skipped or cut out every alternate sentence. Next, a dialogue between Pan and St. Ursula, lacking, I rather thought, in "snap." Next, some aphorisms (entitled *ἀφορίσματα*). Throughout, in fact, there was a great variety of form, and the forms had evidently been wrought with much care. It was rather the substance that eluded me. Was there, I wondered, any substance at all? It did not occur to me: suppose Enoch Soames was a fool! Up cropped a rival hypothesis: suppose *I* was! I inclined to give Soames the benefit of the doubt. I had read "L'Après-midi d'un faune" without extracting a glimmer of meaning; yet Mallarmé, of course, was a master. How was I to know that Soames was n't another? There was a sort of music in his prose, not indeed arresting, but perhaps, I thought, haunting, and laden, perhaps, with meanings as deep as Mallarmé's own. I awaited his poems with an open mind.

And I looked forward to them with positive impatience after I had had a second meeting with him. This was on an evening in January. Going into the aforesaid domino-room, I had passed a table at which sat a pale man with an open book before him. He had looked from his book to me, and I looked back over my shoulder with a vague sense that I ought to have recognized him. I returned to pay my respects. After exchanging a few words, I said with a glance to the open book, "I see I am interrupting you," and was about to pass on, but, "I prefer," Soames replied in his toneless voice, "to be interrupted," and I obeyed his gesture that I should sit down.

I asked him if he often read here.

"Yes; things of this kind I read here," he answered, indicating the title of his book—"The Poems of Shelley."

"Anything that you really"—and I was going to say "admire?" But I cautiously left my sentence unfinished, and was glad that I had done so, for he said with unwonted emphasis, "Anything second-rate."

I had read little of Shelley, but, "Of course," I murmured, "he 's very uneven."

"I should have thought evenness was just what was wrong with him. A deadly evenness. That 's why I read him here. The noise of this place breaks the rhythm. He 's tolerable here." Soames took up the book and glanced through the pages. He laughed. Soames's laugh was a short, single, and mirthless sound from the throat, unaccompanied by any movement of the face or brightening of the eyes.

"'You don't remember me,' he said in a toneless voice"

"What a period!" he uttered, laying the book down. And, "What a country!" he added.

I asked rather nervously if he did n't think Keats had more or less held his own against the drawbacks of time and place. He admitted that there were "passages in Keats," but did not specify them. Of "the older men," as he called them, he seemed to like only Milton. "Milton," he said, "was n't sentimental." Also, "Milton had a dark insight." And again, "I can always read Milton in the reading-room."

"The reading-room?"

"Of the British Museum. I go there every day."

"You do? I 've only been there once. I 'm afraid I found it rather a depressing place. It—it seemed to sap one's vitality."

"It does. That 's why I go there. The lower one's vitality, the more sensitive one is to great art. I live near the museum. I have rooms in Dyatt Street."

"And you go round to the reading-room to read Milton?"

"Usually Milton." He looked at me. "It was Milton," he certificatively added, "who converted me to diabolism."

"Diabolism? Oh, yes? Really?" said I, with that vague discomfort and that intense desire to be polite which one feels when a man speaks of his own religion. "You—worship the devil?"

Soames shook his head.

"It 's not exactly worship," he qualified, sipping his absinthe. "It 's more a matter of trusting and encouraging."

"I see, yes. I had rather gathered from the preface to 'Negations' that you were a —a Catholic."

"Je l'étais à cette époque. In fact, I still am. I am a Catholic diabolist."

But this profession he made in an almost cursory tone. I could see that what was upmost in his mind was the fact that I had read "Negations." His pale eyes had for the first time gleamed. I felt as one who is about to be examined *viva voce* on the very subject in which he is shakiest. I hastily asked him how soon his poems were to be published.

"Next week," he told me.

"And are they to be published without a title?"

"No. I found a title at last. But I sha'n't tell you what it is," as though I had been so impertinent as to inquire. "I am not sure that it wholly satisfies me. But it is the best I can find. It suggests something of the quality of the poems—strange growths, natural and wild, yet exquisite," he added, "and many-hued, and full of poisons."

I asked him what he thought of Baudelaire. He uttered the snort that was his laugh, and, "Baudelaire," he said, "was a *bourgeois malgré lui.*" France had had only one poet—Villon; "and two thirds of Villon were sheer journalism." Verlaine was "an *épicier malgré lui.*" Altogether, rather to my surprise, he rated French literature lower than English. There were "passages" in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. But, "I," he summed up, "owe nothing to France." He nodded at me. "You 'll see," he predicted.

I did not, when the time came, quite see that. I thought the author of "Fungoids" did, unconsciously of course, owe something to the young Parisian decadents or to the young English ones who owed something to *them*. I still think so. The little book, bought by me in Oxford, lies before me as I write. Its pale-gray buckram cover and silver lettering have not worn well. Nor have its contents. Through these, with a melancholy interest, I have again been looking. They are not much. But at the time of their publication I had a vague suspicion that they *might* be. I suppose it is my capacity for faith, not poor Soames's work, that is weaker than it once was.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN

Thou art, who hast not been!
Pale tunes irresolute
And traceries of old sounds
Blown from a rotted flute
Mingle with noise of cymbals rouged with rust,
Nor not strange forms and epicene
Lie bleeding in the dust,
Being wounded with wounds.

For this it is
That in thy counterpart
Of age-long mockeries
Thou hast not been nor art!

There seemed to me a certain inconsistency as between the first and last lines of this. I tried, with bent brows, to resolve the discord. But I did not take my failure as wholly incompatible with a meaning in Soames's mind. Might it not rather indicate the depth of his meaning? As for the craftsmanship, "rouged with rust" seemed to me a fine stroke, and "nor not" instead of "and" had a curious felicity. I wondered who the "young woman" was, and what she had made of it all. I sadly suspect that Soames could not have made more of it than she. Yet even now, if one does n't try to make any sense at all of the poem, and reads it just for the sound, there is a certain grace of cadence. Soames was an artist, in so far as he was anything, poor fellow!

It seemed to me, when first I read "Fungoids," that, oddly enough, the diabolistic side of him was the best. Diabolism seemed to be a cheerful, even a wholesome, influence in his life.

NOCTURNE

Round and round the shutter'd Square
I strolled with the Devil's arm in mine.
No sound but the scrape of his hoofs was there
And the ring of his laughter and mine.
We had drunk black wine.

I scream'd, "I will race you, Master!"
'What matter," he shriek'd, "to-night
Which of us runs the faster?
There is nothing to fear to-night
In the foul moon's light!"

Then I look'd him in the eyes
And I laugh'd full shrill at the lie he told
And the gnawing fear he would fain disguise.
It was true, what I 'd time and again been told:
He was old—old.

There was, I felt, quite a swing about that first stanza—a joyous and rollicking note of comradeship. The second was slightly hysterical, perhaps. But I liked the third, it was so bracingly unorthodox, even according to the tenets of Soames's peculiar sect in the faith. Not much "trusting and encouraging" here! Soames triumphantly exposing the devil as a liar, and laughing "full shrill," cut a quite heartening figure, I thought, then! Now, in the light of what befell, none of his other poems depresses me so much as "Nocturne."

I looked out for what the metropolitan reviewers would have to say. They seemed to fall into two classes: those who had little to say and those who had nothing. The second class was the larger, and the words of the first were cold; insomuch that

> Strikes a note of modernity. . . . These tripping numbers.—"The Preston Telegraph."

was the only lure offered in advertisements by Soames's publisher. I had hoped that when next I met the poet I could congratulate him on having made a stir, for I fancied he was not so sure of his intrinsic greatness as he seemed. I was but able to say, rather coarsely, when next I did see him, that I hoped "Fungoids" was "selling splendidly." He looked at me across his glass of absinthe and asked if I had bought a copy. His publisher had told him that three had been sold. I laughed, as at a jest.

"You don't suppose I *care*, do you?" he said, with something like a snarl. I disclaimed the notion. He added that he was not a tradesman. I said mildly that I was n't, either, and murmured that an artist who gave truly new and great things to the world had always to wait long for recognition. He said he cared not a sou for recognition. I agreed that the act of creation was its own reward.

His moroseness might have alienated me if I had regarded myself as a nobody. But ah! had n't both John Lane and Aubrey Beardsley suggested that I should

write an essay for the great new venture that was afoot—"The Yellow Book"? And had n't Henry Harland, as editor, accepted my essay? And was n't it to be in the very first number? At Oxford I was still *in statu pupillari*. In London I regarded myself as very much indeed a graduate now—one whom no Soames could ruffle. Partly to show off, partly in sheer good-will, I told Soames he ought to contribute to "The Yellow Book." He uttered from the throat a sound of scorn for that publication.

Nevertheless, I did, a day or two later, tentatively ask Harland if he knew anything of the work of a man called Enoch Soames. Harland paused in the midst of his characteristic stride around the room, threw up his hands toward the ceiling, and groaned aloud: he had often met "that absurd creature" in Paris, and this very morning had received some poems in manuscript from him.

"Has he *no* talent?" I asked.

"He has an income. He 's all right." Harland was the most joyous of men and most generous of critics, and he hated to talk of anything about which he could n't be enthusiastic. So I dropped the subject of Soames. The news that Soames had an income did take the edge off solicitude. I learned afterward that he was the son of an unsuccessful and deceased bookseller in Preston, but had inherited an annuity of three hundred pounds from a married aunt, and had no surviving relatives of any kind. Materially, then, he was "all right." But there was still a spiritual pathos about him, sharpened for me now by the possibility that even the praises of "The Preston Telegraph" might not have been forthcoming had he not been the son of a Preston man. He had a sort of weak doggedness which I could not but admire. Neither he nor his work received the slightest encouragement; but he persisted in behaving as a personage: always he kept his dingy little flag flying. Wherever congregated the *jeunes féroces* of the arts, in whatever Soho restaurant they had just discovered, in whatever music-hall they were most frequently, there was Soames in the midst of them, or, rather, on the fringe of them, a dim, but inevitable, figure. He never sought to propitiate his fellow-writers, never bated a jot of his arrogance about his own work or of his contempt for theirs. To the painters he was respectful, even humble; but for the poets and prosaists of "The Yellow Book" and later of "The Savoy" he had never a word but of scorn. He was n't resented. It did n't occur to anybody that he or his Catholic diabolism mattered. When, in the autumn of '96, he brought out (at his own expense, this time) a third book, his last book, nobody said a word for or against it. I meant, but forgot, to buy it. I never saw it, and am ashamed to say I don't even remember what it was called. But I did, at the time of its publication, say to Rothenstein that I thought poor old Soames was really a rather tragic figure, and that I believed he would literally die for want of recognition. Rothenstein scoffed. He said I was trying to get credit for a kind heart which I did n't possess; and perhaps this was so. But at the private view of the New English Art Club, a few weeks later, I beheld a pastel portrait of "Enoch Soames, Esq." It was very like him, and very like Rothenstein to have done it. Soames was standing near it, in his soft hat and his waterproof cape, all through the afternoon. Anybody who knew him would have recognized the portrait at a glance, but nobody who did n't know him would have recognized the portrait from its bystander: it "existed" so much more than he; it was bound to. Also, it had not that expression of faint happiness which on that day was discernible, yes, in Soames's countenance. Fame had breathed on him. Twice again in the course of the month I went to the New English, and on both occasions Soames himself was on view there. Looking back, I regard the close of that exhibition as having been virtually the close of his career. He had felt the breath of Fame against his cheek—so late, for such a little while; and at its withdrawal he gave in, gave up, gave out. He, who had never looked strong or well, looked ghastly now

—a shadow of the shade he had once been. He still frequented the domino-room, but having lost all wish to excite curiosity, he no longer read books there. "You read only at the museum now?" I asked, with attempted cheerfulness. He said he never went there now. "No absinthe there," he muttered. It was the sort of thing that in old days he would have said for effect; but it carried conviction now. Absinthe, erst but a point in the "personality" he had striven so hard to build up, was solace and necessity now. He no longer called it *"la sorcière glauque."* He had shed away all his French phrases. He had become a plain, unvarnished Preston man.

Failure, if it be a plain, unvarnished, complete failure, and even though it be a squalid failure, has always a certain dignity. I avoided Soames because he made me feel rather vulgar. John Lane had published, by this time, two little books of mine, and they had had a pleasant little success of esteem. I was a—slight, but definite—"personality." Frank Harris had engaged me to kick up my heels in "The Saturday Review," Alfred Harmsworth was letting me do likewise in "The Daily Mail." I was just what Soames was n't. And he shamed my gloss. Had I known that he really and firmly believed in the greatness of what he as an artist had achieved, I might not have shunned him. No man who has n't lost his vanity can be held to have altogether failed. Soames's dignity was an illusion of mine. One day, in the first week of June, 1897, that illusion went. But on the evening of that day Soames went, too.

I had been out most of the morning and, as it was too late to reach home in time for luncheon, I sought the Vingtième. This little place—Restaurant du Vingtième Siècle, to give it its full title—had been discovered in '96 by the poets and prosaists, but had now been more or less abandoned in favor of some later find. I don't think it lived long enough to justify its name; but at that time there it still was, in Greek Street, a few doors from Soho Square, and almost opposite to that house where, in the first years of the century, a little girl, and with her a boy named De Quincey, made nightly encampment in darkness and hunger among dust and rats and old legal parchments. The Vingtième was but a small whitewashed room, leading out into the street at one end and into a kitchen at the other. The proprietor and cook was a Frenchman, known to us as Monsieur Vingtième; the waiters were his two daughters, Rose and Berthe; and the food, according to faith, was good. The tables were so narrow and were set so close together that there was space for twelve of them, six jutting from each wall.

Only the two nearest to the door, as I went in, were occupied. On one side sat a tall, flashy, rather Mephistophelian man whom I had seen from time to time in the domino-room and elsewhere. On the other side sat Soames. They made a queer contrast in that sunlit room, Soames sitting haggard in that hat and cape, which nowhere at any season had I seen him doff, and this other, this keenly vital man, at sight of whom I more than ever wondered whether he were a diamond merchant, a conjurer, or the head of a private detective agency. I was sure Soames did n't want my company; but I asked, as it would have seemed brutal not to, whether I might join him, and took the chair opposite to his. He was smoking a cigarette, with an untasted salmi of something on his plate and a half-empty bottle of Sauterne before him, and he was quite silent. I said that the preparations for the Jubilee made London impossible. (I rather liked them, really.) I professed a wish to go right away till the whole thing was over. In vain did I attune myself to his gloom. He seemed not to hear me or even to see me. I felt that his behavior made me ridiculous in the eyes of the other man. The gangway between the two rows of tables at the Vingtième was hardly more than two feet wide (Rose and Berthe, in their ministrations, had always to edge past each other, quarreling in whispers as they did so), and any one at the table abreast of yours was virtually at yours. I thought our neighbor was amused at my

"'Excuse—permit me,' he said softly. 'I have been unable not to hear. Might I take a

failure to interest Soames, and so, as I could not explain to him that my insistence was merely charitable, I became silent. Without turning my head, I had him well within my range of vision. I hoped I looked less vulgar than he in contrast with Soames. I was sure he was not an Englishman, but what *was* his nationality? Though his jet-black hair was *en brosse,* I did not think he was French. To Berthe, who waited on him, he spoke French fluently, but with a hardly native idiom and accent. I gathered that this was his first visit to the Vingtième; but Berthe was offhand in her manner to him: he had not made a good impression. His eyes were handsome, but, like the Vingtième's tables, too narrow and set too close together. His nose was predatory, and the points of his mustache, waxed up behind his nostrils, gave a fixity to his smile. Decidedly, he was sinister. And my sense of discomfort in his presence was intensified by the scarlet waistcoat which tightly, and so unseasonably in June, sheathed his ample chest. This waistcoat was n't wrong merely because of the heat, either. It was somehow all wrong in itself. It would n't have done on Christmas morning. It would have

liberty? In this little restaurant-*sans-façon*—might I, as the phrase is, cut in?'"

struck a jarring note at the first night of "Hernani." I was trying to account for its wrongness when Soames suddenly and strangely broke silence. "A hundred years hence!" he murmured, as in a trance.

"We shall not be here," I briskly, but fatuously, added.

"We shall not be here. No," he droned, "but the museum will still be just where it is. And the reading-room just where it is. And people will be able to go and read there." He inhaled sharply, and a spasm as of actual pain contorted his features.

I wondered what train of thought poor Soames had been following. He did not enlighten me when he said, after a long pause, "You think I have n't minded."

"Minded what, Soames?"

"Neglect. Failure."

"Failure?" I said heartily. "Failure?" I repeated vaguely. "Neglect—yes, perhaps; but that 's quite another matter. Of course you have n't been—appreciated. But what, then? Any artist who—who gives—" What I wanted to say was, "Any artist who gives truly new and great things to the world has always to wait long for recognition"; but the flattery would not out: in the face of his misery

—a misery so genuine and so unmasked—my lips would not say the words.

And then he said them for me. I flushed. "That 's what you were going to say, is n't it?" he asked.

"How did you know?"

"It 's what you said to me three years ago, when 'Fungoids' was published." I flushed the more. I need not have flushed at all. "It 's the only important thing I ever heard you say," he continued. "And I 've never forgotten it. It 's a true thing. It 's a horrible truth. But—d' you remember what I answered? I said, 'I don't care a sou for recognition.' And you believed me. You 've gone on believing I 'm above that sort of thing. You 're shallow. What should *you* know of the feelings of a man like me? You imagine that a great artist's faith in himself and in the verdict of posterity is enough to keep him happy. You 've never guessed at the bitterness and loneliness, the"—his voice broke; but presently he resumed, speaking with a force that I had never known in him. "Posterity! What use is it to *me?* A dead man does n't know that people are visiting his grave, visiting his birthplace, putting up tablets to him, unveiling statues of him. A dead man can't read the books that are written about him. A hundred years hence! Think of it! If I could come back to life *then*—just for a few hours—and go to the reading-room and *read!* Or, better still, if I could be projected now, at this moment, into that future, into that reading-room, just for this one afternoon! I 'd sell myself body and soul to the devil for that! Think of the pages and pages in the catalogue: 'Soames, Enoch' endlessly—endless editions, commentaries, prolegomena, biographies"— But here he was interrupted by a sudden loud crack of the chair at the next table. Our neighbor had half risen from his place. He was leaning toward us, apologetically intrusive.

"Excuse—permit me," he said softly. "I have been unable not to hear. Might I take a liberty? In this little restaurant-*sans-façon*—might I, as the phrase is, cut in?"

I could but signify our acquiescence. Berthe had appeared at the kitchen door, thinking the stranger wanted his bill. He waved her away with his cigar, and in another moment had seated himself beside me, commanding a full view of Soames.

"Though not an Englishman," he explained, "I know my London well, Mr. Soames. Your name and fame—Mr. Beerbohm's, too—very known to me. Your point is, who am *I?*" He glanced quickly over his shoulder, and in a lowered voice said, "I am the devil."

I could n't help it; I laughed. I tried not to, I knew there was nothing to laugh at, my rudeness shamed me; but—I laughed with increasing volume. The devil's quiet dignity, the surprise and disgust of his raised eyebrows, did but the more dissolve me. I rocked to and fro; I lay back aching; I behaved deplorably.

"I am a gentleman, and," he said with intense emphasis, "I thought I was in the company of *gentlemen.*"

"Don't!" I gasped faintly. "Oh, don't!"

"Curious, *nicht wahr?*" I heard him say to Soames. "There is a type of person to whom the very mention of my name is—oh, so awfully—funny! In your theaters the dullest *comédien* needs only to say 'The devil!' and right away they give him 'the loud laugh what speaks the vacant mind.' Is it not so?"

I had now just breath enough to offer my apologies. He accepted them, but coldly, and re-addressed himself to Soames.

"I am a man of business," he said, "and always I would put things through 'right now,' as they say in the States. You are a poet. *Les affaires*—you detest them. So be it. But with me you will deal, eh? What you have said just now gives me furiously to hope."

Soames had not moved except to light a fresh cigarette. He sat crouched forward, with his elbows squared on the table, and his head just above the level of his hands, staring up at the devil.

"Go on," he nodded. I had no remnant of laughter in me now.

"It will be the more pleasant, our little deal," the devil went on, "because you are —I mistake not?—a diabolist."

"A Catholic diabolist," said Soames.

The devil accepted the reservation genially.

"You wish," he resumed, "to visit now —this afternoon as-ever-is—the reading-room of the British Museum, yes? But of a hundred years hence, yes? *Parfaitement.* Time—an illusion. Past and future—they are as ever present as the present, or at any rate only what you call 'just round the corner.' I switch you on to any date. I project you—*pouf!* You wish to be in the reading-room just as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997? You wish to find yourself standing in that room, just past the swing-doors, this very minute, yes? And to stay there till closing-time? Am I right?"

Soames nodded.

The devil looked at his watch. "Ten past two," he said. "Closing-time in summer same then as now—seven o'clock. That will give you almost five hours. At seven o'clock—*pouf!*—you find yourself again here, sitting at this table. I am dining to-night *dans le monde—dans le higlif.* That concludes my present visit to your great city. I come and fetch you here, Mr. Soames, on my way home."

"Home?" I echoed.

"Be it never so humble!" said the devil, lightly.

"All right," said Soames.

"Soames!" I entreated. But my friend moved not a muscle.

The devil had made as though to stretch forth his hand across the table, but he paused in his gesture.

"A hundred years hence, as now," he smiled, "no smoking allowed in the reading-room. You would better therefore—"

Soames removed the cigarette from his mouth and dropped it into his glass of Sauterne.

"Soames!" again I cried. "Can't you" —but the devil had now stretched forth his hand across the table. He brought it slowly down on the table-cloth. Soames's chair was empty. His cigarette floated sodden in his wine-glass. There was no other trace of him.

For a few moments the devil let his hand rest where it lay, gazing at me out of the corners of his eyes, vulgarly triumphant.

A shudder shook me. With an effort I controlled myself and rose from my chair. "Very clever," I said condescendingly. "But—'The Time Machine' is a delightful book, don't you think? So entirely original!"

"You are pleased to sneer," said the devil, who had also risen, "but it is one thing to write about an impossible machine; it is a quite other thing to be a supernatural power." All the same, I had scored.

Berthe had come forth at the sound of our rising. I explained to her that Mr. Soames had been called away, and that both he and I would be dining here. It was not until I was out in the open air that I began to feel giddy. I have but the haziest recollection of what I did, where I wandered, in the glaring sunshine of that endless afternoon. I remember the sound of carpenters' hammers all along Piccadilly and the bare chaotic look of the half-erected "stands." Was it in the Green Park or in Kensington Gardens or *where* was it that I sat on a chair beneath a tree, trying to read an evening paper? There was a phrase in the leading article that went on repeating itself in my fagged mind: "Little is hidden from this august Lady full of the garnered wisdom of sixty years of Sovereignty." I remember wildly conceiving a letter (to reach Windsor by an express messenger told to await answer): "Madam: Well knowing that your Majesty is full of the garnered wisdom of sixty years of Sovereignty, I venture to ask your advice in the following delicate matter. Mr. Enoch Soames, whose poems you may or may not know—" Was there *no* way of helping him, saving him? A bargain was a bargain, and I was the last man to aid or abet any one in wriggling out of a reasonable obligation. I would n't have lifted a little finger to save *Faust.* But poor Soames! Doomed

to pay without respite an eternal price for nothing but a fruitless search and a bitter disillusioning.

Odd and uncanny it seemed to me that he, Soames, in the flesh, in the waterproof cape, was at this moment living in the last decade of the next century, poring over books not yet written, and seeing and seen by men not yet born. Uncannier and odder still that to-night and evermore he would be in hell. Assuredly, truth was stranger than fiction.

Endless that afternoon was. Almost I wished I had gone with Soames, not, indeed, to stay in the reading-room, but to sally forth for a brisk sight-seeing walk around a new London. I wandered restlessly out of the park I had sat in. Vainly I tried to imagine myself an ardent tourist from the eighteenth century. Intolerable was the strain of the slow-passing and empty minutes. Long before seven o'clock I was back at the Vingtième.

I sat there just where I had sat for luncheon. Air came in listlessly through the open door behind me. Now and again Rose or Berthe appeared for a moment. I had told them I would not order any dinner till Mr. Soames came. A hurdy-gurdy began to play, abruptly drowning the noise of a quarrel between some Frenchmen farther up the street. Whenever the tune was changed I heard the quarrel still raging. I had bought another evening paper on my way. I unfolded it. My eyes gazed ever away from it to the clock over the kitchen door.

Five minutes now to the hour! I remembered that clocks in restaurants are kept five minutes fast. I concentrated my eyes on the paper. I vowed I would not look away from it again. I held it upright, at its full width, close to my face, so that I had no view of anything but it. Rather a tremulous sheet? Only because of the draft, I told myself.

My arms gradually became stiff; they ached; but I could not drop them—now. I had a suspicion, I had a certainty. Well, what, then? What else had I come for? Yet I held tight that barrier of newspaper. Only the sound of Berthe's brisk footstep from the kitchen enabled me, forced me, to drop it, and to utter:

"What shall we have to eat, Soames?"

"Il est souffrant, ce pauvre Monsieur Soames?" asked Berthe.

"He 's only—tired." I asked her to get some wine—Burgundy—and whatever food might be ready. Soames sat crouched forward against the table exactly as when last I had seen him. It was as though he had never moved—he who had moved so unimaginably far. Once or twice in the afternoon it had for an instant occurred to me that perhaps his journey was not to be fruitless, that perhaps we had all been wrong in our estimate of the works of Enoch Soames. That we had been horribly right was horribly clear from the look of him. But, "Don't be discouraged," I falteringly said. "Perhaps it 's only that you—did n't leave enough time. Two, three centuries hence, perhaps—"

"Yes," his voice came; "I 've thought of that."

"And now—now for the more immediate future! Where are you going to hide? How would it be if you caught the Paris express from Charing Cross? Almost an hour to spare. Don't go on to Paris. Stop at Calais. Live in Calais. He 'd never think of looking for you in Calais."

"It 's like my luck," he said, "to spend my last hours on earth with an ass." But I was not offended. "And a treacherous ass," he strangely added, tossing across to me a crumpled bit of paper which he had been holding in his hand. I glanced at the writing on it—some sort of gibberish, apparently. I laid it impatiently aside.

"Come, Soames, pull yourself together! This is n't a mere matter of life or death. It 's a question of eternal torment, mind you! You don't mean to say you 're going to wait limply here till the devil comes to fetch you."

"I can't do anything else. I 've no choice."

"Come! This is 'trusting and encouraging' with a vengeance! This is diabolism run mad!" I filled his glass with wine. "Surely, now that you 've *seen* the brute—"

"It 's no good abusing him."

"You must admit there 's nothing Miltonic about him, Soames."

"I don't say he 's not rather different from what I expected."

"He 's a vulgarian, he 's a swell mobsman, he 's the sort of man who hangs about the corridors of trains going to the Riviera and steals ladies' jewel-cases. Imagine eternal torment presided over by *him!*"

"You don't suppose I look forward to it, do you?"

"Then why not slip quietly out of the way?"

Again and again I filled his glass, and always, mechanically, he emptied it; but the wine kindled no spark of enterprise in him. He did not eat, and I myself ate hardly at all. I did not in my heart believe that any dash for freedom could save him. The chase would be swift, the capture certain. But better anything than this passive, meek, miserable waiting. I told Soames that for the honor of the human race he ought to make some show of resistance. He asked what the human race had ever done for him. "Besides," he said, "can't you understand that I 'm in his power? You saw him touch me, did n't you? There 's an end of it. I 've no will. I 'm sealed."

I made a gesture of despair. He went on repeating the word "sealed." I began to realize that the wine had clouded his brain. No wonder! Foodless he had gone into futurity, foodless he still was. I urged him to eat, at any rate, some bread. It was maddening to think that he, who had so much to tell, might tell nothing. "How was it all," I asked, "yonder? Come, tell me your adventures!"

"They 'd make first-rate 'copy,' would n't they?"

"I 'm awfully sorry for you, Soames, and I make all possible allowances; but what earthly right have you to insinuate that I should make 'copy,' as you call it, out of you?"

The poor fellow pressed his hands to his forehead.

"I don't know," he said. "I had some reason, I know. I 'll try to remember." He sat plunged in thought.

"That 's right. Try to remember everything. Eat a little more bread. What did the reading-room look like?"

"Much as usual," he at length muttered.

"Many people there?"

"Usual sort of number."

"What did they look like?"

Soames tried to visualize them.

"They all," he presently remembered, "looked very like one another."

My mind took a fearsome leap.

"All dressed in sanitary woolen?"

"Yes, I think so. Grayish-yellowish stuff."

"A sort of uniform?" He nodded. "With a number on it perhaps—a number on a large disk of metal strapped round the left arm? D. K. F. 78,910—that sort of thing?" It was even so. "And all of them, men and women alike, looking very well cared for? Very Utopian, and smelling rather strongly of carbolic, and all of them quite hairless?" I was right every time. Soames was only not sure whether the men and women were hairless or shorn. "I had n't time to look at them very closely," he explained.

"No, of course not. But—"

"They stared at *me*, I can tell you. I attracted a great deal of attention." At last he had done that! "I think I rather scared them. They moved away whenever I came near. They followed me about, at a distance, wherever I went. The men at the round desk in the middle seemed to have a sort of panic whenever I went to make inquiries."

"What did you do when you arrived?"

Well, he had gone straight to the catalogue, of course,—to the S volumes,—and had stood long before SN-SOF, unable to take this volume out of the shelf because his heart was beating so. At first, he said, he was n't disappointed; he only thought there was some new arrangement. He went to the middle desk and asked where the catalogue of *twentieth*-century books was kept. He gathered that there was still only one catalogue. Again he looked

up his name, stared at the three little pasted slips he had known so well. Then he went and sat down for a long time.

"And then," he droned, "I looked up the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' and some encyclopedias. I went back to the middle desk and asked what was the best modern book on late nineteenth-century literature. They told me Mr. T. K. Nupton's book was considered the best. I looked it up in the catalogue and filled in a form for it. It was brought to me. My name was n't in the index, but—yes!" he said with a sudden change of tone, "that 's what I 'd forgotten. Where 's that bit of paper? Give it me back."

I, too, had forgotten that cryptic screed. I found it fallen on the floor, and handed it to him.

He smoothed it out, nodding and smiling at me disagreeably.

"I found myself glancing through Nupton's book," he resumed. "Not very easy reading. Some sort of phonetic spelling. All the modern books I saw were phonetic."

"Then I don't want to hear any more, Soames, please."

"The proper names seemed all to be spelt in the old way. But for that I might n't have noticed my own name."

"Your own name? Really? Soames, I 'm *very* glad."

"And yours."

"No!"

"I thought I should find you waiting here to-night, so I took the trouble to copy out the passage. Read it."

I snatched the paper. Soames's handwriting was characteristically dim. It and the noisome spelling and my excitement made me all the slower to grasp what T. K. Nupton was driving at.

The document lies before me at this moment. Strange that the words I here copy out for you were copied out for me by poor Soames just eighty-two years hence!

From page 234 of "Inglish Littracher 1890–1900" bi T. K. Nupton, publishd bi th Stait, 1992.

Fr egzarmpl, a riter ov th time, naimed Max Beerbohm, hoo woz stil alive in th twentith senchri, rote a stauri in wich e pautraid an immajnari karrakter kauld "Enoch Soames"—a thurd-rait poit hoo beleevz inself a grate jeneus an maix a bargin with th Devvl in auder ter no wot posterriti thinx ov im! It iz a sumwot labud sattire, but not without vallu az showing hou seriusli the yung men ov th aiteen-ninetiz took themselvz. Nou that th littreri profeshn haz bin auganized az a departmnt of publik servis, our riters hav found their levvl an hav lernt ter doo their duti without thort ov th morro. "Th laibrer iz werthi ov hiz hire" an that iz aul. Thank hevvn we hav no Enoch Soameses amung us to-dai!

I found that by murmuring the words aloud (a device which I commend to my reader) I was able to master them little by little. The clearer they became, the greater was my bewilderment, my distress and horror. The whole thing was a nightmare. Afar, the great grisly background of what was in store for the poor dear art of letters; here, at the table, fixing on me a gaze that made me hot all over, the poor fellow whom—whom evidently—but no: whatever down-grade my character might take in coming years, I should never be such a brute as to—

Again I examined the screed. "Immajnari." But here Soames was, no more imaginary, alas! than I. And "labud"—what on earth was that? (To this day I have never made out that word.) "It 's all very—baffling," I at length stammered.

Soames said nothing, but cruelly did not cease to look at me.

"Are you sure," I temporized, "quite sure you copied the thing out correctly?"

"Quite."

"Well, then, it 's this wretched Nupton who must have made—must be going to make—some idiotic mistake. Look here, Soames, you know me better than to suppose that I— After all, the name Max Beerbohm is not at all an uncommon one, and there must be several Enoch Soameses running around, or, rather, Enoch Soames

"'They stared at *me*, I can tell you. I attracted a great deal of attention. . . . I think I rather scared them'"

is a name that might occur to any one writing a story. And I don't write stories; I 'm an essayist, an observer, a recorder. I admit that it 's an extraordinary coincidence. But you must see—"

"I see the whole thing," said Soames, quietly. And he added, with a touch of his old manner, but with more dignity than I had ever known in him, *"Parlons d'autre chose."*

I accepted that suggestion very promptly. I returned straight to the more immediate future. I spent most of the long evening in renewed appeals to Soames to come away and seek refuge somewhere. I remember saying at last that if indeed I was destined to write about him, the supposed "stauri" had better have at least a happy ending. Soames repeated those last three words in a tone of intense scorn.

"In life and in art," he said, "all that matters is an *inevitable* ending."

"But," I urged more hopefully than I felt, "an ending that can be avoided *is n't* inevitable."

"You are n't an artist," he rasped. "And you 're so hopelessly not an artist that, so far from being able to imagine a thing and make it seem true, you 're going to make even a true thing seem as if you 'd made it up. You 're a miserable bungler. And it 's like my luck."

I protested that the miserable bungler was not I, was not going to be I, but T. K. Nupton; and we had a rather heated argument, in the thick of which it suddenly seemed to me that Soames saw he was in the wrong: he had quite physically cowered. But I wondered why—and now I guessed with a cold throb just why—he stared so past me. The bringer of that "inevitable ending" filled the doorway.

I managed to turn in my chair and to say, not without a semblance of lightness, "Aha, come in!" Dread was indeed rather blunted in me by his looking so absurdly like a villain in a melodrama. The sheen of his tilted hat and of his shirt-front, the repeated twists he was giving to his mustache, and most of all the magnificence of his sneer, gave token that he was there only to be foiled.

He was at our table in a stride. "I am sorry," he sneered witheringly, "to break up your pleasant party, but—"

"You don't; you complete it," I assured him. "Mr. Soames and I want to have a little talk with you. Won't you sit? Mr. Soames got nothing, frankly nothing, by his journey this afternoon. We don't wish to say that the whole thing was a swindle, a common swindle. On the contrary, we believe you meant well. But of course the bargain, such as it was, is off."

The devil gave no verbal answer. He merely looked at Soames and pointed with rigid forefinger to the door. Soames was wretchedly rising from his chair when, with a desperate, quick gesture, I swept together two dinner-knives that were on the table, and laid their blades across each other. The devil stepped sharp back against the table behind him, averting his face and shuddering.

"You are not superstitious!" he hissed.

"Not at all," I smiled.

"Soames," he said as to an underling, but without turning his face, "put those knives straight!"

With an inhibitive gesture to my friend, "Mr. Soames," I said emphatically to the devil, "is a *Catholic* diabolist"; but my poor friend did the devil's bidding, not mine; and now, with his master's eyes again fixed on him, he arose, he shuffled past me. I tried to speak. It was he that spoke. "Try," was the prayer he threw back at me as the devil pushed him roughly out through the door—*"try* to make them know that I did exist!"

In another instant I, too, was through that door. I stood staring all ways, up the street, across it, down it. There was moonlight and lamplight, but there was not Soames nor that other.

Dazed, I stood there. Dazed, I turned back at length into the little room, and I suppose I paid Berthe or Rose for my dinner and luncheon and for Soames's; I hope so, for I never went to the Vingtième again. Ever since that night I have avoided Greek Street altogether. And for years I did not set foot even in Soho Square, because on that same night it was

there that I paced and loitered, long and long, with some such dull sense of hope as a man has in not straying far from the place where he has lost something. "Round and round the shutter'd Square" —that line came back to me on my lonely beat, and with it the whole stanza, ringing in my brain and bearing in on me how tragically different from the happy scene imagined by him was the poet's actual experience of that prince in whom of all princes we should put not our trust!

But strange how the mind of an essayist, be it never so stricken, roves and ranges! I remember pausing before a wide door-step and wondering if perchance it was on this very one that the young De Quincey lay ill and faint while poor Ann flew as fast as her feet would carry her to Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother" of them both, and came back bearing that "glass of port wine and spices" but for which he might, so he thought, actually have died. Was this the very door-step that the old De Quincey used to revisit in homage? I pondered Ann's fate, the cause of her sudden vanishing from the ken of her boy friend; and presently I blamed myself for letting the past override the present. Poor vanished Soames!

And for myself, too, I began to be troubled. What had I better do? Would there be a hue and cry—"Mysterious Disappearance of an Author," and all that? He had last been seen lunching and dining in my company. Had n't I better get a hansom and drive straight to Scotland Yard? They would think I was a lunatic. After all, I reassured myself, London was a very large place, and one very dim figure might easily drop out of it unobserved, now especially, in the blinding glare of the near Jubilee. Better say nothing at all, I thought.

And I was right. Soames's disappearance made no stir at all. He was utterly forgotten before any one, so far as I am aware, noticed that he was no longer hanging around. Now and again some poet or prosaist may have said to another, "What has become of that man Soames?" but I never heard any such question asked. As for his landlady in Dyott Street, no doubt he had paid her weekly, and what possessions he may have had in his rooms were enough to save her from fretting. The solicitor through whom he was paid his annuity may be presumed to have made inquiries, but no echo of these resounded. There was something rather ghastly to me in the general unconsciousness that Soames had existed, and more than once I caught myself wondering whether Nupton, that babe unborn, were going to be right in thinking him a figment of my brain.

In that extract from Nupton's repulsive book there is one point which perhaps puzzles you. How is it that the author, though I have here mentioned him by name and have quoted the exact words he is going to write, is not going to grasp the obvious corollary that I have invented nothing? The answer can be only this: Nupton will not have read the later passages of this memoir. Such lack of thoroughness is a serious fault in any one who undertakes to do scholar's work. And I hope these words will meet the eye of some contemporary rival to Nupton and be the undoing of Nupton.

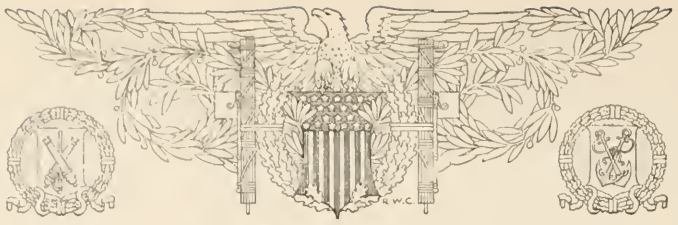
I like to think that some time between 1992 and 1997 somebody will have looked up this memoir, and will have forced on the world his inevitable and startling conclusions. And I have reason for believing that this will be so. You realize that the reading-room into which Soames was projected by the devil was in all respects precisely as it will be on the afternoon of June 3, 1997. You realize, therefore, that on that afternoon, when it comes round, there the selfsame crowd will be, and there Soames will be, punctually, he and they doing precisely what they did before. Recall now Soames's account of the sensation he made. You may say that the mere difference of his costume was enough to make him sensational in that uniformed crowd. You would n't say so if you had ever seen him, and I assure you that in no period would Soames be anything but dim. The fact that people are

going to stare at him and follow him around and seem afraid of him, can be explained only on the hypothesis that they will somehow have been prepared for his ghostly visitation. They will have been awfully waiting to see whether he really would come. And when he does come the effect will of course be—awful.

An authentic, guaranteed, proved ghost, but only a ghost, alas! Only that. In his first visit Soames was a creature of flesh and blood, whereas the creatures among whom he was projected were but ghosts, I take it—solid, palpable, vocal, but unconscious and automatic ghosts, in a building that was itself an illusion. Next time that building and those creatures will be real. It is of Soames that there will be but the semblance. I wish I could think him destined to revisit the world actually, physically, consciously. I wish he had this one brief escape, this one small treat, to look forward to. I never forget him for long. He is where he is and forever. The more rigid moralists among you may say he has only himself to blame. For my part, I think he has been very hardly used. It is well that vanity should be chastened; and Enoch Soames's vanity was, I admit, above the average, and called for special treatment. But there was no need for vindictiveness. You say he contracted to pay the price he is paying. Yes; but I maintain that he was induced to do so by fraud. Well informed in all things, the devil must have known that my friend would gain nothing by his visit to futurity. The whole thing was a very shabby trick. The more I think of it, the more detestable the devil seems to me.

Of him I have caught sight several times, here and there, since that day at the Vingtième. Only once, however, have I seen him at close quarters. This was a couple of years ago, in Paris. I was walking one afternoon along the rue d'Antin, and I saw him advancing from the opposite direction, overdressed as ever, and swinging an ebony cane and altogether behaving as though the whole pavement belonged to him. At thought of Enoch Soames and the myriads of other sufferers eternally in this brute's dominion, a great cold wrath filled me, and I drew myself up to my full height. But—well, one is so used to nodding and smiling in the street to anybody whom one knows that the action becomes almost independent of oneself; to prevent it requires a very sharp effort and great presence of mind. I was miserably aware, as I passed the devil, that I nodded and smiled to him. And my shame was the deeper and hotter because he, if you please, stared straight at me with the utmost haughtiness.

To be cut, deliberately cut, by *him!* I was, I still am, furious at having had that happen to me.



Military Training for Our Youth

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "The Hopes of the Hyphenated," etc.

COMPULSORY military training, in its essence, is merely an extension of compulsory education by which the citizen is equipped not only to achieve his very American privilege of fighting for an individual place in the sun to earn a decent living and to strengthen his mental and moral fiber, but also to achieve his equally American duty of fighting to maintain the collective rights of all American citizens.

Education develops individuality; military education develops nationality. In this country to-day it is a menacing fact that the average citizen, while jealous of his prerogatives, has only a vague conception of his duties to his country.—THE EDITOR.

AS a matter of policy, preparedness has been taken out of the province of sincere debate. Regardless of extremists, who balance absurdities of pacifism against absurdities of militarism, the people of the United States are resolved upon some sound plan of national defense that will not only assure the safety of democratic institutions, but also enable America to give force and effect to the spirit of those institutions. The one question at issue, when evasion is put aside, is whether dependence shall continue to be placed upon the volunteer system or whether the protection of the republic shall constitute a natural and inescapable obligation of citizenship.

Is patriotism a duty that must be discharged by all or a favor to be bestowed at will? In the United States, where cities, commonwealths, and nation equally *compel* obedience to a multitude of laws concerned with the general good, is it to be the case that defense shall remain on no firmer base than the differing impulses of individual men?

These are not by any means questions of abstract interest. Mr. Chamberlain, chairman of the senate committee on military affairs, has introduced a bill that provides for universal training, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States stands pledged to this idea, and all over the country there is evidence that the lessons taught by Switzerland and Australia are filling the thought of the great mass of people. The preparedness that is intended for all time, and not merely for the political campaign of 1916, must take account of this new policy that has risen to dispute the superiority of the old. There are investigations to be made, comparisons to be instituted, and they cannot be evaded in the interests of ancient prejudices and inherited traditions.

The volunteer system is now an obvious and admitted failure, and it is in the light of this breakdown that its hopes and assurances for the future must be viewed. It is on trial in the court of public opinion, and it must make the attempt to justify itself. The organized militia of the United States is naturally the first witness to be called, since it has ever been the choice medium for uncompelled patriotism.

Although there are over twenty million

men available for enlistment, the aggregate strength of the organized militia in the United States to-day is 129,398. Of this number, thirty-six per cent. did not attend twenty-four drills during the last year, and in many States the attendance was as low as sixteen per cent. Four States—New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Pennsylvania—contribute one third of the total strength, the beggarly hundreds of other commonwealths tapering down until Nevada is reached, where no militia of any kind exists in organized form.

In the interstate competitions arranged by the war department only fourteen States took part: only 1400 enlisted men took advantage of camps of instruction; and in 1915 only one State, Washington, was equipped as prescribed by the war department. Target practice was satisfactory in eight States only, and General Mills, head of the division of militia affairs, reports that six months of active preparation would be required to put the slipshod body in shape for real service.

It is claimed, of course, that lack of money has been the fault, just as promises of efficiency are based upon larger appropriations. Figures of record dispute both excuse and appeal. From 1903 to 1915, inclusive, the Federal Government spent $66,540,412 upon these state troops, a vast sum that does not include the expenses of regular army officers assigned to militia duty, or the cost of sending officers and enlisted men of the organized militia to service schools.

The state appropriations for 1915 alone were $7,725,127, and it must be remembered that this expenditure has been a steady annual drain on every State since the Revolutionary War. It is safe to say that the organized militia has cost the taxpayers of the United States a round billion, yet not all this money has been able to win enlistments, increase competency, or arouse interest.

Not one of the present arguments in favor of a militia pay-bill are new, for all were heard in 1903, when the Dick Bill was under discussion. It was pleaded then that should the Government irrigate the organized militia with golden streams from the treasury, strength and efficiency would follow instantly and steadily. The requested millions were appropriated, yet though the population of the United States increased twenty millions between 1903, and 1914, the national guard increase was only 12,456. For twelve years the Government has offered pay, transportation, and subsistence to all members of the organized militia yielding themselves to the intensive training of regular army manœuvers and state encampments, yet fewer than one per cent. of the militiamen have responded.

The real meaning of the federalization now urged is pay for the futile weekly armory drills that have been carried on for a hundred years without the slightest return in fitness.

It is in a large measure true that the organized militia has labored under the disadvantage of the police duties that are imposed upon it by the States. Men of the laboring class have refused, and will refuse, to enlist, and it is equally the case that many others in nowise party to the industrial dispute do not care to join a body that may be called upon at any moment to shoot down fellow-citizens. The proposed federalization, however, does not affect this disability in any particular, for the Constitution specifically reserves the control of the organized militia to the various States, limiting the command of the President to time of actual war.

To base any plan for national defense upon the organized militia through any law in the power of Congress to enact is to spend additional millions upon a body that has steadfastly resisted every activity toward betterment, and which in its very essence defies unity and proper federal control.

Consideration of the regular army only adds another count to the indictment against the volunteer system. The law of the land allows a total enlisted strength of 100,000; yet not all the alluring posters and recruiting officers have been able to secure this number. Even were Congress

to decide to disrupt industry, burden the taxpayer, and menace free institutions by the creating of a large standing army, where would the men come from? The American private is better paid, better fed, and better housed than the private soldier of any other nation, yet the regular service makes no greater appeal than does enlistment in the organized militia.

Surely, after one hundred and thirty-eight years of earnest effort and enormous expenditure, it will not be urged that 129,000 half-drilled, half-fit men is a result that merits continued reliance upon the volunteer system as a sound basis for national safety, or the showing of a raked-and-scraped regular army of fewer than 90,000 that costs over one hundred millions a year to maintain?

The truth must be faced that the volunteer system has been attended at every step by waste and failure, draining the national treasury while contributing little or nothing to the adequate preparedness that is now seen as a national need. It is the lesson of history that every great country in every great war has had to resort to conscription because of the cowardice or indifference that hides at home while bravery and patriotism make their sacrifices of blood upon the battle-field. The question for the United States to decide is whether this step shall be taken at the twelfth hour, when precious time must be lost in winnowing and drilling, or now, when years of peace permit a slow, scientific process that contains no menace to democratic ideals or the impairment of the civic virtues.

Major-General Leonard Wood is one soldier who has not permitted the prejudices of his calling to limit his social vision or blind him to the larger aspects of life. Because of these things he enjoys a public confidence that gives weight to his opinions. Asked for them, he spoke in this unhesitating fashion:

Any plan which fails to recognize the basic principle of universal military training is a makeshift and an expedient. The volunteer system as a system has been a dismal failure in every war that we have engaged in, and always will be. The good men will go first; then volunteering will stop, as it did in the Revolution, in 1812, and in the Civil War, forcing resort to the draft. It makes for inequality of service. The rich, when drafted, have been able to buy the poor to take their places. The result has been a debauchery of public morals.

The difficulties in the way of universal military training are not so great as people think. Let assent be given to the principle itself, and details can be worked out with small trouble. Congressional districts can be used as a basis of division for purposes of registration and training, and the all-important question of instruction can be met primarily by regular army officers, national-guard officers, and graduates of military institutions until the force is supplemented by courses of specific preparation.

Universal training means more than national defense and national safety. It means national health, national virility, national progress; for there is not a weakness in American life that it would not strengthen. Stronger bodies, clearer minds, higher civic ideals, a keener sense of the man's obligation to his fellows, his community, and his country, a solution of the immigrant problem, by giving aliens a sense of belonging—all these are only a few of the benefits that might be expected to flow.

The Australian system includes calisthenic training from twelve to fourteen. The procedure is simple, as is the apparatus required. From fourteen to eighteen the boys receive training in the elements of drill, camp-work, map-reading and map-making, target practice, plus the general type of instruction given to the older boy scouts. Take a youngster with this preparation, give him a brief period of intensive training under efficient officers, and you have a fit defender well on his way to join an adequate reserve.

Instruction in sanitation and personal hygiene does not stop with the individual person, for he carries it home with him to the improvement of local conditions. I can conceive of no more direct attack upon the preventable diseases that ravage America as a result of ignorance and indifference.

Character will be built as well as mind and body. Australia reports that her system of universal training has greatly reduced juvenile delinquency. In Switzerland, where every fit male is trained for defense, the murder-rate is twelve per million, as against one hundred and twenty-four per million in the United States.

I advocate universal training not as an approach to militarism, but as an escape from it. It is democracy in its essence, for it is without inequalities and discriminations. Make our millions fit for every exigency of defense, and they will be fit for the peace that such preparation will insure. America can be prepared without being unjust. She can be strong without being aggressive.

Compulsory military training is not compulsory military service, but the very reverse, carrying with it none of the sinister implications that attend the Continental idea. Merely accepting compulsion in military instruction even as compulsion in education is now accepted, the system operates during the growing period of individual life so that maturity may be devoted to normal civil pursuits without interference or interruption. Whole years are not lifted out of an adult's career, nor is the mind of the citizen exposed to prolonged contact with things martial and thoughts of war. The process is natural, reasonable, and orderly, strengthening manhood even as it bulwarks the nation.

A principal objection to such a plan is based upon the assumption that it is inseparably a part of the educational system of the country, thus raising points of constitutional law as well as academic problems. As a matter of fact, it is distinctly a live question whether the educational processes of the nation would not be quickened immeasurably by federalization. According to census reports, 7.7 per cent. of the population over ten is illiterate, which means that in a democracy, where every voice may come to share in important national decisions, 5,516,163 persons are utterly lacking in any education whatsoever. Of this number, over three million are white, and a million and a half are native-born whites.

Mississippi and Georgia have no compulsory education laws, and the illiteracy percentages are 22.4 and 20.7 respectively. The worthless laws of the following States are equally reflected in the census returns: Louisiana 29, South Carolina 25.7, North Carolina 18.5, Alabama 22.9, and Virginia 15.2 per cent.

Education is no less vital a concern than national defense itself, for illiteracy may breed dangers within as menacing as any peril from without. In this important regard, no less than in the matter of the organized militia, state control has broken down, permitting stagnancy in the very well-springs of American life. In view of this breakdown, such federalization of the system as may be necessary to install compulsory military training is seen as a rational undertaking demanded by the needs of education itself.

Under federal control, with poverty-blocked or indifferent States either aided or spurred, one wise compulsory education law may obtain from coast to coast, ministering to adults as well as to children, putting emphasis upon preparedness for the business of life as well as for the cultural values, taking every school-house from the backwaters, and planting it in the living stream.

It is not by any means a novel principle. The war department administers public education in the Philippines, the interior department acts similarly in Alaska, the labor department looks after the educational problems of adults, and there are fully fifty universities and agricultural colleges that receive funds from the Government in return for maintaining military tactics in their curricula.

The words of Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York, may be considered an authoritative expression of the educational sentiment of the United States. These are his views:

I am not so unpractical as not to know that for a weary time, at least, we must

prepare for protection, but care must be taken that our activities in this direction do not reach their acme in recrudescent savagery or in preparation for it. The perpetuation of international hatreds and brutish warfare as a purposeful feature of the education of our children cannot be allowed.

If by universal training it is meant that we must turn our great public-school system into recruiting-stations or barracks for the idea that war, as illustrated in Belgium, Poland, or Servia, is the supreme expression, or the necessary school, of a nation's valors or of a virile civilization, I protest against it and oppose it.

On the other hand, I can conceive a system of universal training able to release an incalculable power for the general good—a system that, even while having the national defense in mind, would discipline and organize the children and youth with the same rigor to fight the real foes of mankind, the savage instincts or latencies within ourselves, the hostile forces of physical nature, to fight for the absolute good, but to fight as nobly as the absolute good demands; and not for our individual selves alone, but for something of which ourselves are but an ephemeral, yet significant part—the *state*. Let them be trained to fight against the real foes of a city, a nation, a race.

A camp for such purposes I should like to make every school, public and private; a place not only where children are trained to realize their individual potencies, but where all shall feel themselves a contributing part in the making of a better community, a better state, a better world, a finer race on the planet.

We have too much softened our vocabulary and our spirits. We speak of "public service" and "doing good" when we ought to be making such war, fighting evil and enduring hardships. We ought, as some old militant Christian said, to put on our armor and not to take it off until we put on our shrouds. For life is not service. Life is struggle alone, struggle together. Life is war.

Let us crowd out the militarism of individual valors with the militarism productive of miracles of organization; the militarism that calls into specific sacrificial service what each man has to give, even if it takes him away from his personal prospects or his personal gain or takes from him his life; a militarism that will bring us to the day when the Landsturm of fear and envy and hate will become the Landsturm of disciplined, scientific, aspiring industrial and invincible struggle for man's supremacy over earth, sea, sky, and self.

It is the war department that has dug the Panama Canal, that has made some regions accessible, that has stayed pestilence, and ministered most effectively to cities overwhelmed by disaster. Doing away with ancient savageries and harsh superstitions, I would have the conservation of health and the direction of education conceived as functions of the war department, scientifically, austerely administered for the common good.

It is a lofty conception, one that takes away the present ignoble emphasis upon war as the mere destruction of human beings, substituting a definition that entails militant attack upon all the evils and injustices that scar American life and rot the national character. Whether or not use is made of the educational system in connection with universal training, Dr. Finley's warnings must be heeded, and the instruction course decided upon must be the fruit of conference that will represent the ideals and aspirations of a true national democracy as well as its defensive needs.

The Swiss and Australian systems, however, do not rest upon the public schools, nor does Senator Chamberlain's bill contemplate any such foundation. Stated briefly, it provides that every congressional district shall constitute a registration and training division; and it provides for the inclusion of all non-exempt males between the ages of twelve and twenty-three in the Citizen Cadet Corps, and between eighteen and twenty-three in the Citizen Army, after which they are released to enter the Citizen Army Reserve. It is stated specifically that the prescribed training may be given in public and private schools, academies, colleges, and uni-

versities, or in boy-scout groups and similar organizations.

The first years are concerned solely with the physical development of the youth; military instruction is introduced evenly and carefully, and from eighteen to twenty-three, ten days a year in a camp of continuous training is set down as the time necessary to coördinate his knowledge, to confirm it, and to familiarize him with work in the mass in the field.

It is an Americanization of the system that enables Switzerland, with its population of four million, to mobilize 500,000 trained soldiers at a day's notice, all at an annual cost of $8,000,000 as compared with the $101,959,196 that the United States spends on its regular army of 87,000, or the fourteen millions lavished on the organized militia of 129,000. It is a system bedrocked in democracy, for it does away with the vicious discriminations of the volunteer plan, letting the high duty of national defense rest with equal weight on every fit citizen, the highest as well as the lowest, the richest as well as the poorest. No disruption of industry is entailed, and democratic ideals are strengthened, not destroyed.

The total number of American boys between the ages of ten and fourteen is 9,107,140. To give this great number a proper physical training, to heighten their patriotism, to inform them in the science of defense, is not only a guarantee of future peace and permanent safety, but an immeasurable contribution to the wholesomeness and virility of the race.

America is not by any means a fit nation. Of the thirty million wage-earners in the United States, each loses an average of nine days a year through sickness, a wage loss of $500,000,000 alone, not to take account of the millions spent in medical attendance and the diminution of productivity. Even with comparatively low standards, and despite the fact that those who present themselves are the physical elect, one out of every six applicants for the army and navy is rejected as unfit. Fifty per cent. of all volunteers fail to pass tests, and of the remaining fifty per cent. one half die before the firing-line is reached because they have too much chalk in their bones.

The time to remedy these defects is not after manhood has been reached, but in youth. Even should the vital matter of national defense be thrown out of consideration, compulsory military training of the young would still stand justified by reason of its physical value. With proper regard for the right sort of emphasis, the same preparation that makes the true defender will also make the true citizen. The distinction between militarism and citizen defense is the difference between the ambition of kings and the voice of a people.

Compulsory military training, substituted for the outworn, outgrown volunteer system, would mean economy as well as adequacy. It might almost be said that its cost could be cared for out of the funds that are now poured into the rat-holes of failure and inefficiency.

The regular army is huddled to-day in forty-eight posts, crazy relics of Indian warfare perpetuated by the congressmen in whose districts they are. These pork-barrel products devour taxes and paralyze utility. At least six millions, now squandered annually in maintenance, could be saved by the abolition of forty of these posts, and another $10,626,518 is squandered every year on the transportation of troops from one God-forsaken station to another. Universal military training would compel intelligent concentration of the regular army, not only gaining sixteen millions a year, but bringing officers and men themselves into touch with democracy and efficiency.

Additional millions could be saved annually by the withdrawal of federal support from the state police forces now masquerading as a national guard. The militia pay-bill, introduced in Congress in 1914, asked a federal appropriation of $26,000,000 annually for the 129,000 troops then enrolled. With the militia recruited to 400,000, as proposed, the annual cost to the taxpayers would be close to $100,000,000.

Then, too, there is the four or five millions that the Federal Government spends annually on the fifty-odd colleges that maintain military departments. It has been money wasted from the first, for save in exceptional instances like the state universities of California, Ohio, and Illinois, these institutions have regarded their cadet corps as mere subterfuges to obtain national appropriations. The total enrolment of males in these colleges, at the last report, was 81,097, and of this number a bare twenty-three per cent. made any pretense of drill.

As General Wood has pointed out, the question of instructors is not such a bogy as appears at first. Regular army officers are now assigned to instruction duty with the militia of every State, and in the sparsely settled Western States the change would mean nothing more than the transference of duty. Lieutenant Steever, instructor-officer with the Wyoming militia, for instance, organized cadet corps in the high schools of the State in his spare time, and brought the lads to a degree of efficiency that invites comparison with the trained troops of Europe.

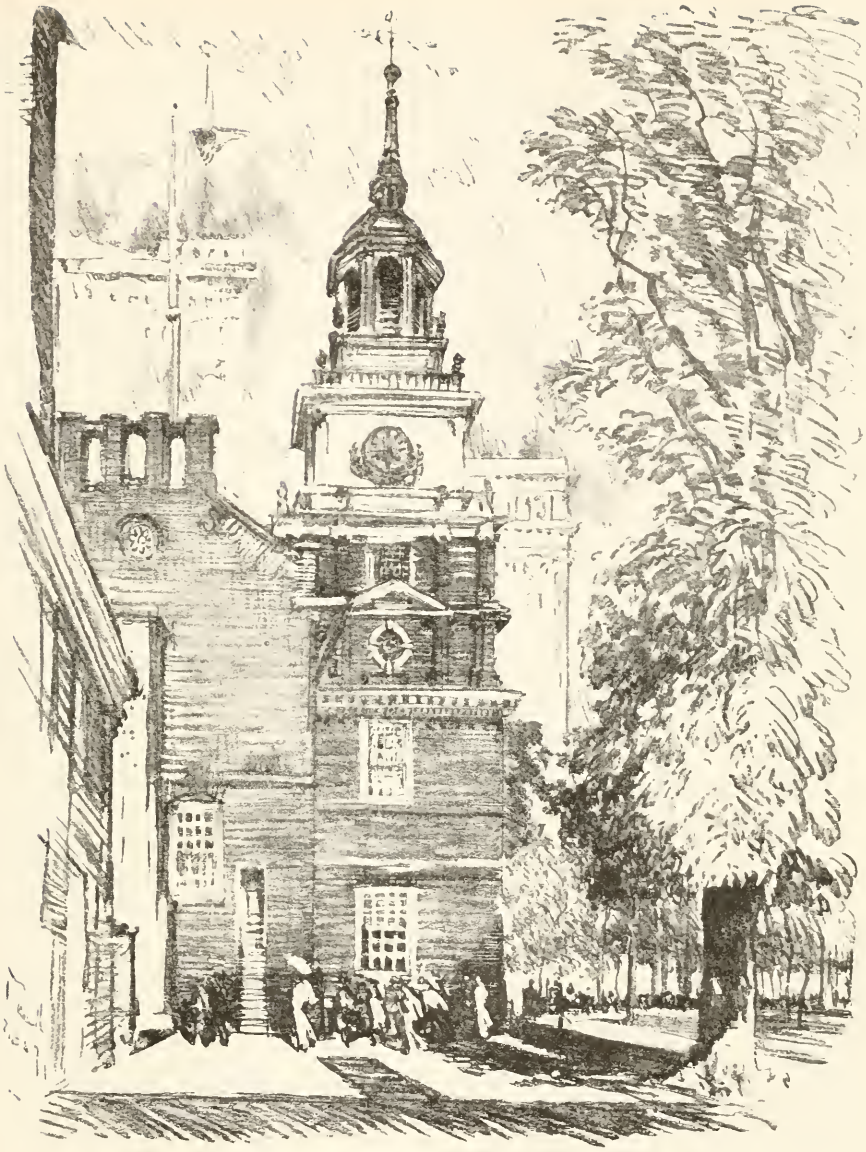
It is also true that call can be made upon such officers of the militia as may demonstrate competency, and there are also the retired lists of the army that could be drawn upon with profit. The United States is now paying $3,000,000 a year to officers on the retired list, and $2,482,000 to soldiers on the retired list. The great majority have years of good service left in them, a truth proved by the fact that many take important places in private employment, and the adoption of a system of compulsory military training would permit the utilization of their services as instructors.

When one adds together the millions that have been wasted in the past and the millions that will be wasted if Congress decides to base national defense upon a militia that is paid for attending armory drills, one will see that compulsory military training is not only more efficient, but far cheaper.

When all is said and done, however, the great value of universal military training does not lie principally in its adequacy or in its economy, but in its far-reaching and lasting effects upon the nation itself and the national character. Brag and bluster and hysteria, when analyzed, are seen to be the natural consequences of unpreparedness or semi-preparedness. The country that does not know whether it *can* fight or not is always a country that lends itself to extremes of bravado and alarm; and did the United States know itself to be ready for any emergency, it would be more difficult for a yellow press and yellower politicians to work up emotional debauches by preaching a religion of valor.

There are also the advantages of a finer, firmer physical base, the result of youthful training; an improved national health; a nobler conception of patriotism; a keener understanding of civic obligations and the meaning of fraternity; and a far saner, more wholesome outlook on life in every possible way.

Compulsory military training must come. Then why not now? What is the point of making numberless toothless bites at the cherry of national defense?



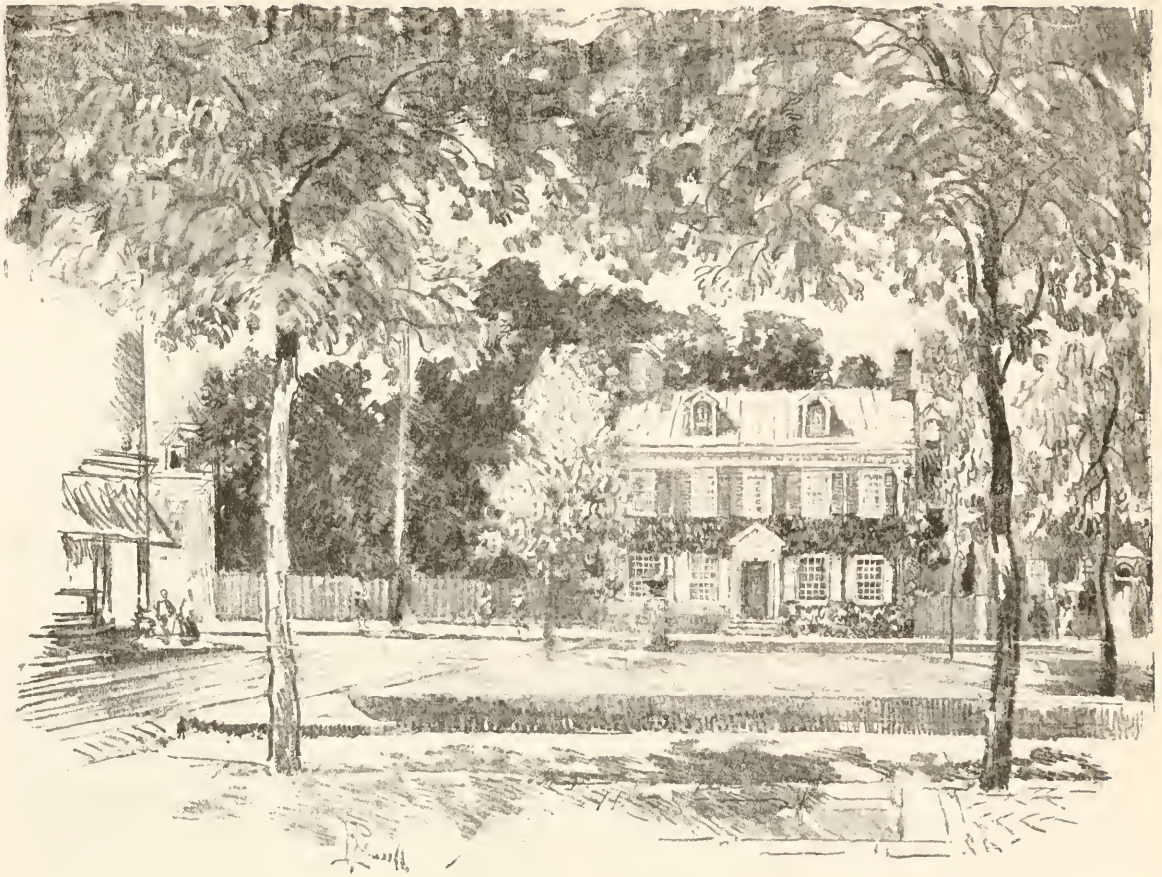
Independence Square

Philadelphia Old and New

Lithographs by

Joseph Pennell

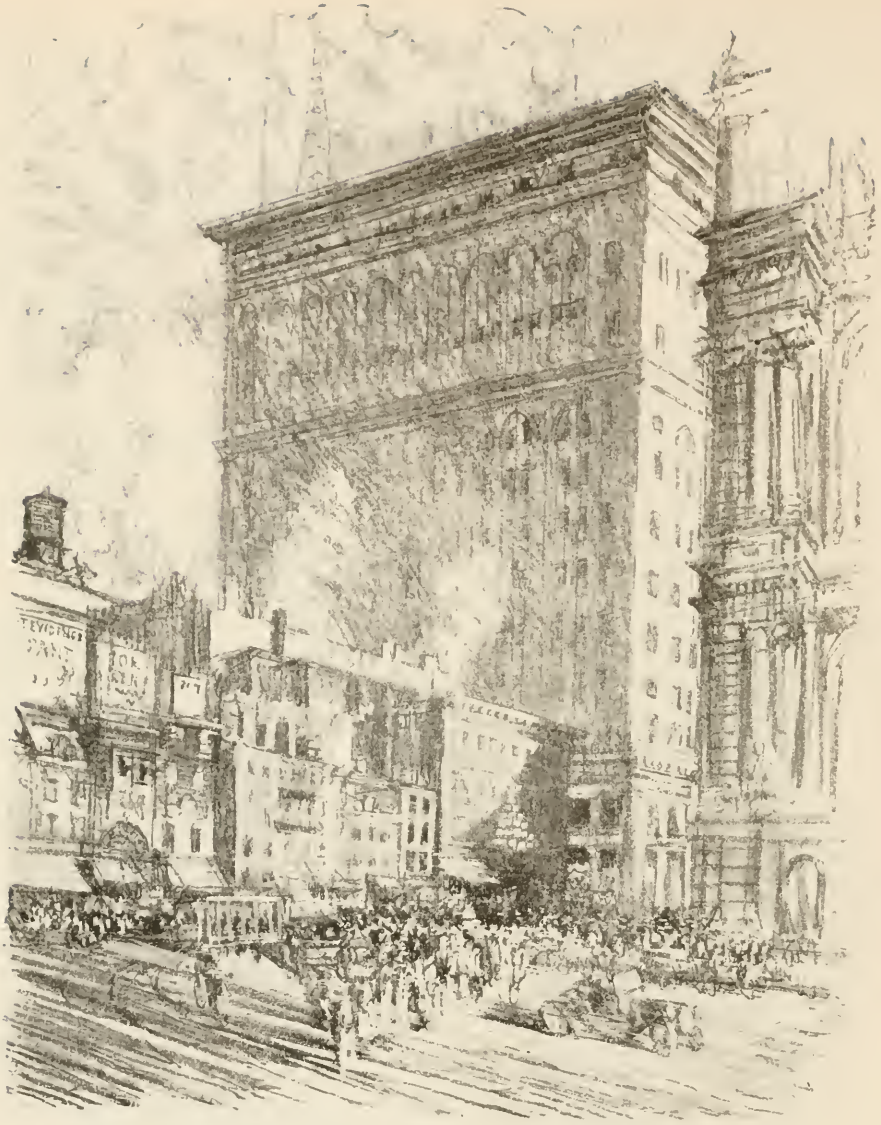
Main Street, Germantown



The Morris House

The Chew House

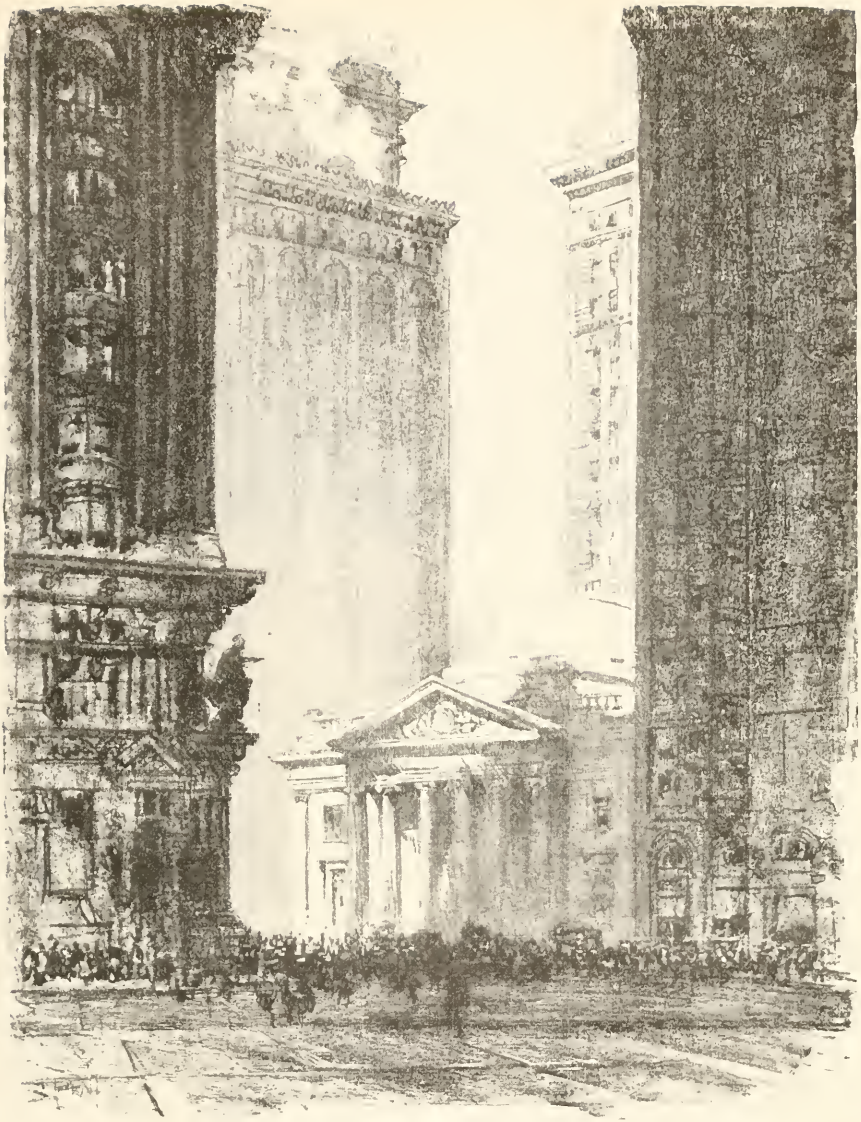
Friends' Meeting-house



The Store and the Houses

The Union League Club

Broad Street



Girard Trust Building

A Belgian village after a year of war

Flies

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Young Hilda at the Wars," "The Play-boys of Brittany," etc.

OUTSIDE the window stretched the village street, flat, with bits of dust rising on the breaths of wind and volleying into rooms, upon the table-cloth and into pages of books. It was a street of small, yellow brick houses, a shapeless church, a convent school, freckled, dingy buildings. Up and down the length of it it was without one touch of beauty. It gave back dust in the eyes; it sounded with thunder of transports, rattle of wagons, soft whir of officers' speed-cars, yelp of motor-horns, and the *tap-tap* of wooden shoes on tiny peasants, boys and girls. A little sick, black dog slunk down the pavement, smelling and staring. A cart bumped over the cobbles.

Inside the window, a square room with a litter of sixpenny novels in a corner, fifty or sixty books flung down haphazard, some of them open, with the leaves crushed back by the books above. In another corner lay a heap of commissariat stuff—tins of Bully beef, rabbit, sardines, herring, and glasses of jam and marmalade. On the center-table, a large jug of marmalade, ants busy in the yellow trickle at the rim. Filth had worked its way into the red table-cover. Filth was on every object in the room, like a soft mist, blurring the color and outlines of things. In the corners, under books and tins, insects moved, long, thin. A hot noon sun came dimly through the dirty glass of the closed window, and slowly baked a sleeping man in the large plush arm-chair. Around the chair, as if it were a promontory in a heaving sea, were billows of stale, crumpled newspapers, some wadded into a ball, others torn across the page, all flung aside in ennui.

The face of the man was weary and weak. It showed all of his forty-one years, and revealed, too, a great emptiness. Flies kept rising and settling again on the hands, the face, and the head of the man —moist flies that felt damp on the skin. They were slow and languid flies, which wanted to settle and stay. It was his breathing that made them restless, but not enough to clear them away; only enough to make a low buzzing in the sultry room.

Across the top of his head a bald streak ran from the forehead, and it was here they returned to alight after each twitching and heave of the sunken body of the sleeping man.

In the early months he had fought a losing fight with them. The walls and ceiling and panes of glass were spotted with the marks of his long battle. But his foes had advanced in ever-fresh force, clouds and swarms of them beyond number. He had gone to meet them with a wire killer and tightly rolled newspapers, he had imported fly-paper from Dunkirk; but they could afford to sacrifice the few hundreds that his strokes could reach, and still overwhelm him. Lately he had given up the struggle, and let them take possession of the room. They harassed him when he read, so he gave up reading. They got into the food, so he ate less. Between his two trips to the front daily, at 8 A.M. and 2 P.M., he slept. He found he could lose himself in sleep. Into that kingdom of sleep they could not enter. As the weeks rolled on, he was able to let himself down more and more easily into silence. That became his life: a slothfulness, a languor, even when awake; a half-conscious forcing of himself through the routine work; a looking forward to the droning room; and then the settling deep into the old plush chair and the blessed unconsciousness.

He drove a Red Cross ambulance twice a day to the French lines at Nieuport, collected the sick and wounded soldiers, and brought them to the Poste de Secours at Coxyde, two miles back of the trenches. It was in Coxyde that he lived, a hundred feet from the *poste,* always within call. But the emergency call rarely came. There were only the set runs, for the war had settled to its own regularity. A wonderful idleness hung over the lines where millions of men were unemployed, waiting with strange patience for some unseen event. Only the year before, these men were chatting in cafés and busy in a thousand ways. Now the long hours of the day were lived without activity, in thoughtless routine. Under the routine there was always the sense of waiting for a sudden crash and horror.

The man was an English gentleman. It was his own car he had brought, paid for by him, and he had offered it and his services to the Fusiliers Marins. They had been glad of his help, and for twelve months he had performed his daily duty and returned to his loneliness. The men under whom he worked were the French doctors of the *poste,* the chief, M. Claude-Marie Le Bot, with four stripes on his arm; the courteous, grave administrator, Eustache-Emmanuel Couillandre, a three-stripes man; and half a dozen others, with three stripes and two. They had welcomed him to their group when he came to them from London. They had found him lively and likable, bringing gossip of the West End, with a dash of Leicester Square. Then slowly a change had come on him; he went moody and silent.

"What 's the matter with you?" asked Dr. Le Bot one day.

"Nothing 's the matter with me," answered the man. "It 's war that 's the matter."

"What do you mean by that?" put in one of the younger doctors.

"The trouble with war," began the man, slowly, "is n't that there 's danger and death. They are easy. The trouble with war is this: it 's dull—damned, deadly dull. It 's the slowest thing in the world. It wears away at your mind, like water dripping on a rock. The old torture of letting water fall on your skull, drop by drop, till you went raving crazy is nothing to what war does to the mind of millions of men. They can't think of anything else but war, and they have no thoughts about that. They can't talk of another blessed thing, and the result is they have nothing to say at all."

As he talked, a flush came into his face. He gathered speed till his words came with a rush, as if he were relieving himself of inner pain.

"Have you ever heard the true inside account of an arctic expedition?" he went on. "There 's a handful of men locked up inside a little ship for thirteen or fourteen

months. Nothing to look out on but snow and ice, one color, and a horizonful of it. Nothing to dream of but arriving at a pole, and that is a theoretical point in infinite space. There 's no such thing. The midnight sun and the frozen stuff get on their nerves; same old sun in the same old place, same kind of weather. What happens? The natural thing, of course. They get so they hate one another like poison. They go around with a mad on. They carry hate against the commander and the cook and the fellow whose berth creaks every time he shifts. Each man thinks the shipload is the rottenest gang ever thrown together. He wonders why they did n't bring somebody decent along. He gets to scoring up grudges against the different people, and waits his chance to get back."

He stopped a minute, and looked around at the doctors, who were giving him close attention. Then he went on with the same intensity:

"Now, that 's war, only war is more so. Here you are in one place for sixteen months. You shovel yourself into a stinking hole in the ground. At seven in the morning you boil yourself some muddy coffee that tastes like the River Thames at Battersea Bridge. You take a knife that 's had welts hacked out of it and cut a hunk of dry bread that chews like sand. You eat some Bully beef out of a tin, the same tinned stuff that you 've been eating ever since your stomach went on strike a year ago. Once a week, for a treat, you cut a steak off the flank of a dead horse. That tastes better, because it 's fresh meat. When you 're sent back a few miles *en piquet,* you sleep in a village that looks like Sodom after the sulphur struck it: houses singed and tumbled, dead bodies in the ruins, a broken-legged dog trailing its hind foot in front of the house where you are. Tobacco, surely. You 'd die if you did n't have a smoke. But the rotten little cigarettes with no taste to them that smoke like chopped hay! And the cigars made out of rags and shredded toothpicks—"

"Here, have a cigarette," suggested the youngest doctor.

But the man was too busy in working out his own thoughts.

"The whole thing," he continued, "is a mixture of a morgue and a hospital, only those places have running water, and people in white aprons to tidy things up. And a battle! Three days under bombardment, living in the cellar, the guns going off five, six times to the minute, and then waiting a couple of hours and dropping one in next door. The crumpling noise when a little brick house caves in like a man when you hit him in the stomach—just going all together in a heap. And the sick smell that comes out of the mess from plaster and brick dust.

"And getting wounded, that 's jolly, is n't it? Rifle-ball through your left biceps. Dick walks you back to the dressing-station. Doctor busy at luncheon with a couple of visiting officers. Lie down in the straw. Straw has a pleasant smell when it 's smeared with iodine and blood. Wait till the doctor has had his bottle of wine.

" 'Nothing very much,' he says when he gets around to you. Drops some juice in, ties the white rag around, and you go back to your straw. Three, four hours, and along come the body-snatchers. The chauffeur chap does n't know how to drive; bumps into every shell-hole for seven miles. Every half-mile drives out into the ditch mud to get out of the way of some ammunition-wagons going to the front. The wheel gets stuck. Puts on power in jumps to bump the car out. Every jerk tears at your open sore as if the wheel had got stuck in your arm and was being pulled out. Two hours to do the seven miles. You get to the field-hospital. No time for you. Lie on your stretcher in the court, where the flies swarm on you. Always flies—flies on the blood of the wounded, glued to the bandage; flies on the eyelids of the dead."

So he had once spoken, and left them wondering. But that whirling burst of words was long before, in those earlier days of his work. Nothing like that had happened in weeks. No such vivid pictures lighted him now. The man slept on.

There was a scratching at the window, then a steady tapping, then a resounding fist on the casement. Gradually the sleeping man came up through the deep waters of unconsciousness. His eyes were heavy. He sat a moment, brooding, then turned toward the insistent noise.

"Monsieur Watts!" said a voice.

"Yes," answered the man. He stretched himself, and raised the sash. A brisk little French *marin* was at the window.

"The doctors are at luncheon. They are waiting for you," the soldier said; "today you are their guest."

"Of course," replied the man; "I had forgotten. I will come at once."

He stretched his arms over his head, a tall figure of a man, but bent at the shoulders, as if all the dreariness of his surroundings had settled there. He had the stoop of an old man, and the walk. He stepped out of his room into the street, and stood blinking a moment in the midday sunshine. Then he walked down the village street to the *poste,* and pushed through the dressing-rooms to the dining-room at the rear. The doctors looked up as he entered. He nodded, but gave no speech back for their courteous, cordial greeting. In silence he ate the simple relishes of sardines and olives. Then the treat of the luncheon was brought in by the orderly. It was a duckling, taken from a refugee farm, and done to a brown crisp. The head doctor carved and served it.

"See here," said Watts, loudly. He lifted his wing of the duckling, where a dead fly was cooked in with the gravy. He pushed his chair back. It grated shrilly on the stone floor. He rose.

"Flies," he said, and left the room.

Watts was the guest at the informal trench luncheon. The officers showed him little favors from time to time, for he had served their wounded faithfully for many months. It is the highest honor they can pay when they admit a civilian to the first line of trenches. Shelling from Westende was mild and inaccurate, going high overhead, and falling with a mutter into the seven-times wrecked and thoroughly deserted houses of Nieuport village. But the sound of it gave a gentle tingle to the act of eating. There was occasional rifle-fire, the bullet singing like a telegraph wire in the wind.

"They 're improving," said the commandant. "A fellow reached over the trench this morning for his billy-can, and they got him in the hand."

Two *marins* cleared away the strip of board on which the bread and coffee and tinned meat had been served.

The hot August sun cooked the loose earth, and heightened the smells of food. A swarm of flies poured over the outer rim, and dropped down on squatting men and the scattered commissariat. Watts was sitting at a little distance from the group. He closed his eyes, but soon began striking methodically at the settling flies. He fought them with the right arm and the left in long, heavy strokes, patiently, without enthusiasm. The soldiers brought out a pack of cards, and leaned forward for the deal. Suddenly Watts rose, lifted his arms above the trench, and deliberately stretched. Three faint cracks sounded from across the hillock, and he tumbled out at full length, as though some one had flung him away. The men hastened to him, coming crouched over, but swiftly.

"Got him in the right arm," said the commandant.

"Thank God!" muttered Watts, sleepily.

It was the convent hospital of Furnes. There was quiet in the ward of twenty-five beds, where side by side slept the wounded of France and Germany and Belgium and England. Suddenly a resounding whack rang through the ward. A German boy jumped up, sitting in his cot. The sound had awakened memories. He looked over at the tall Englishman in the next cot, who had struck out at one of the innumerable flies that hover over wounded men and pry down under bandages.

"Let me tell you," said the youth, eagerly, "I have a preparation,—I 'm a

chemist, you know,—I 've worked out a powder that kills flies."

Watts looked up from his pillow. His face was weary.

"It 's sweet, you know, and attracts them," went on the boy; "then the least sniff of it finishes them. They trail away, and die in a few minutes. You can clear a room in half an hour. Then all you have to do is to sweep up. See here," he said, "I 'll show you. Sister!" he called. The nurse hurried to his side.

"Sister, you were kind enough to save my kit. May I have it a moment?"

He took out a tin flask, and squeezed it; a brown powder puffed through the pin-point holes at the mouth. It settled in a dust on the white coverlet.

"Please be very quiet," he said. He settled back as if for sleep, but his half-shut eyes were watchful. A couple of minutes passed, then a fly circled his head, and made for the spot on the spread. It nosed its way in, crawled heavily a few inches up the coverlet, and turned its legs up. Two more came, sniffed, and died.

"You see," he said.

Next day the head of the Coxyde Poste motored over to Furnes for a call on his wounded helper.

"Where does all that chatter come from?" he asked.

Sister Teresa smiled.

"It 's your silent friend," she said; "he is the noisiest old thing in the ward."

"Talking to himself?" inquired the doctor.

"Have a look for yourself," urged the nurse.

They stepped into the ward, and down the stone floor till they came to the supply-table. Here they pretended to busy themselves with lint.

"Most interesting," Watts was saying. "That is a new idea to me. Here they 've been telling me for a year that there 's no way but the slow push, trench after trench—"

"Let me say to you—" interrupted the Saxon lad.

"You will pardon me if I finish what I am saying," went on Watts in full tidal flow. "What was it I was saying? Oh, yes, I remember. That slow hard push is not the only way, after all. You tell me—"

"That 's the way it is all day long," explained the sister—"chatter, chatter, chatter. They are telling each other all they know. You would think they would get fed up; but as fast as one of them says something, that seems to be a new idea to the other. Mr. Watts acts like a man who has been starved."

Watts caught sight of his friend.

"We 've killed all the flies," he shouted to the doctor.

Surrender

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

AS I look back upon your first caress,
I understand why from your sudden touch,
Angered, I sprang with words of bitterness.
You asked at once too little and too much.
But now that of my spirit you require
Love's very soul, that unto death endures,
Crown as you will the cup of your desire,
I am all yours.

Photograph by E. Druet

France, 1916

A Study in Criticism

By JOHN PALMER

AMONG the gifts which M. Rodin gave to England in the autumn of 1914 as a "little token" of his country's fellowship was a medallion head in bronze of France herself. The sculptor, in a time of worried peace which disguised the spirit of his country, saw clearly through to the essential character of his people, and faithfully recorded what he saw. We can read the genius and history of France in the face which here confronts us, including a history which, when Rodin fashioned it, was yet unwritten. He shows us the candid intellect of France looking straight at life without illusion and without fear, but keeping, along with her knowledge, a perpetual youth. He has expressed in strange harmony the contradictory qualities of his race—qualities which have provoked observers alternately to declare that France is the most worldly and the most quixotic of nations. How, we ask, can a people which knows so much; which is so logical, critical, and skeptical; which has cruelly uprooted everything that does not square with right reason; which prudently enthrones the golden mean in conduct and speculation; which satirizes all vague excess and desires to be quite rational even in its enthusiasm—how can this nation be still so obviously young and passionate, can still at bottom retain an inexhaustible idealism? How can a spirit fashioned for pleasure be so clearly urged by a restless intellectual prompting and so resolute a will to think and lead? How can disillusion lurk where youth persists, and how can innocence be so wary? Ro-

din has asked and answered these questions as only an artist can. He presents the enigma, and leaves it for the halting psychologists to explain. He shows us the intellect of France lying level upon her brow and looking out of her wide eyes; he shows us centuries of experience in her faintly hollowed cheek, an unworn capacity for pleasure in her full, firm lips, and in the lifted chin an alertness and a resolution, an eagerness to meet destiny half-way and to be spared no discovery or discipline which the future may contain. Above all, the faith of the artist is triumphantly declared that France has kept unspoiled her vernal capacity to be passionately moved in behalf of the simple virtues.

Rodin, moreover, has expressed what some of us have long suspected of his country—a paradox obscured by accidental qualities which, as we shall see, the war has stripped away. When we have noted and analyzed our impressions of Rodin's France in detail, and can surrender ourselves to the general mood of the whole, we are made aware that the prevailing note is a note of discipline and austerity, of patience to endure, of an ascetic devotion capable of a firm frugality. Rodin interpreted the spirit of France at a time when few could have so bravely divined it. He looked beneath the social politics and pleasures of Paris, where the *arriviste* seemed to be a typical product of an age without a soul, and he showed us a France which seemed more fitted to be the inheritor of Sparta than of Sybaris.

Many writers have discovered and proclaimed "the new France" during the last twelve months, but it may perhaps be permitted an English critic who has always loved and insisted upon the austerity and discipline of France in her art and literature to record exactly how France to-day in her national life reveals more clearly than ever before the essential qualities of the French character, more especially those qualities wherein the French character presents a deep, instructive contrast with the British. The comparison, though healthy and instructive, is not necessarily odious. English virtue is not less than the virtue of France, but it is different; and in this time of war it is for the English rather to discover what is admirable in their friends than in themselves. We can none the less hold fast to the things which make England unlike her neighbor, though we praise and delight in exactly those things which make us proud to-day of our neighbor's partnership.

The contrast between France and England is found at once in Paris. We do not need to penetrate into the region of safe-conducts to discover that the spirit of France is quite distinct from the spirit of England. The impressions of a visitor newly come from London to Paris are, indeed, so powerful and diverse that some reflection is necessary before the root of the divergence between the two countries can be disinterred from a general mass of dissimilarity.

That Paris herself should start a train of observation which carries us straight into the battle-line is one of the happiest results of the war. Normally Paris—the Paris which insistently offers herself to the casual passenger—is less a typical city of France than London is a typical city of Great Britain. But Paris stands to-day as a fair representative of the nation. People will look in vain for cosmopolitan Paris—Paris which belonged equally to all who carried the necessary purse. Paris has ceased to play the part of a general entertainer. She now expresses the brain and heart of a people. Paris would stand to-day high among Ruskin's "cities of the soul." *Spirituel* Paris has always been and will always remain; but *spiritual* she has only now become in her testing time. Hitherto the world has had to divine Paris under an international disguise. Not many strangers have hitherto come at the French kernel of Paris. Paris has been superficially delivered up to things which are common to the dullest, as well as to the most brilliant, cities of the world. But that is changed now, and every lover of France rejoices to see in Paris the fundamental virtues of France. Visitors looked for Paris in the Moulin Rouge, the Folies

Bergères, the boulevards, and the Latin extremity of the Luxembourg. It was a Paris of foreign colonists, of international interests and professions. America was there, and Great Britain; almost every country but France. But Paris now is the heart of France, the natural gate whereby one enters into her battle-fields. Without leaving the streets of Paris we can learn to understand the new spirit in France—the *union sacrée* which has made of M. Barrés an eloquent friend of the republic; the marvelous patience of the *poilu;* the phlegmatic and incessant energy of the work-people and peasants; the curiously impersonal way in which every Frenchman regards his own particular case; the assurance with which every one faces the need to endure to the end a burden the full weight of which has been measured. In Paris to-day we are haunted at every turn by Rodin's clear and masterful expression of the soul of his country. We find that expression upon the faces of her people and in the aspect of her streets and squares.

It is not easy to say how one arrives at the prevailing mood of a big city. Certainly it is not from the merely formal evidence. It is easily said that the illumination of Paris is something a little brighter than the illumination of London according to the latest order; that Paris sleeps at eleven o'clock; that Montmartre, which was never really a part of Paris, has mercifully ceased to exist; that the boulevards have been cleared of their international rout; that no one can enter, remain in, or leave Paris without consulting the commissioner of police; that the only recreations which show any signs of vitality are the *"actualités"* of the Cinema and the Comédie Française; that most of the shops are closed; that the public services are worked by women who do not consider it necessary to go into uniform; that the streets are checkered at all hours of the day with the black of the bereaved and the faded azure of the wounded. But when all these things are said and have been indefinitely expanded, Paris remains unexpressed.

What is it that makes the atmosphere of Paris, the capital of an invaded country, where neither business nor pleasure nor daily bread is as usual, a place essentially more tranquil and smiling than London? Why do we feel a curious relief as, newly arrived from England, we drive into its streets from St. Lazare?

This first impression in Paris of a general atmosphere more light and free than the atmosphere of London is eventually found to be due chiefly to the complete contrast in political, military, and industrial discipline between the two countries. In France the war is a public service; in England it is a private adventure. In France every man is under orders. He is troubled with no problems of conduct. He is under no responsibility to choose. He is not pulled between his private duty to a family and his public duty to the state. The war in France is not, as in England, the gallant, personal affair of picked adventurers. It is a national enterprise, a sober, practical business in which every man and woman has been given a fixed and settled position. One missed in Paris the unrest, the hesitation, the puzzlement—the thousand private agonies of will and temper which have recently made of London a city of moral conflict. In place of a multitude of personal and private problems, of individual decisions taken after a long and painful balancing of alternatives, of unsolicited explanations why this man has not gone into the war and why this other man has felt bound to do so, of urgent public speeches and fierce controversy in the press and in the clubs and in households all over the country, of propaganda which in vain has sought to be free of doctrinal animus—in place of all the consequences that needs must ensue from running a national enterprise upon individualist and voluntary lines we find everywhere in Paris the evidence of a general and settled will. No man in Paris is craven or a hero. He is simply a patriot under orders; and his heroism, when it comes, belongs to France. The country is not distracted between the men who have said yes and the men who

have said no. There is in Paris a complete absence of misgiving or of emotional celebration. The soldiers of France are not regarded as being about any heroic personal adventure. They have obeyed a decree of the state. The city has not had to pass through those periods of excitement, questioning, and introspection which for months past have tormented London, abasing the self-respect of hundreds of men and women who have not been equal to the awful responsibility—a responsibility which only the broad shoulders of the state can adequately bear—of deciding whether the war has or has not a personal call for them.

Here undoubtedly is an explanation in part of the indescribable serenity of Paris. Paris has come squarely to terms with the war. There is no dispute or heart-searching anywhere among the people. Virtually every man and woman has an appointed task, and no one wonders whether it is exactly the right one. It has been appointed as an essential thing, and must be looked to. There are no problems in Paris, no political rumor or social unrest. We escape from an atmosphere of change and interrogation into an atmosphere of assurance and discipline; and the change is an immediate relief to a traveler from London, where every third man is standing at this or that parting of the ways, where the air is thick with discussion, and where the whole nation is adapting itself to new necessities and new ideas.

This, the first and most superficial contrast of all between France and England in the last few months, was itself the result of a deeper national divergence. England is as characteristically a country of the amateur and the opportunist, the country of lonely furrows and wilful adventure, as France is the country of ordered and collected effort, the country of activities sociable and regular. The superficial license of French politics has never affected the deep, methodical life of the French people. There has never been any real frivolity or inconsequence in the vivacity of French thought. The enthusiasms of France have always been as rational as her intensive culture. France is intolerant of personal license and peculiarity, of anything oddly individual, of all idiosyncrasy and excess. A man who offends the general taste in dress or manner can always walk quite unmolested in London. In Paris he will be at once remarked, and will be fortunate if he avoids an open quarrel. The instinct for thinking and working together in France is as great as the instinct in England for each man to go his individual way. It is therefore perfectly natural that, at a time which brings out the essential qualities of race, France should assume that every member of the nation is upon an equality of honor and effort, whereas in England men are suffered to divide themselves to the right or left as personal inclination drives them.

The next point in which we are sensible of a difference in atmosphere between London and Paris is partly due to the essential divergence already emphasized between a nation of adventurers and a nation disciplined to a common task. The fact that every Frenchman is part of the state machine means that every Frenchman has what we may describe as a professional interest in the war. He is more in touch with the true position of affairs and knows better how to take long and level views. The British public has from the first been at the mercy of its press and of self-elected strategists who irresponsibly discuss and prophesy concerning the war, who raise or depress the public temper without any real authority or knowledge, who talk upon the merest hint of "victories," and are surprised when they suddenly become aware that things are not going altogether successfully. There is in Paris a much more stable public opinion as to the war. There is none of the eagerness to be fed with scraps of gossip, none of the swift alternations of extravagant hope and unwarranted depression, which in London is continuous and exhausting. Paris has taken full measure of the task in hand, is resolute to finish it, and has already come to terms with the worst. There is a high confidence in Paris that

the war will end in a complete victory for the Allies; but this confidence is quite unlike London's hot fits of sanguine expectation. In London it was possible not so long ago to start a rumor in the morning that the British troops were through in Gallipoli and to find that half the town believed it in the evening. That has not been possible in Paris since Paris, in the autumn of 1914, attained to its present irrefragable serenity. It was not always true that the French public had a more level temper than the British. There was a time, indeed, when the French armies wondered whether civilian France might not collapse behind them, when the phrase ran through the trenches, *pourvu les civils tiennent.* But the whole French public has to-day a war sense which the British public has yet to acquire—a sense which enables it to see every small success or defeat in perspective, and to keep at a constant level its appreciation of the ultimate chance of victory and of the efforts required to secure it.

So far the contrast between London and Paris has consisted mainly in points which would not so forcibly strike a neutral observer as it strikes one who comes out of the heart of the controversial life of the one city into the assured peace of the other. It is a contrast which upon a visitor who has passed every day of the war in the heart of London rumor and discussion has the instant effect of bracing the heart and soul. One is able to write home on the second day, "Now that I have seen Paris I know that we are going to win the war." Only when this instant and fresh sense of contrast has slightly faded is one free and able to perceive how wonderfully the war has stripped the French people of all disguise and shown to the world the fundamental qualities of France—qualities as clear to-day in the streets of Paris as in the hospitals and encampments of the battle area.

The words for which we instinctively feel to describe France thus newly revealed all suggest rather the "budge doctors of the Stoic fur" than the rout of Comus. We penetrate the outer rind of Parisian flippancy, elegance, and eroticism to the kernel of the Gallic temperament. All the world can now perceive what once was familiar only to observers of the sober practical and frugal life of provincial France; namely, that the Gallic temperament is essentially patient, thrifty, and equable. France in her life to-day illustrates at its best the precious talent of France for living graciously without ostentation or expense. A gracious economy lies at the heart of French life. That thrift need not imply constraint or poverty is for most English visitors to France a social discovery. The Frenchwoman knows, as few Englishwomen know, how to be sparing without being meager. Paris to-day appears to be living as by a miracle upon almost nothing at all. It *is* living upon almost nothing at all, and yet contriving to add to its living that infallible comeliness which is too often lacking in the most sumptuously directed expenditure of cities which have never understood the art or honored the virtue of economy. Here again, in coming at the essential quality of life in France at this time, we are driven to realize how fundamentally the French and British temperaments are contrasted. The people of London could not, without a complete change in their standards and habits, live as France is living to-day. A lavish and sanguine expenditure is almost essential to the English nature. Whereas the French point to *Harpagon* as a warning and an example of the corruption of their supreme quality of thrift, the British point as constantly to the prodigal son. Nothing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can say or that taxation can do has arrested the flow of British expenditure in war-time. There could be no more difficult task for a British statesman than to get into the brain and heart of England the lesson that economy is really a virtue. The Englishman, if he regards thrift as a virtue at all, regards it as a very inferior virtue. No Englishman likes his friends to think of him as being eminently a thrifty man. The description would imply a slur upon

his hospitality and manliness. He feels that thrift is never far off from meanness; and rather than be suspected of wishing to save his pence, he will pay more for a thing than he need. He will pay more than he can really afford rather than pay less than his neighbor. France always, and more particularly to-day, shows a fundamental difference of feeling in regard to the spending of money and in all matters of household economy. The French character is in this regard more rational and more practical. Paris can live well for a week, without feeling mean or stinted, upon resources which would not keep London without grumbling for a day. There is a fundamental austerity in the French character which enables Paris to "carry on" without discouragement or complaint, without an oppressive sense of poverty or open squalor, after most of the normal comforts and assurances of life have disappeared.

These things are obvious in the streets and restaurants of Paris; but one meets them perhaps most unmistakably in the hospitals of France. The patience and frugality which lie at the root of the French character, the philosophic will to endure with a shrug conditions which would rouse the more Sybaritic English temperament to a storm of rebellion, is shown in its most extreme degree in the French military hospitals. There could be no more unforgetable lesson in national temperament than to go from the luxurious hospitals organized by the British to the bleak wards of Val de Grâce.

No more moving experience can be conceived than to walk from room to room of this vast building, and to discover, in snatches of conversation with men in all stages of sickness and mutilation, how perfectly the rudeness of their shelter symbolizes their fortitude and simplicity. The English visitor, keenly sensible of the absence of all amenity and comfort, full of the British conception of the soldier as an heroic and exceptional adventurer, is humiliated and touched to the heart by a sudden realization that these soldiers of France ask almost nothing of their country and are entirely unaware of any claim to special consideration or care. They do not rebel against the bleak austerity of their surroundings and the terrible monotony of their days. Their standard of comfort is less than our own. It is part of their racial genius to be patient. They have supremely the gift of taking things for granted, a phlegm and a naïve acceptance of things as they are, which move the spectator to a pity deeper than words can utter.

Here, in a moving and striking fashion, we come into touch with the sang-froid of the French temperament, the matter-of-fact, rational, and steady look of the French intelligence at things which meets the traveler in France to-day at every turn. One heard it tersely and imperishably expressed in the phrases of a wounded soldier quite unaware that his words were eloquent of his race. He was wearing the *medaille militaire*, and despite one's knowledge that he would dislike to be reminded of his achievement, it was impossible to forbear a reference to the supreme distinction he had won. *"Pour mon œil"* (he had lost his eye in the fighting), was all the explanation he could give as to why his chief had decorated him, and, pressed further, he could only repeat *"C'était la guerre."* To think of modesty in this connection does not occur. This soldier simply had no idea that modesty was required of him. He had received his wound and his compensation with the same almost fatal acceptance of the whole business of war—an acceptance so complete that he hardly realized his case as a thing personal to himself. The thing he had done —*c'était la guerre!* something outside himself which belonged to his time and country. He accepted his own performance as he accepted the competent, but unemotional, arrangements of Val de Grâce, and as his neighbor, with a hole in his back, accepted with philosophy the good fortune which had made him a clerk, and so had made it unnecessary for him to lift or carry a weight, which he would never again in this life be able to do.

Generations of patient labor, thrifti-

ness, simple feeling, and brave thought lie behind the people of France in their fight to-day for an invaded land which cannot richly reward them with pageantry or comfort. British soldiers, when necessary, will meet their worst enemy, which is discomfort, along with the rest, and will put a brave face upon it; but normally they expect to be "done well" in war as in peace. The French soldier has a far lower standard, and has frequently stood in amazed contemplation of our field kitchens and Red Cross palaces. In the field, as in the streets of Paris and London, the same contrast is observed. London obviously is continuously and richly fed from rich shops and the army and navy stores, whereas Paris seems now to be fed by the ravens.

Passing out from Paris to the country behind the lines one's impressions are deepened. The quiet country surrounding the famous little town of Meaux presents in little the life of France to-day.

Meaux itself, lying in the valley of the Marne, in the shadow of its cathedral, was once known to the world as the ancient home of an illustrious bishop, and to the traveler as a town of the mill; but to-day it is wholly filled with echoes of the immortal history which was made in September, 1914. Monseigneur Marbeau, the present Bishop of Meaux, a little aware that he sits in the seat of Bossuet; unaffectedly proud and content that fate has allowed him the *beau geste* on behalf of himself, his country, and his church; not reluctant that the world should know how, when Meaux awaited the Germans for three anxious days, the church was tried and found faithful to her trust—Monseigneur Marbeau has helped to make history as surely as his famous predecessor. As one hears him talk of the days when the Battle of the Marne raged upon every side of the town, when, after General Joffre had delivered his magnificent order of the day, the French armies made the names of Barcy, Entrepilly, and Chambry, all the little villages of the Marne, names to inspire generations of Frenchmen now unborn, one begins to realize that here is something which history will put beside the immortal British retreat from Mons as a fruit of the national spirit equally enduring. It was in this quiet country about Meaux that the trust and patience of the retreating armies were suddenly rewarded. General Joffre had hitherto asked of his soldiers endurance under continual reverse and disappointment. He had tested to breaking-point a fortitude which few casual observers of the French temperament had divined in her soldiers. Finally he asked in plain terms for the highest sacrifice—asked it, as of right, from Frenchmen on behalf of France. He asked them for their lives.

But the Battle of the Marne is a theme for France herself. One turns from a contemplation of the battle itself to note how quietly the town of Meaux made ready under its bishop to receive the German invaders and avoid all panic or confusion. One hears everywhere the same phrase, *C'était la guerre;* and finally one climbs far out of the town to find in the French country-side, behind the French and British armies, the same equable, austere good sense, frugality, and faith which prevailed in civilian Paris.

This impression becomes suddenly fixed and complete as one stands within the high orchard of the farm or château of Champfleury, holding at command the whole of the country-side where the most desperate fighting took place. It was here, under the eyes of Kluck, that the French and Germans came and went as the battle turned. Paris was in the scale, as Kluck well knew, and it is not difficult to imagine with what impatience and anxiety he watched the struggle from a spot which seemed specially designed by nature to serve for the spectators of one of the vaster spectacles of modern warfare. The German staff have wedged the iron garden chairs of the orchard high into the trees, and the French have left them there untouched, as they have left the German writing on the wall of the house, and the room where Kluck distracted himself with billiards. This is one of the historic spots

in the world's history; for here Paris was saved, and here the first great plan of the German military staff went astray. But it hardly requires a sense of the fatal and the momentous, or any reminder from the battered house and broken trees, to quicken in a watcher from this bleak hill a sense of the immense significance of the spectacle before him. As far as one can see, from Champfleury down to the spot where the French artillery was posted, there rests to-day only one conspicuous trace of the terrible fighting which raged from point to point from the Marne to the Aisne. The shell-pits have been filled, the trenches are obliterated, all the trophies and litter of the contest have been removed; only the graves of the fallen remain.

The true significance of this at once appears. The pocked and scarred fields were required at once for the crops of the ensuing season. With a cool sense of France's need to be fed and sustained, the peasants, many of whose houses had been battered to pieces, whose land had been torn and trampled, set immediately to work to prepare the soil anew. The matter-of-fact way in which they go about this necessary work to-day right up to the line of fire would seem to argue a callosity of the imagination until we have appreciated its true character. Then we realize, what is the hardest thing for civilians in an uninvaded country to realize, what it means for a practical nation to come to plain terms with war. France's clear sanity is completely symbolized in the graves of her soldiers, marked from afar with the white cross and tricolor, lying at hazard among the growing crops, little patches of soil respected by the plow, but close bordered with a harvest which comes down to the extreme edge of their sacred inclosure.

Going down the road from Champfleury to Meaux one has time and motive enough for these thoughts to take hold and grow. At every turn of the road are the graves of the French, and, near to them, marked in black, the graves of their invading enemies; and everywhere the peasants have carried their crops to the extreme edge. In passing you see one of them working in the fields, and watch him drawing near to a spot where many of the Chasseurs d'Afrique fell in a magnificent charge, the graves, side by side, of friend and enemy showing that here the fighting was *à la baionette*. The peasant there—and equally the peasant beside one who drives, callously informative, through the haunted country—seems to be insensitive to what he sees. Then suddenly one notices that the peasant below has removed his cap. The other man, instinctively responding with a similar act of grace, mutters as he salutes the dead, *"Ils le méritent."*

France appears in that hour as a few recovered fields, tilled by her peasants and watched in death by the men who fell to recover them for their country's daily need. Of the noise and squalor of war nothing here remains save a few battered villages and torn trees, some marks upon the turf of a high bank where the German soldiers crouched and waited, or a high cemetery wall pierced and used as firing-screen first from this side, then from that, as the French and German armies came and went. But the whole country is astir with the tricolor above white crosses in the dusk and the slow movements of the peasants at work in the fields. So simple and calm an expression of a nation's struggle for existence and of her shrewd, heroic virtues as is offered by this homely and constant scene may possibly be regarded as inadequate, but it seemed that evening to contain all that France has uttered in all her generations.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

Portrait of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree,
with Three of His Impersonations
of Shaksperian Characters

Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"

King Richard III

On Sunday

By

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHAT are your Sundays to you? To me they are heaven.
I do not hurry through breakfast or rise at seven.
I have time to play with Jim,
Who is one and a half, yellow-haired, quite a jolly viking,
With this earth a lot to his liking,
Fond of adventures in words and an artist in whim;
The Marcelline of the infant world, with the heart of a dauntless hero,
And also a dash of tears, swift-swirled,
That would soften even Nero.

Then, if my pen is
Slow, and the jobs are done, and she says I may,
And the year 's too late for a swim together, I ramble off toward the bay
To play at tennis.

In the autumn it sets the blood leaping
And clears the brain to a cool, crisp-thinking joy
To swing at the ball and to charge to the net and volley,
Even to race "all out" for a lob to the base-line
Or fizzle a manful smash with a smack "on the wood"!

The cold sweat stings on your forehead, the tape of your racket
Sticks to your hand or grinds too gritty with sand
In your palm; but this cannot irk one for more than an instant,
The play is too hot.

And shuttlecock-battledore leaps the barbarous banter
Of the doubles players. The grunts and the curses and sighs
Of your partner, of your opponent, of you yourself,
Float up like delectable incense.
And his cross-court return forever shoots at my feet!
Why can I only "get in" when the serve is a fault?

. . . . . .

The shower-bath starts with a sprinkle of drops that drum
On the slatted floor of the bath-house. Then *swish-swish-*
SWISH! it is mantling your shoulders, soaking your hair,
Thrusting whole sheaves of icicles under your shuddering skin.
"Yow!" you leap. "Yow! *Yow!*" and yank at the handle.
SWISH!

The confronting bay is all cold-blue glitter,
But these fields and undulant hills and rich-colored woods
Are wistful with afternoon sunlight, garnet, and bronze.
The smell of the stalks of milkweed and withered grass,
The flaunt of chestnut and beech
And oak, in Assyrian robes, set raiment on God,
And throne Him on high in the ruddying afterglow
That turns such an embered crimson through ash-colored clouds.

He is there!
Lo! with all principalities, angels, and powers of the air,
He is there!

He careers in a chariot drawn by the blazing-eyed beasts
Of St. John's Apocalypse sheer o'er the rioting sky;
His face is the setting sun,
Radiant, but sad, irradiating life,
And solemn with finer meanings, a nobler mien;
A lion-like face, and mournful, with a wild and golden mane,
Yet with intelligence infinite shining in love all-wise
Out of brilliant, not cruel, eyes;
Love in each lineament, majesty dwarfing the skies,
The God that must reign!

On Sunday night
At first we got our own suppers
When even more "on our uppers"
Than now, and the yellow lamp cast its mellow beam
On a table of picnic dream,
And we both spread many a theme
With verbal jam, like our toast. And now we do much the same,
Save for our cook. The babies quiet down,
The street sounds drown
In darkness, the chill stars sentry the sleeping hill.
Hurry and worry are still.
Peace breathes through the town
Like a flicker of lambent flame—
Peace and good-will.

We read
According to mood and need
To each other or alone,
Remarks and laughter thrown
Hit or miss in the air to echo around the lamp.
Our enthusiasms come out, nose around, unruffle their wings, and stamp,
Shake their silvery forelocks and curvet about, and champ
The golden oats of some seer's fit phrase
That we feed them, some poet's blossomy, succulent bays.
And then we sit and gaze
Long at a picture, and think that we think instead
Of merely rechewing a chewed-out cud of the last thing said,
And we simply cannot haul a heavy head
Up thought's frail, difficult, gleaming spider-thread.
And it 's time for the baby's bottle, and time—to—go—to—bed.

I lie in my bed, and think of my soul, and decide
I am only a mixture of animal spirits and pride
And conventional sleekness and sudden emotional blether,
And I don't know whether
I *have* a soul; but I lie in my bed and see
A bright-green star in a violet haze through a moon-stark tree.
Whee-ee-ee!

The Bookkeeper's Wife

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Author of "The Joy of Nelly Deane," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

NOBODY but the janitor was stirring about the offices of the Remsen Paper Company, and still Percy Bixby sat at his desk, crouched on his high stool and staring out at the tops of the tall buildings flushed with the winter sunset, at the hundreds of windows, so many rectangles of white electric light, flashing against the broad waves of violet that ebbed across the sky. His ledgers were all in their places, his desk was in order, his office coat on its peg, and yet Percy's smooth, thin face wore the look of anxiety and strain which usually meant that he was behind in his work. He was trying to persuade himself to accept a loan from the company without the company's knowledge. As a matter of fact, he had already accepted it. His books were fixed, the money, in a black-leather bill-book, was already inside his waistcoat pocket.

He had still time to change his mind, to rectify the false figures in his ledger, and to tell Stella Brown that they could n't possibly get married next month. There he always halted in his reasoning, and went back to the beginning.

The Remsen Paper Company was a very wealthy concern, with easy, old-fashioned working methods. They did a long-time credit business with safe customers, who never thought of paying up very close on their large indebtedness. From the payments on these large accounts Percy had taken a hundred dollars here and two hundred there until he had made up the thousand he needed. So long as he stayed by the books himself and attended to the mail-orders he could n't possibly be found out. He could move these little shortages about from account to account indefinitely. He could have all the time he needed to pay back the deficit, and more time than he needed.

Although he was so far along in one course of action, his mind still clung resolutely to the other. He did not believe he was going to do it. He was the least of a sharper in the world. Being scrupulously honest even in the most trifling matters was a pleasure to him. He was the sort of young man that Socialists hate more than they hate capitalists. He loved his desk, he loved his books, which had no handwriting in them but his own. He never thought of resenting the fact that he had written away in those books the good red years between twenty-one and twenty-seven. He would have hated to let any one else put so much as a pen-scratch in them. He liked all the boys about the office; his desk, worn smooth by the sleeves of his alpaca coat; his rulers and inks and pens and calendars. He had a great pride in working economics, and he always got so far ahead when supplies were distributed that he had drawers full of pencils and pens and rubber bands against a rainy day.

Percy liked regularity: to get his work done on time, to have his half-day off every Saturday, to go to the theater Saturday night, to buy a new necktie twice a month, to appear in a new straw hat on the right day in May, and to know what was going on in New York. He read the morning and evening papers coming and going on the elevated, and preferred journals of approximate reliability. He got excited about ball-games and elections and business failures, was not above an interest in murders and divorce scandals, and he checked the news off as neatly as he checked his mail-orders. In short, Percy Bixby was like the model pupil who is satisfied with his lessons and his teachers and his holidays, and who would gladly go to school all his life. He had never

wanted anything outside his routine until he wanted Stella Brown to marry him, and that had upset everything.

It was n't, he told himself for the hundredth time, that she was extravagant. Not a bit of it. She was like all girls. Moreover, she made good money, and why should she marry unless she could better herself? The trouble was that he had lied to her about his salary. There were a lot of fellows rushing Mrs. Brown's five daughters, and they all seemed to have fixed on Stella as first choice and this or that one of the sisters as second. Mrs. Brown thought it proper to drop an occasional hint in the presence of these young men to the effect that she expected Stella to "do well." It went without saying that hair and complexion like Stella's could scarcely be expected to do poorly. Most of the boys who went to the house and took the girls out in a bunch to dances and movies seemed to realize this. They merely wanted a whirl with Stella before they settled down to one of her sisters. It was tacitly understood that she came too high for them. Percy had sensed all this through those slumbering instincts which awake in us all to befriend us in love or in danger.

But there was one of his rivals, he knew, who was a man to be reckoned with. Charley Greengay was a young salesman who wore tailor-made clothes and spotted waistcoats, and had a necktie for every day in the month. His air was that of a young man who is out for things that come high and who is going to get them. Mrs. Brown was ever and again dropping a word before Percy about how the girl that took Charley would have her flat furnished by the best furniture people, and her china-closet stocked with the best ware, and would have nothing to worry about but nicks and scratches. It was because he felt himself pitted against this pulling power of Greengay's that Percy had brazenly lied to Mrs. Brown, and told her that his salary had been raised to fifty a week, and that now he wanted to get married.

When he threw out this challenge to Mother Brown, Percy was getting thirty-five dollars a week, and he knew well enough that there were several hundred thousand young men in New York who would do his work as well as he did for thirty.

These were the factors in Percy's present situation. He went over them again and again as he sat stooping on his tall stool. He had quite lost track of time when he heard the janitor call good night to the watchman. Without thinking what he was doing, he slid into his overcoat, caught his hat, and rushed out to the elevator, which was waiting for the janitor. The moment the car dropped, it occurred to him that the thing was decided without his having made up his mind at all. The familiar floors passed him, ten, nine, eight, seven. By the time he reached the fifth, there was no possibility of going back; the click of the drop-lever seemed to settle that. The money was in his pocket. Now, he told himself as he hurried out into the exciting clamor of the street, he was not going to worry about it any more.

When Percy reached the Browns' flat on 123d Street that evening he felt just the slightest chill in Stella's greeting. He could make that all right, he told himself, as he kissed her lightly in the dark three-by-four entrance-hall. Percy's courting had been prosecuted mainly in the Bronx or in winged pursuit of a Broadway car. When he entered the crowded sitting-room he greeted Mrs. Brown respectfully and the four girls playfully. They were all piled on one couch, reading the continued story in the evening paper, and they did n't think it necessary to assume more formal attitudes for Percy. They looked up over the smeary pink sheets of paper, and handed him, as Percy said, the same old jolly:

"Hullo, Perc'! Come to see me, ain't you? So flattered!"

"Any sweet goods on you, Perc'? Anything doing in the bong-bong line tonight?"

"Look at his new neckwear! Say, Perc',

"'I've put back three hundred, but the books are still seven hundred out of true'"

remember me. That tie would go lovely with my new tailored waist."

"Quit your kiddin', girls!" called Mrs. Brown, who was drying shirt-waists on the dining-room radiator. "And, Percy, mind the rugs when you 're steppin' round among them gum-drops."

Percy fired his last shot at the recumbent figures, and followed Stella into the dining-room, where the table and two large easy-chairs formed, in Mrs. Brown's estimation, a proper background for a serious suitor.

"I say, Stell'," he began as he walked about the table with his hands in his pockets, "seems to me we ought to begin buying our stuff." She brightened perceptibly. "Ah," Percy thought, "so that *was* the trouble!" "To-morrow 's Saturday; why can't we make an afternoon of it?" he went on cheerfully. "Shop till we 're tired, then go to Houtin's for dinner, and end up at the theater."

As they bent over the lists she had made of things needed, Percy glanced at her face. She was very much out of her sisters' class and out of his, and he kept congratulating himself on his nerve. He was going in for something much too handsome and expensive and distinguished for him, he felt, and it took courage to be a plunger. To begin with, Stella was the sort of girl who had to be well dressed. She had pale primrose hair, with bluish tones in it, very soft and fine, so that it lay smooth however she dressed it, and pale-blue eyes, with blond eyebrows and long, dark lashes. She would have been a little too remote and languid even for the fastidious Percy had it not been for her hard, practical mouth, with lips that always kept their pink even when the rest of her face was pale. Her employers, who at first might be struck by her indifference, understood that anybody with that sort of mouth would get through the work.

After the shopping-lists had been gone over, Percy took up the question of the honeymoon. Stella said she had been thinking of Atlantic City. Percy met her with firmness. Whatever happened, he could n't leave his books now.

"I want to do my traveling right here on Forty-second Street, with a high-price show every night," he declared. He made out an itinerary, punctuated by theaters and restaurants, which Stella consented to accept as a substitute for Atlantic City.

"They give your fellows a week off when they 're married, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes, but I 'll want to drop into the office every morning to look after my mail. That 's only businesslike."

"I 'd like to have you treated as well as the others, though." Stella turned the rings about on her pale hand and looked at her polished finger-tips.

"I 'll look out for that. What do you say to a little walk, Stell'?" Percy put the question coaxingly. When Stella was pleased with him she went to walk with him, since that was the only way in which Percy could ever see her alone. When she was displeased, she said she was too tired to go out. To-night she smiled at him incredulously, and went to put on her hat and gray fur piece.

Once they were outside, Percy turned into a shadowy side street that was only partly built up, a dreary waste of derricks and foundation holes, but comparatively solitary. Stella liked Percy's steady, sympathetic silences; she was not a chatterbox herself. She often wondered why she was going to marry Bixby instead of Charley Greengay. She knew that Charley would go further in the world. Indeed, she had often coolly told herself that Percy would never go very far. But, as she admitted with a shrug, she was "weak to Percy." In the capable New York stenographer, who estimated values coldly and got the most for the least outlay, there was something left that belonged to another kind of woman—something that liked the very things in Percy that were not good business assets. However much she dwelt upon the effectiveness of Greengay's dash and color and assurance, her mind always came back to Percy's neat little head, his clean-cut face, and warm, clear, gray eyes, and she liked them better than Charley's fullness and

blurred floridness. Having reckoned up their respective chances with no doubtful result, she opposed a mild obstinacy to her own good sense. "I guess I 'll take Percy, *anyway,*" she said simply, and that was all the good her clever business brain did her.

Percy spent a night of torment, lying tense on his bed in the dark, and figuring out how long it would take him to pay back the money he was advancing to himself. Any fool could do it in five years, he reasoned, but he was going to do it in three. The trouble was that his expensive courtship had taken every penny of his salary. With competitors like Charley Greengay, you had to spend money or drop out. Certain birds, he reflected ruefully, are supplied with more attractive plumage when they are courting, but nature had n't been so thoughtful for men. When Percy reached the office in the morning he climbed on his tall stool and leaned his arms on his ledger. He was so glad to feel it there that he was faint and weak-kneed.

Oliver Remsen, Junior, had brought new blood into the Remsen Paper Company. He married shortly after Percy Bixby did, and in the five succeeding years he had considerably enlarged the company's business and profits. He had been particularly successful in encouraging efficiency and loyalty in the employees. From the time he came into the office he had stood for shorter hours, longer holidays, and a generous consideration of men's necessities. He came out of college on the wave of economic reform, and he continued to read and think a good deal about how the machinery of labor is operated. He knew more about the men who worked for him than their mere office records.

Young Remsen was troubled about Percy Bixby because he took no summer vacations—always asked for the two weeks' extra pay instead. Other men in the office had skipped a vacation now and then, but Percy had stuck to his desk for five years, had tottered to his stool through attacks of grippe and tonsilitis. He seemed to have grown fast to his ledger, and it was to this that Oliver objected. He liked his men to stay men, to look like men and live like men. He remembered how alert and wide-awake Bixby had seemed to him when he himself first came into the office. He had picked Bixby out as the most intelligent and interested of his father's employees, and since then had often wondered why he never seemed to see chances to forge ahead. Promotions, of course, went to the men who went after them. When Percy's baby died, he went to the funeral, and asked Percy to call on him if he needed money. Once when he chanced to sit down by Bixby on the elevated and found him reading Bryce's "American Commonwealth," he asked him to make use of his own large office library. Percy thanked him, but he never came for any books. Oliver wondered whether his bookkeeper really tried to avoid him.

One evening Oliver met the Bixbys in the lobby of a theater. He introduced Mrs. Remsen to them, and held them for some moments in conversation. When they got into their motor, Mrs. Remsen said:

"Is that little man afraid of you, Oliver? He looked like a scared rabbit."

Oliver snapped the door, and said with a shade of irritation:

"I don't know what 's the matter with him. He 's the fellow I 've told you about who never takes a vacation. I half believe it 's his wife. She looks pitiless enough for anything."

"She 's very pretty of her kind," mused Mrs. Remsen, "but rather chilling. One can see that she has ideas about elegance."

"Rather unfortunate ones for a bookkeeper's wife. I surmise that Percy felt she was overdressed, and that made him awkward with me. I 've always suspected that fellow of good taste."

After that, when Remsen passed the counting-room and saw Percy screwed up over his ledger, he often remembered Mrs. Bixby, with her cold, pale eyes and long

lashes, and her expression that was something between indifference and discontent. She rose behind Percy's bent shoulders like an apparition.

One spring afternoon Remsen was closeted in his private office with his lawyer until a late hour. As he came down the long hall in the dusk he glanced through the glass partition into the counting-room, and saw Percy Bixby huddled up on his tall stool, though it was too dark to work. Indeed, Bixby's ledger was closed, and he sat with his two arms resting on the brown cover. He did not move a muscle when young Remsen entered.

"You are late, Bixby, and so am I," Oliver began genially as he crossed to the front of the room and looked out at the lighted windows of other tall buildings. "The fact is, I 've been doing something that men have a foolish way of putting off. I 've been making my will."

"Yes, sir." Percy brought it out with a deep breath.

"Glad to be through with it," Oliver went on. "Mr. Melton will bring the paper back to-morrow, and I 'd like to ask you to be one of the witnesses."

"I 'd be very proud, Mr. Remsen."

"Thank you, Bixby. Good night." Remsen took up his hat just as Percy slid down from his stool.

"Mr. Remsen, I 'm told you 're going to have the books gone over."

"Why, yes, Bixby. Don't let that trouble you. I 'm taking in a new partner, you know, an old college friend. Just because he is a friend, I insist upon all the usual formalities. But it is a formality, and I 'll guarantee the expert won't make a scratch on your books. Good night. You 'd better be coming, too." Remsen had reached the door when he heard "Mr. Remsen!" in a desperate voice behind him. He turned, and saw Bixby standing uncertainly at one end of the desk, his hand still on his ledger, his uneven shoulders drooping forward and his head hanging as if he were seasick. Remsen came back and stood at the other end of the long desk. It was too dark to see Bixby's face clearly.

"What is it, Bixby?"

"Mr. Remsen, five years ago, just before I was married, I falsified the books a thousand dollars, and I used the money." Percy leaned forward against his desk, which took him just across the chest.

"What 's that, Bixby?" Young Remsen spoke in a tone of polite surprise. He felt painfully embarrassed.

"Yes, sir. I thought I 'd get it all paid back before this. I 've put back three hundred, but the books are still seven hundred out of true. I 've played the shortages about from account to account these five years, but an expert would find 'em in twenty-four hours."

"I don't just understand how—" Oliver stopped and shook his head.

"I held it out of the Western remittances, Mr. Remsen. They were coming in heavy just then. I was up against it. I had n't saved anything to marry on, and my wife thought I was getting more money than I was. Since we 've been married, I 've never had the nerve to tell her. I could have paid it all back if it had n't been for the unforeseen expenses."

Remsen sighed.

"Being married is largely unforeseen expenses, Percy. There 's only one way to fix this up: I 'll give you seven hundred dollars in cash to-morrow, and you can give me your personal note, with the understanding that I hold ten dollars a week out of your pay-check until it is paid. I think you ought to tell your wife exactly how you are fixed, though. You can't expect her to help you much when she does n't know."

That night Mrs. Bixby was sitting in their flat, waiting for her husband. She was dressed for a bridge party, and often looked with impatience from her paper to the Mission clock, as big as a coffin and with nothing but two weights dangling in its hollow framework. Percy had been loath to buy the clock when they got their furniture, and he had hated it ever since. Stella had changed very little since she came into the flat a bride. Then she wore

"'Oh, you 've been playing solitaire with the books, have you?'"

her hair in a Floradora pompadour; now she wore it hooded close about her head like a scarf, in a rather smeary manner, like an Impressionist's brush-work. She heard her husband come in and close the door softly. While he was taking off his hat in the narrow tunnel of a hall, she called to him:

"I hope you 've had something to eat down-town. You 'll have to dress right away." Percy came in and sat down. She looked up from the evening paper she was reading. "You 've no time to sit down. We must start in fifteen minutes."

He shaded his eyes from the glaring overhead light.

"I 'm afraid I can't go anywhere to-night. I 'm all in."

Mrs. Bixby rattled her paper, and turned from the theatrical page to the fashions.

"You 'll feel better after you dress. We won't stay late."

Her even persistence usually conquered her husband. She never forgot anything she had once decided to do. Her manner of following it up grew more chilly, but never weaker. To-night there was no spring in Percy. He closed his eyes and replied without moving:

"I can't go. You had better telephone the Burks we are n't coming. I have to tell you something disagreeable."

Stella rose.

"I certainly am not going to disappoint the Burks and stay at home to talk about anything disagreeable."

"You 're not very sympathetic, Stella."

She turned away.

"If I were, you 'd soon settle down into a pretty dull proposition. We 'd have no social life now if I did n't keep at you."

Percy roused himself a little.

"Social life? Well, we 'll have to trim that pretty close for a while. I 'm in debt to the company. We 've been living beyond our means ever since we were married."

"We can't live on less than we do," Stella said quietly. "No use in taking that up again."

Percy sat up, clutching the arms of his chair.

"We 'll have to take it up. I 'm seven hundred dollars short, and the books are to be audited to-morrow. I told young Remsen and he 's going to take my note and hold the money out of my pay-checks. He could send me to jail, of course."

Stella turned and looked down at him with a gleam of interest.

"Oh, you 've been playing solitaire with the books, have you? And he 's found you out! I hope I 'll never see that man again. Sugar face!" She said this with intense acrimony. Her forehead flushed delicately, and her eyes were full of hate. Young Remsen was not her idea of a "business man."

Stella went into the other room. When she came back she wore her evening coat and carried long gloves and a black scarf. This she began to arrange over her hair before the mirror above the false fireplace. Percy lay inert in the Morris chair and watched her. Yes, he understood; it was very difficult for a woman with hair like that to be shabby and to go without things. Her hair made her conspicuous, and it had to be lived up to. It had been the deciding factor in his fate.

Stella caught the lace over one ear with a large gold hair-pin. She repeated this until she got a good effect. Then turning to Percy, she began to draw on her gloves.

"I 'm not worrying any, because I 'm going back into business," she said firmly. "I meant to, anyway, if you did n't get a raise the first of the year. I have the offer of a good position, and we can live in an apartment hotel."

Percy was on his feet in an instant.

"I won't have you grinding in any office. That 's flat."

Stella's lower lip quivered in a commiserating smile. "Oh, I won't lose my health. Charley Greengay 's a partner in his concern now, and he wants a private secretary."

Percy drew back.

"You can't work for Greengay. He 's got too bad a reputation. You 've more pride than that, Stella."

The thin sweep of color he knew so well went over Stella's face.

"His business reputation seems to be all right," she commented, working the kid on with her left hand.

"What if it is?" Percy broke out. "He 's the cheapest kind of a skate. He gets into scrapes with the girls in his own office. The last one got into the newspapers, and he had to pay the girl a wad."

"He don't get into scrapes with his books, anyway, and he seems to be able to stand getting into the papers. I excuse Charley. His wife 's a pill."

"I suppose you think he 'd have been all right if he 'd married you," said Percy, bitterly.

"Yes, I do." Stella buttoned her glove with an air of finishing something, and then looked at Percy without animosity. "Charley and I both have sporty tastes, and we like excitement. You might as well live in Newark if you 're going to sit at home in the evening. You ought n't to have married a business woman; you need somebody domestic. There 's nothing in this sort of life for either of us."

"That means, I suppose, that you 're going around with Greengay and his crowd?"

"Yes, that 's my sort of crowd, and you never did fit into it. You 're too intellectual. I 've always been proud of you, Percy. You 're better style than Charley, but that gets tiresome. You will never burn much red fire in New York, now, will you?"

Percy did not reply. He sat looking at the minute-hand of the eviscerated Mission clock. His wife almost never took the trouble to argue with him.

"You 're old style, Percy," she went on. "Of course everybody marries and wishes they had n't, but nowadays people get over it. Some women go ahead on the quiet, but I 'm giving it to you straight. I 'm going to work for Greengay. I like his line of business, and I meet people well. Now I 'm going to the Burks'."

Percy dropped his hands limply between his knees.

"I suppose," he brought out, "the real trouble is that you 've decided my earning power is not very great."

"That 's part of it, and part of it is you 're old fashioned." Stella paused at the door and looked back. "What made you rush me, anyway, Percy?" she asked indulgently. "What did you go and pretend to be a spender and get tied up with me for?"

"I guess everybody wants to be a spender when he 's in love," Percy replied.

Stella shook her head mournfully.

"No, you 're a spender or you 're not. Greengay has been broke three times, fired, down and out, black-listed. But he 's always come back, and he always will. You will never be fired, but you 'll always be poor." She turned and looked back again before she went out.

Six months later Bixby came to young Oliver Remsen one afternoon and said he would like to have twenty dollars a week held out of his pay until his debt was cleared off.

Oliver looked up at his sallow employee and asked him how he could spare as much as that.

"My expenses are lighter," Bixby replied. "My wife has gone into business with a ready-to-wear firm. She is not living with me any more."

Oliver looked annoyed, and asked him if nothing could be done to readjust his domestic affairs. Bixby said no; they would probably remain as they were.

"But where are you living, Bixby? How have you arranged things?" the young man asked impatiently.

"I 'm very comfortable. I live in a boarding-house and have my own furniture. There are several fellows there who are fixed the same way. Their wives went back into business, and they drifted apart."

With a baffled expression Remsen stared at the uneven shoulders under the skin-fitting alpaca desk coat as his bookkeeper went out. He had meant to do something for Percy, but somehow, he reflected, one never did do anything for a fellow who had been stung as hard as that.

"'I believe.' 'You believe? What do you believe?' 'Him. That he is sent'"

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–IV

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

V

THE emotional frenzies, recurring through the day, were past, and she could speak steadily to the man, in the absence of greeting which often emphasizes the self-forgetfulness of love as well as marks the formlessness of common life:

"Your supper 's waitin' for you, Laban; I 've had mine; you must be hungry. It 's out in the shed; it 's cooler there. Go round; baby 's asleep."

The man obeyed, and she heard him drop the bucket into the well, and lift it by the groaning sweep, and pour the water into the basin, and then splash himself, with murmurs of comfort, presently muffled in the towel. Her hearing followed him through his supper, and she knew he was obediently eating it, and patiently waiting for her to account for whatever was unwonted in her greeting. She loved him most of all for his boylike submission to her will and every caprice of it, but now she hardly knew how to deny his tacit question as he ventured in from the shed.

"Don't come near me, Laban," she said with a stony quiet. "Don't touch me. I ain't your wife any more."

He could not speak at first; then it was like him to ask:

"Why—why— What have I done, Nancy?"

"*You*, you poor soul?" she answered. "Nothing but good all your days. He 's come back."

He knew whom she meant, but he had to ask:

"Joseph Dylks? Why, I thought he was—"

"Don't say it! It 's murder! I don't want you to have his blood on you, *too*. Oh, if he was *only* dead! Yes, yes; I have a right to wish it! O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

"When—when—how did you know it, Nancy?"

"Yesterday morning or day before—just after you left. I reckon he was waitin' for you to go. I 'm glad you went first." The man looked up at the rifle resting on the pegs above the fireplace. "Laban, don't!" she cried. "*I* looked at

it when he was walkin' away, and I know what you 're thinkin'."

"What is he goin' to do?" the man asked from his daze.

"Nothing. He said he would n't do nothing if I did n't. If he had n't said it, I might believe it!"

Laban shifted his weight, where he stood, from one foot to the other.

"He passed the night at David's. He 's passed two nights there."

"Was it the snorting man?"

"I reckon."

"I heard about him at the Cross Roads. Why did n't David tell us yesterday?" he asked.

"Maybe he had n't thought it out. David thinks slow. He likes to be sure before he speaks. He was sure enough this morning!" the woman ended bitterly.

"What did he say?"

"He said it was livin' in sin for us to keep together if he was alive."

Laban pondered it.

"I reckon, if we come together without knowin' he was alive, it ain't no sin."

"Yes it is!" she shrieked.

"We was married just like anybody; we did n't make no secret of it; we 've lived together four years. Are you goin' to unlive them years by stoppin' now?"

"Don't you s'pose I been over all that a million times? My mind 's sore workin' with it; there ain't a thought in me that don't ache from it. But David 's right. We 've got to part. I put your things in this poke here," she said, and she gave him a bag made from an old pillow tick, with a few clothes lumping it half full. "I 'll carry the baby, Laban." She pulled back from him with the child in her arms. "Or, no, you can carry her; you 'll have to leave *her*, too, and you 've got a right to all the good you can get of her now. Don't touch anything. I 'll stay at David's to-night, but I 'll come back in the morning, and then I 'll see what I 'll do—stay, or go and live with David. Come!"

"And what about Joey?" Laban asked, half turning with the child when they were outside.

"I declare, I forgot about Joey! I 'll see to-morrow. It seems as if my very soul was tired now. Joey will just think we 've gone over to David's for a minute; he 'll go to bed when he comes; he 'll have had his supper at Peter Hingston's, anyway." As they walked away, she said: "You 're a good man, Laban Billings, to feel the way you always do about Joey. You 've been a true father to him; I wonder what his *own* father 'd have been."

"No truer father to him than I 've been a husband to you, Nancy," the man said, and as they walked along together, so far apart, his speech came to him, and he began to plead their case with her as before an adverse judge. Worn as she was with the arguments for and against them after the long day of iteration, she could not refuse to let him plead. She scarcely answered him, but he knew when they reached Gillespie's cabin that she had seen them in the fierce light of her conscience, where there was no shadow of turning.

David was alone; Jane, he said, had gone to the Reverdys, and was going with the woman to the Temple.

Nancy did not seem to hear him. She took the sleeping baby from its father's arms.

"Laban has come with me to say good-by before you, David. I hope you 'll be satisfied."

"I hope your conscience will be satisfied, Nancy. It does n't matter about me. Laban, do you see this thing like I do?"

"I see it like Nancy does."

"God will bless your effort for righteousness. Your path is dark before you now, but His light will shine upon it."

The old man paused helplessly, and Nancy asked:

"Does Jane know?"

"Not yet. And I will confess I 'm not certain what to do about her and about the neighbors. This is a cross to me, too, Nancy. I have lived a proud life here; there has never been talk about me or mine. Now, when you and Laban are parted, there will be talk."

"There 's no need to be," Laban said; "not at once. They want me back at the Cross Roads, the Wilkinses do. I can go

now as well as in the morning. I forgot to tell you," he added to his wife. "It was drove out of my mind."

"Oh, I don't blame you," she answered.

"I can have work there all the fall."

David Gillespie rubbed his forehead, and said tremulously:

"I don't know what to say. I suppose I am weak. It 'll be *one* kind of a lie. But, Laban—I thank you—"

"I can come back here Sundays and see Nancy and the baby," Laban suggested.

The old man's voice shook.

"You 'll be making it harder for yourself," was all he could say.

"But perhaps—perhaps there 'll be light—that light you said—by and by—"

"Let us pray that there 'll be no light from the Pit. I am a sinful man, Laban, to let you do this thing. I ought to have strength for all of us. But I am older now; I 'm not what I was—the day has tried me, Nancy."

"Good-by, then, Laban," the woman said. "And don't you think hard of David. I don't. And I 'm not sure I 'll ever let you come. Say good-by as if it was for life." She turned to her brother. "We can kiss, I reckon?"

"Oh, I reckon," he lamented, and went indoors.

Laban opened his arms as if to take her in them; but she interposed the baby.

"Kiss her first. Me last. Just once. Now go! I won't be weak with you like David is. And don't you be afraid for *me*. *I* can get along. *I 'm not a man!*" She went into the cabin, with her baby over her shoulder; but in a little while she came back without it, and stared after the figure of Laban losing itself in the night. Then she sat down on the doorstep and cried: it seemed as if she never could stop: but the tears helped her.

When she lifted her head she caught the sounds of singing from the village below the upland where the cabin stood. It was the tune that carried, not the words, but she knew them from the tune; as well as if she were in the Temple with them she knew what the people were singing. While she followed the lines helplessly, almost singing them herself, she was startled by the presence of a boy who had come silently round the cabin in his bare feet and stood beside her.

"Oh!" she cried out.

"Why, did I scare you, Mom?" he asked tenderly. "I did n't mean to."

"No, Joey. I did n't know any one was there; that 's all. I did n't expect you. Why ain't you at home in bed? You must be tired enough, poor boy."

"Oh, no, I ain't tired. Mr. Hingston is real good to me; he lets me rest plenty; and he says I 'll make a first-rate miller. I helped to dress the burs this morning—the millstones, you know," the boy explained, proud of the technicality. "Oh, I tell you, I just like it there!" he said, and he laughed out his joy in it.

"You always was a glad boy, Joey," his mother said ruefully.

"Well, you would n't thought so if you seen me over at our house. It seemed like there was somebody dead; I das n't hardly go in, it was so dark and still. Why n't you there? Did n't pop come home?"

"Yes, but he had to go back to the Cross Roads; he 's got work there all the fall."

"Well! We do seem to be gittin' along!" He laughed again. "I reckon you come over here because it seemed kind o' lonesome. Goin' to stay all night with uncle?"

"Yes. You won't mind being there alone?"

"Oh, no! Not much, I reckon."

"You can stay here, too, if you want to—"

"Oh, no! Mom," he confessed shyly, "I brung Benny Hingston with me. I thought you 'd let him stay all night with me."

"Why, certainly, Joey—"

"He 's just behind the house; I wanted to ask first—"

"You know you can always bring Benny. There 's plenty of room for both of you in your bed. But now when you go back with him be careful of the lamp. I put a fresh piece of rag in, and there 's plenty of grease. You can blow up a coal

on the hearth. I covered the fire; only be careful."

"Oh, we 'll be careful. Benny 's about the carefullest boy the' is in Leatherwood. Oh, I do like being in the mill with Mr. Hingston!" He laughed out his joy again, and then he asked doubtfully, "Mom?"

"Yes, Joey?"

"Benny and me was wonderin'—we 'd go straight back home, and not light any lamp at all—if you 'd let us go to the Temple. There 's a big meetin' there to-night." The mother hesitated, and the boy urged: "They say that strange man—well, some calls him the Snorter and some the Exhorter—is goin' to preach." The mother was still silent, and the boy faltered on, "He dresses like the people do Over-the-Mountains, and he wears his hair down his back—"

The mother gasped.

"I don't like your being out late, Joey. I 'd feel better if you and Benny was safe in bed."

"Oh, well." The boy's voice sank to the level of his disappointment; but after a silent interval he caught it up again cheerily. "Oh, well, I reckon Benny won't care much. We 'll go right back home. We can have a piece before we go to bed?"

"Yes—"

"Benny thinks our apple-butter is the best the' is. Can we have some on bread, with sugar on top?"

His mother did not answer at once, and he said again, as if relinquishing another ideal:

"Oh, well."

Nancy rose up and kissed him.

"Yes, go to the Temple. You might as well."

"Truly, Mom? O Benny, hurrah! She 's let me! Come along!"

He ran round the cabin to his comrade, and she heard them shouting and laughing together, and then the muted scamper of their bare feet on the soft mud road toward the settlement.

The mother said to herself:

"He 'd get to see him sooner or later." She drew her breath in a long sigh, and went into the cabin. "What a day, what a day! It seems a thousand years," she said aloud.

"Are you talking to me, Nancy?" her brother asked from somewhere in the dark.

"No, no; only to myself, David. Where did I put the baby? Oh, I know. I 've let Joey go to the Temple to hear his father preach. Lord have mercy!"

VI

THE discourse of Dylks the second night was a chain of biblical passages, as it had been the first night; but an apparent intention, which had been wanting before, ran through the incoherent texts, leaping as it were from one to another, and there binding them in an intimation of a divine mission. He did not say that he had been sent of God, but he made the texts, which he gave swiftly and unerringly; say something like that for him to such as were prepared to believe it. Not all were prepared; many denied; the most doubted: but those who accepted that meaning of the inspired words were of the principal people, respected for their higher intelligence and their greater wealth.

He had come to the Temple with Peter Hingston and he went with him from it. Hingston was the owner of a quarter section of the richest farmland in the Bottom; it bordered his mill privilege, with barns and corn-cribs and tobacco-sheds, and his brick house, behind the mill, was the largest and finest dwelling in the place. His flocks and herds abounded; his state was patriarchal; but he ruled less by will than by good-will in his family, and the neighborhood loved and honored him for some favor and kindness done nearly every man there: for money when the crops failed; for the storage of their wheat and corn in the deep bins of his mill when the yield was too great for their barns; for the use of his sheds in drying their tobacco before their own were ready. His growing sons and daughters, until they were grown men and women, obeyed his counsel as they had obeyed his will while children. But he was severe with no one; since his wife had died his natural gentleness was his manner

as it had always been his make, and it tempered the piety, which in many was forbidding and compelling, to a wistful kindness. His faith admitted no misgiving for himself, but his toleration of doubts and differences in others extended to the worst of skeptics. He believed that revelation had never ceased; he was of those who looked for a sign, because if God had ever given Himself in communion with His creatures, it was not reasonable that He should afterward always withhold Himself. A friendly humor looked from his dull eyes, and, in never quite coming to a formulated joke, stayed his utterance as if he were hopeful of some such event in time. He stood large in bulk as well as height, and drew his breath in slow, audible respirations.

The first people of the community tacitly recognized him as the first man in it, though none would have compared him in education with his nearest friend, Richard Enraghty, who had been the schoolmaster and was now the foremost of the United Brethren. He led their services in the Temple, and sometimes preached for them when it came their turn to occupy the house which they shared with the other sects. Hingston was a Methodist, but perhaps because their sects were so akin in doctrine and polity their difference made no division between the friends: Enraghty little and fierce and restless, Hingston large and kind and calm. What they joined in saying prevailed in questions of public interest; those who yielded to their wisdom liked to believe that Enraghty's opinion ruled with Hingston. Matthew Braile alone had the courage to disable their judgment, which he liked to say was no more infallible than so much Scripture; but the hardy infidel, who knew so much law and was inexpugnable in his office, owned that he could not make head against their gospel. He could darken their counsel with citations from "Common Sense" and "The Age of Reason," but the piety of the community remained safe from his mockery.

The large charity of Hingston covered the multitude of the squire's sins; he would have argued that he had not been understood perhaps in the worst things he said: but the fiercer godliness of Enraghty was proof against the walk of a man whose conversation was an exhalation from the Pit. He had bitterly opposed Matthew Braile's successive elections; he had made the pulpit of the Temple an engine of political warfare, and had launched its terrors against the invulnerable heathen. He was like Hingston in looking for a sign; in that day of remoteness from any greater world the people of the backwoods longed to feel themselves near the greatest world of all, and well within the radius of its mysteries. They talked mostly of these when they met together, and in the solitude of their fields they dwelt upon them; on their week-days and workdays they turned over the threats and promises of the Sabbath, and expected a light or a voice from on high which should burst their darkness and silence.

To most of them there was nothing sacrilegious in the pretensions which could be read into the closely scriptured discourse of Dylks when he preached the second time in the Temple. The affability which he used in descending from the pulpit among them, and shaking hands and hailing them brother and sister, and personally bidding each come to the mercy-seat, convinced them of his authority; no common man would so fearlessly trust his dignity among those who had little of their own. They thronged upon him gladly, and the women, old and young alike, trembled before him with a strange joy.

"Where is your father, Sister Gillespie?" he demanded of the girl who wavered in his strong voice like a plant in the wind.

"I don't know. He 's at home," she said.

"See that he comes another time. I send him my peace, and tell him that it will not return to me. Say that I said he needs me."

He went out between Enraghty and Hingston, and as they walked away he sank his voice back in words of Scripture; farther away he began his hymn:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,"

and ended with his shout of "Salvation!"

VII

THE cabin of the Reverdys stood on a byway beyond the Gillespies. Sally had joined the girl on her way out of the Temple, and was prancing beside her as they went homeward together.

"Oh, ain't it just great? I feel like as if I could fly. I never seen the Power in Leatherwood like it was to-night. He 's *sent;* you can tell that as plain as the nose on your face. How happy I do feel! I believe in my heart I got salvation this minute. Don't you feel the Spirit any? But you was always such a still girl! I did like the way the women folks was flop-pun' all round. *I* say, if you feel the Power workun' in you, show it, and help the others to git it. What do you s'pose he meant by your paw's needun' him?"

"I don't know. Perhaps *he* will," the girl answered briefly.

"Goun' to tell him? Well, that 's right, Janey. I kep' wonderun' why he did n't come to-night. If Abel had n't be'n so beat out with his work at the Cross Roads to-day, you bet I 'd 'a' made *him* come; but he said I 'd git enough glory for both. I believe his talkun' with Squire Braile don't do him no good. You b'lieve Washington and Jefferson was friends with Tom Paine? The squire says they was, but I misdoubt it myself; I always hearn them two was good perfessun' Christians. Kind o' lonesome along here where the woods comes so close't, ain't it? Say, Janey, I wisht you 'd come a little piece with me, though I don't suppose the bad spirits would dast to come around a body right on the way home from the Temple this way—"

They had reached the point where Sally must part with the girl, who stopped to lift the top rail of the bars to the lane leading from the road to her father's cabin. She let it drop again.

"Why, I 'll go the whole way with you, Sally."

"Will you? Well, I declare to gracious, you 're the best girl I ever seen. I believe in my heart I 'll rout Abel out and make him go back home with you."

"You need n't," the girl said. "I 'm not afraid to go alone in the dark."

"Well, just as you say, Janey. What do you do to keep from beun' afraid?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just think, I suppose."

"Well, *I* just want to *squeal.*" As they went on, Sally kept talking in her loud, loose voice to keep her courage up. "Well, I declare if we ain't there a'ready! If you just say the word, I 'll have Abel out in half a minute, and—"

"No," the girl said. "Good night."

"Well, good night. I 've got half a mind to go back with you myself," Sally called as she lifted her hand to pull the latch-string of her door.

Jane Gillespie found her father standing at the bars when she went back. He mechanically let them down for her.

"I thought you would be in bed, Father," she said gently, but coldly.

"I 've had things to keep me awake; and it 's hot indoors," he answered, and then he demanded, "Well?" If it was his way of bidding her tell him of her evening's experience, she did not obey him, and he had to make another attempt on her silence. "Was Hughey there?"

"Hughey? I don't know."

"Did n't he ask to come home with you?"

"I did n't see him. Sally Reverdy came with me."

"Yes, I knew that."

She was silent for another moment and then she said:

"Father, I have a message for you. He said, 'I send my peace to him, and it will not return to me.' He said you needed him."

Gillespie knew that she meant Dylks and he knew that she kept out of her voice whatever feeling she had in delivering his message.

In the dark she could not see her father's frown, but she was aware of it in his answer.

"You went there against my will. Well?"

"I believe."

"You believe? What do you believe?"

"Him. That he is sent."

"Why?"

"I can't tell you. He made me; he made all the people there."

Her father was standing between her and the door. He stood aside.

"Go to bed now, but be quiet. Your Aunt Nancy is there."

"Aunt Nancy?"

"Laban came, but he went back to the Cross Roads, and she 's over for the night with the baby."

"The baby? Oh, I 'll be careful!" A joy came into her voice, and the strain left it in something like a laugh.

Early in the morning she crept down the ladder from the loft; her father had looped his cot up against the cabin wall and gone out. Nancy was sitting up in the bed she had made for herself on the floor, coiling a rope of her black hair into a knot at her neck. The baby lay cooing and kicking in her lap. The morning air came in fresh and sweet at the open door.

"Oh, Aunt Nancy, may I take her?" she asked.

"Yes; I 'll get the breakfast. Your father 'll be hungry; he 's been up a good while, I reckon."

"I 'll make the fire first, and then I 'll take the baby."

The girl uncovered the embers on the hearth and blew them into life; then she ran out into the corn-field and gathered her apron full of the milky ears and grated them for the cakes which her aunt molded to fry for breakfast. She took the baby and washed its hands and face, talking and laughing with it.

"You talk to it a sight more than you do to anybody else, Jane," the mother said. "Don't put anything but its little shimmy on; it 's goin' to be another hot day."

"I believe," the girl said, "I 'll get some water in the tub, and wash her all over. There 'll be time enough."

"It 'u'd be a good thing, I reckon. But you must n't forget your milkin'. I dunno what *our* cow 'd do this morning if it was n't for Joey. But he 'll milk her, him and Benny Hingston between them, somehow. Benny stayed with him last night."

"I did forget the milking," the girl said, putting the baby's little chemise on. "But I 'll do it now. Sissy will have to wait till after breakfast for her washing." She got the tin bucket from where it blazed a-tilt in the sun beside the back door of the cabin, and took her deep bonnet from its peg. She did not ask why the boys slept alone in the cabin, but her aunt felt that she must explain.

"Laban 's got work for the whole fall at the Cross Roads. He went straight back last night. I come here." She had got through without telling the lie which she feared she must. "I 'm goin' home after breakfast."

Jane asked nothing further, but called from the open door, "Sukey, Sukey! Suk, Suk, Suk!" A plaintive lowing responded; then the snapping sound of a cow's eager hoofs; the hoarse drumming of the milk in the bucket followed, subduing itself to the soft final murmur of the strippings in the foam. Jane carried the milk to the spring-house before she reappeared in the cabin with a cup of it for the baby.

"It 's so good for her to have it warm from the cow," she said as she tilted the tin for the last drop on the little one's lips. "I wish you 'd leave her here with me, Aunt Nancy."

"It 's about time she was weaned," the mother said. "I reckon you better call your father now. He must be ready for his breakfast, bendin' over that tobacco ever since sun-up."

Jane took down the tin dinner horn from its peg, and went to the back door with it, and blew a long, loud blast, crumbling away in broken sounds.

The baby was beating the air with its hands up and down, and gurgling its delight in the noise when she came back. "O Honey, Honey, Honey!" she cooed, catching it up and hugging it to her.

The mother looked at them over her shoulder as she put the cakes of grated

corn in the skillet and set it among the coals on the hearth.

"It 's a pity you ha' n't got one of your own."

"I don't want one of my own," the girl said.

"I thought a spell back"—the woman took up the subject again after a decent interval—"that you and Hughey Blake was goin' to make a match." The girl said nothing, but her aunt pursued, "Was he there last night?"

"I did n't notice."

"Many folks?" her aunt asked with whatever change or fulfilment of a first intent.

From kneeling over to play with the baby, the girl sank back on her heels, with her hands fallen before her.

"I don't know."

"What did he preach?"

"The Word of God; God's own words. All Scripture; but it was like as if it was the first time you ever heard it."

The girl was looking at the woman, but seemed rapt from the sight of her in a vision of the night before.

"I reckon Satan could make it sound that way," Nancy said, but her niece seemed not to hear her. Nancy stood staring at her, with words bitter beyond saying in her heart—words that rose in her throat and choked her. When she spoke she only said, "Get up, Jane; your father 'll be here in a minute."

"I 'm not going to eat anything. I 'm going into the woods." She staggered to her feet, and dashed from the door. The child looked after her with outstretched arms and whimpered pitifully, but she did not mind its call.

"Where 's Jane?" her father said, coming in at the back door.

"Gone into the woods," she said.

"To pray, I reckon."

He sat down at the table-leaf lifted from the wall, and his sister served him his breakfast. He ate greedily, but his hand trembled so in lifting his cup that the coffee spilled from it.

When he had ended and sat leaning back from the board, she asked him:

"What are you going to do?"

The old man cleared his throat.

"Nothing yet. Let the Lord work His will."

"And let Joseph Dylks work *his* will, too! I 'll have something to say about that."

"Be careful, woman! Be careful!"

"Oh, I 'll be careful. He has as much to lose as I have."

"No, not half so much."

VIII

WHERE Matthew Braile sat smoking most of the hot forenoon away on the porch of his cabin there came to him rumor of the swift spread of the superstition running from mind to mind in the neighborhood, and catching like fire in dry grass. The rumor came in different voices, some piously meant to shake him with fear in the scorner's seat which he held so stubbornly, some in their doubt seeking the help of his powerful unfaith; but he required their news from them all with the same mocking. They were not of the Scribes and Pharisees, the pillars of the Temple, the wise and rich and proud who had been the first to follow Dylks, but the poorer and lowlier sort who wavered before the example of their betters, and were entirely willing to submit it to the searching of the old Sadducee's scrutiny.

The morning after Abel Reverdy had finished his work at the Cross Roads, and had returned to the cares patiently awaiting him at home, he rode his claybank so hesitantly toward the squire's cabin that his desire to stop and talk was plain, and Braile called to him:

"Well, Abel, what do they think of the prophet over at Wilkins's? Many converts? Many dipped or sprinkled, as the case required?"

Reverdy drew rein and faced the squire with a solemnity presently yielding to his natural desire to grin at any form of joke, and his belief that when the squire indulged such flagrant irreverence as this he must be joking. Yet he answered evasively:

"Nancy stood staring at her, with words bitter beyond saying in her heart—words that rose in her throat and choked her"

"You hearn't he says now he hain't never goun' to die?"

"No. But I 'm not surprised to hear it; about the next thing on the docket. Did he say that at the Cross Roads?"

"Said it right here in Leatherwood. Sally told me the first thing when I got home. You was n't at the Temple last night, I reckon?"

"Well, not *last* night," Braile said with an implication that he had been at the Temple all the other nights, which made Reverdy laugh with guilty joy.

"One o' the Hounds—no, it was Jim Redfield hisself—stopped on the way out, and he says: 'What 's this I hear? You say you ain't goin' to die.' And Dylks he lifts his hands up over his head and he says, 'This shell will fall off'; and Jim he says, 'I 've got half a mind to *crack* your shell,' and the believers they got round, and begun to hustle Jim off, but Dylks he told them to let him alone, and he says, 'I can endure strong meat, but I must be fed on milk for a while.' What you s'pose he meant, Squire?"

Braile took his pipe out and cackled toothlessly.

"I 'm almost afraid to think, Abel. Something awful, though. You say Sally told you?"

"Yes."

"I should think Sally would know what he meant, if anybody." He looked at Abel, and Sally's husband joined him in safe derision. "Tell you anything else?"

"Well, no, not just in so many words; but it 'pears he 's been teachin' round all sorts of things in private-like. Who do you reckon he says he is?"

"Not John the Baptist, I hope. I don't know where we should get the locusts and wild honey for him in *this* settlement. Might try grasshoppers, but the last bee-tree on the Bottom was cut down when I was a boy. I got a piece of the comb, I remember."

"I don't know if he said John the *Baptist;* but it was John, anyway. And they say—or that 's what Sally hearn tell—that when he was off with Enraghty and Hingston on some 'pointments down round Seneca there was doun's that 'u'd make your hair stand up."

"You don't happen to know just what the doings were?"

"Well, no, I don't, Squire; but they was doun's to deceive the very elec', from all I hearn."

"That 's just what Hingston and Enraghty both are—the very elect. What deceived *them?*"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Squire! You know I don't mean they were deceived! That 's just a Bible sayin'. You see, Brother Briggs was sick, and Brother Enraghty went along with Dylks and Brother Hingston to preach in his place."

"Could n't Dylks have done the preaching?"

"I reckon he could; but there was three 'p'intments, and maybe Dylks could n't fill 'em all, and maybe he did n't want to. Fust Brother Enraghty preached in the Temple at Seneca, and then at Brother Christhaven's house off south of that, and then at David Mason's, the local preacher; but Brother Mason has got the consumption, and he could n't preach, so Brother Enraghty had to do *all* the preachin'."

"I see. Well?"

"Well, that was n't anything out o' the common, but what Dylks done to the devil beat all the preachun', I reckon."

"How d' it get out? Devil tell?"

"No. Brother Enraghty told, and Sally she got it poortty straight from the wife of the man that he told it to."

"Go on," Braile said. "I can hardly wait to hear."

"Well, sir, they had just got acrost the Leatherwood, and Brother Enraghty felt as if he was lifted all at once into heaven; air diff'ent and full of joy. Dylks's face got brighter and brighter, and his voice sounded like music. When they got to the top of the hill where you can look back and see the Temple, Dylks turned his horse and stretched out his hands, and says he: 'How ignorant them people is of my true natur'! But time will show 'em.' Well, not just them words, you know—more dictionary; and they preached with a great outpourun' at Seneca. They did n't

go to bed that night at all, accordin' to the woman's tell that Enraghty told her man; sot up tell mornun' prayun', and singun' hymns and readun' the Bible. Next mornun' when they started out Brother Enraghty seen a bright ring round Dylks's head, and whenever Dylks got down to pray, the ring just stayed in the air over the saddle tell he got back, and then it dropped round his head ag'in."

Reverdy stopped for the effect, but Braile only said:

"Go on! Go on!"

"Well, sir, so they kep' on all that day and all the next night, prayun', and singun', and readun' the Bible. The next mornun' when they started, Brother Enraghty felt kind o' cold all over, and his teeth chattered, and Dylks looked at him hard in the face, and says he: 'Time is precious now. This is the time for work. I now reveal unto you that you are Paul the Apostle.'"

"And what did Paul the Apostle say? Did he own up that he was Paul?"

Reverdy halted in his tale.

"Look here, Squire, I don't feel jest right havun' you say such things. It sounds—well, like profane swearun'."

"Any worse than Dylks or Enraghty? You go right ahead, Abel. I 'll take the responsibility before the law."

"Well," Reverdy continued with a reluctance that passed as he went on, "what Dylks told him was that he would increase his faith, so 't he could see the sights of his power, and glorify him among men, and then Enraghty he commenced to git warm ag'in, and Dylks he turned up his eyes and kep' still, and it was so bright all round him that it made the daylight like dusk, and Dylks made him hark if he did n't hear a kind of rush in the air, and Dylks said it was the adversary of souls, but he would conquer him. They come into a deep holler in the woods, and there they see the devil standun' in their way, and Dylks he lights and hollers out, 'Fear not, Paul; this day my work is done,' and he went towards Satan, and Satan he raised his burnun' wings and bristled his scales, and stuck out his forked tongue and dropped melted fire from it; and he rolled his eyes in his head, hissun' and bubblun' like sinners boilun' in hell's kittles. Then Dylks he got down on his knees and prayed, and got up and give his shout of 'Salvation!' and the devil's wings fell, and he took in his tongue, and his eyes stood still, and Dylks he blowed his breath at him, and Satan he turned and jumped, and every jump he give the ground shook, and Dylks and the balance of 'em follered him till the devil come to Brother Mason's house, and then he jumped through the shut winder out of sight. They found Brother Mason's son David in bed sick, but he got up and took Dylks in his arms and called him his Saviour, and everybody got down on their knees and prayed, and their faces was shinun' beautiful, and Dylks he walks round David Mason, and rubs his hands over him, and says, 'I bind the devil for a thousand years,' and he hugged David, and said, 'The work is done.' And he would n't stay to preach there, but told 'em they must come back with him to the Temple here in Leatherwood. On the way back he would n't talk at all, hardly, but jest kep' sayun', 'The perfect work is done,' and he did n't give his shout no more; just snorted."[1]

Braile's pipe had gone out, but he pulled slowly at it two or three times before he said:

"Well, Abel, I don't wonder Sally is excited. I suppose *you* would be if you believed a word of this yarn?"

"Well, it 's poortty cur'ous doun's, Squire," Reverdy said, daunted between his natural bent and his wish to be of the squire's thinking. "Don't *you* believe it?"

"Oh, yes, *I* believe it; but you know *I* believe anything. If Dylks did it, and Enraghty says he did it, why there we 've got the gospel for it—right from St. Paul himself."

He said no more, and Reverdy lingered a moment in vague disappointment. Then he sighed out:

"Well, I must be goun', I reckon," and

[1] The fiction throughout generally follows the historical facts, especially as they are narrated by Judge Taneyhill in a volume of the "Ohio Valley Series," Robert Clarke Co.

thumped his bare heels into the claybank's ribs and rode away.

Day by day the faith in Dylks spread with circumstance which strengthened it in the converts: they accepted the differences which parted husband and wife, parent and child, and set strife between brothers and neighbors as proof of his divine authority to bring a sword; they knew by the hate and dissension which followed from his claim that it was of supernatural force, and when the pillars of the old spiritual temple fell one after another under his blows, they exulted in the ruin as the foundation of a new sanctuary. They drove the worshipers out of the material Temple, Methodists and Moravians and Baptists who had used it in common. They met to dedicate it solely to the doctrine of the prophet who came teaching that neither he nor they should ever die, but should enter in the flesh into the New Jerusalem, which should come down to them at Leatherwood. His steps in passing from teacher to prophet and to Messiah were contested by a few with bitter and strenuous dissent, but on the night when Dylks proclaimed before the thronging assembly in the stolen Temple, "I am God, and there is none else," they pressed round him, men and women and children, and worshiped him. "I am God and the Christ in one," he proclaimed. "In me Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are met. There is no salvation except by faith in me. They who put their faith in me shall never taste death, but shall be translated into the New Jerusalem, which I am going to bring down from heaven." He snorted; the few unbelievers protested in abhorrence, but the sisters in the faith shrieked and the brothers shouted, "We shall never die!" Dylks came down from the pulpit among them, and Enraghty called out, "Behold our God!" and they fell on their knees before him. As it had been from the beginning, the wisest and best, the first in prayer and counsel, were foremost in the idolatry; and young girls and wives and mothers joined in hailing Dylks as their Creator and Saviour, and besought him to bless and keep them.

The believers were in such force that none of the Hounds, veteran disturbers of camp-meetings and revivals, who were there dared molest them; the few members of the sects expelled from the Temple of their common worship held aloof from the tumult in dismay, and made no attempt to reclaim the sanctuary. One man, not of any church, but of standing in the community, tried to incite the sectarians to assert their rights, but found no following among them. They left the Temple together with certain others who had been trembling toward belief in Dylks, but whom the profanation repelled; when they were gone the tumult sank enough to let Enraghty announce another meeting a week hence, and then dismiss the congregation.

"An' afore that we 're goun' to have a murricle," Sally Reverdy told Squire Braile, sitting early the next morning at the receipt of gossip on his cabin porch with his pipe between his teeth; her cow had not come up the night before, and Abel had not found her in the woods-pasture when he went to look. "An' I could n't wait all day, an' I jest slipped over to git some milk of Mis' Braile," she explained to the squire as she paused with the bucket in her hand. "I told her I 'd bring it back the first chance 't I git at our cow; I reckon Abel will find her some time or 'nuther; and I 'lowed you had plenty."

Braile had already heard her explaining all this to his wife, but now he kept her for the full personal detail of the last night's event at the Temple. She ended an unsparing report of the wonders seen with a prophecy of wonders to come.

"Why," Braile said, "I don't see what you want of a miracle more than what you 've had already. The fact that your cow did n't come up last night and Abel could n't find her in the woods-pasture this morning is miracle enough to prove that Dylks is God. Besides, did n't he say it himself, did n't Enraghty say it?"

"Well, yes, they did," Sally assented, overborne for the moment by his logic.

"And did n't you all believe them?"

"Well, *we* all did," Sally said. "But look here, Squire Braile, what about them that did n't believe it?"

"Oh, then there were some there that did n't believe it! Well, I suppose nothing less than more miracles will do for *them*. Who were they?"

"Well, of course, there was Jim Redfield; he 's been ag'inst him from the first; and there was old George Nixon, and there was Hughey Blake, and a passel of the Hounds that I don't count."

"Why, certainly not; the Hounds would doubt anything. But I 'm surprised at Redfield and Nixon and Hughey Blake. What reason did they give for the faith that was n't in them? When a man stood up and snorted like a horse and said he was God, why did n't they believe him? Or the other fellows that did n't snort, but said they knew it was God from a sound that he made?"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Squire Braile!" Sally gurgled. She did not yield quite with Abel's helplessness at a joke, but the squire's blasphemous irony had its force with her, too, though she felt it right to bring herself back to her religious conviction with the warning, "Some day you 'll go too fur."

"Yes, I 'm always expecting the lightning to strike in the wrong place. Did n't Nixon or Redfield or Hughey Blake say anything? Or did they just look ashamed of you, down there on your knees before a man that you worshiped for a God because he snorted like a horse? Did n't anybody in their senses say anything, or could n't those that were out of their senses hear anything but their own ravings?" The old man had pleased himself with his mockeries, but now he let the scorn which his irony had hidden blaze out. "Was n't anybody ashamed of it all? Were n't you ashamed yourself, Sally?"

"Well, I dunno," Sally said, easing herself from one foot to another and shifting the milk-bucket from her right hand to her left. "Where everybody is goun' one way, you don't know what to think exactly. Jane Gillespie was there, and she went on as bad as the best."

"Jane Gillespie?"

"Yes. She come with me, and she was goun' to come home with me as fur 's the door, and she would ha' done it if it had n't ha' been for her father. He bruk through the believers and drug her up from the floor where she was kneelin' and stoopin' her forehead over to the ground, and pulled her out through the crowd. 'You come home with me!' says he, kind o' harsh-like; and if it had n't ha' been for Nancy Billun's' Joey, I 'd ha' had to git through the woods alone, and the dear knows I 'm always skeered enough. But Joey and Benny Hingston they come with me, or I don't feel as if I 'd been here to tell it."

"You 'd have been safe from the devil, though; he stayed with Dylks. Did n't David say anything to the girl?"

"Jest 'You come home with me,' and he looked so black that Hughey Blake he kind o' started from where he was standin' with the unbelievers, and he says, 'Oh, don't, Mr. Gillespie!'—like that, and Jane she said, 'It 's my father, Hugh,' and she went along with him, kind o' wild-lookin', like she was walkun' in her sleep. I noticed it at the time."

"Did n't Dylks do anything, say anything?"

"Well, not that *I* seen or hearn. But some o' them that was standun' nigh him was talkun' about it when we all got out, and they was sayun' he said, 'Go with your earthly father; your heavenly father will keep you safe.' I don't know whether he did or not; but that 's what they was sayun'."

"And did Gillespie say anything back?"

"Not 't anybody heared. Jest give Dylks a look like he wanted to kill him, and then Dylks snorted, and yelled, 'Salvation!' Squire," Sally broke off, "some of us believers was talkun' it over when we started home, and wonderun' what ought we to call him. Jest Dylks don't sound quite right, and you can't say Almighty, to a body, exactly, and you can't say Lord. What should you think was the right way?"

Braile got back to his irony.

"Well, that 's an important question, Sally. I should call him Beelzebub myself; but, then, I 'm not a believer. That night when he first came did n't he tell the people to call him just Dylks?"

"Yes, he did; but that was for the present, he said."

"Has he given himself any other name?"

"Well, no."

"Then I should let it go at Dylks," he said.

"Just plain Dylks? *Mr.* Dylks would n't do, or Brother Dylks would n't. Father Dylks don't sound quite the thing—"

"Might try Uncle Dylks," Braile said, cackling round his pipe-stem, and now Sally perceived that it was in vain to attempt serious discussion of the point with him. She said:

"Oh, pshaw, Squire Braile!" and lankly let herself down sidewise from the porch, and flopped away on the road. Then she stopped, and called back, "Say, Squire, what do you think of the Good Old Man?"

"What good old man?"

"Why, Dylks. For a name. That 's what most of 'em wants to call him."

"Sounds like a good name for them that like a name like it."

"He calls *us* the Little Flock."

"Well, well! Geese or sheep?"

"Oh, pshaw, now! I would n't belong to the Herd of the Lost, anyway. That 's what he calls the unbelievers."

"You don't tell me! Well, now I *will* be scared in the dark."

Failing of any retort, Sally now flopped definitively beyond calling back.

Braile with a sardonic smile watched her going, but when his wife, after waiting for her to be quite gone, came out to him, he was serious enough.

"Did that fool tell you of the goings on at the Temple last night?"

"As much as I would let her. I suppose it had to come to something like that. It seems as if the people had gone crazy."

"Yes," the squire sighed heavily, "there 's no doubt about that. And it 's a pity. For such a religious community Leatherwood Creek used to be a very decent place to live in. They were a lot of zealots, but they got on well with one another; that Temple of theirs kept them together, and they did n't quarrel much about doctrine. Now with the Dylksites driving the old-fashioned believers out of the sanctuary and dedicating it to the exclusive worship of Dylks, the other denominations are going to fight among themselves; and there 'll be no living with them. And that is n't the worst of it. This new deity is n't going to be satisfied with worship merely. Money, of course, he 'll want and get, and he 'll wear purple and fine linen, and feed upon fried chicken every day. Still the superstition might die out, and no great harm done, if the faith was confined to men. But you know what women are, Martha."

"They 're what men make 'em," Mrs. Braile said sadly.

"It 's six of one and half a dozen of another, I 'm afraid. But this god of theirs is a handsome devil, and some poor fool of a girl, or some bigger fool of a married woman, is going to fall in love with him, and then—"

"Did you just think of that? Well, you can't help it by lettin' your coffee get cold."

Braile tilted his chair down and rose from its rebound to follow his wife stiffly indoors.

"The question is, Who will it be? Which poor girl? Which bigger fool? And nothing can be done to prevent it! The Real God put it into human nature, and all hell could n't stop it. Well, I suppose it 's for some wise purpose," he ended, in parody of the pious resignation prevailing on the tongues of the preachers.

(To be continued)

Dry-farming implements used by the Arabs

The Dry Farmers of Rome

By J. RUSSELL SMITH

Author of "Two-story Farming," etc.

Photographs by the author

BY the wayside stood a Bedouin clothed in the flowing robes of his race and leaning idly upon a stout stick. Before him a flock of goats and fat-tailed desert sheep, his charges, were browsing on the harsh bushes that stood at intervals on the otherwise bare and arid ground. A mile farther on I met a group of Bedouins moving their camp. The donkeys and camels were loaded with tents and water-jars, grain-sacks, and stone hand-mills, women, children, and chickens. But I paused not, for my mind was set on a towering ruin that I had glimpsed on the southern horizon an hour before. A few more miles down the good highway which the French have built through central Tunis, and I was within the shadow of a great wall.

It was a colosseum built by the Roman colonists in Africa in the fourth century A.D. and modeled closely after the one in Rome. Its length, 492 feet, is nearly as great as that of its prototype; it has beneath the two-hundred-foot arena a fully developed set of arched dungeons designed for the detention of beasts and men for combat. So well has it been excavated by the French archæologists that a casual traveler might, upon first seeing its interior, mistake it for the Roman original. Despite this likeness of plan, walls, and state of preservation, a view of the surroundings would convince the traveler that he was in a country far from Italy. It is not the Eternal City, but a squalid Arab town, that surrounds this structure. The one-story hovels are built of stones first shaped by the Romans fifteen hundred years ago when they built the proud and prosperous city which decked itself with this huge colosseum and with an amphitheater almost as large. Here and there in the town some Arab tries to win a few sous by beguiling travelers to come into his inclosure and view the beautiful mosaic floors which accident has uncovered several feet beneath the present sur-

Panorama of olive-orchards under the new dry-farming boom in central Tunis

face. In the days of its long-departed prosperity, this city, the Roman Thysdrus, now known as El Djem, was able to build a long tunnel, or subway, passing from the western environs of the city directly under the center of the arena in the colosseum and thence thirty-two miles to the sea. For the traveler the tunnel afforded relief from the pitiless African sun. It is said that the stone for the colosseum was drawn by elephants through this subway from the sea-coast. Through it, also, the Roman governor traveled in cool state from his palace, without the city, to his gorgeous seat of honor beside the arena.

How came such a city in such a plain? Cities must have substance, and they rise only in lands of plenty. This inland city must have lived upon its plain—a plain now decked with scattered bushes, furnishing only a meager pasture to the flocks of the tenting nomads. Conditions have changed greatly since the pagan crowds yelled with delight as the beasts tore the captives in the arena. How did this plain feed that ancient city, with its tens of thousands? Our first thought suggests a change of climate, more rain in the golden days of past empire. But here are the ruined cisterns built in Roman days to hoard the meager rainfall, which was as important then as now. French archæologists tell us it has not changed in amount, the average rainfall being less than ten inches per year.

With static rainfall, the question of how the population was sustained becomes more puzzling, for the city seems to have sheltered many thousand people, and there are evidences of other settlements surrounding it. Since climate will not answer this question for us, let us examine the two other sources of information still open. One is in history and the other in the ruins themselves, and both have an answer. History replies, "Olives," and the ruins answer, "Oil." It is well known that Rome lived on tribute levied upon her provinces, and this part of northern Africa sent olive-oil in vast quantities, shiploads of it. This industry, as conducted by the ancients, left very visible traces behind it, so that the archæologist has had little difficulty in getting at the facts of industrial history. The French have even made a map which shows an olive-orchard of that time more astounding than man in this generation has yet dreamed. This orchard held many hundred miles of sea-shore, with scarcely a break from Tripoli along the entire length of Tunis (ancient Carthage) and far into Algeria. In some places it was only a few miles wide, in others it reached a hundred miles and more into the interior, one vast sea of olives, so the knowing say, covering an area larger than some of the smaller American States.

To check up somewhat this remarkable piece of agricultural archæology, I went into the back country of El Djem. At intervals, in the barley-fields common in

Roman cisterns

central Tunis, large masses of Roman concrete were to be seen sticking up their rough surfaces like the boulders in the fields of New England. Farther on the barley-fields gave way to pastures of scanty grass interspersed with cactus and desert bushes.

Seventy-five miles from El Djem I passed through a Roman arch nearly a hundred feet high—a triumphal arch of the time of Constantine. It stood in the midst of mounds from which many cut building stones protruded. Three hundred yards away was the ruin of a Roman theater. Beyond was the gray stone façade of a temple to Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva, with inscriptions to Antoninus Pius. Enough of this structure is yet standing to indicate its huge proportions. Hard by were the recently excavated ruins of a Christian church, with a floor of finely wrought and beautifully colored mosaic. Miles of streets could be discerned, but, excepting the triumphal arch and a fine aqueduct, all were in ruins; not an inhabitant remained of this once prosperous Roman city, which in days gone by bore the name of Sufetula, and is estimated by some archæologists to have had one hundred thousand inhabitants. It rose at the only place within a large area where there was a water-supply other than that derived from cisterns. In ancient times, as in the present, there was no permanent stream flowing down to the sea even from the widest part of the vast olive-orchard. Such streams as flow from the hills lose themselves in the dry earth and salt lakes of the plain, where the summer sun lifts the water again into the air currents, giving it no chance to reach its mother, the sea. The largest of these streams receives its chief water-supply half a mile from the ruins of Sufetula, where a fault in the rocks leads hidden waters to the surface in a group of large and never-failing springs which yield many million gallons per day. Beside this precious resource rose Sufetula, now in its ruin, and to-day the seaport town of Sfax, equally thirsty, lays a hundred miles of pipe to tap the flow of these same precious springs. In this, the back part of the ancient olive-oil field, the industrial ruins are strangely preserved. There have been no quarrying townsmen to cart away the stones for contemptible modern uses. The Bedouin, with his tents, does not want them, and there they lie upon the plain waiting the judgment day of history as they mutely watch the lonely birds, the silent men, the browsing beasts.

Ten miles beyond Sufetula I came to a large, square stone ruin. It was some kind of central building in a rural village that has cluttered the surrounding quarter of a mile with its remains. What is that peculiar pair of stones still standing upright, eight feet in the air, with wide, notched grooves in their opposing faces? It is an oil-press much like some that may be seen to-day. This village seems to have been full of them. They were to be seen

Characteristic vegetation in the neighborhood of the ruined cities

in every part of it, along with the rest of the oil-making unit—a concrete floor, or mill, on which the olives were crushed, after the manner of present practice, by a rolling millstone probably run by a mule or ox hitched at the end of a pole. The press stood beside the mill and squeezed the oil out into stone troughs, which still remain. From the trough it was dipped out and allowed to run off by gravity through stone gutters to the oil-tanks. Some of these good pieces of masonry, from seven to ten feet square and four or five feet deep, are still tight enough to hold rain-water. They are lined with several layers of concrete, the last of which is red, in the style of Roman cisterns in that part of Africa. Even the millstone remained by one of these ancient oil-works. It had not yet decayed, and no one had cared to roll it away. The group of Bedouins, two miles distant with their herd of eighty camels, did not want it. They wanted grass and the privilege of being let alone.

In all directions the plain is dotted with the isolated remains of farmsteads, often only a few hundred yards apart. Right up to the edge of Sufetula I found these scattered farm remains. The olive apparatus, like most of the buildings in a land of scanty wood, was made of stone, and I could identify some of it at nearly every farm.

What force appeared to turn all this prosperity into a ruin? Few pieces of property are more enduring than a stone oil-press and olive-trees, which live for one or two thousand years. It was a case of culture, different culture. The cause of the ruin is constantly in sight, looking down upon his handiwork. The nomad herdsman, the tent-dweller did it. Under the inspiration of that ex-caravan trader, Mohammed, the Arabs in the seventh century hurled themselves upon northern Africa with irresistible fury. Sufetula and El Djem, with their hundred villages and myriad homes of oil-makers in the great olive-forest, met the fate of conquest, as did the rest of Roman Africa. The conquerors lived in tents, and came with fire, sword, flocks, and herds, wives and children. They did not want stone cities, with temples, churches, and amphitheaters, or snug villages with oil-presses and oil-tanks or olive-orchards. They wanted range for their beasts, and they made it; they laid waste the Roman province, and made of it a camel-pasture. Considering their object, we may say that they did good and enduring work, for it has lasted since their arrival in 648 A.D.

Coming as they did from an arid land where trees at best were limited to small oases, the Arabs were dumfounded by such a forest of olives. Their chroniclers, of whom there were many, seem to have taxed the limits of the Arabic language in describing this forest, and thereby have furnished us interesting corroboration of the things our eyes compel us to believe.

Ruins of an oil cistern and a mill

As another proof of the olive story, the orchards yet remain in a few places—the orchards planted by the Roman and then neglected for thirteen hundred years. To one unacquainted with the olive-tree this may seem difficult to believe. I do not ask the reader to take it on my authority alone. It is the opinion of the French archæologists and agriculturists. It is also the opinion of Mr. Thomas Kearney of the United States Department of Agriculture, who was sent thither by the Government to investigate the ruins. Here is a part of the evidence.

In a few places in this region olive-trees are still standing in regular rows far away from any permanent habitation. While it is a land where the wild olive does grow if fire and pasturing mouths permit, wild trees do not grow in regular rows. Hence one may conclude that they were planted. Who did it? Since 648 A.D. the land has been under the foot of the Arab, the nomad, the tree-killer, and his gnawing beasts. He does not plant orchards, at least not out in the open plain miles from a settlement, where he could not protect them. No, these trees were planted in the period before the Arab. If any one should insist on thinking that they came up wild, I would point out another fact. They are a cultivated variety, like navel oranges or Baldwin apples, while 99.5 per cent. of the wild olives that spring up from seed are as worthless as roadside crab-apples. No, the olive-trees have lived on from the time before Mohammed entered Africa to demolish alike Roman paganism, Roman Christianity, and the agricultural civilization that sheltered both.

How did the Romans perform this great feat of horticulture? Here is an archæological puzzle with the most unusual possibility; namely, a modern application. Archæology is mostly mere puzzle, like unraveling a complex knot, interesting, absorbing on the intellectual side, but when it is unraveled, it butters no parsnips, helps us to meet no economic want. But this unique archæological puzzle holds in its solution a secret by which we can add a veritable empire to the United States, and that, too, without blood, conquest, or war, but merely by the use of gray matter and honest toil. The evidence seems clear that the Roman built prosperous cities in a region where the climate was similar to that region in our own West recently called "The Great American Desert," and which we to-day use exactly as the Bedouin uses the ruins of Sufetula, as a poor pasture. To make the point clearer, we should at once admit the fact that our efforts at dry farming have failed not only on this kind of land, but on land with a rainfall proportionately much greater.

Plainly the Romans were master dry farmers to succeed under conditions worse than those under which we have failed. How did they do it? Can we not copy them? Fortunately we can copy them, for they succeeded by the very simple de-

Olive-trees planted by the Romans

vice of growing tree-crops. Since our dry farming has failed with grain-crops on ten inches of rain and upward, and theirs succeeded with tree-crops on ten inches of rain and downward, the lesson is most plain. We, too, should grow tree-crops. This preachment for the conquest of the American desert does not rest upon archæological evidence alone. It is buttressed by the much more certain fact of present practice. Olive-farming is now going on again with conspicuous success in a corner of this ancient Roman orchard. Right in central Tunis, rising above the Roman ruins, are tens of thousands of olive-trees, mature olive-trees, middle-aged olive-trees, young olive-trees, especially young olive-trees. In fact, a boom is on. Surely it will cause the American dry farmers and land-speculators to stand aghast and also cause their mouths to water when they learn that this boom has prosperously gone through a recent period of seven years when the total rainfall for the seven years was thirty-nine inches. To subsist in such drought is to us unthinkable, unless perchance we could go down into Egypt and buy grain as did Joseph's brethren. But these olive-growers, despite the thirty-nine inches of rain in seven years, did not go down into Egypt at all. They merely stayed at home and cultivated their trees. They even planted more trees.

The secret is not hard to find. The perennial plant, of which the tree is the highest type, is nature's great implement for fighting aridity. If there is deep water, the tree will send its roots for it. Recently an artesian-well-digger in Arizona brought up the live root of a small bush from the depth of eighty-three feet. If there is surface water at almost any season the perennial desert plant will seize it as a hungry dog seizes a bone and keep it securely for months or even years, supporting life and, if possible, maturing a crop of seed. Many and interesting are the devices by which plants have modified themselves to get and hold water in the fierce and merciless processes of adaptation, natural selection, and survival. The olive, for instance, is a deep rooter in moist subsoil or a far-reaching, shallow rooter if there is no water in the subsoil. Its leaves are glazed above and hairy beneath. If undisturbed, the foliage will completely shade its trunk, thus protecting it from the rays of the sun. Given one good drink, an olive-tree has shown its ability to survive two rainless desert summers with only a single shower between. That is why the dry farmers of Rome succeeded

Old olive-trees

fifteen hundred years ago, and their successors are succeeding now while our dry farmers have often failed through their dependence on the quick-growing, quick-perishing annuals. In a similar extreme environment in the Mohave Desert of western Colorado and New Mexico the patient Hopi Indian fights along with a peculiar drought-resisting kind of corn. But he knows that July settles the fate of his crops. If it does not rain in July, his hope for harvest ends for a year. He must eat last year's corn or go without. No wonder he gets out his rattlesnakes and his holy men to dance before the rain god with all the combined charms of magic and religion. The stakes are great, July rain or hunger. In Africa they plow to kill all rival plants, and keep on plowing, to make the dust mulch of the dry farmer, for there is no such critical moment with the tree-crop, that natural engine of production and drought-resistance.

There is one more final piece of probable evidence that should go far to convince us that it is the present problem of the farmers in the American West that faced the ancient Roman provincials, the modern Arabs, and the French in Tunis. It is believed that in one little corner, at least, not only the Roman tree, but the Roman olive industry, has also survived even to this day.

It takes much labor to make destruction complete. Parts of the original Carthage still stand despite its unctuous destruction by the Romans in 146 B.C. Similarly it is probable that the Roman olive industry was never so thoroughly obliterated but that each generation of Arabs has kept alive, practised, and handed on the precious knowledge of its technic. The conquering Arabs were chiefly nomads, but they were accompanied by men who wrote books about their conquests, who lived in towns, and went down to the sea in ships. The interior they devastated (El Djem and Sufetula were inland cities), but the seaports they inhabited, and held with difficulty against their marauding brethren who dwelt in tents and delighted to rob and pillage. Thus the port of Sfax on the Tunisian coast has one of the most beautiful and perfect city walls in existence. It was a necessary part of city life up to 1881, when the French came into control. At that time, too, there were in the immediate environs of the city a few thousand acres of olive-orchard maintained, as it certainly had been for a generation or two, by a system of dry farming as perfect as that recommended by the

latest experiments in Australia, South Africa, or the American West, where the white man, for the first time in this age, has attacked the problem.

Those who know Tunis and the Arab believe for good reasons that this dry farming is a revival or survival of Roman methods. The truth or error of this claim as to origin does not, however, affect the American application, for it shows that now, as in times past, the scanty camel-pasture, decked with thorn-bush and having a rainfall of less than ten inches a year, can become the home of the successful dry farmer.

What can we do about it? We can do as the Romans did. First, we can transplant these drought-resisting olive-trees to America. This has already been begun, and we are on the way to making oil in lands that we have called desert. But that is not the whole of it, but merely a type. What the Romans did was this: to take the best wild olive-tree they could find in all Africa and propagate thousands from it, as was done in the case of the one and only freak parent navel orange-tree. Most wild olive-trees are as worthless as any other thorn-bush. How many kinds of fruitful trees are there now growing wild in the world's arid lands? There are dozens, and of these dozens of kinds of trees there are several species that have specimens that are perhaps as worthy of propagation as was that one chance navel orange-tree.

We have scarcely yet attacked the desert as a *desert* agricultural problem. We have tried to project the rain-land agriculture into it by irrigation. We have tried to conserve moisture in it by cultivation, just as we do in Illinois or Pennsylvania. That is only one half. We now need to turn squarely around and do the other half of it—search out from among the desert plants those that are worthy of domestication, and domesticate them to our needs. With regard to the domestication of desert trees, we are virtually in the position of primitive man when the dog was the only domesticated animal. Man knew those other big fleet-footed animals capable of giving milk and wool and bearing burdens. It must have made the primitive mouth water to see them running away in the distance. So should the economic botanist and the other scientific agriculturists feel at the sight of such trees as the mesquite, the honey-locust, and the screw-bean. These are three legumes that grow wild over vast areas from Kansas and Texas to the Pacific. They yield millions of pounds of rich beans, they have been eaten for ages by wild animals, and they have saved many a pioneer team from starvation from the days of the forty-niners to the present. Now we need to harness them, just as we would harness a mountain stream to turn a mill or irrigate a garden-plot. The almond is a desert edition of the peach with no pulp, little stone, and large nutritious kernel. This staple food grows on dry hills from Spain to Turkestan and Nevada, and there are many wild varieties thriving under frightfully arid conditions in central Asia and in Nevada. I can think of few easier ways of fattening a crop of porkers than turning them out to harvest an almond crop or an acorn crop. The acorn made the pig what he is, and there are oaks that perform prodigies in the yielding of acorns and in the endurance of dry climates.

While the first great need of arid America is to domesticate new tree-crops, we should remember that that is nothing more than the Romans did. The second need follows close upon the first, the breeding of better types—types that yield more fruit, better fruit, and yield it earlier. We are only beginning dimly to appreciate our new-found ability to apply the principles of heredity to our plant needs. The plant-breeder is now in a position to harness to our needs new forces of nature, just as the engineer harnesses fire and falling water. Once we turn an adequate body of trained men upon this problem we will be on the way to make tens and hundreds of thousands of square miles of poor Western range blossom with fruitful trees, as did once the plains around the Roman ruins of El Djem and Sufetula. Rome did it with one tree; America can have many.

The Fear

By GERTRUDE CORNWALL HOPKINS

IT 'S not for now.
Youth lingers with me yet a little while,
With backward smile;
The waiting path has mystery still, is long,
And I am strong.
But then, at last, when all my life is done,
When springtime's sun
But faintly warms me, and my heart is still
To all its thrill,
To go down to the twilight-land alone,
Only a crone
Whose heart none ever took the treasure of;
Whose sterile love
Never leaped up to sweet and awful fire
Of young desire;
Whose withered body gave to none delight
Ere yet the night,
Gathering and gathering shapes of awful fear,
Stood dumbly near;
Who drew no lover close, to stand,
Old hand in hand,
Companioned by dear, gentle ghosts of days,
Warmed by the blaze
That upward streams from sacred lamps they hold,
Where burn, pure gold,
Soft flames of memories that abide,
And warmly hide
The lurking shapes of darkness and of dread
That lie ahead.

Yes, even if the dear hand slipped from mine,
These fires should shine;
I should not be so desolate and cold
When I am old.

I seem to see it staring in the gray
At end of day:
Not one my heart has need of by my side,
For love has died,
And I sit dumb and frozen and alone,
With heart of stone.

The Judgment of the Thorntons

By MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "The Heart's Country," etc.

Illustrations by W. S. Conrow

THOSE who knew him best said that it was the nervous shock of the accident which made a man as promising as Andrew Sears go to seed. Analogies like this between things that grow and the human spirit are bound to be teasing in their inexactness. The phrase "gone to seed" was most incomplete. The process of going to seed is a more generous affair than that which happened to Andrew Sears; it bespeaks a certain loose generosity, a wanton profusion of bloom some time or other, an early wasting of oneself in a splendid effort. What happened to him was more like the withering of a flower on the stalk, the contours of which maintain a semblance of themselves as they were when full of sap, and have a certain shadowy beauty in their withered state. At a distance they even look like real flowers.

And so it happened that the work which he did from that time on was appreciation and criticism of other people's work, and scholarly enough; but insight for great criticism exists only when the great man's spirit is mirrored in the spirit of another man who is nearly his peer, and the mirror of Andrew Sears' spirit reflected only broken corners of larger minds.

When he chose to reflect a man small enough for him to see him in his entirety, a flaw in the glass, which was his own hidden bitterness, gave back a contorted, ironic outline, as though, knowing too well the limitations of his own soul, he could see with fantastic accuracy the limitations of souls like his own. The most eloquent things that he wrote at this time were on shallowness and aridity, as though by force of contemplating these qualities philosophizing on them, brooding over them, watching them thwart and dwarf the generosities of men's spirits, he got to their very core, to their inner meaning as a devotee sees the mystic heart of the thing on which his loving contemplation turns.

In writing such things he achieved a shadow of the early promise of his own genius, for of necessity we must always and forever express in terms of art the things we know the best and have felt most deeply. That which turned life into such a chill purgatory for him was the brief contemplation of himself as he really was. For a moment he had seen himself stripped down until the very inner essence of him stood out naked and shivering. Men put into their work, and he knew it, the essence of their own souls the visions of themselves as they might be. The thing he had seen was not worth while putting anywhere,—so it appeared to his critical judgment,—and yet his fingers ached for the pen, and yet he must support himself, and yet he must continue to live in the world.

This all sounds as though his failure to fulfil himself was the result of a morbid brooding; but nothing was further from that. What happened to him was that curious psychological change which comes to the champion when he receives his knock-out blow, and he knows that he can never recover himself. It is n't himself that has been knocked out; it is his faith in himself that has been shaken, and somewhere in the fastnesses of his own nature he believes he can never win again.

It was Andrew Sears's fastidious habit to withdraw himself from his world when he felt the need of sweeping away some of life's unnecessary adornments; he decided that among the New England hills he would find that time for contemplation that life was forever taking from him. So at a certain place he mounted a horse and rode off with no conscious plan except to go as far as might be from a railway. As he rode through the country and found settlements and farms and clearings, all remote from one another, a sense of isolation gained upon him. Afternoon found him on a plateau, and on the top of this was a sad old town. The whole bleak little settlement had the air of a place that had almost bled to death. Once the post-road had gone through it, and the post had changed its horses at the inn, and had gone planking down the road, leaving behind journals and news and the stories of the outer world. Now, since the coming of the railway in the valley, the settlement had been left high and dry, and the steady seep, seep, seep of the adventurous blood into the valleys drained its vitality and left it a bleak and austere memory of its former self. No people were stirring anywhere; it was an isolation beyond that of any solitude that he had ever known.

He rode around the common, and a sign advised him that here was a hotel. He dismounted, and threw his reins over the lions at the hitching-post that stood without, and went in. No sound anywhere. He walked through the vacant spaces; not a soul anywhere, and all doors open. He went out the back door through the kitchen and followed a path through the fields and found the proprietor at work. He developed a mighty disgust for Andrew when he learned that he was not bound for the railway by the shortest road. Of course if he wanted to go up to Thornton's he could, he told Andrew grudgingly. What was Thornton's? He gave answers evasive in their incompleteness. No, not exactly settlements—used to be settlements; perhaps—he did n't know. And finally, pressed into a corner, Thorntons was *folks*, and there was towns named after 'em. Had been folks once; they was a wild lot—Thorntons.

Andrew gathered from him that up still farther in the hills was a race of men who, instead of plowing and tilling as decent and comprehensible people did, had let their land run to timber and trapped in it irrespective of game laws, and kept out decent folk that wanted to hunt in the proper seasons. A wild lot, Thorntons, he summed it up.

The thought of this lawless tribe in the heart of New England, living in the midst of its peaceful hills, touched Andrew's imagination. This bleak, meager town seemed like the entrance to some sort of fabled country.

Following the scornfully given direction, Andrew plunged into a mere thread of a road between tree-trunks. At long intervals flowering trees, like immense nosegays, gleamed through the green of the forest. After a while Andrew recognized them as apple-trees. All else had vanished that might tell any tale of the habitations which had been. The dwelling-houses had fallen, leaving of themselves only holes in the ground, which in the wash of autumn and spring rains had been filled up as the forest, all-conquering, had marched upon them. The forest, like the encroaching sea, had eaten into the hard-won acres and left of them no trace beyond the white-flung branches of the apple-trees, chance-sown children of a vanished race, bearing small and hardy fruit.

The road wound upward suddenly. Everything about him was green—green as far as the eyes could reach. The trees stretched on and on; only trees filled the world, restless and agitated, a sea of green that hid the streams flowing past their trunks, which climbed the mountains on the flanks of which they grew, a solemn, upright, invading army.

He rode on again, sitting loose in the saddle, his spirit lost in the varying monotony, unaware of himself as he had almost never been. Then suddenly across the road there was a flash of red fur of a

fox. His horse jumped; Andrew fell heavily.

He opened his eyes in a low-studded room. Opposite him sat a young girl, her deep brooding gaze upon him. Mingled with his pain, almost as part of it, as something he had realized at the same moment and inseparable from his own suffering, was the recognition of the girl's beauty. They looked at each other a long time, as though silently they were becoming known to each other. At last Andrew spoke.

"My horse threw me," he said.

The girl only nodded.

His effort of speech left him with the impression of having lifted some heavy weight and of having sunk back exhausted from the effort.

"My leg 's broken, I suppose?" he asked next. He was listless and impersonal; the leg, but for the pain, might have belonged to some one else for all he cared.

The girl nodded again.

"How did I get here?" he asked in a moment.

"I brought you." She had not spoken before; her voice was deep and sweet. It seemed like the expression of her dark and somber beauty put into sound.

Even in his pain, half stunned as he was, her words aroused his never-sleeping curiosity.

"How?" he asked.

She smiled at him.

"In my arms; I carried you."

At that moment pain and the faintness of pain overwhelmed him, and he was barely aware of her moving about ministering to him. Then she seemed to be two people; her dual personality presented itself to his wandering spirit as an erect, handsome, eagle-eyed old woman, implacably neat, and as erect and white as a pine-tree stripped by lightning. Then as Andrew recognized her as a separate personality, came the tramp of men's feet, and a dark, arrogant man, slouching, and yet at the same time carrying himself like one of the lords of the earth, came in, followed by a little, broad-shouldered, and bearded man. The dark man bent over him with the kindness one would show a woman, and with the air of one being familiar with wounded men.

"The doctor"—he indicated the smaller man. Then followed questions and preparations that the two women carried out as unflurried as hospital nurses; then the oblivion of ether.

By the next afternoon he was enough himself to let his gaze wander through the open window. Andrew felt as though he had come into a new chapter of his existence. He had passed through the gateway of pain, and at the other side he found himself in a far-off country where nothing whatsoever attached him to his old life. At that moment the girl passed his window, her splendid head held arrogantly. Her meager dress of blue gingham, with its straight, austere lines, molded her figure into the semblance of an heroic Tanagra figurine.

His mind drifted oddly to the line,

Dumb woods have you uttered a bird?

for it seemed to Andrew that she was an utterance of the mountains, which were at once magnificent and austere. She gave him the impression of having heard a strain of heroic music. Again he fell to wondering if she would prove like almost all other women; if she would be petty, with no horizon beyond the narrow round of domestic duties; or if in her spirit there was the breath of the mountains, as there was in the body of her and the poise of her. Something must be there, he was sure, another flavor, a different color, something bigger, something more vitally vivid.

Andrew, who added kindness to his intense curiosity regarding the hinterland of people's lives,—and it was this that gained him the reputation of being sympathetic, which he was not; but because women's mental processes really interested him, which among Americans is unusual, —made many friends among women. He was accustomed to having offered to him in friendship and sometimes in love very much more than he wanted; what he

"'I feel as though I had known you always,' she answered"

wanted was to observe and do his work, which was writing concerning the things he had observed. Had he brought more heart to his task he would have seen more. Even as it was he knew that the natures of women are shy and furtive, overlaid with many veneers, beginning with the one which they believe men wish to see, and at best with spirits strangely burdened with detail.

The erect old woman came noiselessly into the room and looked down on Andrew.

"You are feeling better?" she asked. "I 've been watching you from the door to see if you wanted anything. I did n't want to disturb you." Her voice had an accent in it not country-bred, an intonation that bespoke a greater gentleness of rearing than one would look for in this remote place. She gave the answer for this in her next words: "It 's long," she

said, "oh, long, long years since I saw one of your kind."

Andrew's quick instinct for managing people, especially for managing women, made him silent. Quiet brooded between them. The breath of the mountains came in cool and sweet at the window. Once or twice her strange, penetrating gaze rested speculatively on Andrew, and then, after a long silence had fallen between them, and the gloom of the late afternoon, thickening, had stopped her sewing, she spoke:

"Oh, but the tones of your voice and the manner of you bring forgotten memories trooping along in great procession! My mind has n't been so peopled with faces and names and events these many years. Strange; I am pleased now to remember that which I was at such pains to forget." And it was for Andrew as though for one moment he had a glimpse into a spectral past that was not his own; as though he saw other shapes and people and faces—memories moving about that did not belong to him, so poignant had been her tone, cleared of all regret as it was.

Presently the girl herself came in, a lamp in her hand, and took her grandmother's place. As she paused a moment in the dark oblong of the doorway, with the light flaring up into her face, Andrew for a second held his breath, so strange was her beauty, at once so proud and austere.

The older women silently left the room, and for the first time the girl looked at him intimately. Andrew broke the silence.

"I feel as though you were an old friend of mine, as though I had known you for very long," he said.

The girl waited a moment.

"I feel as though I had known you always," she answered.

There was an odd directness about her, as though all the diffidence and falseness and many "thou shalt nots" that self-consciousness and civilization place between the intercourse of two people were absent with her.

"And yet," Andrew went on musingly, "I don't even know your name."

"Althea; it is my grandmother's," she told him.

"Thank you," said Andrew. His voice had a skilful note of true gratitude in it, as though she had conferred on him some gift. Then, after a moment, "I am glad that you feel that way, also, because I should like very much if we could be good friends—not because I am your enforced guest for a moment, but because I like you."

A look of happiness flashed over the girl's face, transfiguring her as though the sun came out. She seemed to shine as though from some light within.

"Ah," she said, "that makes me happy! Strangers don't often like us Thorntons. We 're so different, each one from ourselves; yet we are alike. Grandmother says in some way we are minted differently from the rest of the world, and we understand each other even when we hate each other. I was afraid you would feel it as they did."

"I don't feel as 'they' did, whoever 'they' were," Andrew assured her. "Let 's begin being friends, let 's begin 'way along, pretending it is so,—what we both felt,—that we have known each other very long. Let 's waste no time on the outskirts of friendship."

A startled look, and yet a look of deep pleasure, came into the girl's eyes. Andrew reflected that she knew none of the tricks of hiding what she felt; that the shadow and sunshine of feeling played across her with as little concealment as the sun shining directly or through clouds across some landscape. She seemed as natural as that to him, and as beautiful.

"Can you do that, do you think?" he asked humbly. "Can you trust me with your friendship, as though I had earned it, and follow this strong instinct that we both have?"

She bent forward toward him a trifle, and looked at him wistfully.

"Yes," she said aloud, yet with the quality of a whisper in her voice. "Yes," she repeated. Then, feeling some impulse

that made it necessary for her to seek solitude, as one must after some great emotion has passed over one, she rose, and passed like a shadow from the room.

Andrew, left alone, smiled to himself. He was not a coxcomb, but he was proud of the way that he could find short cuts to the place, as he expressed it, "where people really live," and he was pleased with himself that, ill as he was and despite his unfamiliar surroundings, he should have at once found the road that led through the silent arrogance of this sullen, proudly reserved creature.

He felt, indeed, almost a creator's triumph. He was at great pains to bring her frightened spirit toward him. He realized that never in her life had she given expression to herself or thought of giving expression except once in a while to her valiant old grandmother, for they were a race of people locked within themselves, the Thorntons.

During his convalescence Andrew had ample opportunity to observe them. Different women of the family dropped in in the daytime, straight-browed, handsome creatures for the most part, to be picked out easily from the women who were not of Thornton blood, whom the Thornton men had gotten for themselves as wives. The Thornton women spoke and walked better, and looked at Andrew with a level-eyed scrutiny. They talked but little, and then of the reality of things, of births and deaths and shootings; quick, low-toned conversations of So-and-So who had gotten into trouble; of the bluffing of the constable from the town. Through them, even more than from the men, did Andrew picture to himself a small republic of Thornton, without its flag, without its coinage, and yet existing by itself and maintaining its own independence and setting at defiance all other laws except those it made itself.

At night there trooped in dark-bearded, slouching, arrogant men, almost all of whom had a distant kinship in looks to his host. They treated him with courtesy, though he made small headway with them. They had their own topics of conversation as they sat and drank about the blazing fire. One of the younger men, Victor Thornton, came often, and sat with covetous eyes fixed on Althea. He talked with her in low tones; he was handsome and straight and had a certain elegance of movement.

One day it happened to Andrew to be an involuntary eavesdropper to a scene between Victor and Althea as they stood at a little distance from his window. The wind that blew their words to him made his efforts at attracting their attention vain. At first he thought only what a splendid pair they made as they stood there on the ridge silhouetted against the sky. Indeed, the splendor of their young beauty made Andrew feel as though he belonged to a physically inferior race, as though his body were meager and wholly inadequate in the face of their young splendor.

"What 's been the matter with you lately, Althea?" Victor demanded. "What 's made you be so mean to me?" Althea turned her level and disdainful gaze on him.

"I have n't liked the way you 've acted," she replied in an even tone. "I don't like sulky men, and you 've been sulky. How do you expect me to be nice to you? I have n't asked *you* what 's been the matter with *you*."

"I tell you what 's been the matter with me," and to Althea's quick, "I 'm not interested," he paid no attention. "The matter with me 's been that I don't like what 's going on here, if you want to know."

"The matter with you is," pursued Althea, "that you 're jealous." Victor strode forward and seized Althea by the wrist, and even from where he lay Andrew could see the white circle where the blood was stopped by the iron of his grasp.

"I 'm not going to get angry with you," he said, the blood mounting to his dark face. "I 'm sorry for you, Althea; but let me tell you this, and you can tell him so, too,"—he nodded toward Andrew's direction,—"if any harm comes to you, I 'll kill him, that 's all."

"I love to hear you threaten," said Althea, with maddening smoothness. "I love to hear Thornton men so particular."

"Thornton men take what they feel like taking." Victor, too, spoke smoothly, his head at an angle that gave him a look of inconceivable arrogance. With arrogance equal to his, and a self-control equal, Althea spoke:

"Thornton women give what they feel like giving." Victor threw her hand from him with restrained violence.

"Give what you like," he answered. "Just remember what I 've said, that 's all. Tell him"—he nodded again toward the house—"to walk careful'."

"I 'll remember what you said a long time," answered Althea, and the sweetness of her tone was worse than any menace; but she spoke to Victor's retreating back.

They were so splendid in the nakedness of their emotions that Andrew had lost the sense of his position as listener long before. It seemed to him that he was the spectator at a wonderfully acted drama—a spectator and an actor as well. The hint of danger that the real menace of Victor's tone had carried gave his relation with Althea an added poignancy. This time he definitely put into words what he had known before, and this without any special coxcombry, and that was of course that Althea cared for him.

Here the old woman joined Althea, and was saying:

"What made you do it, Althea? What made you make him angry? You might have been kinder." Althea met her grandmother's reproachful gaze with one of clear-eyed assurance.

"I wanted him to be angry. I wanted him to go away." She lifted her face and let her grandmother read it. It was as though in some mute language she told her eloquently: "This is so sweet to me, this moment, that I can't bear the shadow of an unhappy human soul. I can't mar this sweet perfection of life by any shadow, and for this I would throw out every one, however beloved to me."

Suddenly the old woman, with a wide gesture, as though with her arms she flung open the gate of all her being to the girl before her, cried:

"Oh, my dear! oh, my dear!" It was as though she had said: "I know, I understand. Hide yourself here a moment from this," and she folded the girl to her breast with a gesture of tenderness such as one sees usually only from mothers to their very little children.

That evening the old woman sat on the hearth beside Andrew without entering into her usual caustic chatter. Two or three times she sighed deeply.

"What 's the matter?" Andrew asked her, with that real concern in his voice that made women praise his goodness of heart. He laid a kind hand on her shoulder. She looked at him narrowly, as though asking him if he would understand what she was going to tell him—that for his sake the house was divided against itself.

"Victor displeased Althea, and she 's quarreled with him," she said. "They 've always done everything together, and lately they 've been almost sweethearts, and I 'd hoped—" She broke off, and to her brooding look, as though she asked him mutely what he had to give in the place of this old and tried affection, Andrew found only a few words of stereotyped comfort. Her simple words, "The Thorntons feel things very deeply," sounded on his ears like a warning bell set over one of the reefs of the spirit.

Up to this time he had walked along the path of friendship with Althea, hand in hand, not caring what turn of the road they took. Now, since he had heard her talk with Victor, he wanted to see her inmost heart; he wanted to throw open the doors of speech to her. She was at once as expressive and inexpressive as a child. She had no words with which to clothe her thoughts. Only with a glance of her eyes, with a gesture of her hands, could she express those things that stirred in her depths; nor did she know how other souls had expressed themselves.

Andrew lay awake that night a long time thinking of her. It was a wonderful

thing to contemplate the awakening of a human soul as untouched as hers. There was no greater adventure of the spirit that he could think of—an adventure, too, fraught with danger. A wrong step, and there would be destruction. Her words, "Thornton women give what they feel like giving," would have made a man of harder heart than Andrew swear to himself that she must not give too much; only a cad of the lowest type but would feel the need of protecting Althea from her own generosity. And if it was unthinkable that he would be a cad, on the other hand it was equally unthinkable that he would be a fool. Not for a moment could he contemplate proud and wild Althea as Mrs. Andrew Sears. That would mean an anticlimax beyond anticlimax, a masterpiece spoiled. He swore to himself that neither sentiment nor passion should enmesh him. He would hold only her spirit for a little time, then at the moment of high perfection he would go away. He knew that Althea might suffer for a while, but, then, he would share her suffering, and both of them would have had a perfect moment; both of them would have in life one flawless memory. And if Althea suffered, her pride would be unhurt, her life enriched; for in Andrew's creed all experience enriched life.

So during the sweet summer days of his convalescence Andrew, with what seemed like great gentleness and tenderness, and what in reality was incomparable tact, opened the doors of speech to Althea. He sent for books, and they read together; and through the things she read with him day by day she was awakened to the knowledge of herself and her heart. Her awakening was so sweet, so very shy, so brimming with tenderness, so unaware, that a thousand times Andrew would have drawn her to his heart, but unflinchingly he followed the difficult path which he had marked out for himself the day when Althea had defied Victor with such magnificent scorn.

He could see that she was trembling at her thoughts, but he had skill enough to keep her from giving voice to them. He refused to feed his vanity to this extent. Her eyes alone told him what was in her heart, the unconscious touch of her hand, the way she leaned toward him as she sat near him, the gladness of her eyes when she came upon him unexpectedly, her brooding look as she watched him, as she thought, unobserved. It was all as mute and eloquent as the woods, untouched by anything like an overt confession, and for a little while they lived in this golden, enchanted atmosphere.

One day they went together past the little clearing into the woods. Althea read aloud. She read with a peculiar wondering emphasis, as though what she read so affected her that she could hardly believe that others had felt what she felt and had been able to put into words her almost wordless thoughts. She laid the book down on her lap, and looked out through the trees with eyes that sought the far-off horizon; then swiftly she turned to Andrew with a gesture and look of complete self-surrender.

"Without you, what would I have had in life?" she said. Her voice was low, and vibrated with the depth of her emotion. Andrew had no answer for her.

"There would have been nothing," she went on. "How empty the world without Andrew would seem!" she indicated with a gesture. "All the things that make life for me would have slept for ever and ever in my heart. It would have been like living in a world under the sea, where morning never came."

Andrew struggled to say something, but no words came to him. If he spoke, it must be of the forbidden things that he had promised to deny himself, or else he must kill dead the beauty of the moment, and to kill such a moment would be like murder, like killing with one's hands some flashing, happy, living thing. So he said nothing, but let the silence crowd in on them. They sat looking at each other, and it seemed to Andrew that the world was full of the things which he would not let himself say, and that he was brushed with the wings of Althea's unspoken thoughts. So they sat for a few perfect

moments. He felt that he was being borne along now on some incredibly sweet and swift-rushing stream, and that he was being carried along on the stream's sweet bosom as helplessly as a leaf, and he rejoiced in his helplessness. He was aware of a relinquishing of his own will under the influence of this greater force. What had happened to him was as irrepressible as the melting of winter into spring. The snow-fields of his heart had become living streams, and still he did not speak, and still he and Althea continued to look at each other, penetrated by the magic of the moment.

Then into their magic walked Althea's father. He slouched toward them through the trees, indifferent, arrogant, walking as he had when Andrew had first seen him, like one of the lords of the earth. He looked at them with his enigmatic and equable gaze as he said:

"Getting kinder cold toward evening."

Andrew mumbled some banal answer. He felt the shock of one who had been soaring above the earth and had suddenly fallen from a great height.

"Althea 's coming to be quite a reader," Thornton next said. "Mother was a great reader as a girl, she has always said."

In some subtle way he dominated Andrew. At this difficult moment it was he who had the social graces and who was equal to the situation. Of the three it was Andrew alone who was embarrassed. Althea seemed hardly to have noticed her father's presence. She smiled at him, and then as though through the warmth of her smile she had done all that was expected of her, she dismissed him from her mind and sat quiet, her eyes fixed on the horizon. Her father's presence at this moment had caused her neither embarrassment nor irritation. It was as though she dumbly acknowledged his right to be there, and not only his right, but that his presence was part of the beautiful scheme of things. Now as he stood there talking in his abbreviated way, she rose to her feet, and without speaking to either of them slipped into the shadow of the wood.

For a moment after her departure Thornton chattered with lazy affability to Andrew; then he allowed a silence to fall between them as different from the idle silences that happen in the middle of commonplace talk as the silence which had encompassed Andrew and Althea had been different from all other silences. He caught Andrew's eyes and held his gaze unswervingly. The weight of his regard, which was both fierce and calm, crushed Andrew. He prolonged the silence until it seemed like a hostile thing, and Andrew strove in vain to break through it. But he could find nothing to say to this dark, calm-browed, arrogant man who was so completely master of the situation. Andrew became aware that he would have to wait until Thornton spoke, and that when he spoke, what he said would be of weight. It was as if he had Althea's intensity and her gift of filling a silence with meaning. At last he spoke. His voice was even and indifferent. To an outsider his words might have had no significance beyond that of kindly inquiry. He said:

"Your leg 's getting along pretty well these days; must be 'most well." He paused, allowing Andrew time to guess his meaning.

"It *is* 'most well," Andrew answered. He had pulled himself together. His self-command and suaveness equaled Thornton's. They measured each other. It was Andrew who was first to voice the thought that floated like some tangible thing in the air between them.

"I shall be saying good-by to you very soon."

Again there was a pause, and Thornton swished the bushes with a little stick he carried in his hand.

"I 'll be going down to the junction one of these days," he suggested politely and tentatively.

"The sooner the better," Andrew agreed cheerfully.

"To-morrow suit you?" Thornton's voice was as toneless and uninsistent as ever.

"To-morrow, by all means," Andrew agreed. Suddenly his world called to him.

"She laid the book down on her lap, and looked out through the trees with eyes that sought the far-off horizon"

He felt as though he had been delivered from some dangerous enchantment, that the woods and solitude and Althea had all overwhelmed him, and now he grasped for his own life as a prisoner grasps for freedom. In the midst of his poignant feeling of deliverance, shame reddened his bronzed cheeks. It was he who should have broached the subject of his departure. He had been weighed and watched by this silent man who had treated him always with negligent kindness. Without fuss and without trouble, he had been put out at the right moment, he had been sent away.

"Sure you 're all right?" John Thornton now asked. "Sure you 're now up to an eighteen-mile ride 'cross a bad road?"

"Oh, I think so. I 'm sure I am," Andrew hastened to assure him.

"Don't do anything you 're not up to," his host warned him. He slouched off, indifferent and arrogant, then he turned. Suddenly he stopped, came back to Andrew. He fixed him with his smoldering gaze again without embarrassment.

"Oh, you know that money—what you 've been giving mother for board; I don't want it." He took a roll of bills from his pocket. "Here it is," he said calmly. His eyes had not left Andrew. The hot blood boiled up in Andrew's face.

"Oh, I say," he cried, "you 've got to take it!"

"I can't take money from you," Thornton told him suavely. There was even the hint of a smile on his face as he said it. A stranger might have thought that he was making Andrew a compliment instead of giving him the ultimate judgment of the Thorntons.

To Andrew's helpless, "Oh, I say!" he only put the money back on a log and sauntered off.

Anger shook through Andrew—anger and a feeling of hopeless insult, of having been so degraded and so humiliated that he could never appear upright again either in his own eyes or in the eyes of other men; and so smoothly had this been accomplished, so without stirring the surface of life, that he was powerless. To insist would be to make Thornton state why no Thornton could accept money from him. This race of strong and lawless men had judged him by their own laws, and by their own laws they had found him not only wanting, but a human being from whom they could accept nothing. It was a social ostracism such as Andrew had never known, and while his anger burned him, the knowledge of what this race of men thought of him was horrible and disintegrating, a thing which stripped his self-respect from him as though it had been a garment, and left his naked soul stung with the doubt of himself. He sat as one frozen to stone. Only one thing in life seemed important, and that was to clothe his nakedness in his regained self-respect. The barrier to that was the little roll of money lying so innocently beside him. If he could not pay this debt, he would be spiritually bankrupt forever; and the only way to pay this was marriage with Althea. It struck him as a hideous reason for marrying anything as beautiful as she. If only the thought of marriage with her had once come to him, he could have faced it; if in that magical moment when he had seen her heart and she thought she had seen his he had desired to have her for his wife, this would have been easier.

Then from behind him came a little sound that penetrated chill and terrible to Andrew's shaking heart: it was the stifled little cry of a hurt child, and Andrew knew that it was Althea, and that Althea had heard everything. As he arose to go to her, the thought came to Andrew, in a flash of insight, that, to her mind, their silence had in it all the elements of a silent betrothal; and there came to him another thought, grinning and malicious, and it was that he had intended to have a light leave-taking.

She was crouched behind a tree crying silently with a grief more terrible than any he had witnessed, and he stood in the face of the tempest of her grief for once inadequate and gauche. He had meant to see if she would let him pay the price of his self-respect, and all at once he realized that that was forever impossible, that she had witnessed the judgment of the Thorntons, and that she found that judgment just, and with his insight into the hearts of women he knew that this knowledge had been, in the fair garden of her life, like some corroding thing, and that where the flowers of her spirit had bloomed there was nothing but a withering blackness.

He realized all this, for in all Andrew's conflicting emotions every horrid detail stood out as the detail of a landscape illuminated by sudden lightning. When he put his arm around Althea to raise her to her feet, the same hideous lucidity made him realize that this was the first time that he had been so close to her, made him realize the magnificence of her beauty. He pleaded with her:

"Come, Althea, don't feel so! Please stop! It won't last—your grief. You 'll get over it. It will pass." At this she sprang from him, her pain-stricken eyes on him.

"Do you see that?" she cried, and her arm swept a great gesture across the horizon. "Do you know what that is full of to me—my love for you. And you say, 'You 'll get over it'! My God! I 'll get over it; we have to! Do you see the woman down the hill playing with a baby? Her little girl died last year. She 's got over it; that 's how *I 'll* get over it."

"Althea!" he pleaded, "Althea!" Again she looked at him with her somber gaze, and she then said with a slow and bitter wonder:

"You—you *are n't*. The one I loved has—never been—and I—I 've got to keep on caring and know that there 's—been—nothing—ever to—care for." Grief beyond grief was in her voice, a wintriness as though all the springs of life in her had been frozen, as though in the interview between her father and Andrew she, too, had seen him stripped naked, as though she had searched the world over vainly for one poor little excuse for him, and now wept that she could not find it to cover him.

They stood there, both of them helpless, waiting for each other to speak, and toward them strode Althea's grandmother. She came down on them like some terrible and avenging fate, erect as a pine-tree, as bleak as the bare mountains.

"I 've come for Althea," was all she said, and she put her arms about her shelteringly. "Come, Althea; come with me."

He had left her two hours ago, full of kindness for her, feeling toward her almost like a son, and her voice stung him like nothing else.

"I 've not hurt her!" he cried. "I never thought of hurting her. She 's none the worse for having known me."

The old woman turned somber eyes on him, in which blazed a fire of anger more damning to him than the other judgment of the Thorntons.

"No worse!" she cried, "no worse! It 's the dry of heart like you that sent me with the Thorntons to these hills years ago. What did you want with my little Althea? Vanity, vanity, just that, no other thing; only vanity to feel her heart beat in your hand, to make the soul of her yours, to make the unfulfilled desire of her go out to you, and then to leave her with a smile on your face, congratulating yourself on your self-control! I 've seen such men do such things for passion or for what they thought was love, but you 've known what you felt and you 've awakened in her a thirst for the kind of love she could never have, a thirst which forever you knew would be unfulfilled, a thirst for things that were to be forever denied her. You took a human soul and widowed it; and for that—" she made a scornful gesture toward the bills lying where Andrew had left them—"you 'd have gone away proud of yourself. The men knew you, and I—I trusted you." Her voice broke.

An awful silence enveloped them, and it was then that Andrew saw himself as he was. The gracious envelop of the mind was stripped from him, was stripped bare until the meager and arid essence of him stood out naked and shivering; and this is a sight that no one should be glad to face, for few people can see their inner souls and continue to live gladly.

"Shepherdess"

A New Achievement in an Old Medium

Gustave Verbeek's Monotypes

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

MONOTYPING is not a new process. Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci used it, as did others of their age, and artists since then have often amused themselves by making a monotype or two, though until very recently it has been more of an amusement than a serious expression of the painter's craft.

Probably the chief reason for this lay in the fact that no paper sufficiently firm and smooth, and yet quickly absorbent, could be had. The result of making a monotype on unfit paper was more a smudge than a picture, and unfit paper was all there was. To be sure, many of these smudges were charming, but the thing was guesswork, especially if there was any attempt to make the monotype more than a monotone.

Now, however, there is a Japanese paper that meets every requirement of the monotypist in that its texture is exquisite and its absorbent qualities astonishing. When properly handled by an artist who understands the process, the result can be counted upon, though there will always remain that element of surprise which gives a monotype its particular fascination.

Perhaps it might be as well briefly to describe the process, since it is to many persons an unfamiliar one. A monotype is a print, and it is made by painting in oils on a copperplate. The work must be quickly done, so that the thin color may not have time to dry. When the painting is finished, a sheet of paper is laid over it, and the whole passed through a roller press.

Naturally only one impression is possible. Any one becoming possessed of a monotype owns a work of art as unique as a canvas or a water-color.

It may be asked, Why take all this trouble? Why not paint your picture directly on the surface where it is to remain? The answer to that is temperament. To some the charm of the unexpected is peculiarly bewitching, and it is this charm that gives the monotype its strongest attraction. The artist may pay a price for this quality, — he must occasionally throw away a beautifully painted thing because the press has

A Quiet Spot

From a Monotype by

Gustave Verbeek

"Spirit of Leafy Places"

spoiled it,—but his successes are so delightful that he does not grudge the price.

In making a monotype, the artist, at the final instant, steps aside, and accident, pregnant with possibilities, interposes. This accident, if it be happy, restores a quality that has been lost between what the artist was painting and the finished canvas on which he worked. For nature, too, has her accidents, her surprises. A slight deepening of a shadow, a turn in a wind-molded cloud, the stir of a bough, the fall of a flower, a drift of dust, a sense of imminent movement and constant change—who shall say?—all these escape the canvas; for the artist's very intention, without which he cannot work, yet the insistence of which often troubles him, sweeps aside these accidents. He must of necessity have a plan. To some men the plan is all-important; to others it is always a burden, necessary though it be. It is to this latter type that the monotype makes its special appeal; for in every monotype there abides something of the unpremeditated.

Every one who appreciates the element of chance as a constituent of life will im-

"Antédiluvienne"

mediately understand exactly why a painter may enjoy working in this particular medium, and why a lover of art finds in it a satisfaction he cannot elsewhere discover.

There are other technical difficulties aside from the effect of the press that must be understood. In an unsuccessful monotype there will be disagreeable, scratchy lines of the brush that detract from the result. But the skilful artist can use these to help his work. So with other difficulties. The master makes them serve him; the lesser man is conquered by them.

Gustave Verbeek is a master in this medium, standing at the head of the small group who are seriously working with it. The process holds for him a strong fasci-

"On the Island of Lokahiva"

nation, for he has always sought to keep himself out of his work, and he realizes, as few do, when to stop. There is never an anticlimax in what he does. Indeed, his tendency is to stop just this side of the climax, and to let the imagination of the beholder complete the suggestion. He pushes open the door, as it were, and slips aside to let one see.

At the same time Verbeek thoroughly understands his task as a painter. His technical knowledge is remarkable. He has never been an exhibitor of more than a scattered canvas or two at long intervals, but those who care for what is best know and treasure his work. It is only recently that he has taken up the monotype, but in it, as in his canvases, his deli-

"Green Goddess" Gustave Verbeek

cate perception of values, his feeling for nature, and his expert handling of the brush, are strongly shown. He has apparently succeeded in grasping at once the limitations as well as the advantages of the process, and he uses both with the most happy results.

His first exhibition of monotypes occurred last season at Goupil's, in New York City, and aroused great interest, particularly among artists and art critics, who could best understand the consummate skill revealed in these small impressions that yet conveyed so much of freedom and space, and were so vivid in color and fresh in subject. Since then Verbeek has experimented widely, and has achieved some remarkable successes.

His work with figures is specially interesting and original. Other men have contented themselves with woodland and water, hill and sky, as lending themselves more readily to the squeezing of the press. Verbeek does not hesitate to put his nymph-like nudes among his trees and beside his pools; and how charming is the result!

Few who look at these prints but will feel the Japanese quality they express, or will fail to sense the artist's touch of fantasy. That girl who rides her strange beast with so careless a serenity is skirting the very edge of fairy-land, and not a line in the picture but emphasizes the fancy warmed by humor that inspired the painter without losing a whit of beauty; for beauty is implicit in all Verbeek does.

Verbeek comes honestly enough by his Japanese perception. He was born in

Landscape

Japan, of Dutch parents, and first studied art under native masters in Tokio. He has never lost the quality of that early training, though he is not obsessed by it. Doubtless his inerrant capacity for leaving out the inessential owes something to his Japanese masters; the rest belongs to his own temperament.

After leaving Japan, the young artist came to San Francisco, where he worked at the academy there, and then made his way to New York and the Art Students' League, where George De Forest Brush particularly attracted him. Next he went to Paris, and at Julian's studied under Constant and Laurens.

With such a groundwork it is no wonder that Verbeek's work is marked by splendid brushwork, sure knowledge, and brilliant color. Look at his hilltop sketch. Those clouds are shaped by the wind itself, and windily they move across the sky. The trees are full of breezy stir, the atmosphere has the fresh, clean radiance of the blowing day. There is nothing thin or light about the contour of hill and rock; the buildings are solid and belong where they stand. An amazing sense of breadth is felt in looking at the little picture. There is all the room in the world under that sky. So, too, with the other landscape, which has been reproduced here; how spacious is the impression derived from it! In these reproductions the particular print effect is partly lost, but fortunately the charm and vivacity persist undimmed. They are truly out of doors, and filled with light; and the effect is achieved with a refreshing simplicity, an entire absence of affectation.

Gualtier Verbeek

"A Young Girl"

The multicolor monotype, the monotype as a real work of art, is new. Our collectors have never yet turned their attention to it. The man who seeks prints is still occupied with soft-ground etchings, aquatints, and wood-blocks; but here is something that will hold for very many lovers of art an even greater attraction. Each print is a solitary product; by no chance can there exist another exactly like it. In brilliance of color the monotype can be the equal of any other product of the painter's craft, and in its best expressions it must bespeak a dexterity that is little short of marvelous. It will be interesting to see how soon the monotype will take a recognized place with dealers and collectors, what its development is to be. In the short time during which Verbeek has been experimenting with its possibilities he has accomplished astonishing things; he is likely to give us other wonders.

Verbeek, whatever his ancestry or birthplace, is American, and this in the wide sense, for he is as much at home in California as along the Harlem River, where many of his paintings have been made. He is adept at snatching from a scene precisely what he needs, in getting the point of beauty, and eliminating the rest. He has put many a sky-scraper out of existence with a single stroke of his brush, but he loves the sharp contrasts and high color-key that belong to our American atmosphere. Whether he chooses a white farm-house with green shutters or a brick barge on blue water, or paints the wind-tossed boughs of trees against a radiant sky; whether he shows us a young girl dreaming or playing under the light and shadow of nature, he speaks as one of ourselves, not as a foreigner. And we may well be glad to claim this true and brilliant talent that is at once direct and reserved.

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

CHAPTER XIX

FROSSIE FINDS THAT IT IS NOT UNPLEASANT TO FORGIVE

FROM Florence the train whirled the Goodchilds and John Holland northward, past sunburned fields, shrunken rivers, baking towns, through Pistoia, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Piacenza. In the heat of the afternoon they entered Milan, where, over a year before, Aurelius and the three Graces had made acquaintance with Italy.

They alighted before a hotel in the Corso Vittorio—in a street of awnings and balconies, noisy with tram-cars, but beautified at its western end by the pale, slender flutings and towers of the cathedral. They found themselves in a hostelry much finer than any to which they had ever aspired: the door-porter was an imposing creature with the beard of Belshazzar; the patrons, lounging about in brocade chairs, were undoubtedly persons of the utmost importance. John Holland, however, was not in the least disturbed by this elaborate scene. Could one help admiring a man who was able to give such an unembarrassed smile to so grand a reception-clerk? He even had the aplomb to inform that magnate of his intention of dining outside the hotel!

In fact, they dined at a restaurant near the Scala Theater, where, in a pretty garden, a band played the music of Verdi. When the excellent dinner was finished, they went to the Galleria, there to sip coffee and sherbets while watching the dandies saunter beneath the vast vaults of glass. After that they viewed the cathedral and the castle by moonlight; toward midnight the girls were barely able to give their teeth a perfunctory brush before tumbling into bed.

From Frossie's pillow came the yawn:

"He certainly does know how to entertain folks!"

She got no answer. Was Thallie already asleep?

Next morning they resumed the journey to Como.

The train curved down from the hills; the town of Como showed its red roofs at the foot of the lake. A drive over cobblestones, quick work at the quay with the baggage, and off they went on a clean, white steamboat to Cadenabbia.

From the little wharf they stepped upon an esplanade planted with plane-trees. Directly behind the hotels that edged this thoroughfare the ground began to rise toward the heights. The only level traffic hereabouts was confined to this long, shady road, which ran between hillside and water. So far as could be seen, Cadenabbia was a village spread along one side of a street.

A gray-haired, intelligent-looking man in black stepped forward, hat in hand—John Holland's servant, who had come on ahead to put the house in order. Two carriages were waiting, and a wagon for the baggage. The whole party went rattling northward along the esplanade past fresh-looking villas and hotels.

The lake at this point was nearing its full width; the hills on each side were rising to their highest. From the far shore, where the hamlets lay along the road like pearls strung sparsely on a thread, the

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land ascended in suave corrugations to rounded summits. So clearly, in the pellucid air, were those steep slopes defined that at first one did not realize their vastness. But presently, by comparing them with the heights on this side of the lake, one understood that the green fuzz which covered them was forests, that their fissures were veritable valleys, that their gilded crests were peaks worthy of the prowess of a mountain-climber. Towering on all sides round the level water, they had, as it seemed, entrapped in their midst an eternal purity and peace. At that moment the Goodchilds asked nothing better than to sit forever at a window open to this paradise.

Then they came to the spot that pleased them best of all. Behind a wall covered with Virginia creeper, on high ground, in the midst of a vivid garden set with trees, there rose a two-story villa of yellow stucco, a terraced staircase ascending to the pillared doorway. From the rocky heights above, the woods rushed down as if threatening to immerse the dwelling with their verdure; they inclosed the handsome façade like billows of green velvet setting off a gem of amber.

"Oh, what a place to own!"

"At least," laughed John Holland, "nothing prevents us from pretending that we own it."

This was the villa he had rented.

While ascending the terraced staircase between deep flower-beds, they were sure that in another moment they would wake to find it all a dream. But the white vestibule, adorned with stone benches and the statue of a dryad, did not melt before their eyes. To the right, a large room showed walls of Pompeian fresco and a floor of polished marble, wherein were reflected a pianoforte, a harp, and some luxurious chairs and sofas. To the left, a billiard-table stood in the center of a room no less spacious and attractive. Straight ahead, a wide doorway gave upon a pergola covered with an awning; and there, against the brilliancy of still another garden, a tea-table was spread amid some scarlet wicker chairs.

"Heavens!" gasped Mr. Goodchild, "this is positively palatial!"

"Not bad," John Holland assented. "Still, before we rejoice, we 'd better see what 's coming to us up-stairs."

But the girls wanted to explore the garden behind the pergola.

Inclosed by the interlacing foliage of lofty trees, overshadowed by a great cliff that formed the first titanic step toward the uplands, it resembled one of those retreats in the heart of the enchanted glen where fairies hold their court. Here some devoted gardener had given rein to a fancy bordering on genius. The box-wood bushes were clipped into shapes of delicate extravagance; the roses, coaxed round pliant sticks, twined in arches, squares, and circles; the grass-borders were tufted with forget-me-nots and pansies in alternate clusters, like a procession of tortoises; the back drop, so to speak, was a cascade that trickled over moss so pruned as to suggest a school of leaping fish. Yet such was the reticence and harmony of all these various conceits that the whole effect was less humorous than charming.

"As far as I can see, there 's only one false note," John Holland remarked, and he pointed to a marble bust on a pillar in the center of the garden.

"I thought, sir, that you would find it inappropriate," said his servant, gravely, with an English accent. "Something elfin would of course be better, or at least, in a manner of speaking, a bit in Verocchio's style? Ahem!" Recollecting himself, the man stepped back. While the Goodchilds stared at him in astonishment, he murmured, "The house servants can easily remove it."

But the host approached this piece of sculpture for a closer look.

It was an old marble, perhaps an ancient one, the bust of a woman with a majestic countenance. She was crowned with a garland of corn-ears.

"It seems to be a Demeter," said John. "I know it 's not necessary to introduce you to her."

"This Demeter seems unusually sad.

Perhaps she 's mourning for her daughter."

"But Persephone came up from the lower world at last," protested Thallie.

"Not yet, her mother says. Suppose, after all, we leave the poor lady here. Some day she might reward us with a smile."

So Demeter remained, sad-eyed, in the midst of that whimsical garden.

They soon forgot her.

Their bedroom windows opened toward the lake. In the morning they saw Dawn groping with her rosy fingers through the vapors of the heights. At night their last drowsy glance was toward Bellagio's twinkling lamps, which plunged their reflections deep into the water. While they dreamed, the snow-capped Alps, lying beyond the northern limits of Lake Como, sent down breezes that released into the air a fragrance blended of nature's innumerable perfumes.

Usually they took dinner in the pergola. The square table was illumined with candles in orange-colored shades; the crystal bowl in the center overflowed with flowers. The girls sat opposite each other, between John and Mr. Goodchild. The servants, their faces obscure above the line of candle-light, came softly to one's elbow with a silver dish, which was bound to contain something toothsome. When the fruit had been passed, there fell a silence, through which penetrated the trickling of the cascade. At a whispered word, John's man-servant stole into the house on a mysterious errand. A faint, rasping sound was followed by a metallic strain of music: it was a phonograph, arrived that day from Como. They heard the "Meditation" from "Thaïs." They thought, "If poor Aggie were here!"

Poor Aggie was just then listening to another sort of music—the squalling of a new-born baby.

In a big, wainscoted chamber at Twelve Chimneys, Devonshire, she lay on a four-post bed, her copper-colored hair in braids, her long lashes lowered on her alabaster cheeks. By her side stirred the tiny lump of humanity which was to justify the forgiveness of the Bellegrams, an oblation already pleading for her stridently. It was a boy, if anything so small could really be said to have that much significance; it contained, perhaps, beside a voice, a British heart.

Down-stairs, in the hall, where foxes' masks were nailed against oak panels, the baronet, teetering in his gaiters, slapping a riding-crop against his thigh, reflected warmly, "At any rate, we 'll breed this one up for the diplomatic service!" After all, are they so unfortunate who are destined to see their fondest hopes fulfilled not in their own lives, but in their children's?

Cyril came on tiptoe to the bedside, the collar of his Norfolk jacket rucked up about his ears, his black forelock dangling in one eye, his lean face, that face of a neurotic younger brother of Julius Cæsar, altered by a new sort of ecstasy. He a father, and she, the idol of his adoration, a mother!

It was surely more than he deserved. It made him feel virile and religious; it gave him a sensation of importance. For the first time in his life Cyril Bellegram found himself a success. He had produced if not a masterpiece of art or literature or music or diplomacy, at least—with some collaboration, to be sure—a man!

He leaned over the coverlet to gaze at this chef-d'œuvre. It failed to answer his proud look with any sign of obligation. Keeping its swollen eyelids pressed together, but opening its minute, yet curiously elastic, mouth, it emitted a thin screech, as if proclaiming, "You will find in time that I am here on my own business!" But Cyril, perceiving on its bulbous little pate some wisps of black, considered, in his inexperience, with a dizzy joy, "By George! there 's no doubt that it 's a regular Bellegram!" Some day it would have a long black forelock dangling in its eye: the father, his fondness enhanced by the egotism natural to parents, would discern his image in the son.

He turned to Aggie, who gave him a glance, compounded of resentment and

self-pity, that seemed to say, "Ah, yes, that 's all very well; but if you only knew!" She suffered his embrace in silence. Her green eyes, which seemed to share the pallor of her face, scrutinized him steadily, as though she was asking herself if this could be the one on whose account she had endured so much. She listened attentively while Cyril, assured that nobody was by to hear his un-English sentiments, murmured in her ear:

"It 's another beginning, an introduction to a deeper love. I can't find the words now to explain what I feel for you; but a day will come when I shall be able to make you understand, in a more poetic land, in Japan, where the wisteria covers a bridge like a picture on a fan, and a pool reflects the stone lanterns of the thingumbobs—the daimios! There we shall realize all our past dreams and many new ones. That time is only waiting now till you 're able to travel. I 've got my appointment: I 'm to be vice-consul at Kobe."

Vice-consul! Not even a consul, then! And at Kobe, a wretched seaport far from Tokio, the capital, where women in long tulle veils and court-trains made their bows before a throne! On top of all her sacrifices, this news was the last straw.

But when Mr. Goodchild got word that a grandson had been bestowed on him, he went rushing through the villa like a madman.

"Frossie! Thallie! It 's a boy!"

"Really?"

"Eight pounds!"

"As little as that?"

"Good Lord! what would you have?"

"Well, we must cable her this minute."

Sometimes, after dinner, if there were new books and magazines to interest the girls, the grandfather and the historian walked together on the road beside the lake. The stars, the glimmering water, the floating silhouettes of mountains, persuaded Aurelius to reveal himself completely. He unfolded the whole tale of his acquaintance with the International Star; he even told of that afternoon when he had wavered for a moment. He admitted that the buried treasure of Constantine Farazounis had tempted him, finally, more because of its intrinsic than of its archæological value. He ended by confessing that one day, in the Pension Schwandorf, he had tried to take a man's life. "There was provocation, never mind what, though at the time it seemed sufficient. But to think that I imagined all these years I knew myself quite well! What am I? An amalgam of the whole human race? Do I contain the elements of avarice, marital infidelity, and murder? The soul! Ah, awesome enigma! Or are such emotions merely the vapors of unreal things, clouding just for a moment the shining mirror of the eternal man, in which all souls might see themselves identically reflected?"

"I fancy we may safely call it that," John Holland responded.

And when they returned to the villa, Aurelius went straightway to the harp.

"A noble thing!" he exclaimed, after running his long, slender finger over the strings. "It lends to the player a dignity not to be obtained with the violin or the violoncello or the guiterne, cithern, or dulcimer." He sat down, embraced the harp, and groped for chords. In ten minutes he had discovered the theory of that instrument.

John started the phonograph; a rich soprano filled the room; Aurelius plucked a graceful obbligato from the harp-strings. But suddenly he stopped playing.

"Where have I heard that voice?"

"It 's Bertha Linkow's. By the way, she 's coming up to visit us."

Thallie, pretending to be deep in the new number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," reflected, "To join her old flame!"

She noticed, however, that this news from Bertha Linkow did not excite John Holland. But, then, despite his constant sympathy and good spirits, he was such a baffling man!

Once, watching him closely, Thallie asked him to tell her of the prima donna's past. He did so without hesitation.

Bertha Linkow, as a child, had been

"Her mouth opened for the song which *Carmen* sings to *Jose*, '*Bel officier!*'"

one of a poor and numerous Saxon family that furnished the music at village fairs and weddings. In those days little Bertha played the violin, for the most part fortified by pumpernickel and small beer. Her talent, however, won the interest of a benevolent landowner, who placed her in the local conservatory. There for some time she studied the piano. But one day a vocal teacher—Rokitansky, in fact—heard her sing; in that moment her star of fate shone forth. With Rokitansky in Vienna, with the younger Lamperti in Milan, with Marchesi in Paris, she prepared herself for fame. In Paris, John Holland had met her. That same year she was wedded to the benevolent landowner, and became a widow in a month.

"But since then," John concluded, with a quizzical look, "she has managed to regain her spirits."

"I suppose she married him from a sense of obligation," said Thallie, not daring to raise her eyes.

"True, she was twenty, and he forty, at the time," responded Holland. "A middle-aged man, you see."

"Middle-aged?"

She stole a glance at him, and saw that he was smiling.

"At twenty she 'd have been apt to think so. Do you remember a night in New York, in the supper-room of a hotel, when you looked at a forty-year-old stranger who was sitting near by and said, 'A middle-aged man like that'?"

Her face turned crimson.

"You heard it!"

"The music always stops at the wrong moment."

"The—light was bad where you were sitting."

"It was n't bad the next time I looked in the glass. Do you know, Thallie Goodchild, that evening you gave me something new to think of. We seem to be a stupid lot, we men. In boyhood we feel we have all eternity at our disposal, an illusion that lasts much longer than you 'd suppose. Every morning, every night, in fact as often as we can manœuver to a mirror, we admire our reflections with the same self-complacency; we go on supposing that others see on our faces the mask of eternal youth. But one fine day we overhear somebody say, 'The old man.' We look round us; no one else is near. At last we realize that we, too, are subject to the same alterations as the rest of humankind. And most of us are quite bewildered by that little discovery."

"I did n't say 'old man,' " cried Thallie, clenching her fists. "And I was a fool even to say 'middle-aged.' It just shows what I knew at that time about anything. Forty? Why, that 's what 's called the prime of life."

"To be sure. Ask Frossie if there 's not some euphemistic term for almost everything."

"Now you 're making fun of me!" she retorted, with a catch in her voice; and she fled to her own room.

She had been diverted from her inquiries concerning Bertha Linkow. Had John Holland, divining that stratagem, deliberately confused her?

"If that 's the case, it won't work again," exclaimed Thallie, clicking her teeth.

Possibly his valet had been with him in those romantic days? But it turned out that the gray-haired servant, who answered to the name of Brown, had been in John's employ only fourteen years. A British subject, he had once served as orderly to a major in the Duke of Cornwall's Fusileers. Standing before Thallie, with his heels together, he admitted that he would not have turned to valeting had there been no prospects, at the same time, of adventures.

"And what adventures have you had with Mr. Holland?"

"Why, Miss, from time to time, I may say, I 've been fair fed up with them. We 've got into some very strange places, Mr. Holland and me, and, what 's more, if I may take the liberty, some tight ones. An archæologist does n't always meet with amiable native characters while going about in the East. And, then, there 's been more peaceable occasions, but quite

as exciting, when one comes to get the hang of them. For instance, at Tiryns, where we found the great treasure in the shaft-tombs—the gold diadems and cups and jugs and sword-belts and what-not, as is now in the Polytechnikon at Athens. And, besides, as one progresses in knowledge one takes a pleasure in what I call the adventures of the mind. I remember when we exploded Hick's book on the Homeric dialeck; ah, that was a day, I assure you! Hick, as you know, Miss, thought the Homerics was composed in the Æolic dialeck; it took us to show as how that could n't be,—quite the contrary, indeed,—coming as they really did from the Achean of the eleventh century B.C., the parent-langwidge of the Thessalian, Arcadian, and Cyprian. Quite a stir we made with that bit of news in what I call the learned circles."

"But your career with Mr. Holland has n't all been such hard work," suggested Thallie, half ashamed that here she was trying to tempt a servant into an indiscretion.

"Oh, no, Miss, the life is n't all deserts and ruins and digging-gangs and such like. We 've had our vacations, and very pleasant they was. If we 've got a book finished, we do ourselves well somewhere on the Continong, though at present we 're busy this long while on a new work, which Mr. Holland has probably mentioned to you, Miss—the 'Foundations of the Egypto-Roman Monarchy.' At the moment, howsomever, we don't seem to be making much progress with it."

"Mr. Holland is working now?" Thallie ejaculated, once more diverted from her detective purpose.

"Semi-occasionally, Miss; but only late at night."

That afternoon, when the others were down-stairs, she went out of her way to pass John's open door. She slipped into his bedroom.

She thought it a less attractive chamber than her own; at any rate, it was less cozily furnished. In one corner, on the floor of gray *terrazzo,* appeared some Indian clubs and dumb-bells; in another a chest half filled with books stood open. A large table, beneath a drop-light, was covered with papers. But Thallie crept straight to the bureau. The bureau was bare of photographs!

She turned to the writing-table. Timidly she picked up the topmost sheet of manuscript. While reading a few lines, she thought:

"These words will some day be quoted everywhere; he will be praised and fêted on account of them. If Roosevelt were President, he 'd invite him to the White House to discuss them." There came to her a fresh comprehension of John Holland's fame, which, by the way, had not yet reached its zenith. With parted lips, she contemplated the honors still awaiting him. Her gaze slowly swept this silent place, where, when his nocturnal labors were concluded, he turned off the drop-light with one of his deliberate, strong gestures. She escaped the room and her involuntary thoughts.

Of Frossie she asked:

"How many books do you suppose he 's written altogether?"

"I should say a small Carnegie Library might possibly hold them all."

"Don't try to be smart! How many, really?"

"Why not ask him yourself?"

"A lot, I 'll bet, for a man of his age."

"Of his age?"

"He 's only forty."

And Frossie, left alone, reflected, "I wonder if dad and I are going back to Zenasville without her."

September was nearly ended. Before long they would be on their way to the United States. An ocean would separate Frossie from the Florentine cemetery. She wondered if Baron di Campoformio would really see to the grave.

Then one morning as she was walking toward the town of Cadenabbia, just after a north-bound steamboat had passed up the lake, she saw the baron before her in the road!

He had come all this distance to obtain her pardon.

She could not turn away from him as

he stood there bareheaded, his thin hair fluttering in the breeze, his weather-beaten face wearing once more its expression of appeal. On the stone parapet that edged the road above the water they sat down together, the young nobleman in his wrinkled English tweeds, the young woman in her plain black dress. For a time he looked down miserably at his boots, while motor-cars, flashing past, enveloped them with dust. It occurred to Frossie that since she had thus far relented, she ought to ask him to the villa.

But he refused that invitation; he intended now to catch the next boat down the lake. He wanted only to hear her say that she forgave him.

He had meant well all the while. In offering his aëroplanes he had tried to benefit Camillo. As for the cracked propeller-blade, he himself had flown with it the day before; he wished with all his heart that it had broken then. Now he had given up flying. Even the hangars were torn down, so that he need not see them from his windows. But the remorse remained. It might not be so bad if Donna Frossie understood his feelings.

Her eye-glasses seemed blurred, by the dust of passing motor-cars, no doubt. She removed them, to rub them with her black-bordered handkerchief. Though she knew that her eyes looked smaller when unprotected by those lenses, she was in no hurry to resume her previous appearance. She responded:

"I don't know why I acted as I did toward you. Naturally, I understand that you 'd have given anything to prevent the accident. I suppose it had to happen. Apparently I was n't meant to be a wife."

"Some day, perhaps."

"I shall never marry now."

He stared for a while at her solid, sensible face, slightly freckled round the nose, and framed, beneath the black straw hat, with tresses of unusually emphatic red. No beauty was there, unless there is beauty in such healthy womanliness as suggests the light and warmth of a well-ordered home, the frolics of contented children, all the gentle blessings which surround the normal hearth. And he sighed, did this sporting baron whose dead American wife had been as delicately winsome as the companion of a dream, but too winsomely delicate to remain a wife. "You are young," he sighed, but he was thinking, "I am young, too." Did she read in his face the secret that he had kept so well?

She replied:

"The obstacle will not diminish as I grow older."

"The obstacle? Ah, yes; I suppose one can hardly hope that it will diminish, that obstacle."

"But remember," said Frossie, "we are friends again."

He began to stammer:

"If at any time—" He ended lamely with the words, "If I can ever be of service to you?"

"You can see that the grave is well kept."

"That I will do, of course."

"Thank you. There 's nothing else."

When Campoformio had left her, Frossie felt happier instead of sadder. "It really was not his fault." She was glad that he had come all the way to Cadenabbia to hear her say so. But had he come all the way to Cadenabbia just for that? It did not displease her to think otherwise. Oblivious to the passing motor-cars, she looked up at the sky and uttered: "As long as I live! Till I join you!" And she was also glad to think that there were others who might come to care for her, and whom she might refuse, thus proving to Camillo, wherever he was, her unwavering devotion.

CHAPTER XX

THE MARBLE FACE OF DEMETER SMILES IN THE MOONLIGHT

After Baron di Campoformio's departure, Frossie found that she had still more material for the new novel, which was to describe the career of a young woman widowed on her wedding-day. Every morning she repaired to her room to write at least five pages. She believed that her

style was steadily improving; in other words, that she was acquiring more and more the mannerisms of her latest literary model, Ivan Turgenieff. At last she felt sufficiently encouraged to let John Holland see her manuscript.

His verdict was:

"I think you 're going to do something with this pen of yours." Such a speech, coming from another, would possibly have seemed faint praise; from John it was enough to warm her cheeks. But he added: "Understand, that will take some time. Though comparatively few people think so, this profession also has its long and arduous apprenticeship. For I presume, with your feeling about art, you want to make it a profession, not a trade?"

"Certainly."

"Then you 'll have to be very industrious, patient, and courageous for a while. But the seed, as it seems to me, is really here; you 'll know, at least, that you 're not tending barren ground. I believe that some day, if you stick unflinchingly to your ideals, you 'll make a name for yourself."

But even after this encouragement there were times when Frossie made small progress with her work. Laying down her fountain-pen, gazing out of the window that opened toward the lake, she sometimes mused:

"October! How well we should have known each other by this time! To-day I might have been sitting in some cozy little apartment near the cavalry-barracks, and that tiny wool jacket, half knitted, might not be for Aggie's baby."

Frossie found something mournful about Lake Como at evening, in those days of dying autumn, when the *Olea fragrans* blossoms and wood-smoke and wet, rotting foliage spread their perfumes, and the Virginia creeper hung down in scarlet curtains, and the mountains, russet and lavender behind blue veils of mist, stood out between fading water and a fading sky, with here and there behind them the cold pallor of the Alpine peaks.

Then, when Frossie had found Lake Como almost too depressing, Bertha Linkow arrived, to fill the villa with her laughter.

The prima donna came for only a week; she was due in New York on the first day of November. She gave fair warning, however, that she was going to double her time by keeping everybody up all night. And, indeed, an evening passed quickly when Bertha was about.

The nights were growing chilly; after dinner all resorted to the music-room. There fat logs crackled in the fireplace; through the French windows one saw the lights of Bellagio on the far side of the lake. The hour was romantic; one felt a craving for some enhancement of its charm. Bertha Linkow was easily persuaded to take her place at the pianoforte.

Then she poured out for them the treasures of her splendid voice, which others often had to pay a pretty sum to hear. In the midst of that feast Mr. Goodchild and Frossie had a feeling of unreality: could it really be they for whom the famous prima donna was expending all these doubly golden tones? How was it possible that such things had come into their lives?

But Thallie, watching Bertha's face transformed by the joy of exquisite accomplishment, thought helplessly, "When one sings like that, there 's virtually no one else in the room!"

For Bertha, now tender and now tragic, at one moment vibrant with the soaring ardor of a nun, at the next a-throb with the agonies of guilty passion, seemed to be the epitome of all the women who had ever lived.

She sang the *lieder* which Schumann set to Heine's words, *"Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her,"* and *"Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold."* After that came *Amina's* aria in "La Sonnambula," *"Come per me sereno,"* and *Elizabeth's* prayer in "Tannhäuser," and *Isolde's* swan-song, and then, at a capricious change of mood, the lilting ditty which *Marguerite* utters at the spinning-wheel, *"Il était un roi de Thulé."* Soon, a demure smile settling on her lips, she gave them a song by Tosti, "Io son l'amore":

"Open the window, flower-face above,
Now that the night grows dim, the breezes cease!
Open the window! I who call am Love,
And I am come to rob you of your peace.
Now, cruel one, you have a frigid heart
From which my blossoming has yet to start;
Though if you 'd feel the sudden bloom thereof,
But let me in, for I who call am Love.

"Love has his wings, O Beautiful; each day
Those eager pinions learn new strength, until,
If at the door one thinks to bar his way,
How easily he gains the window-sill!
Open the window for an instant only:
I swear your heart shall never more be lonely;
For paradise is here, not far above.
Love does not lie, and I who call am Love."

The notes died away to four full chords; the abating vibrations seemed to penetrate Thallie's breast.

But Bertha could not sit still for long. She jumped up with a *"Holà!"* and then wound about her large form a shawl with long silk fringes, stuck a red rose over her ear, and motioned Aurelius to the piano.

"Do you know the Allegretto in the first act of 'Carmen'?"

"I can try."

As he touched the keys, the prima donna's face was changed by a languorous expression. With the undulating step of an Andalusian coquette she advanced across the marble floor toward John Holland. Her mouth opened for the song which *Carmen* sings to *Jose, "Bel officier!"*

She came close to him. Leaning sidewise with an unexpected suppleness, she plunged into his eyes a look of smothered fire that was not at all Teutonic. Retreating, she trailed the fringes of her shawl across his knees. Again passing before him, she took the rose from its place beside her cheek, to draw it across his lips. She left him, swaying on her hips, looking backward as if certain that he must follow. And Thallie, quite rigid, said to herself that here was the most barefaced piece of work that she had ever seen.

It was small satisfaction that John, instead of rushing after the exuberant tempter, remained as before, laughing heartily at the performance. Half suffocated by indignation, Thallie sat staring intently at her finger-tips.

Then Bertha demanded that Mr. Goodchild take the floor in one of his famous dramatic rôles.

"It would be a pleasure, only—"

He glanced at Frossie.

"Ach! it will do her good."

He consented to deliver the lines of *Claude Melnotte*, on *Pauline's* arrival at the cottage:

"Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—"

Striking an attitude in the midst of that friendly circle, quite unembarrassed, in fact enjoying himself immensely, he seemed to attain the lyricism of youth as he pronounced the words:

"I saw thee midst the flowers . . . a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape! . . ."

Was it then that Thallie felt John's gaze come round to her?

But when Mr. Goodchild, exhilarated by applause, chose an encore from the fifth act of "Othello," a coldness passed through Thallie's limbs, although her face was burning, as there resounded from the walls:

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. . . ."

She was glad that after this selection she could say good night.

Aurelius, however, was now too much excited to retire. He went out with John Holland for a walk along the lake-side. There he told of that ambition of his boyhood, to become another Irving, a second Edwin Booth. Then, in a sadder tone, he spoke of the former aspirations of the three Graces. First Aggie had lost hope, then Thallie. When would it be Frossie's turn?

"I think Frossie will succeed," said John.

"So do I, of course. So would the others have succeeded if they could have kept their courage. But it is failure to believe that you have failed. All those efforts for nothing!"

"Not for nothing," John objected. "Even while failing they have done themselves a service. By developing in their hearts a love of all sorts of beautiful things, they have refined their whole future. It is n't so bad merely to be able to appreciate this world and its works."

"That 's so," Aurelius assented. And presently: "I, too, in a way, have failed in Italy. But I can't help feeling that I shall be allowed another chance when I get home to Zenasville."

And now few days passed that Mr. Goodchild did not mention Zenasville. To abate his restlessness, John Holland devised excursions.

One afternoon when they had been exploring the town of Como they decided to dine in the Villa di Tasso at Cernobbio. As they entered the restaurant of that hotel, the head waiter came forward beaming. His face was curiously familiar. He was the head waiter of the hotel in New York where they had first seen John Holland.

"Well, Humbert!"

"Mr. Holland! Madame Linkow! Mesdemoiselles! Monsieur! I have the very table. Giacomo, some pink roses quickly! Ah, Mr. Holland, this is something like! The chef will enjoy himself this evening!" And leaning over John's shoulder he breathed enthusiastically: "The fresh caviar has just arrived; I know—sunk in ice, with green limes! A *filet de sôle Marguery?* No, Mr. Holland is right; a *mousseline de sôles au vin du Rhin!* And then? *Escalopes de riz de veau favorite! Va bene!* And? *Perdreaux truffés* with endive salad. It progresses; it is like a poem! For a sweet? *Coupe aux marrons,* or better, we could make a *poire Gaillon? C'est ça!* Wines? Very good; for the ladies mineral water. And of course the usual half-bottle of Clicquot Brut, and a Corona. Understood! Immediately! It resembles old times. Mr. Holland shall see how his name will inspire the kitchen!"

Thallie, as she listened to this rigmarole, felt proud, then insignificant. John, as it seemed, had such a reputation for knowing what was what that even here he was greeted with a fulsome homage. He became more baffling than ever, this man who, as an archæologist, should have been a dry recluse, yet could rouse the enthusiasm of head waiters in the best hotels; who talked, when it was necessary, like a savant, yet had left in Paris a record for horse-play that made statesmen grin; who might undoubtedly have been surrounded at this moment by the élite of any European capital, yet sat here well content to entertain the Goodchild family. "Is it really on my account?" thought Thallie. "But what can he see in me?"

She stared round her at the adjacent diners. Pretty foreign ladies in evening gowns were letting their smooth shoulders droop forward toward the light of candles. Their charms were completed; their faces subtly expressed a knowledge which Thallie, for all her poring over books, had never even glimpsed; there was about them a rather disturbing suggestion of having lived fervidly. And their bright, wise eyes, gazing furtively at John Holland, were filled with a look of mingled admiration and respect.

They could hardly have known, by name or reputation, this big stranger indifferently clad in tweeds and a soft collar, whose face was not handsome, whose manner was unpretentious. Still, was it

not possible that they discerned in him a certain strength which appealed to their intrinsic weakness, while at the same time their experienced natures divined, despite his forty years, beneath his appearance of sang-froid, a temperament quite capable of subjugating their intensely cultivated ardors? It was rather a shock to Thallie to realize that a girl who fell in love with him, and felt free to accept him, and was given the chance to do so, might after the wedding have other women to watch beside the prima donna.

But she ought to have known as much! All those goings about, as Brown said, on the Continong! It was n't likely they 'd let him alone, especially when they found out who he was! Well, she pitied the one he married: they 'd keep her awake, these snaky, fashionable creatures!

Nor was Thallie able to think less of John, despite the "affairs" with which she now cluttered up his past. On the contrary, at thought of those imaginary women she felt the chagrin of a naïve nature, which would like, all at once, to be a trifle sinuous itself. Was it youth that made her powers of allurement seem to her so meager? However, time might possibly develop her? Who was it—George Moore—that had written so wickedly and fascinatingly about the woman of thirty? "Perhaps if I were a woman of thirty, I might feel on safe ground, supposing I married a man like him, and provided he asked me, and I felt free to do so."

It always came back to that: she did not feel free to do so, anyway. Reginald had not really passed out of her life; his shadow even lay across the future.

One day she read in a Paris journal of the arrival from New York of Mr. Hector Ghillamoor and Mr. Reginald Dux. She tore the newspaper into shreds and hurled it into the fireplace. "But that did me precious little good," she admitted afterward to Frossie.

They were in Frossie's bedroom; they had just shampooed each other's heads, and now they were drying their hair in the October sunshine. The long tresses, on the one hand the most vivid shade of auburn, on the other that softer hue beloved by Titian, hung down in front of their flushed faces. Leaning forward in their chairs, their white arms slipping out of the wide sleeves of their kimonos, they rubbed their hair energetically with Turkish towels, and continued the unpleasant conversation through those fluffy tangles.

"It seems to me, Babykins, that all this must have happened to others, and that they managed somehow to be happy, notwithstanding."

"That may do for folks that have no consciences. Besides, it would all come out in the end. And all the while I 'd be waiting on pins and needles for that day, like those women in Ibsen, or some other old Scandinavian gloom, who go moping round in slinky dresses, with big, black circles under their eyes, waiting for the lightning to strike 'em."

"I don't mean that one should keep a secret, dear. That is n't my idea of a happy marriage. I think that, to be happy, one must start honestly; that it 's a partnership bound to go to smash if one member begins by holding out something on the other. But don't you think that a good man—a man who knows a lot, for instance, one like Mr. Holland—would find, let 's say, some extenuating circumstances?"

"You never read of such a case," said Thallie, dismally. "They always, you know, recoil."

"I 'm not talking about characters in mid-Victorian fiction, but about people in real life to-day—and, for that matter, any other days, I guess. If he really loves you, I think he 'll understand. Are you still sure, Babykins, that he does love you?"

"Darn it!" wailed Thallie, leaping to her feet and tossing back her tawny mane. "You make me frantic! No, he does n't! I was a fool to say so. Now are you satisfied? Why should he? A man like that can pick and choose. He probably thinks I 'm a kind of funny little thing, and that 's all. It 's about time for Zenasville, anyhow; and I 'll go my way, and

he 'll go his, and I don't care how soon it happens!"

"Do hush, Thallie! With all the windows open!"

"Good land! You don't suppose—"

She rushed to the window and stuck out her head.

Below on the terraced staircase, between the deep flower-beds, John Holland and Bertha Linkow were descending side by side toward the gate. They did not look back; but had they heard, were they aware of the young face, surrounded by a nimbus of bright, tangled hair, which peered down at them aghast? That could not be; for on the second landing of the staircase Bertha, turning to John, whispered something tenderly. And with the words, she put her arm around his neck, drew down his head, and kissed him on the cheek.

Thallie dropped heavily into the nearest chair. Soon, her voice quivering, she said:

"Well, Frossie, I was right in my suspicions. She 's got him back again, on her very last day here, with all that singing and *Carmen* stuff and the rest of it. At her age! She must be much older than he. I think it 's almost disgusting. I 'm not going down to luncheon. You can tell them I 've got a sick-headache. And so I have."

She pulled down the blinds in her room, kicked off her slippers, and rolled into bed.

It was a perfect day; the plan had been to spend the afternoon at Bellagio. Thallie persuaded Frossie and her father to go without her. Toward three o'clock they set out in the motor-boat with Bertha Linkow. John Holland was not with them; he had said that he would probably write a page or two in the "Foundations of the Egypto-Roman Monarchy."

But at four o'clock he sent this note to Thallie:

You 'll be much better for some air. The boat has come back; we might take a turn on the lake. I want you to see Varenna. I hear that something funny has happened to it to-day.

As if she were in a mood for something funny!

It never occurred to Thallie that she was free to decline with thanks this ill-timed invitation. She struggled out of bed, bathed her face with cold water, and wretchedly put on a filmy coffee-colored dress with pale-green polka-dots. Her newly washed hair was refractory; at one moment, leaning against the bureau, she was ready to give up her efforts, and shed a river of tears. Finally, however, she pinned on a broad-brimmed hat of yellow straw, and trailed her parasol down-stairs. John greeted her with his gentle, but inscrutable, smile.

"Still feeling so badly?"

"Worse, I think."

He was heartless enough to reply:

"This trip won't do you any harm."

They went down from the villa, crossed the roadway to the landing-steps, and entered the motor-boat, which set off across the lake toward Varenna.

His suit was of a rough, light fabric faintly mixed with blue; his hose, disclosed as he leaned back on the leather cushions with crossed knees, were the same shade as his blue cravat, which was transfixed by a pin of lapis lazuli.

"But everything about him always looks just so," she thought, with a lump in her throat.

"What 's funny about Varenna?" she asked at last, with an effort.

"I understand it 's suffered a curious relapse," was all that John would say.

They alighted at the steamboat wharf, behind which stood a small, white tavern almost foundering under the title, "Grand Hotel of the Lake." To the right, a rough-paved roadway, parallel to the shore, ascended toward the village.

On each side the high stucco walls were overshadowed by foliage of a ruddy tinge. Here and there a rustic loggia, roofed with poles, surmounted a humble house bedaubed with ocher. Ahead, the cobbled thoroughfare climbed to the town piazza.

But suddenly down that steep way between the ocher-tinted walls came tripping two young women of bewildering

appearance. They wore steeple-bonnets from the points of which long veils floated out behind. Their sweeping gowns of gay-hued brocade were cut in a style that had been obsolete for more than four hundred years. From the hems of their skirts, trimmed with variegated fur, peeped out at every step long-pointed velvet slippers sewn with pearls. In fine, one saw in the flesh two merry ladies of the fifteenth century.

A laugh made Thallie look up at the trellised loggia above her head. Leaning over the rail, with a mischievous grin for her amazement, was a young olive-skinned gallant with bobbed hair, gotten up in a sugar-loaf hat, a damask jacket with enormous sleeves, and black-and-red striped tights. He looked, thought Thallie, as if he had just stepped out of a painting by Brunelleschi.

"What in the world!" she gasped.

"I told you Varenna had suffered a relapse. Decidedly it 's slipped back into the past. Look yonder."

John pointed up the street. The town piazza was suddenly filled with steel: men-at-arms, in kettle-pot helmets and breastplates, began to flow down over the cobbles beneath a thicket of lances. As they drew near, to a clanking like the racket of a hundred copper-shops, one saw that they were dusty, warm, and tired. Perhaps they had been in combat with modernity? But behind them, as if modernity had conquered, came ambling a little man in a salt-and-pepper suit, bearing over his shoulder the moving-picture machine.

As the men-at-arms clanked past, John Holland, drawing Thallie forward, accosted a bareheaded, long-nosed knight in fluted armor.

"Pardon me, is it possible that I am addressing some famous condottiere from the pages of Philippe de Comines?"

"Signore," responded the knight, in tones of solemn courtesy, but with a twinkle in his eye, "you see in me none other than *Oddo di Vespaione*, a very desperate and wicked character, from the pages of Signore Saffi, that incomparable writer of scenarios for the cinematograph. At the ruined tower on the hill I have played my last hand in the excellent tragedy to be entitled, 'The Curse of the Montevesmi.' Wait, do I call it a tragedy? It is that for me, perhaps, because I am not only foiled in it, but also run through the heart. To tell you everything, I failed for the seventh time to abduct the fair *Simonetta:* you see her yonder, descending the street with her faithful maid *Ginevra. Simonetta*—in the play—loves *Raniero*, a young gallant with a fresh face and expressive legs; it is he who has just destroyed me in fair combat, before the adoring eyes of his inamorata. There he is now, in the loggia above your head. Apparently the thirsty rascal could n't wait for the Grand Hotel of the Lake! I need n't tell you that in the last scene *Raniero* and *Simonetta* were married by a vagrant friar, while I lay lifeless on the grass, with bugs crawling under my armor. You were n't aware, Signore, that you were talking with a ghost?"

"You are all ghosts, I think," John answered. "Very charming ones, which we poor, prosaic moderns are fortunate to meet. Did I hear you mention the Grand Hotel of the Lake?"

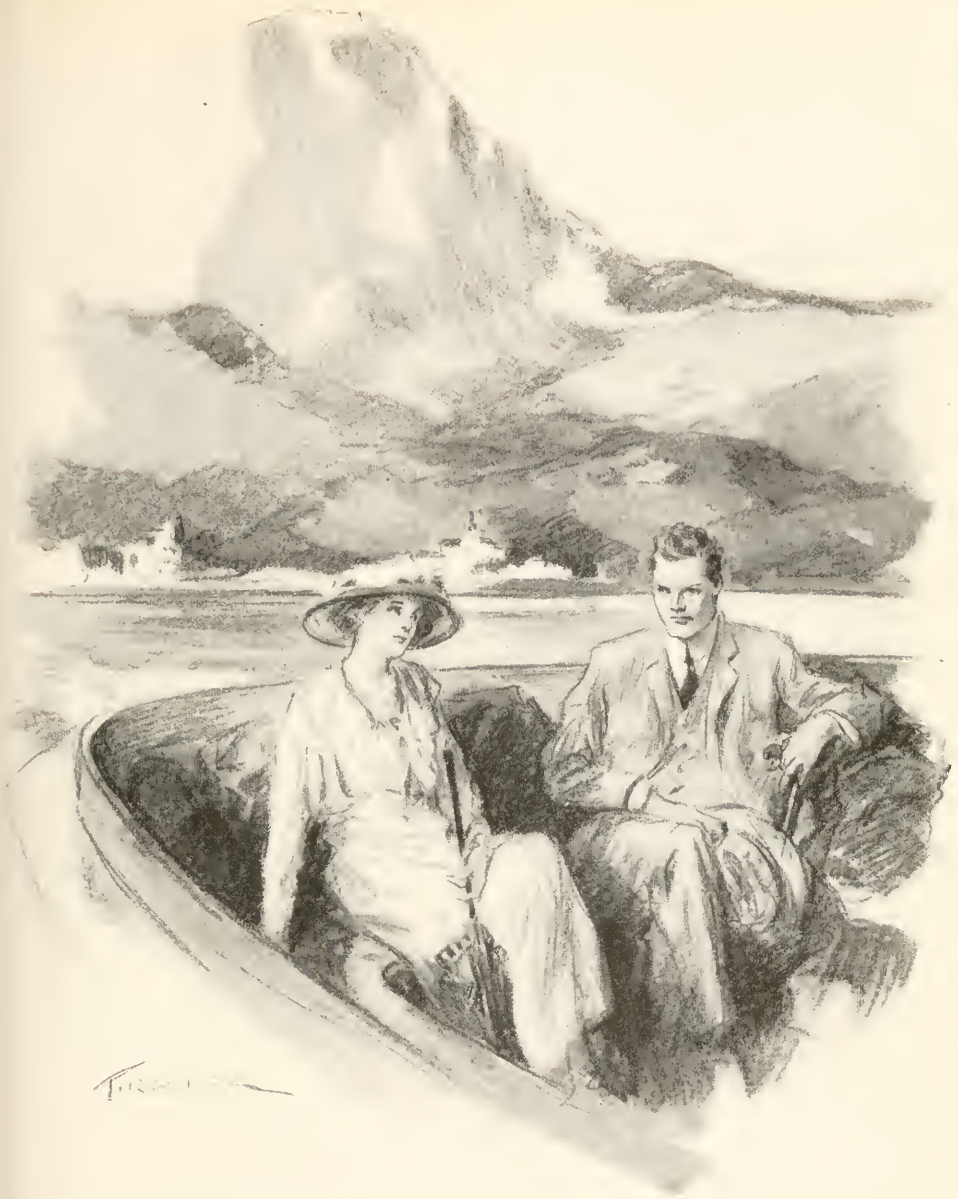
"The tavern by the water, where we expect to dine before vanishing into thin air. That is, into the steamboat which takes us on our way to Milan."

"The Grand Hotel seems suddenly attractive."

"Why, Signore, if you and your lady would condescend to have a bite with us?"

"With pleasure," said John Holland, promptly, "on this condition: that you and *Simonetta* and *Ginevra* and *Raniero* and so on be our guests. It 's only proper that we should entertain you, since we are, if not in our own house, at least in our own century."

"There 's logic in that," the long-nosed knight admitted; "and I can accept the more easily since I happen to be the manager of the company. *Raniero!* Come down here; this gentleman and this lady have been so kind as to invite us all to



"'But everything about him always looks just so,' she thought, with a lump in her throat"

dinner. *Simonetta! Ginevra!* They have gone on. Let us follow."

They descended to the tavern by the water. There John sent off the motor-launch, with word that Thallie and he were dining in Varenna.

The dining-room of the Grand Hotel of the Lake was an apartment the white walls of which were somewhat damaged by leaks, furnished with rough chairs and tables, and boasting a gaudy chromo of King Victor Emmanuel II. The proprietor, with the assistance of two draggle-tail waiters, moved all the tables together so as to form one board. Round this, at last, the company sat down without troubling to remove their costumes. Possibly they felt a reluctance to put off this finery of long ago, in which, even to one another, they appeared like beings of a finer and more interesting sort than ordinarily.

John sat at the head of the table, with Thallie on one hand and the fair heroine *Simonetta* on the other. At the foot of the board, the long-nosed *Oddo di Vespaione,* having at least escaped his fluted breastplate, kept the younger members of the troupe in order. On each side of the wine-bottles and carafes there leaned forward eager faces, framed by shocked wigs and head-dresses composed of linen folds. Bogus jewels flashed bravely on smooth foreheads; bare throats were covered with pendants in the form of saints. The corsages, embroidered with stags and hounds in curious designs, the pleated coats sewn with imitation ermine, the steel gorgets, gem-encrusted daggers, and sacred medals, threw round the table a pleasant glamour of antiquity, an illusion as though, by a miracle, one had gained the good old days, which in retrospect seem to contain nothing less inspiring than chivalry and love. The sun, sinking behind the peaks across the lake, sent through the window its last horizontal rays, as red as the damask jacket of the young gallant *Raniero.* Then the quaint figures all swam in such a splendid mist as envelops the characters of Froissart. And the tureens of *minestrone,* borne in aloft through the doorway by the draggle-tail waiters, seemed like those bowls of noble soup, to which roes, wild boars, and peacocks had yielded up their juices, that once appeared from behind the screens of medieval banquet-halls, to the music of horns and rebecs.

But besides the *minestrone* there were grilled trout and *agoni* fresh from the waters of Como, and a *risotto Milanese,* and cutlets stewed in wine and flavored with rosemary, and salad in bland oil and rosy vinegar, with figs and half a dozen kinds of cheese. The glasses were often emptied; fresh bottles appeared; the chatter grew in volume; every one was jolly except Thallie. She was thinking, "How I could appreciate this adventure if I had n't looked out of Frossie's window this morning!"

"To the health of our hosts!" shouted *Oddo di Vespaione,* rising with a flourish of his glass.

"Our host and hostess! May they always be happy!"

"Thank you," said John. "For my part, I 'm very much so now. What 's more, to-day a little bird told me something that seems to assure me of happiness for some time to come."

"He means," thought Thallie, "that moment on the steps with Bertha Linkow."

And she wanted to jump up, to run out of the room, to lose herself in the gathering darkness forever. Why had he been so cruel as to lure her into the midst of this extraordinary merrymaking, which celebrated another woman's triumph!

"Then this is almost a *festa,*" cried *Simonetta.*

"Entirely a *festa,*" he assented, with the laugh of a boy.

Indeed, his face was lighted up by an elation which made him strange to Thallie: it was as if, in his place, she saw some younger brother, full of the joy of youth, with youth's incapacity for looking inscrutable and celebrated; expansive, reckless, almost handsome. The jokes that he bandied with these knights and ladies raised roars of laughter; all faces continually turned back toward his as to a sure

source of mirth. The fair *Simonetta,* making the mistake of swallowing a mouthful in the midst of one of his remarks, had to have her back pounded by the friar who had married her to *Raniero.* Tears ran down the cheeks of the faithful maid *Ginevra,* and a stout old woman, attired like the nurse of *Juliet,* began to utter barking cries of anguish:

"Enough! Enough! This is killing me! I 've burst my bodice-strings!"

The waiters brought in candles and fresh bottles of Chianti. *Simonetta,* after her fit of choking, had the hiccoughs. *Raniero* proposed, as a friendly act, to slip the door-key down her back. *Ginevra,* with a tightening lip, suggested that ten swallows of water was a better remedy. This raised another laugh.

Raniero and *Ginevra,* it appeared, were contemplating marriage. They were waiting only till they had put aside a little money: in matrimony a time might easily be foreseen when *Ginevra* could not act. Still, it was hard to wait. One learned, indeed, that among the knights and ladies high odds were offered that one of these fine days *Ginevra* and *Raniero,* forgetting all prudent maxims, would run off to a priest like mad. Somehow the autumn in Italy affected one very much in the same manner as the spring.

"And the summer and the winter seem to have similar properties!" vouchsafed the friar, waggling his tonsured pate satirically.

So they fell to discussing love, and there was no doubt that they approved of that phenomenon. Even *Oddo di Vespaione* had a word of commendation for it, while the fat old dame attired like the nurse of *Juliet* wheezed forth, "*Madonnina!* yes, it is good!" And she fixed her eyes with a sort of anile rapture on the chromo of King Victor Emmanuel II. Meanwhile *Raniero* and *Ginevra* sat listening, hand in hand, he, with his olive cheeks and velvet eyes, so richly dark, she, with her creamy skin and yellow Lombard locks, so delicately blonde.

Simonetta, on the other hand, was a willowy brunette, with ripe, red cheeks, snapping eyes, and a mouth like a poppy. Turning to Thallie solicitously, she asked:

"You are not feeling well, Signora?"

"It 's nothing," said Thallie, nervously raising her left hand to her cheek. And all at once the company perceived that the third finger of her left hand lacked a wedding-ring.

For a moment, even among these Latins, instinctively so tactful, there fell a silence of surprise.

Thallie, for her part, did not understand the reason for this hush till John remarked:

"Ah, my friends, at last you have seen something, or, rather, nothing!"

Simonetta quickly replied:

"It is no less a pleasure to find that our hostess is the sister, instead of the wife, of the signore."

"No," said John, "we are not related in that way, either." And as every one sat motionless, trying to smile in an encouraging way, he added quietly, "But in such good and sympathetic company I don't mind telling the secret. It is this, that we are in just about the same position as *Ginevra* and *Raniero.*"

There was no doubt that for a second or two Thallie's heart stopped beating. Attempting to move, she found herself paralyzed by what seemed fright, yet could hardly be that emotion. She discovered that her mouth was open, and tried her best to close it: but it twisted into all sorts of curious shapes. She was vaguely aware of a clatter of applause, of graceful speeches flung at her like garlands, of a large, firm hand that closed on hers under the ragged table-cloth. She heard John saying:

"At first we hesitated on account of a certain disparity of age. When one is twenty and the other forty, one is likely to be only thirty when the other is all of fifty."

"You, Signore?" cried *Ginevra,* indignantly. "Bah! You will be young at sixty! You have the very complexion of my father, who was sixty-one when I was born. Do I look as if that marriage had been a failure?"

And, indeed, *Ginevra* was what might be called a personal success.

"Ages!" echoed *Simonetta*. "I was married at fifteen; my husband was forty. To-day I am twenty-two and happier than ever."

Whereupon, springing to her feet, she sped down the room, to throw her arms round that wicked knight, the long-nosed *Oddo di Vespaione*.

All the troupe clapped their hands, like an audience applauding a fine scene at the play.

"So you see, Signore!"

"Oh, yes," John assented, "in the end we, too, concluded that the present was worth as much attention as the future. For, after all, in life we are sure only of to-day." And turning to Thallie, he whispered, "Is n't it so, that we 're reasonably sure of to-day?"

She lowered her head till her wide-brimmed hat was all that could be seen. But presently her hat bobbed up and down once, twice, in timid assent.

The rest was like a dream. The dinner over, the steamboat nearly due, it was time for these characters out of the fifteenth century to melt away. Their brocades and armor shimmering in the candle-light, their teeth flashing in sympathetic and admiring smiles, they crowded forward to utter, in soft, musical tones, their thanks for this entertainment. Then a shout from the doorway, "The steamer 's in sight!" sent them flying up the stairs to change their costumes. The dining-room was empty except for John and Thallie and the draggle-tail waiters.

"See," said John, "they 've vanished into thin air. They were wraiths; they came and are gone; they 've ceased to exist already except in our memories. You don't mind my having taken a lot of jolly phantoms into our confidence?"

But outside the Grand Hotel of the Lake a shower of daisies fell round Thallie. From a window overhead leaned the fair *Simonetta*.

"Good-by! May you be glad forever!"

And with that wish was mingled the voice of the wicked *Oddo:*

"Good-by! It was only in the play, you know, that she preferred that young rascal *Raniero!*"

The motor-launch had returned; John and Thallie embarked in it. The lights of Varenna receded, the obscurity of the lake stole forth to embrace the throbbing boat; but a pale sheen began to spread above the mountains, heralding the moon. A strong arm encircled Thallie's shoulder, the same arm that had caught her fast, one day long ago, as she tumbled down the last flight of steps in Via de' Bardi. With a sob she pressed her face against the breast-pocket of his coat, which smelled faintly of cigars and toilet-water. But the old fellow who drove the motor-launch gave scarcely a glance to those two heretics. He had lived all his life on the lakes, and it was not the first time that he had witnessed such a tableau, in the evening, when the moon was rising over the hills.

"No," she quavered at last, "it won't do! There 's something I 've got to say."

And in some way or other she managed to tell him of the carnival ball at the Politeama Fiorentino.

His arm did not relax its hold around her shoulder.

"Feel better now?" he asked. She was trembling like a leaf. He said, "Then let 's forget it."

The lights of Cadenabbia drew near; but Thallie, with a long sigh, nestled closer. She felt so grateful, and so safe in that embrace! Indeed, she had never felt like this before. All the rest of her life she was going to be protected. She would go with him into the deserts, yes, and into many of those fashionable restaurants as well; and a little of his celebrity would be refracted upon her. She would have all the fame she needed; this was better than becoming a great painter. This was what she had been made for—to be loved, to be guarded, to adore somebody who was stronger than she. Was it not really more than she deserved?

"What did you ever see in me?" she faltered.

"I suppose," he replied, "living with

yourself as you do, you 've never indeed realized that there are very few of your kind left?"

They ascended the terraced staircase to the villa. Dinner was over; the others were in the music-room; the door was shut. Thallie remembered Bertha.

"What will she say!"

"Who?"

"Madame Linkow."

"Probably sing some nice, foolish little song to indicate delight. She 's had time to think of one. She congratulated me this morning when we were going down the steps below Frossie's open window. Good old Bertha! The world 's full of excellent people, is n't it?"

He swept her through the hall to the pergola.

The garden, inclosed by great trees, was not yet illumined by the moon. The cascade rippled behind a veil of shadows; the boxwood bushes eccentrically clipped, the circles and triangles of intertwining roses, the borders of pansies pruned like processions of tortoises, were as ambiguous as the dreams of other days, or the whimsical expectations of a long-lingering, but finally retreating, childhood. Yet in the midst of that place, on the pedestal, shone forth in the first moonbeam the bust of Demeter, sister of Zeus and protectress of the fruits of the earth, mother of Persephone, that unfortunate maiden who, while plucking flowers on the Nysian plain, had been drawn down by a young lover into the lower world.

And at last the marble face of Demeter seemed to smile in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XXI

AURELIUS JOYFULLY OBEYS A PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION

And now no one could give Mr. Goodchild any sensible reason why they should n't all return to the United States.

They bade Lake Como good-by. They stayed in Genoa only long enough to see the house where Christopher Columbus was supposed to have been born. On a gray morning—the skies were inclined to signalize that parting with some tears—the Goodchilds and John Holland embarked for America. A call at Naples, a swift tour of the city, from which they brought back a jumbled recollection of much grace and squalor, and they were off in earnest on their ten-day voyage to New York. The rounded slopes of the Campanian coast faded at last in a cerulean haze. And so no more of Italy.

All the same, that was a pleasant voyage. The Mediterranean and the Atlantic, putting their heads together between the pillars of Hercules, connived at waves unusually placid for the time of year. Thallie, who had anticipated all the humiliating agonies of seasickness, found that she could appear every day before John with healthy cheeks and sparkling eyes. What a load off her mind! Suppose she had been forced to show him the face that she had worn for a while on the voyage from New York to Cherbourg!

She knew that all her life she would remember these nights on deck when he and she, of equal age at last, sat side by side, wrapped in their steamer-rugs. They were often alone, for Frossie had a way of strolling toward the stern, to stare out over the dim track of foam toward vanished Italy. Mr. Goodchild, on the contrary, found his way forward, to peer through the shadows by the hour, as if at any moment he might glimpse the torch of Liberty.

Finally he did so, or, at any rate, he marked the light of Sandy Hook. And next morning the steamship crept into the harbor of New York.

For the girls, first of all, there were the department stores, so spacious and magnificent in comparison with the shops of Italy. Thallie learned, with a momentary dismay, that a sudden change of styles had caught her unawares: everything was now being made with a flavor of the seventies, the seventies having by this time receded sufficiently into the past to be no longer dowdy. One also observed that wider skirts were in vogue; there was, indeed, a "wide-skirt walk," a

kind of sidewise sway, which had to be acquired.

"But basques!" exclaimed Frossie. "And buttons all down the front! And little perked-up hats! I suppose the next thing will be those dinky carriage-sunshades!"

"Why not, if it 's the fashion?" retorted Thallie, with a pirouette. "At least you might take that nice black dress we saw in Schubert's."

"I can't afford it. For you, about to get married, it 's a different matter."

But Thallie refused to buy as much as a ribbon till Frossie consented to invest in one new hat and gown. She argued:

"Those things you 've got on were obsolete in New York six months ago. Surely, Lovins, you don't want to look like an old maid?"

"That 's just what I 'm going to be."

They heard Bertha Linkow sing *Gilda* at the Metropolitan. Afterward they went round to the stage-door to bear her off to supper. Their table in the supper-room was the same that they had occupied one night, eighteen months before, when they had first laid eyes on John.

He, leaning closer to Thallie, said:

"Do I know what you 're thinking of?"

"It seems so strange!"

"How well I remember my feelings when I saw you!"

"Even then?"

"From that very night."

"Oh, really, John?"

And now it was she, not he, as at Varenna, who reached a hand beneath the table-cloth.

Then one day, with just such an impulse as had been predicted of those two amiable young phantoms *Raniero* and *Ginevra*, John and Thallie decided that they could not exist any longer without being married.

It was a quiet wedding, almost as unpretentious as a runaway-match; it was over in five minutes. This time, when the minister inquired, "Who giveth this woman?" Mr. Goodchild did not miss his cue. But afterward, as he was about to kiss his daughter, blushing in her street-costume reminiscent of the seventies, Aurelius looked at Thallie wildly. And he groaned in a breaking voice:

"John! John! Be good to her! Oh, how like her mother to-day!"

That same night Mr. Goodchild set out with Frossie for Zenasville, Ohio.

Frossie lay for a long while awake. Her adventure into the world was finished; a year and a half had brought her back to Zenasville. The others had escaped; she alone was destined to resume the old, restricted life. But the others had failed to realize their dreams of art, while she was some day going to be at least a writer of renown. This was her recompense. Apparently one could not have everything one wished for.

Still, she had memories. In her spinsterhood, to which she was looking forward with an almost monastic courage, she would be sustained by the knowledge that a well-beloved man had loved her in return till his last mortal breath. In retrospect that passion took on an awesome splendor: if it had been fine in life, it had risen to sublimity at the moment of death. Gradually she had perceived, since hearts do not need extraordinary surroundings to gain kinship with the most famous of their kind, that she, too, had lived a great tragedy, intrinsically as memorable as any storied one. Yes, she, who had always felt herself inferior to her sisters in attractiveness, had played the most poignantly beautiful drama of them all.

And this drama had changed her; she emerged from that furnace of tragic circumstance with all the dross in her consumed. Her youthful solidity of temperament had been welded into strength; her one-time primness had been refined into a wholesome comprehension of humanity's impulses. And if there remained in her a certain romanticism due to her heredity, that trait was now so well fused with experience as to be perceptible only as a sane idealism. Fortune, in short, while laying on her shoulders a heavy burden, had largely smoothed for her the way that led to fame.

She fell asleep dreaming that in some

shadowy Italian place, set round with cypresses, she held up her first successful novel toward the stars, with the declaration, "We 've made this, at least, together, you and I!"

Early next morning they arrived in Zenasville. Selina and Ira Inchkin were waiting for them on the station platform.

Selina's trivial blonde prettiness was not a bit more faded; Ira's back was as stiff as ever in the business suit. The hardware-merchant, perhaps in celebration of this return, had the back of his neck freshly shaved. His wife bore two bunches of poppy-mallows, which, in her onslaught upon Frossie, she crushed against the bosom of her gray silk dress, that historic costume for ceremonial occasions.

There was Maple Lane, its double row of trees denuded of their leaves, its dirt roadway cut into ruts by the wheels of wagons that had passed the week before; and there, at last, was the broken picket-fence! And now one actually saw the little yellowish house, the shingles slipping from its roof, the slats of its shutters tilted at all angles, the bell-knob of white china glistening beside the door of home! Mr. Goodchild rushed up the path, between the plats of the old-fashioned garden, which, instead of showing the neglect one had expected, displayed in well-ordered clumps the lingering gayness of aster, leadwort, phlox, and red-hot-poker plant.

"We kept it up for you, all the flowers in their turn," Selina told Frossie, while pressing her handkerchief against her eyelids. "We knew you could n't stay away forever."

But Aurelius had burst into the house. The odor of the ancient sofas, lambrequins, and tidies was like an elixir in his nostrils. He did not notice, as did Frossie, that these little rooms full of gimcracks were strangely aged and shrunken. He stood still, in his wrinkled, long-tailed coat of broadcloth, the black felt hat pressed tightly to his breast, his fragile-looking, sanguine face a-gleam with rapture. Suddenly, as if stung, he leaped through the kitchen, the kitchen-porch, the corridor covered with tar-paper, and gained the studio. He saw the pine walls decorated with sketches and mechanical diagrams, the fat cast-iron stove, the window-boxes where geraniums had bloomed. He fed his hungry eyes on the camera, the head-rest, the photographic screens bedaubed in gouache with elegiac landscapes. He touched piano and writing-desk and easel, all the precious emblems of the past.

Of the past? Of the future also!

"It is here that I shall make my mark even yet!"

Thereafter he grew younger day by day. He regained a sprightliness which he had never shown abroad. There came from his lips the quaint songs of past decades; he often treated Frossie to a serio-comic declamation that brought back her childhood to her. Then, sometimes, he would pause in the midst of a ridiculous gesture at the recollection of his other daughters. Alas! at the lamplight hour in the studio there were no more catches sung; there was no chiming of four voices to the tunes of "Three Blind Mice" and "London 's Burning."

"But they 'll all be here for Thanksgiving!"

And why should a congenital optimist look farther ahead than that?

However, still another literary labor was foisted upon him. Dr. Numble had left a memorandum saying, "In case of my demise, I wish that my learned friend Mr. A. Goodchild shall see to the publication of my *magnum opus;* viz., 'A Proof of the Soul's Immortality, by One who Remembers his Previous Existences.'" Aurelius, running over that bale of frowzy manuscript, computed that it would take a year or two merely to decipher Dr. Numble's script.

"Land sakes!" cried Selina Inchkin, "you 're not going to take that seriously!"

"Yes, it must be done; for it 's a sacred charge."

Ira Inchkin vouchsafed the opinion:

"You 'd much better spend your time writing Selina a play. Something foreign and catchy, such as you must 'a' got the hang of from your travels."

"Yes," Selina echoed intensely; "but, mind, not like Euripides! Nothing that has to be put on in a stadium! It ought to be, say, the life-story of a woman who has suffered, a woman of the world, perhaps with a title?"

"Well, why not?" Aurelius returned. "I have taken tea with contessas and marchesas in their *palazzos;* I hope I can delineate that phase of life as well as any other."

But his thoughts about literature were distracted by the imminence of Thanksgiving. That was to be a sumptuous feast indeed. All day long, in the kitchen, Frossie was now assisted by a large, black mammy, a wizard with viands, who answered to the name Arbutus. The pots and kettles steamed continually; delicious aromas were wafted through the house, and a clattering Afric laugh resounded amid the chopping of the mince-meat.

One day, when the plum-puddings were cooking, Thallie and John arrived.

The first greetings over, Frossie scrutinized the bridal couple narrowly. While John looked really youthful, Thallie seemed somehow older than before. Was it her new attire, the modish violet-colored hat and gown, the scarf of soft fur wound about her neck, which gave her this air of a charming young matron quite at home in marriage? As soon as the sisters were alone together, Frossie burst out:

"Good Heavens! where 's my Babykins! Who 's this fine lady, anyhow? And dressed so scrumptious! That scarf is n't — no, it can't be!"

"Russian sable."

"And a gold purse!"

"Yes, is n't it rather a nice one?" Thallie replied, unconsciously with so close an imitation of her husband's manner that Frossie smiled.

"And — aside from all this, of course — I suppose you 're awfully happy?"

"So happy!" cried Thallie, in those tones of birdlike liquidity which came to her when she was suddenly and deeply moved. "So happy!" And, her fair cheeks roseate, she threw her arms round Frossie with that impulse to hug and kiss somebody by which girls deceive a bystander into thinking that the object of their caresses is receiving the congratulations. Then, as her happiness was of so complicated a quality that it could not be explained by words, she hid her face on Frossie's shoulder with the movement of a bashful child. And finally, when that silence was becoming tense, she pressed her puckered mouth against Frossie's neck below the ear and perfidiously blew as hard as possible. With a scream and a shudder her sister jumped away. In this family Frossie had always been the ticklish one.

"You ought to be spanked for that!"

"Spank a married woman?" Thallie inquired, drawing herself erect with the hauteur of a duchess.

Yes, there was no doubt that love, though she had once renounced it in disgust, had, after all, proved to be quite satisfactory.

When he was able to get a word alone with Frossie, John asked:

"Working?"

"Housework at present; but keeping a maid will relieve me of the worst of that. There 's one thing that 's bothered me since I came back to Zenasville: how can I find here as much material as I shall need?"

"I 'll take precious good care that you don't grow fast to Zenasville."

"We 're not rich enough to travel."

"You 'll have more some day than now."

"But of course I must stay with dad; and I don't think he 'll ever want to budge again."

"Give him time. One of these spring mornings he 'll get the south wind up his nose, or see some roses on a wall, and wish for another little whirl in Italy."

The day before Thanksgiving, as Aurelius was standing on the door-step, gazing toward the horizon murky with the smoke of factory chimneys, a carriage came down the lane; an Irish terrier scampered up the path between the garden-plats. It was Bristles. Aggie and

Cyril and the baby had reached Zenasville.

They had with them as nurse a Devonshire woman who was going to join her husband, a corporal of artillery, in Hong-Kong. This honest creature, instead of being disappointed by the house in Maple Lane, was highly gratified. Ever since landing in New York she had resented her surroundings, but here was America as she had pictured it.

Cyril Bellegram, as soon as he could extricate himself from the mêlée of embraces, sent round him a bewildered look. Aggie's home was not at all what one would think from looking at Aggie. As he flung aside his dangling black forelock, his eyes met John's. Assuming as well as possible the expression of an English country gentleman, he said, in staccato tones:

"Very decent, what? Pleasant property. Jolly little garden, I should judge, in summer."

Aggie, for her part, did not care two pins whether Cyril liked the little yellowish house or not. She felt herself able to make him see this place in any light she wished by means of half a dozen artfully selected speeches. In the end he always regarded things from the point of view that she wanted him to assume.

But Aggie felt that she herself was under a more critical observation: it might need some finesse to make her sisters think that this marriage was not virtually a failure. Looking at Frossie, she discerned the calmness of a maturity finer than her own. Turning to Thallie, she perceived a joy which all her own machinations had not brought her. How was it that she, while meaning to excel the others in every way, had missed the sad and glad experiences that seemed to have raised her sisters far above her? And it was Frossie, according to reports, who was going to be the famous one. And Thallie, who had never shown the slightest knack for getting round the men, was married to the celebrity of wealth and assured position, to just such a one as Aggie had dreamed of bringing to her feet! Was there such a thing as being too clever, too designing?

But her sisters took it for granted that Aggie was quite happy. As if one had a chance to be otherwise with such a baby! They could not get enough of that baby. They knelt round Aggie's knees to peep into its face; they examined its tiny finger-nails with exclamations of wonder; when it smiled they crowed in triumph. Aurelius had to hold it. Then Thallie cuddled it against her bosom without daring to look up. But Frossie, when her turn came, lowered her eyes toward the baby's head with a look that would have made the fortune of a painter of Madonnas. A minute afterward they missed her from the room.

The baby, at Aggie's instigation, had been named Sydney Montmorency, after a wealthy, middle-aged bachelor in the Bellegram family.

When Sydney Montmorency, surfeited with petting, had been carried off to bed, the sisters went out for a walk. Once more, beneath the fading sky in Maple Lane, the three Graces locked arms; the Ohio afterglow again transfigured the faces of Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne. A triple affection, enhanced by memories, made them press still closer together. Where the houses ended, and open country stretched eastward, they all stopped as one to stare into the dusk. How much had happened to them since their last walk here!

"I suppose," said Frossie at last, "you got dad's check for your ten thousand dollars?"

Aggie continued to stare across the country-side. The last of the twilight was gathered into her delicately chiseled face; her copper-colored tresses of the palest shade shared the luster of her skin. And her emerald-green eyes, which she did not hide this time beneath her lashes, took on a new look, as if at an unprecedented resolution. She replied:

"Poor Daddie! I 'm going to give him back five thousand dollars of it. I would n't even keep half, except that Cyril and baby and I are n't as well off as we might be. But later on—"

She fell silent, looking into the eastern

Alexander Wilson Drake

(For Forty-three Years the Art Director of The Century)

I

By CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

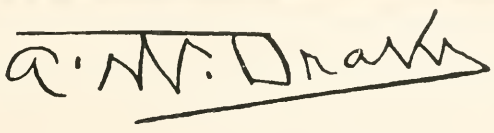
OF Alexander Wilson Drake it might well be said that the enjoyment of natural and spiritual beauty was the controlling purpose of his life. To art as a career his first thoughts had therefore naturally turned, though in choosing wood-engraving as the gateway he was compromising with the views of his father, who saw little promise of a useful vocation in any form of art that did not, like wood-engraving, draw wages and have its approach through apprenticeship. A superior part of the trade was the preparation of the wood-block, and to acquire the necessary facility in drawing Drake studied with August Will, and also attended the night classes at the Cooper Union. With improvement he was allowed to study at the National Academy of Design. In both schools he had for a colleague Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who was also an apprentice (to a cameo-cutter), and seemingly unaware of being indentured to Fame.

A craving for excellence was instinctive with Drake, and after he had established a successful wood-engraving business of his own the willingness to take vast trouble for the slightest gain in quality was cultivated to a habit. It was natural, therefore, that when in midyear, 1870, the first issue of this magazine was prepared, the coöperation of Drake was sought by Richard Watson Gilder, who was responsible for the art policy and make-up of the magazine. A finer alliance of editorial leadership and expert direction than was obtained in those two men could not be imagined. For forty years they worked in perfect unison and, with the coöperation of Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, brought about a revolution in the art of illustration.

Drake supplied the taste and steady pressure that forced the advance in printing. His leadership had a threefold quality: to encourage the artist to find in himself unthought-of resources of truth and beauty, to stimulate the engraver to preserve the tone and feeling of the artist as well as his graphic qualities, and to hold the printer to an adequate conveyance to paper of all that had been gained for art by tireless love and liberal expense.

Year after year Drake began his working day by a visit to the printers, where the runs of the previous day were inspected. His criticisms were supplications rather than fault-findings, and were warmed with his never-failing humor. Emulation was a part of the atmosphere of the place; still, it could happen that a press crew would fall below concert-pitch or encounter a difficulty that to them seemed trivial. Such a case merely inspired Drake to increase his attention, and as it was impossible to evade him, a degree of uneasiness would persist until the refractory form was run off.

A great leap forward was made when it was found possible to transfer a drawing or painting to the wood-block by means of the camera. Thus a mechanical process enlarged the scope of the artist in illustration, and in a sense forced the engraver to paint with the burin; for Drake now demanded of him not only that he should reproduce the body of a picture, but also the feeling and spirit which might be called its soul. Thereupon the life of the engraver grew more and more complex and artistic, with the result that several of the craft gained high distinction. Yet the aspiring engravers were not allowed to hold the ground they had gained by skill and patience; the halftone and other processes of transferring a



picture to a metal plate put them out of business. While Drake eased the decline of many of them by employing them to trim and perfect the newfangled metal plates and also those used in color printing, his fastidious care involved an expense which few publishers were willing to assume. So the wood-engravers as a large and important class went the way of the world, save three or four of exceptional talent, including Timothy Cole, who was then producing his remarkable series of wood-engravings of the old masters and was enabled to continue his work, with the result that his incomparable blocks, engraved only for THE CENTURY, number about two hundred and thirty.

After the daily visit to the printers, Drake's duties brought him in touch with the procession of artists, engravers, and plate-makers that moved on in quiet deliberation from one year's end to another. It was common for Drake to convey his pictorial idea by a few strokes of a pencil, and cautious artists would submit rough sketches before buckling down to the final task. Often the consultation over the completed picture called for equal tact from editor and artist. It was at such times that Drake's "manifest kindness and unvarying gentleness," as one of the most individual artists defined the manner, enabled him to win coöperation for revision which a more aggressive criticism would have lost. The engraved blocks, and later the plates, were subjected to a more minute scrutiny than the drawings, until the engravers grew so used to calls for an improving touch here and there to brighten the effect or more closely favor the original that a failure to ask for betterment would have seemed out of routine. While tenacious to the point of obstinacy of his views and opinions, he was studiously gentle in stating them, and was loath to urge them unless his sense of duty was involved.

In 1880, Mr. Drake had his first look at the art treasures of England, France, and Italy. The trip was arranged as much for the benefit of the magazine, an expectation which was richly justified, as for the rest and pleasure of a hard-worked enthusiast. He made the acquaintance of William Morris, Rossetti, and other noted English artists of that day, and in Italy he, with Robert Blum, was greeted and guided by Elihu Vedder and Charles Caryl Coleman; he also met Whistler in Venice.

In 1890, Mr. Drake made his second visit to Europe, which began auspiciously with a tour in Algiers, Morocco, and the enchanting cities of Spain. His companion was his only son, a boy in his teens, who was being initiated into the mysteries of art. Alas! they also came in Spain to an outpost of the great mystery, for here the boy showed signs of fever, and was rushed with every possible precaution to a London hospital. After days of tender watching the boy was laid to rest in an English cemetery, and a little later the father found solace for his sorrow in the pathetic expression of his first poem, "Kensal Green."

Out of that period of introspection came a short season of literary creation which was as delicate, significant, and individual as the art side of his career. Three short stories were published. He planned other plots to express the thoughts of his teeming, sensitive nature, but the demands of his vocation forbade. However, the three stories may be taken as a complete unfolding of a rare mind, with an outlook and a feeling all its own. They could not have been written by any one who had not his thirst for the beautiful and his insight into the hidden springs of art.

To a public that knew little of his charming personality and influential labors in the interest of art Drake was known chiefly as a collector. In that field he was distinctly a creator, for he awakened the perception that objects of common use often enshrine the basic lineaments of beauty. If those who, hearing that he was making new collections, sometimes scoffed, in the end they were forced to admire after beholding the revelation of human ingenuity and love of grace that was emphasized by the bringing together of selected specimens of any craft or art.

Even the simple pictures on the wall-paper used to decorate the bandboxes of a century ago acquired esthetic value after Drake had had the perception, not to mention courage, to frame some of his duplicates.

Two of his collections have been kept together: the forty little ships and boats appropriately enliven India House in the old shipping district, and the hundred bird-cages now ornament the kindly halls of Cooper Union, where Drake was first initiated into the mysteries of drawing.

In 1913 failing health led Drake to retire from the position he had filled with historic success for forty-three years. How much that meant to hundreds of artists and writers was shown by two dinners given in his honor. More than two hundred illustrators and writers joined in a memorable gathering. Shortly afterward, on February 25, 1913, four hundred members of his art and professional clubs joined in a famous "Dinner of Alexander Wilson Drake and His Friends, at the Aldine Club." He who had often embellished feasts to others with amusing menus was celebrated in a souvenir of fifty pages, most of them being humorous sketches by prominent artists, making good-natured sport of the salient traits of the editor and collector.

After only two weeks of confining illness the end came, peacefully, in the evening of Friday, February 4, of the present year. On the following Monday morning the last words were spoken at the Church of the Ascension, crowded with intimate friends and artists who had worked with him or had come to show their appreciation of his services to their calling. Aside from its religious meaning to his family, he had loved that church for the inspiring beauty of the great painting and the reverent sculpture by La Farge and Saint-Gaudens, who had gone before. Near friends, at their own request, sang the solos and struck the harp in music that realized the meaning of sounds divine. His pastor repeated St. Paul's immortal message of hope.

Most men die poor, and only a few die rich; but fewer still leave behind them so much of the remembrance that wealth cannot create as does Alexander Wilson Drake.

II

An Appreciation

By WILLIAM FAYAL CLARKE

With the death of Alexander W. Drake there passes from our sight a figure so benignant and beloved that more than one friend must feel irresistibly impelled to supplement with a word of earnest personal tribute the epitome of his career already printed in the daily press. The main achievements of his singularly useful life, often heretofore chronicled both in magazines and newspapers, have there been recalled to remembrance. The great debt which the country owed to his leadership in perfecting the allied arts of wood-engraving and printing has received fresh recognition and will claim renewed acknowledgment in the history of American art.

But the man himself was much greater than his triumphs, varied and lasting as they were. "Never elsewhere," said George W Cable, "have I seen so great modesty and devotion of character so unfailingly combined with such masterful gifts and achievements as in Mr. Drake in the third of a century that I have known him." And with the rare combination of qualities here set forth there seemed no room among them for anything even resembling egotism; there was no word or thought of self. He was content to say, "My work is my biography," and he often quoted that noble aphorism, "The reward of a thing well done is to have done it." Yet even casual acquaintances perceived or felt in him natural powers surpassing all that he accomplished and

exceptional traits of character as yet unregistered in words. Let us hope that before long they will find a fit biographer.

For seldom if ever have such positive qualities as a manly strength of purpose, untiring zeal, and unflinching loyalty been cloaked in such a gentleness of nature as in his unique and many-sided personality. The truth is that, deeper than all these endowments, he had an ingrained *love of beauty* that was to him the very breath of life. This was the foundation of his character and the corner-stone of his career. All his activities, indeed, were tinged with the latent force and inspiration of this enchantment of his soul. This was the hidden dynamic power that speedily made him a connoisseur in his own special field and eventually one of the most remarkable collectors of modern times. Throughout his many years as the honored art director of THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS magazines this love of beauty was the incentive to a tireless patience in striving to attain at any cost the utmost possible result or the long-coveted perfection. To see him with an engraver's proof in his hand or bending over a first sheet from the press was to behold an artist at work upon a task he loved; he never spared himself in the effort to insure a flawless rendering of a fellow-artist's creation. Even in drawings submitted to him by young illustrators he sought and never failed to note and encourage that "touch of real art," as he phrased it, that he dearly prized, and his trained discrimination gave added strength and comradeship to his relations with painters and members of the larger world of art. They felt that Mr. Drake's taste and knowledge were well-nigh infallible, and their trust in him was deepened because they knew the absolute integrity of his judgment. With all his gentleness, there was never the least taint of capitulation in any verdict that he rendered. Here no compromise was possible, and his loyalty to his ideals was as sacred as his conscience.

Of course the graphic arts alone could not satisfy him; they were but the vestibule to the temple of color, form, and music. All beauty was his heritage, and to him collecting was not, as to many, a fad: it was a quiet, perpetual, glorified enthusiasm that enriched immeasurably his own life and thousands of other lives by its sure instinct for the genuine in art. It would take a volume to do justice to any of his collections, but the range, variety, and extent of the rich spoil he gathered are well known to the art world and the public.

Again, no visitor needs to be reminded of the charm and distinction of his home, wherein was gathered so much fascinating and endlessly interesting treasure-trove,—"where color glowed unglittering, and the soul of visible things showed silent happiness." Each individual object was, in truth, a part of his life. He loved it. It was, in its degree, a symbol of all that beauty meant to him; and in the mass the whole rich array was softened into a single, mellow harmony that thrilled one with the sense of beauty in sumptuous repose.

His gentleness was not that of manner only, but was the natural expression of a deeper kindliness of heart. With his associates in daily tasks there was no end to the courtesies, great or small, that he constantly rendered not only whenever opportunity presented itself, but frequently when the opportunity was of his own making. Whenever good or bad fortune befell, he was first to offer congratulations or sympathy; and by countless ingenious and original acts of kindness he lit up the routine of crowded hours, and made smiles resume their proper sovereignty on tired or troubled faces. His very presence brought with it a sense of cheerful tranquillity, for it always meant that a jest or story was imminent, or some quaint byplay of comment that left one refreshed and gladdened; and many silent benedictions followed him as he dispensed these sunny, exhilarating greetings from day to day.

Every least gift to his friends bore the royal stamp of beauty, while in the manner of its bestowal there was always some quaint or tender touch of surprise that added charm and made it doubly precious.

As for the assistance of every sort—advice, encouragement, patient, kindly criticism, and financial aid—which he gave to artists and others in depression or necessity, no one knows, or ever will know, the full record of his benefactions. "Think of the helping hand he has held out to hundreds of struggling young beginners in art and letters!" writes a grateful member of his corps of illustrators.

He had a genius for friendship. Even in the rich, redundant life of the metropolis, it is seldom given us to behold a man whose manner and conversation were so completely satisfying to all who came in touch with them. With his intimates he fulfilled Emerson's definition of a friend as "one with whom we can think aloud"; and as Mr. W. H. Shelton has declared, "To good stories or fine music he would listen till the gray hours of the morning, and, if the opportunity offered, empty his purse to help a comrade in need." But he exercised also a strong and subtle magnetism for men of most diverse and seemingly unrelated types. They were drawn to him with gentle compulsion, and he had the power to make them sharers of his own joy in the things he loved. All this gave him that larger and more sympathetic knowledge of human life that comes from contact with men of various classes and occupations, and he rejoiced always to "find himself in another mind." In proof of the general esteem in which he was held, it may be mentioned that, when his health began to fail and he felt compelled to resign from five clubs, he was immediately made an honorary member for life by every one of them. His joy in friends and their affectionate pride in him will endure indeed among the recollections that are linked with life's best moments.

In England he might well have been knighted in recognition of his services to the allied arts of engraving and printing, for, as Joseph Pennell says, "He has done more for the advancement of illustration than any man living." In France his collections, if kept together, would have established another goal for art-lovers in many ways resembling the Musée Carnavalet. And in these war-blinded times, when the maddened lords of destruction are casting into ruin the glorious fanes and towers that have illumined many generations, his friends, and America itself, should be more than ever grateful for this ardent devotee of beauty whose soul was bent upon the salvage from oblivion of every least fragment of art.

Back of all the grace and loveliness that charmed him in material things, he saw as clearly the spiritual values they represented, the love that had gone into the making of them.

It is ideals that determine character. We are known at last by the mental pictures that we cherish. Great thoughts, noble harmonies, love of beauty, friendship—no worshiper at any of these shrines goes unrewarded, and the inestimable largess they bestow brings with it always some full measure of their timelessness and spiritual power. With Mr. Drake, books and music were among the richest, most enchanting satisfactions of his leisure; but the love of beauty was a transcendent, vital force that from first to last dominated his whole being. He answered to its every call, and, like a joyous child, followed where it led. For reward, it filled his daily vision, his home, his spirit, with opalescent harmonies, and his later years with "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." More: it made him its revealer, its interpreter, who for many others had opened eye and heart to the magical beauty that lies hidden all about us under the dust of common things and in the passing hour.

To those who knew him best his high idealism and transparent kindliness, his personal charm and warm, indulgent comradeship, will remain in memory, as they were in reality, influences of incalculable beauty and beneficence. That he reached the allotted span of life with scarce-diminished vigor and as young at heart as ever is indeed cause for gratitude; but it is from finely sensitive natures such as his that we learn the poignant truth of Emerson's saying, "Life is not long enough for Art—not long enough for Friendship."

Through Fire

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

WHEN the alarm came in shortly after eleven o'clock, Thomas Dare, the probationer, leaped from his bunk in the quarters of Engine 22 and flashed down the sliding-pole to the main floor, where the racketing cough of the motor indicated that this time it was to be a run. Through the pall of acrid oil smoke he could see the forms of his comrades leaping to their places on the apparatus, struggling with their rubber coats. He felt a slap upon his shoulder, heard a big, genial voice in his ears:

"Well, kid, maybe you 'll get your first dose this time. You never can tell."

Dare shivered. The doors had been flung open and the wheels were in motion before he caught the rear rail and clambered over the hose to his helmet and coat. As he picked up the hat the shine and newness impressed him as typifying his own inexperience. It was his first night with a fire-company. He was going to his first fire, and his vivid imagination took full account of the thrilling situation.

Dare was college bred, the product of a great Roman Catholic university, lured to the New York Fire Department, as many of his kind have been in the last decade, through prospects of quick advancement for men of trained intellect. He had reported at the probationary school in the morning, and in accordance with custom had been assigned to night work with an engine-company during his thirty-day novitiate.

At intervals throughout the evening alarms had been coming in, and at each, as department regulations require, the men of the company had gone down to the floor, only to return immediately to their books, cards, or checkers. So frequently had this occurred this cold evening that Dare's breath had ceased to come up into his throat as the brazen clangor of the tapper sounded through the dormitory, and he had finally adjusted his nerves to the point of running to the poles and sliding down without emotion of any sort.

But now the company was really off,

bent upon grim business. The bell in front of him was turning over and over, sending forth its clatter; the siren, rising and falling, wailed ceaselessly through the deserted streets while the apparatus swayed and rocked over the uneven pavement. It was January. The air was nipping cold; the rush of it smote Dare's face and seemed to suck out his breath. At the corner a hook-and-ladder truck came plunging down the avenue, shrieking its warning to traffic, throwing a heavy cloud of smoke backward from the motor. Dare's company was "first due," and the chauffeur drove viciously ahead, making a sharp cut in, slipping and skidding for a second or two, then squaring away a few feet ahead of the truck.

Clinging to the rail, Dare felt the sweat breaking out on his forehead. The slightest mishandling of the wheel would have sent them crashing to the street; he glanced fearfully at the gleaming asphalt, the curb, the hard sidewalk, and the iron railings in front of the buildings—poor places for a landing. He heard angry cries from the driver of the truck, heard laughing jeers from his own company as the hose-wagon flung back its reek of gasolene into the faces of the truckmen and rolled heavily on into the night.

Dare's thoughts cast ahead. Was it really a fire? If it was merely a false alarm or a mild blazing-curtain affair, this incident would serve to break him in nicely; next time it would not be so hard. They had told him 22 was not a specially busy company. Yet he had the feeling that his initiation was not to be perfunctory. Well, in that case it was just as well; the sooner it came, the less to worry about in the future.

He glanced behind at the hook and ladder, pitching, rearing, screaming in sheer abandon. His own wagon slewed, throwing him heavily against the back of the chauffeur's seat. Some one had told him that a fireman faced more danger going to a fire than in facing the smoke and flames; he began to believe it.

There would be opportunity for comparison in a very few minutes now, for into the crisp air had crept that heavy, pungent reek that comes only from a burning building. There was a fire.

In the glare of an arc lamp Dare noted tense movements on the part of his comrades. The man at his side, Barron, the lieutenant, was pressing his hat more firmly upon his head; another was knotting a handkerchief about his rubber collar. Dare wondered why he did this, and involuntarily his hand fumbled under his rubber coat for his handkerchief. But a mumbling of words among the firemen arrested him, and looking up, he followed their gaze ahead.

He saw a sinister picture—a picture so closely allied to those he had developed in fancy that he closed his eyes instinctively, wondering for the instant whether it was a dream. The building was eight stories high. Standing stark and silent at the intersection of the avenue and a side street, it covered nearly a third of the block. From all the windows of the fifth and sixth floors black smoke was pouring. The wind caught it, bearing it upward, so that above the sixth story the structure was hidden in a voluminous pall. Directly overhead the winter moon cast downward a vivid glow, and in it the outrushing smoke was clearly defined. Its unceasing piling of mass on mass, its pulsing involutions, so soft, so silken, and yet so suggestive of the elemental power behind, fascinated Dare and held him immobile until he heard the gruff voice of his captain, Donohue, who had leaped to the street and was calling to the lieutenant:

"Barron, take your line in the front door; go up to the fire."

Up to the fire! Dare glanced at the men. They were all calm, businesslike, matter-of-fact. The engineer was dropping off the tail-board, the end of a length of hose in hand, making for a hydrant. Lucky guy! He would n't have to go up to the fire. The wagon drew up directly in front of the building. Already three men were on the sidewalk adjusting a nozle to the hose, while Barron and the rest were making their way to the door. It was fastened; a heavy padlock and bar

"'What are you—one of the stars? Where you going?'"

hung outside under the knob. The lieutenant assailed it with his shoulder and drew back, swearing angrily.

The crew of Truck 3, arriving immediately after the engine-company, came up on the run, great, towering men, armed with axes and hooks. Two of them, taking post on each side of the padlock, brought down their axes with alternate blows upon the thick iron hasp, which bent, but did not break apart. Dare, who had played foot-ball at the university, played it well and gamely, watched the beautiful action of the brawny pair admiringly, yet breathing the harder at each stroke, lest that be the one to open the door and invite him into the inferno.

His captain, who had sent in simultaneous second and third alarms and was in command of the fire until the arrival of the chief, hurried up, brushing Dare roughly aside. A fighting lock of black hair was streaming upon his forehead from under his helmet, and his short black mustache was drawn tight in an angry scowl.

"Get in, Barron! Get in! What the—"

Upon a blow of terrific force the hasp was torn apart, and in another second the doors were pulled outward. Quail, a battalion chief, arrived at the moment, his white hat gleaming in the moonlight.

"All right, Donohue; I 'll take it."

The captain nodded to the thick-set figure, and then plunged into the hallway.

"Come on, boys! Lighten up!"

Dare drew back involuntarily, so that several of his company, together with a group of truckmen, shouldered past him. The hose was filling with water, and every one was bearing a hand. One of the men had switched on the lights, converting the blackness into a luminous mist, a swirling, eddying fog which drew water from the eyes and knifed the throat. Dare drew in his breath nervously, lost the air, and gagged. Some one hit him upon the back, and he caught a clean, revivifying draft.

"Lay back, kinda, and ease the kinks as we carry it up," came the voice of Logan, a clean-limbed young fireman who had been friendly in quarters. "That 'll get you used to the smoke by degrees."

Dare nodded and bent down, straightening out the line as his comrades forced their way up the stairs. The smoke was thickening, and the exertion even of lightening the hose that flowed in through the doorway was a bitter task for respiratory organs unaccustomed to tax of the sort.

The clump of boots on the broad stairs was growing fainter. Undoubtedly his company were well on their way up the second flight, while he skulked within easy distance of the sidewalk, making perfunctory play with the hose. The shame of it overwhelmed him. Mentally he seemed perfectly normal,—he was of a mind to go ahead and take his chances with the rest,—but physically he was inert, his nerves apparently disconnected from his power to will. He felt the hose still slipping forward across his feet. Now his crew must be beyond the third floor. With an effort he turned toward the stairway, stumbling forward with sagging knees, gasping in the venomous smoke, peering into the luminous void toward the stairs.

A thicker cloud drove into his face. He sighed, stood wavering a moment, and then faced toward the door. Another engine crew was pushing in, and Dare flattened himself against the wall to let them pass. When they had gone, he turned and made for the street. A deputy chief blocked his way, a big man with a sharp, sarcastic voice, who held his acetylene lantern close to Dare's face, glaring suspiciously.

"What are you—one of the stars? Where you going?"

Dare hesitated only an instant.

"The captain wants a lantern," he replied, and pushed past the man into the cold air.

How good it felt! He paused a moment, drawing in deep breaths, and pressing his fingers into his eyes, which smarted and ached. The chief was standing at the post of command on the sidewalk, and as Dare saw his gaze sweep from the upper floors, then turn in his direction, he straightened abruptly, greatly revived by the air, and made for the doorway.

He had had his first dose; perhaps now he could join his company. They were inside, were alive and active; he was bigger than most of them, probably more powerful, and what they could stand he certainly should be able to meet. He could see now that his trouble had been nerves rather than smoke. In the doorway he looked back. If only some company were going up it would be easier for him; but none was in sight. He would have to make it alone.

As he stepped across the sill he heard the sound of hurrying feet, and drew to one side in time to avoid collision with a man of the fire patrol who was running from the stairs to the door, his red hat in his hand.

Dare paused, then went to the door, looking after the white-coated patrolman who was making his way to the chief. Several firemen were walking with apparent aimlessness about the dripping street, with its clutter of ice-coated hose and ap-

"'You ——. . . . you go down to the river and jump into it'"

paratus of various sorts.
Could he not do likewise?
He edged out on the sidewalk as a third-alarm truck-company reported to the chief, while the patrolman withdrew, hurrying back into the building.

The chief was talking to the hook-and-ladder captain.

"Truck 3 is in trouble on the sixth floor." His voice was even, almost careless. "The patrol had to break through the doors on the fifth to cover up under the fire. The floor was heavily charged with smoke, sucked down from above, and it 's gone up the stairs into the sixth. Take your men up and straighten things out."

Before the captain could obey, a shout from above drew faces upward. The hook-and-ladder men, forced to the window-sills by the inrush of highly carbonized smoke, were climbing down an iron wire sign which reached to the floor below. The chief glanced up at them merely for an instant.

"They 're all right. Report to Chief Dale, in the rear, Egan; he wants a truck-company."

But Dare's gaze was riveted to the

forms clinging spider-wise to the gilded meshes of the sign. His company had entered the building with those men, who, to be sure, had gone ahead of the line of hose to open up. Yet if this ladder outfit had been forced to seek safety from smoke gushing up from the fifth floor, what was happening to the hosemen who were on that very floor? Dare flushed hotly, his eyes still upon that sign sixty feet above his head, until the last fireman had completed the descent and disappeared into the windows of the lower story. He wanted to go into the building, but it seemed as though his feet were anchored.

Although his back was turned, he again experienced the feeling that the chief's eyes were upon him. He faced about, and walked hastily to his apparatus, taking a lantern from the side. The chauffeur was leaning idly against the wheel.

"Pretty bad in there—for a first dose," he said and grinned.

"Rotten," growled Dare, striding away.

The implication that he had been with his fellows, sharing their danger, making the fight with them, stung him like a lash. He thought of Donohue, his captain, with his black warlock; Barron, the lean-faced lieutenant; but principally of young Logan, with his laughing gray eyes and friendly manners. He had been proud to sit in quarters among that group of fighting men; until ten minutes ago he had taken pride in the thought that he was one of them. But now? His lips parted in an angry exclamation. Was he anything of a man at all? There were some things in this world far less to be endured than choking in smoke. He set his teeth, and, without permitting himself to think, ran to the door and plunged into the building.

In the lower hall conditions were worse than when he had first entered with his company. The electric lights had gone out, and the only illumination came from a smoke torch which some one had set on the floor near the foot of the stairs. It burned with a deep-red flame which, however, did not send its radiance very far. And the murk seemed thicker, more difficult to breathe. But he kept on, pounding up the stairs with indrawn breath, the lantern in his hand shedding nothing but a dull blur before his eyes.

He paused at the second landing, expelling his breath and struggling for a new mouthful of air. He got it when he flung himself upon the floor, sucking in the currents which hang beneath the lower strata of smoke. Presently he gathered himself to his feet and dived for the third flight, where, at the top, he entered an area that was comparatively free of smoke. He breathed without restraint for a moment, and then heavy clouds, sweeping down the stairs, enveloped him. He could hear voices above, those of groups of firemen waiting to take their places at the nozles, probably. From somewhere in the distance came the dull, crashing sound of axes, and once was borne to his ears the boom of something falling.

It was an old building, a landmark in the district, and a source of pride to the city thirty years before. And now as he stood he caught a certain impression—an impression of vibration, as though the structure, stored with energy, was quivering under the strain of the unleashed force. The smoke was unendurable; he must either go on or retreat.

His desire was directed toward the floor above, but his feet carried him backward. Feeling out with his boot for the edge of the stairs, he brought it up against a wall. Turning, he again thrust out his foot; again the wall. He was utterly lost. But the hose was beneath his feet. Employing the lines as a guide, he came to the landing and began his descent. Near the foot he missed a step, and plunged down a few steps to the second-floor landing, his lantern crashing to the floor and going out. Here, perhaps, he would have lost consciousness, but he fell with his face close against a crevice in a hose-coupling, and the spurting cold water revived him.

He had been told that running water always carries air, and now, with face pressed closely against the coupling-rings, he found this to be so. Not much, it is true, but enough to give him renewed lease of activity. As he lay thus he heard the

"'Don't try that,' came the quiet voice from below"

sound of approaching feet. They were coming from above. In a few seconds he was surrounded by the men of two engine companies who had been forced down from the upper floors. They were irritable, sullen, as firemen beaten by an element they hate always are. One of them stumbled over Dare's legs, then kicked at them, and cursed. The probationer arose and lost himself in the group. Proximity to these men restored in a way some of his self-respect. At least he was not now alone, and a sense of loneliness, of standing out and apart from his comrades, had been one of his dominant impressions.

The quivering of the building had increased, so that now one of the firemen spoke of it.

Dare leaned forward to catch the reply, but before anything could be said the shaft of an electric search-lamp bored its way through the smoke, and that sharp voice which Dare had heard before, not sarcastic this time, however, came from the stair-landing.

"What company is that?"

"Engine 58 and 61," came the reply. "We were forced down; the others are on the fifth or fourth."

"All right. Leave your lines and get out quick. Floors bad."

Dare's heart surged with relief as the deputy jerked out his command and sprang past him on his way up the stairs to order out the remaining companies. At last he could go out of this infernal building with a clean conscience; every one was going out, and apparently not caring how swift the retreat was. A moment later there came to Dare additional elation born of the fact that swift as his downward descent was he was not among the leaders who piled out of the street door on the sidewalk.

The chief saw them, and nodded his satisfaction. He was at his post, pacing up and down a short space, casting his eyes

impatiently at every turn toward the upper fire-escapes, which stood out clearly against the angry glow of the window-openings. Dare, following his gaze, at length saw a number of dark figures crawling out of the window; some of them members of his company, undoubtedly. A form detached itself from the group on the escape-landing, and began to make his way down the stretches of iron ladder.

When he came to a truck ladder reaching up to the third floor, he slid down to the street, the chief hastening up to meet him. Dare saw that the man wore a captain's hat, but the designation on the shield was not that of his company. It bore the numerals 38. Dare drew near as the officer addressed his superior.

"The deputy brought us your order to leave lines and back out on the fire-escapes, Chief."

"All right," came the gruff response. "Where 's 22 Engine?"

"They were with us. Got the order at the same time. They 're on the escape, too, I guess. They ought to be."

"Ought to be! That 's no sort of a report to make to me, Driscoll. Here you—" The chief turned suddenly and faced Dare, who in his eagerness to hear had crowded close, "go up on the escape and tell Captain Donohue to report to me personally that his men are out of the building. Go on now." He pushed Dare roughly, who stepped hastily to the ladder, filled with relief that the number on his helmet had not been noticed.

Before he could step foot on the lower rung the deputy chief who had ordered him out of the building called from above and, as Dare made way, descended hastily, and once on the sidewalk advanced to the chief.

"I got them all out except—" Dare, skulking at the curb within earshot, shivered—"except Engine 22."

"Except 22!" fumed the chief. "Did n't I tell you to clear them all out, Kane? Listen! Can't you hear those floors getting ready to go to hell? 22 still in the building! What 's the matter with you, Kane, anyway?"

The deputy raised his hand protestingly.

"I told them, Chief; I had most of them on the escape. But when they counted up, one was missing. They went back to find him. I could n't stop 'em."

"Could n't stop them!" The chief was livid with anger. "What are chiefs for these days? Why, be—"

But Dare heard no more. The terrible import of the deputy's words had been slow to sink into his mind. But now the full significance seared him to the very core of his being. With the floors in imminent danger of collapse, they had abandoned safety to reënter that blazing hell and seek *him;* willing, eager, even to the extent of disobeying orders, to risk their lives for him, the poltroon who from the very first had deserted them all, willing that they should suffer or die or do anything so long as his skin was safe and his comfort unimpaired!

He had imagined his captain calling his name to relieve comrades spent at the nozle, and cursing him when he was reported missing. He had fancied men were in search of him to take him by the collar and bring him to his post of duty. Not so, apparently. Men, as he had heard, sometimes became separated from their company in the thick smoke. So, it now seemed they had regarded his absence. Or perhaps Logan had covered his delinquency, answering for his name when he was called to go to the pipe.

And now they were groping about that rocking floor, searching for one who was safe on the sidewalk, breathing the pure, clear air. Dare grew sick and faint. His head reeled. Then came cold rigidity, with an absence of all coherent thought except one dominant impulse to get into that building and share whatever might come with the men of 22.

He ran to the door; but the building, trembling now, was filled with weird, ominous sounds. Sparks and burning bits of wood were driving down into the lower hall. There would be no chance of ascending the stairs. He turned as realization of this came, but not because of fear; that had gone. His only impulse now was to

"He fell with his face close against a crevice in a hose-coupling, and the spurting cold water revived him"

join his company wherever they might be, and he was coldly calculating the avenue which would most surely bring him among them. Leaving the doorway, he ran to a truck with an extension ladder that had been brought around from the side of the building.

If only the floors would hold until he could get in! That was all he asked; perhaps the chief was unduly cautious. The top of the ladder was already settling against the seventh floor, and Dare, clambering up the side of the apparatus, had reached the rotary platform when a curious sound, an immense sigh or moan, floated down to the street.

The next instant a thunderous roar, a sound of grinding and rending and crashing, shook the air. As Dare looked upward, the brick walls of the building seemed to rock, while from the upper windows shot masses of debris, blazing sections of beams, twisted tie-rods, smoking segments of plaster, and bits of furniture. Detonations were following one another in quick succession. The falling sixth floor burst down upon the floor below with crushing impact, tearing it from its tie-rods and sending it down, doubled in weight, to the next floor, which in turn gave way and crashed downward until, in the end, the huge, driving mass descended upon the street floor, punching it into the cellar.

Silence came suddenly—silence so deep that it was painful. Dare turned his white face down to the street. The firemen were standing for the instant like statues, their faces turned toward that quivering shell of brick, filled to the roof with heavy, sullen smoke and crimson tongues of flame darting here and there about the mountainous pile of debris. A rush of falling brick and wood in the rear broke the stillness. A quick, staccato clatter of commands followed.

Dare, without conscious volition, slid down from the truck and ran up to the chief, who had turned to order rescue-parties inside the walls. The fireman's head was lowered and the first thing the officer caught was the number on the hel-

met. His voice was thrillingly loud and clear.

"Here 's one, after all. You!" His finger, outstretched, almost touched Dare's face. "You! Where 's your company? Quick!"

For a second words refused to come to the man's lips. Then he heard a voice, his own, hard and dry.

"They—went—down in the crash."

"Well, where in hell did you come from?"

Dare's breath caught. He struggled to speak.

"I—I—"

The chief's face was close to his, his eyes glaring into Dare's. Then an expression of great loathing crept into them. He raised his hands in a gesture of repulsion, backing away. When he spoke his voice was cold and even.

"You ——," he cursed—"you go down to the river and jump into it."

Dare stood as he had been standing, his head lowered, swaying.

"Get away from me!" The chief swung about, waving his hand at a group of hosemen.

Dare staggered backward, the face and personality of every member of his company fluttering across his mind with fearful vividness, clean-limbed, clear-eyed stalwarts all. He groaned aloud, pressing his hands upon his eyes.

The chief had turned to him again.

"I thought I—eh?"

The interruption came in the person of an excited newspaper man.

"There 's a man up on the sixth floor window, in back, on the sill, Chief. He 's got to jump in a minute."

The space which had elapsed when Dare found himself at the rear of the building looking upward at a form crouching against the lurid glare of a lofty window was a blank.

Between the rear wall and the tall building which backed it was a narrow footway, a space perhaps five feet wide. Here Dare stood. Here, perhaps, were fifty other firemen. A group of them were raising a ladder, but Dare knew, and they knew, that it would fall at least twelve feet short of the sill. Efforts were making to force a truck with an extension ladder into the alley, but the wheels had jammed between a metal buttress of each building, and it stood with ladders rattling as the engine strove to force it onward into an impossible space. A life-gun had sent its trolling-line several feet short, the projectile clattering back to the pavement.

"Don't jump!"

It was Dare's voice, loud and full-throated. As he turned he saw the figure reach out his hand and wave it. His overwrought mind had encompassed the situation to the last detail. Apparently a small portion of the rear sections of floors had not fallen. To this fact the man above owed his life. But the fire was raging, smoke was constantly spouting from the window, and now and again flames stabbed outward, licking at the fugitive.

But now Dare had dashed through an open window into the rear structure. Its roof topped that of the burning building by three stories, and the firemen up there, playing their streams down upon the flames, were ignorant of the tragedy in progress several floors below.

Dare had leaped into a store-room. He ran through it to the hall, and there found a freight-elevator, the door open, no one about. He entered the car and jerked at the rope, his fingers twitching feverishly as the metal strands went through his palms and the heavy lift lumbered upward. The white numerals, designating the floors, slipped past his eyes as in a dream. He had noted that the floors of this building were closer together, so he stopped at the eighth, opening the door and dashing into the hallway. He had been careful to retain his sense of direction, and now, running down the hall, he stopped in front of a door, and, without a doubt as to the proper location, turned the knob. It was locked. He ran back a little way and launched himself at the barrier, which crashed inward, precipitating him into the office upon his hands and knees. In another instant he had raised a

window and was leaning over the stone edge.

The smoke sweeping across the space was so dense that for a moment he was utterly blinded. He leaned farther out, the toes of his boots caught under a steam radiator, his eyes straining through the pall for a glimpse of the form he had seen in the window of the burning building. He called, heard an answering shout; a rush of wind drove the smoke away, and there, standing on the sill, just as Dare had seen him from the street, was the fireman. It was Donohue, his captain—Donohue, not three feet below Dare's outstretched hands, but on the opposite side of the narrow space which separated the two buildings. Just a single jump away from safety, yet a jump that no man could make.

The figure was clearly defined now against the red glare of the interior of the building. Smoke gushed out past him in volumes, freighted with tongues of red. The captain had his helmet reversed, his face hidden in his shoulder. One hand was clinging to the back of an iron shutter, the other to the front. His right foot was resting upon the sill, his left, spread out, found support upon an iron hook in the wall, thus enabling him to draw part of his body, not all, away from the heat. He was motionless, perfectly calm.

Now he looked up at Dare without recognition as the probationer leaned way out, reaching out his hand, testing the distance.

"It 's no go, old man," he said simply. "Don't try it. You can't help. You 'll only go dead yourself."

Dare, not replying, looked about with eager eyes. His heart went out to the man below, so still, so hopeless, so brave. A sharp exclamation came from him. A foot below was a crosspiece fitted into the wall, bearing heavy insulation-glasses to which were attached electric-light cables. They entered the wall just below the sill. Two of the cables at each end of the crosspiece had been left loose; they curled downward, their ends resting against the top of the lower window.

Dare reached down and drew up one of the ends. He went back into the room and then reappeared, sitting now upon the sill, twisting the cable deftly about his ankles. He had kicked off his boots. He reached for the other cable.

"Don't try that," came the quiet voice from below. "Don't be a fool! You can't do anything. I 'll stay here—until—until I have to leave."

"Leave nothing!" snarled Dare. "It 's seventy-two feet to the cobbles." He had the other ankle fettered now, and was letting himself carefully down upon the crosspiece. He spoke to his captain slowly and distinctly.

"I 'm going to hang head down from these cables; they 'll support a ton. When I give the word, you jump and grab for my wrists—see? I 'll try to hook the collar of your coat. Then I 'll swing you through the window below."

The man nodded.

"All right," he said.

Dare hastily examined the cables which he had twisted and knotted as tightly as he could, and then crouching low, he let himself drop forward into space. The sensation was frightful. He felt his palms crashing against the brick walls, felt a sharp, painful jerk at his ankles. A wave of dizziness swept over him, but passed immediately. Far down in the alley below he could see a dark huddle of figures and the gleam of the frozen puddles. Stretching his neck backward, he saw his captain still crouching on the sill, but moving his left foot from the hook in the wall, preparatory for a spring. Dare, hanging head downward, tested each cable, and then slowly stretched out both arms, palms downward. The other man's voice came to him.

"Some fool has closed the iron shutters of that lower window."

"I know," replied Dare. "I 'll try and sling you sidewise. Are you ready? Then—jump!"

Out into the open sprang the man, his powerful fingers meeting the thick wrists, and closing upon them with vise-like grip, while Dare's fingers sought and found the

collar of the man's heavy blue coat. The sudden strain made it seem to Dare as though his muscles and tendons were being drawn out of his body. But the pain was swallowed in the relief that came when he found the cables were holding, that for the moment both were safe.

Donohue's feet were feeling for the main electric cables, but they came to the crosspiece from one side; they were out of reach.

"Don't move your feet," muttered Dare. "You make the strain harder. I 'm going to swing you to right, then to left. Try and help. When we get a good swing, we 'll try for that side window; I 'll tell you when."

"All right."

Then as they hung head to head the battle for life, high in air, over the hard stones below, began. Slowly Dare oscillated from side to side. But the hundred and ninety pounds of dead weight was a fearful burden, difficult to move. And the cables seemed to catch, preventing the free swing that the men were trying to obtain.

"You can't make it," came the labored voice from below. "I 'm going to let go."

"Don't!" Dare fairly screamed the word. "While there 's life there 's hope. Don't be a quitter."

"Quitter!" The fingers pressed venomously into his wrists.

"Good! Hang on, that 's all."

The cold sweat was damp upon Dare's forehead. He had n't the strength to do as he had intended. He could merely hang there until the strength of one or the other gave out. From the red window burst a puff of flame. Dare felt the bite upon his neck and hands, caught the odor of singed hair and the smell of burning clothes. His eyes closed, but his teeth were grinding together.

"Hang on! Hang on!" The words came mechanically from his lips.

He was not sure whether the man replied. The grip upon his wrists, however, was unrelaxed, while his own fingers were riveted in the collar of the coat. The futility of the whole thing depressed him, while the pain of torn muscles, of the burns, and of the cables cutting into his ankles was almost more than he could bear.

Again the cloud of smoke and flame enveloped the two, stinging them with burns and choking their lungs.

"Let go! Let go!" an inward voice beat upon Dare's senses, the voice of self-interest, of a craving desire to end the uncertainty and the physical pain. But he forced the instinct of self out of his mind, and found himself mechanically repeating the ritual of the hour:

"Hang on! Hang on!"

His head was filling with blood. He was growing dizzy. Vague calls from below were battling at his ears for recognition. But he could not understand. There was the feeling that one of his ankles was pulling loose. If it did! He had heard one loses consciousness in falling from great heights, that one does not feel the landing. He wondered if it were true. He hoped so; he was not afraid of death now, wanted it, in a way. But he did dread the feel of those hard, uneven flags.

The voice was coming from below, a new, vibrant note in it.

"If you can hold out a little bit longer, I think we 'll get help. They have seen us."

Dare could n't speak, but his fingers tightened under the collar. He was numb all over now, was making his fight subconsciously.

"Hang on! Hang on!" Unceasingly these words beat upon his mind; soundlessly his lips framed them. His eyes were tightly closed; the pulsing at his temples quickened until the beats merged together in a vague pain.

All idea of where he was, what he was doing, had vanished. He felt a movement below and, opening his eyes, saw a dark object moving outward, heard dimly a metallic clang. Then came an easing of his burden. The relief was unutterable, but his grip on the collar did not relax.

"Let go, damn it! They 've opened the shutter; they 've got me. I 'm all right."

Mechanically Dare's fingers released their hold. He had the sensation of being drawn upward by his ankles. Then he felt nothing more.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the floor, an ambulance surgeon bending over him, applying cooling cloths to his forehead. Several firemen, including an officer with a white helmet, stood about, looking down at him. Upon his lips was the taste of brandy.

"Feel better?" The surgeon was smiling. "You 're all right; just a little weak."

Dare stared at him vacantly; his eyes wandered to those standing around him. He fancied he had been injured at football and was lying on the gridiron, the spectators waiting for him to resume play.

"You 'll be all right."

Dare's hand slowly traveled to his forehead. He rubbed it weakly, then raised himself to his elbow. In a flash it all came to him.

"All right! Sure, I 'm all right."

He drew his feet under him, shaking off the hand of the surgeon, who sought to prevent his rising.

"Let me up!" he whimpered. "I 'm all right." He gained his feet, and stood for a second tottering. With a fireman's arm about his shoulder he turned, and like an automaton walked to a desk where he had placed his helmet and boots. These he put on, groaning with the physical exertion.

"I want the air," he said as he stood erect.

As the freight-elevator reached the lower floor, Dare released himself from the supporting arm. Down the hall a little way a door stood open, and he walked toward it, his companions following closely at his shoulder. It opened to the street, and on the sidewalk stood the chief near Donohue, who was seated limply on the curb. Dare stalked to the chief, who was holding out his hand.

"Youngster," he said in his deep voice, "you made good after I had condemned you. I—"

Dare did not take the proffered hand. He stood swaying, trying to speak. At length he found voice.

"Chief, I 'm—no—no man to shake hands with you."

A curious light filled the officer's eyes, but he said nothing as Dare moved toward his captain, pausing, staring down at the hunched shoulders as though debating whether or not to speak. Then, wrenching himself away, he moved on. His captain's voice arrested him.

"Dare!"

The probationer paused doubtfully.

"Dare," said the captain, "you are all right. I guess I owe you my life." He was a man of few words. "The newspapers 'll call you a hero to-morrow."

"Hero!" The probationer's voice was bitter. "There 're seven heroes of this fire, one alive, six dead." A sob made him halt. He swung his arm toward the gutted building. "I wish I was fit to be in there with them."

"Eh! Oh, so that was what ailed you!" The chief had come up to the two. "I was wondering. Youngster," he went on, "those six mates of yours are on their way back to the house. Now wait a minute! They were on the stairs. When the floors went through, they and the stairs were carried downward and outward plumb against a second-floor window. All got out with little more than cuts. I thought you knew."

Dare stood a few seconds breathing heavily; then he threw up his face and laughed.

"God! Chief, I was going to follow your advice—about the river."

The officer frowned.

"Kid," he growled, "you go back to your quarters and begin to think what you 'll say next spring when the mayor pins a medal on your chest."

The Mind of the Child

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

IF I were asked to name the science which in my opinion means most to the welfare of humanity and the progress of civilization, I should at once reply, "Psychology." If I were further asked in what respect psychology has most notably vindicated its claim to primacy in the scientific hierarchy, my answer would be, "In the revelations it has made regarding the mental life of childhood."

I should thus reply, fully mindful of the fact that psychology as a true science is not yet half a century old, and that scarcely thirty years have passed since first it made the mind of the child a special subject of investigation. Yet in that brief interval, largely through the exploration of child life, it has unquestionably achieved far more than had been accomplished during all the previous centuries of research and speculation in the way of enlarging man's understanding of his nature and assisting him to realize his possibilities.

Indeed, I have no hesitancy in predicting that the ultimate outcome of the findings of modern psychology with respect to the laws governing mental growth will be to people the world with men and women immeasurably excelling all previous generations in point of intelligence and morality. Already, and particularly in our own land, practical application is being made of the mind-building discoveries of psychology, with results that are always impressive and sometimes almost incredibly beneficial; and these results are certain to be repeated on an ever larger scale in proportion as knowledge grows of what really can and should be done in the home and the school-room.

Especially important is it for parents and educators to appreciate that the first years of life are the years that count for most, and that a child's chances for success and happiness in manhood may be seriously, perhaps irretrievably, damaged, on the one hand by unfavorable circumstances in his early environment and training, and on the other by even seemingly trivial shortcomings in his physical health. The discovery of the part played by readily remediable physical defects in harmfully conditioning mental and moral growth is one of the most vitally significant achievements of modern psychology. In a general way it is also one of the best known; but in essential details it still is far too little known to the great majority of those most intimately concerned in the upbringing of the young.

How many are aware, for instance, that the exceedingly common malady of tooth-decay often involves marked impairment of the intellectual vigor of children, and that not only the bodily, but also the mental, health may be wonderfully improved by a timely visit to the dentist? This has been repeatedly demonstrated in individual cases, and at least one psychologist—Professor J. E. Wallace Wallin of the University of Pittsburgh—has demonstrated it in the case of a large group of children. These children, twenty-seven in number, were pupils in a Cleveland public school; they were afflicted with tooth-decay to a varying extent, and they

were mentally backward, being from one to four years retarded in their school-work. At Professor Wallin's direction, their teeth and gums were treated, they were taught to use a tooth-brush properly, and to chew their food thoroughly. Before the dental treatment began they were twice given five psychological tests to ascertain their memory power, attention power, etc.; the same tests were twice given to them while the treatment was under way; and six months after its termination, or just before the close of the school year 1910–11, the tests were again given twice.

Comparing the results of the different testings, a progressive and remarkable improvement was found. In ability to memorize the average improvement for the group was nineteen per cent.; in attention power, sixty per cent.; in adding, thirty-five per cent.; in ability to associate words having an opposite meaning, one hundred and twenty-nine per cent.; and in general association ability, forty-two per cent. More than this, and testifying incontrovertibly to the direct influence of the dental treatment in promoting vigor of thought, only one of the children failed of promotion, six completed thirty-eight weeks of school-work in twenty-four weeks, and one boy did two-years' work in one year. Yet all of these children, remember, had formerly been quite unable to keep up with the work of their grades.

What had happened was merely that by repairing their teeth and drilling them in the rudiments of mouth hygiene, a stop had been put to a disease process which involved both nervous stress and, through the swallowing of the toxic products of tooth-decay, a poisoning of the supply of blood furnished to the brain, with consequent lessening of the brain's ability to function properly. Hence, likewise, the detrimental effects on intellectual power of another wide-spread malady of childhood—the excessive growth of so-called adenoids in the cavity back of the nose.

The boy or girl suffering from adenoids is usually a mouth-breather because of the difficulty experienced in breathing through the nose. But mouth-breathing means deficient breathing, and this in turn means deficient oxidation of the tissues, with a resultant lowering of vital activities generally and of the activity of the brain in particular. Accordingly the psychologist of to-day insists that every adenoid-afflicted child should be given prompt medical attention, with a view to correcting the vicious mouth-breathing habit, and thus aiding the child to gain a fair start in the development of mental and physical health.

Some truly extraordinary results are recorded as following the slight surgical operation necessary for the removal of adenoids. In one case, reported by the psychologist Edgar James Swift, an eleven-year-old girl grew six inches in height in about four months, and developed unexpected brightness after having long been considered a hopeless dullard. Another girl, a year older, who had been pale and sleepy-looking, expressionless of face, careless of her personal appearance, and backward in her school-work, after an operation for adenoids became "as animated and bright as before she had been lethargic and dull." In a third case, coming under my personal observation, a whining, cowardly, backward boy of nine lost both his cowardice and his stupidity almost immediately after he had been relieved of his adenoids. His case, in fact, closely resembles that of a Missouri youngster of exactly the same age concerning whom Professor Swift reports:

"This boy, who was quite deaf, had such a flat, expressionless, frog-like face, that his neighbors thought him an idiot. Removal of unusually large adenoid growths changed not only his facial expression, but his disposition as well. Previous to the operation he had been cross and selfish. Now he became gentle and kind-hearted, and with the return of his hearing and the rejuvenation of his physiological functions, his intelligence greatly increased."

Scattered through the cities, towns, and country districts of the United States there are undoubtedly thousands of boys and girls thus handicapped by dental disease and adenoid growths. There are thou-

sands of others equally handicapped by unsuspected defects of the eye—defects possibly trifling in themselves, but by the constant strain they put on the nervous system causing mental retardation and all too often a weakening of the moral fiber. Others, again, suffer perhaps from no specific trouble of mouth, nose, eye, or ear, but from a general malnutrition, a constitutional or acquired impoverishment of the blood, which makes it impossible for them to concentrate their attention for any length of time without becoming greatly fatigued, and which often causes parents and teachers mistakenly to regard them as wilfully lazy.

Psychologists, indeed, are coming more and more to the view that the truly lazy child—the child that shows little desire to acquire knowledge, and even engages in his games in a half-hearted way—is always a sick child, the victim of a debilitated condition of the nervous system. Under such a condition, as the famous French scientist Théodule-Armand Ribot puts it, "the brain shows not so much a disposition as a real incapacity for concentrating attention, and soon, owing to the fact that its nourishment is at the vanishing-point, becomes exhausted." Naturally enough, therefore, the lazy child instinctively seeks to husband his scanty resources by the expedient of exerting himself no more than is absolutely necessary.

In corroboration of this view of laziness, those holding it point, for example, to the results of a scientific examination of a number of Parisian idlers, who were one and all found to be suffering from an asthenic condition, characterized by a slow heart-beat, low arterial pressure, and poor circulation; and this despite the fact that some of them were to all appearance perfectly healthy. What they needed, however, was not exhortation and punishment for their laziness, but tonics and other medical treatment that would fit them to respond normally to the urgings and example of their more energetic relatives and friends. As with them, so, we may be certain, with many a boy and girl in our American homes and schools.

From all of which it may properly be concluded that, as the modern psychologist affirms, in order to be effectively carried on, the business of education requires a constant coöperation of the physician and the dentist with the parent and the teacher. Happily, an excellent beginning in this direction has already been made. Even if parents as a class are still unappreciative of the subtle relationships between the state of the physical organism and the growth of their children's minds, the school authorities in the larger cities and in many of the smaller are bestirring themselves to good purpose. The establishment of medical and dental clinics in direct connection with the local public school system, or indirectly connected with it, as in the case of Professor Lightner Witmer's splendid "psychological clinic" in Philadelphia, is a noteworthy feature of recent school development. Its extension, together with greater insistence on the importance of providing proper bodily nourishment for children, is certain in the end to mean much in the way of raising the national effectiveness, intelligence, and morality, particularly if due regard is had to sundry other discoveries of the psychologist with respect to the mind of the child.

For important as is the demonstration of the various ways in which the growth of the mind is hampered by ailments of the body, this is, after all, only one of the results which have flowed from the scientific study of childhood, and which all parents and educators will do well to keep steadily in view. Another, no less important, is the discovery of the profound influence often exercised by children's griefs, worries, and fears, in affecting detrimentally the course of later life.

Most of us, looking back to our days of childhood, can recall very little about them, either pleasant or unpleasant. The common assumption has always been that we cannot recall them because they have been completely crowded out of memory by the host of other memory-images accumulated in the intervening years. But

lately, as a result of the investigations of a group of scientists to whom has been given the name of psychopathologists, it has been proved that although the happenings of childhood may in truth be almost entirely forgotten as far as conscious recollection is concerned, vivid memory-images of them are nevertheless retained beneath the threshold of consciousness; and, if they are of an unpleasant nature, may act like an irritant of the nervous system to undermine the health.

Time and again the beginnings of annoying and distressing nervous symptoms, of strange hysterical attacks, and even of seeming insanity, have been traced to long-forgotten incidents of the early life, the causal connection between the buried memory-image and the symptoms of disease being plainly shown by the disappearance of the latter when the former, by one of several ingenious psychological methods of "mind-tunneling," is unearthed and brought once more into conscious remembrance.

To make the matter clearer, let me give an illustrative instance from real life. Sometime ago Dr. I. H. Coriat, a psychopathologist connected with the Boston City Hospital, was consulted by a middle-aged lady who had for years been tormented by an increasing fear that she would go insane, and that, if insane, she would inevitably injure some member of her family. The poor woman had worn herself out brooding over this, and was gradually qualifying for commitment to some institution. Dr. Coriat could not find either in her physical condition or in the facts of her family history anything to warrant her belief that she was doomed to lose her reason. Suspecting that it was a hysterical outgrowth of some forgotten shock in early life, and knowing that during sleep such latent memories sometimes emerge momentarily into the field of consciousness, he questioned her regarding the frequency and character of her dreams.

"I dream a great deal," she told him, "but I never have a clear remembrance of what I have dreamed about."

"Will you allow me to hypnotize you?" Dr. Coriat asked. "In the hypnotic state people remember far more than they do in the state of ordinary waking consciousness, and perhaps you can then give me some information that will aid me in banishing the fear of insanity from your mind."

Hypnotized and again questioned regarding her dreams, she was now able to detail many of them. One especially interested Dr. Coriat. It was of a recurrent character, and was identified by the patient as having first been dreamed about the time she began to worry over her condition. It was, in fact, a dream in which she saw herself insane.

"Had anything particularly unpleasant happened to you the day before you first had that dream?" the psychologist inquired of the hypnotized patient.

"Nothing that I can remember except that I went to a friend's funeral."

"The funeral of a very dear friend?"

"Not exactly; just a friend."

"But that should not have had such a disturbing effect on your mind. Did anything happen at the funeral?"

"I saw a woman there whose eyes frightened me."

"And why did they frighten you?"

"Because they reminded me of a preacher I used to know when I was a little girl. He was a revivalist, and I always thought he was crazy. I went to his meetings, and I got terribly worked up, and it frightened me very much. I thought I would be crazy, too, just like the preacher."

To Dr. Coriat it seemed unnecessary to ask any more questions. As he saw it, in the light of these statements, the haunting dread of insanity was nothing but a continuation in consciousness of the forgotten memory of that childhood fright, revived by subconscious association of the woman at the funeral with the revivalist whose rabid exhortations had inspired the patient with terror. On this theory he utilized the resources of psychopathology to deprive the baneful memory-image of its power to harm, and soon had the satisfaction of being able to record a perfect cure.

In a second case, successfully handled by another New England psychopathologist, Dr. Boris Sidis, the patient was a young man of twenty-five, afflicted with a weird medley of physical and mental symptoms. He had frequent attacks of headache and dizziness, during which he also felt so cold that even in summer he would be obliged to wrap himself in many blankets. In addition, he suffered from a variety of phobias, or abnormal fears. He was afraid of being alone in closed places, particularly at night, he had a morbid terror of the dead and of graveyards, and he was almost insanely afraid of dogs. By psychopathological analysis every one of these symptoms was traced to some painful episode of his early childhood.

He had been born and brought up in a village of Poland, near a large forest. At the age of three some one had frightened him almost into convulsions by declaring that several dogs coming from the forest were wolves hastening to devour him. His fear of closed places was linked with a terrible experience occurring a few years later, when he had passed a midwinter night in a barn, hiding from a party of drunken soldiers who had beaten his father and killed one of his brothers. The attacks of dizziness, headache, and cold were related to the same experience. As to his dread of the dead and of graveyards, this was due partly to tales of ghosts and evil spirits he had heard as a child, and partly to a foolish act of his superstitious mother, who, when he was nine, had placed the cold hand of a corpse on his naked chest as a cure for some trifling ailment.

As he grew older, much of this had vanished from remembrance; but every detail had been subconsciously preserved, to give rise in time to the symptoms enumerated, each of which was readily overcome after the detection of its underlying cause.

In like manner, the seemingly epileptic attacks of a nineteen-year-old street Arab of New York were found to be nothing more than the external manifestation of a subconscious memory-image, dating back to early childhood, of nights passed in a dark, damp, terror-inspiring cellar. The sight of the discolored corpse of a man who had died of cholera left in the mind of a sensitive girl of ten such a painful impression that years afterward, quite unaccountably as it seemed, she developed an abnormal fear of contracting some deadly disease; and had she not fortunately been taken to an able psychopathologist, Dr. Pierre Janet, would almost certainly have ended her days in an asylum for the insane. An overworked Boston young man was attacked with the insistent notion that he had committed "the unpardonable sin," and was doomed to suffer tortures in hell for all eternity. Confined for a time in an asylum, psychopathological investigation paved the way to a complete cure by demonstrating that his seeming *dementia præcox* was in reality only the hysterical product of subconsciously remembered fears of childhood. The victim himself eventually recognized this, declaring in an autobiographical statement he made at his physician's request:

"My abnormal fears certainly originated from doctrines of hell which I heard in early childhood, particularly from a rather ignorant elderly woman who taught Sunday-school. My early religious thought was chiefly concerned with the direful eternity of torture that might be awaiting me if I was not good enough to be saved."

So frequently, in short, have the world's leading psychopathologists found the remote origins of hysteria, psychasthenia, and other psychoneuroses in unpleasant memories lingering subconsciously from the first years of life that they indorse with one accord Angelo Mosso's emphatic declaration, "Every ugly thing told to the child, every shock, every fright given him, will remain like minute splinters in the flesh, to torture him all his life long." Of course not all children develop some psychoneurosis as a result of infantile fears and frights; it is only the ultra-sensitive who thus suffer, or children who later become nervously disorganized from any cause, like illness, worry, prolonged fatigue, etc. But in one way or another it

may confidently be said that these early shocks more or less affect all children.

If they do not suffer in health, they may suffer in character, displaying in adult life either a certain lack of self-confidence, strange streaks of superstitious ideas and usages, or outright cowardice. Psychologists, for that matter, stressing this dual principle of the extreme impressionability of childhood and the lasting effect of childhood's impressions, are beginning to find therein the explanation of much of the irrationality of thought and conduct that often characterizes full-grown and "educated" men and women. In the words of Dr. Louis Waldstein:

> In those early impressions of which no one seems to be conscious, least of all the child, and which gather up power as the rolling avalanche, the elements are collected for future emotions, moods, acts, that make up a greater part of the history of the individual and of States, more effective and significant than those that are written down in *mémoires,* however *intimes,* or that can be discovered in archives, however "secret." The strange vagaries of affection and passion, which affect the whole existence of men and women—the racial and religious prejudices that shake States and communities to their very foundations, that make and unmake reputations, and set the wheel of progress back into the Dark Ages—can be traced to such small beginnings and into those nooks of man's subconscious memory.

The significance of this to the parent scarcely needs to be elaborated. It means that the process of education should begin in the home and in the earliest infancy. Instead of intrusting children to the care of ignorant and often superstitious nurses, as many parents unhappily still do, the father and the mother should themselves take their upbringing in hand. Instead of controlling them by the dominance of fear, frightening them into good behavior by threats of punishment or by tales of ghosts, bogies, or policemen, the appeal should always be to the instinctive affection which every normal child feels for his parents.

The whole environment should be so adjusted as, on the one hand, to safeguard the little ones as far as possible from painful emotional stresses, and, on the other hand, by the virtue of a good example to develop in them traits which will enable them to withstand the shocks and trials certain to be experienced soon or late. Assuredly, such a policy is not merely desirable, but absolutely indispensable, in view of the facts above set forth.

Nor is this all. Studying the mind of the child in all its aspects, some psychologists have come to the conclusion that, besides manipulating the environment in the child's behalf, formal instruction in the principles of reasoning should be given him long before he reaches school age. As things stand, these psychologists argue, most people do not really think; if they did there would be far less immorality, far less injustice, far less self-created unhappiness than there is in the world today. The reason they do not really think is that their education has not been begun soon enough. Habits are formed early, and, left pretty much to their own devices in early childhood, when the critical faculty is weak, children acquire habits of faulty observation and slipshod reasoning which all their later education will be unable wholly to correct. Whereas, had their interests been guided aright, had they been exercised in the use of their minds as in the use of their bodies, they would afterward have found all study easy, and would have developed into truly rational men and women, of strong intellect as well as strong character.

To the objection that early instruction would involve too severe a strain on the youthful mind, one reply is that under present conditions children tax their minds to an extent undreamed of by most of us. A striking proof of this is found in the remarkable extensiveness of children's vocabularies. It is probable that not nine people out of ten would credit a three-year-old child with possessing a vocabulary of more than three or four hundred words; but careful investigation has

shown that many two-year-old youngsters have a larger vocabulary than that, and that not a few children of three have command of more than a thousand words. In one case, that of the three-year-old son of Professor Whipple of Cornell University, a vocabulary of nearly eighteen hundred words has been recorded.

Obviously, even if the child by no means understands all the words he uses, the mere fact that he uses so many indicates a tremendous mental activity and a tremendous intellectual curiosity. This is otherwise and still more clearly indicated by the inquisitiveness of every normal child. He wants to know, and he bombards his parents with a thousand questions. It is the contention of the advocates of the new theory of education that if his questions are not answered as fully and correctly as possible, and if advantage is not taken of the opportunity to ground him in the rudiments of sound reasoning, his curiosity will die away, his mind will tire and cease to function actively, and he will enter school under a handicap of intellectual inertia. To quote one exponent of the new view, Dr. T. A. Williams, the Washington psychopathologist:

> An impression prevails that growing organs should not be subjected to work. This is a gross error; for organs which do not work cannot grow well. Even the bones become tough, hard, and large in proportion to the stresses to which they are subjected by frequent and vigorous pulls where the muscles are attached. . . . What is true of structure is true of functional power. From ballet-dancers to violin virtuosi, artists must be trained from early youth. It may be objected that this is so because muscular agility is required, but this objection is only superficial; for dexterity of an artist is made possible not in virtue of superior coordination of movements themselves, but by reason of the superior speed and accuracy of the guiding mental processes which reside in the brain. As intellectual dexterity is also a result of orderly functioning of mental processes seated in the brain, it should be manifest that these, too, should reach excellence best when they are trained by a capable hand during the formative period of early youth.

But, indeed, apart from all theoretical considerations, those upholding this doctrine of intensive child culture, find a powerful reinforcement for their arguments in the circumstance that the experiment of thus educating children has been tried not once, but several times, and always with astonishing success. Lord Kelvin and his brother, the eminent English engineer James Thomson, were educated in this way; so was John Stuart Mill; so was that great German scholar Karl Witte, the story of whose upbringing is told by his father in a book which I warmly commend to all parents, and which has recently been translated into English by Professor Leo Wiener. And in our own time a group of American parents, Dr. Sidis, Dr. Berle, Professor Wiener, and others have similarly educated their children, with results so impressive as to provoke nation-wide discussion in educational circles.

My own belief is that the new view is soundly based; that before many years have passed it will be generally accepted; and that, with ever-wider application of the discoveries regarding the physiological and environmental factors conditioning mental growth, it will result in an unprecedented development of the nation and of the human race.

CURRENT COMMENT

Industrial Relations

THREE years have passed since the Congress of the United States, realizing that where no wise guidance is the people falleth, but that in the multitude of counselors there is safety, directed the President—Mr. Taft—to appoint a commission of nine members, of whom three should be employers and three should be representatives of organized labor, to inquire into the general condition of labor in the principal industries of the United States, seek to discover underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation, and report its conclusions thereon. The commission was to report on the relations between employers and employees, especially in corporations; health, sanitation, and safety in industries; growth and effects of associations of employers and of wage-earners; methods of collective bargaining; means for maintaining industrial peace; methods for avoiding or adjusting labor disputes through peaceful and conciliatory mediation and negotiations; the wider utilization of labor exchanges; and lastly to make suggestions to prevent the smuggling in of Asiatic labor.

Truly a liberal-sized order, with a checking-account of a hundred thousand dollars attached, and later increased to a total of half a million dollars. Mr. Taft, being at the close of a Presidential term, with troubles of his own requiring no little attention, generously handed over the appointment of the commission to his successor, perhaps as a genial bit of Presidential hazing, and doubtless accepted by the Presidential neophyte in like spirit.

There was as much to be expected from this commission of incompatible industrial harmonizers as from a bunch of Progressives and stand-pat Republicans, or female anti-Suffragists and male Suffragettes. The final printed report of the commission contains only one unanimous declaration; that is, a definition of the terms "closed" and "open" shop. On everything else it was impossible for the commission in its entirety to reach any agreement whatever. Moreover, the members in special supplementary individual statements emphasize the important fact of having reached certain conclusions at variance with their fellow-members. This is specially gratifying to the public, inasmuch as the main force of their report would lie in the unanimity of its conclusions.

The report of the Director of Investigations, Basil M. Manly, occupying 252 pages, is signed by and commended by the four representatives of organized labor as "containing no statement that is unworthy of credence and that will not bear careful investigation." The conclusions and recommendations are warranted by the statement of facts and the accumulated evidence in the hands of the commission.

Five other commissioners find themselves unable "to agree to any of the findings of the staff or any resolutions based upon them because they have not the criticism of employers, employees, and others affected by them, which we consider indispensable in order that we might have before us assurance that they were accurate and not chargeable with important omissions."

For these reasons Professor Commons has prepared an additional one-hundred-page report of his own and of Mrs. Harriman's, of which the chairman of the commission is so hard-hearted as to state, "I feel it my duty to dissent from the same *in toto*," expressing the opinion that its recommendations are undemocratic and its whole plan opposed to the habits, customs, and traditions of the American people; that its suggestions are impracticable and impossible of performance, opening up unlimited opportunities for graft and corruption, establishing bureaucratic supervision of the economic condition of workers, and an autocratic control over business opera-

tions repugnant to American standards of freedom in manufacture and commerce.

So there we are. But where are we? It is certainly depressing to think of the final cost for a hundred million Americans if it costs five hundred thousand dollars to educate nine intelligent persons to the point where they cannot agree to disagree politely. A happy thought tells us that perhaps we may all continue to disagree contentedly without the aid of any commissions or the expenditure of a cent.

The American public has reason to criticize harshly a commission of industrial relations which was too restricted in outlook to comprehend the direction in which lies the solution of all problems involving industrial, legislative, or civic relations. Is it to be gainsaid that such problems are problems in education?

In corresponding measure to the degree and amount of ignorance in any community, there must coëxist justice and injustice, fair play or exploitation, contentment or unrest. In a country like ours, where millions of adults are unable even to read and write, and millions more rarely read even a daily paper, where many millions speak no English, and other millions are dependents and semi-defectives, is it strange that the more intelligent should be able to use to their own financial advantage the unschooled, the ignorant, and the unfortunate, that conditions of oppression should exist, and that industrial unrest should result? We should expect of a commission of industrial relations the analytical ability to tell their fellow-countrymen something more fundamental and less obvious concerning the causes of industrial unrest than that some people are rich and some are poor, that there exists unemployment, that judges are not always just, or that there are not everywhere right and opportunity to form effective labor organizations. We should expect an analysis of more basic factors underlying these self-evident conditions. We should look for a lucid exposition of how the public school may reach greater numbers for a longer period, and thus make for a better schooling of the people, and how the application of knowledge may replace emotionalism, prejudice, and passion in industrial relations; we should be given an evaluation of illiteracy and its relation to industrial exploitation, a definition of wage-worth, and how it may be increased, an authoritative study of disease in its relation to industrial incapacity and consequent low earning-power; a convincing demonstration of the connection between low-wage standard, scant purchasing power, limited industrial outlets, and sequent industrial struggles; an exact analysis of the scientific wage, and how it may be introduced. More basic remedies should have been proposed than mere economic blood-letting in the form of an income-tax.

Instead of a serious analysis of industrial relations, we were treated for months to the edifying and continuous spectacle of an itinerant forensic circus with side-show attractions and unlimited free newspaper advertising of the personnel of the commission. We are within our rights in expecting from experts not commonplaces of conversation or special pleas for panaceas, but facts and practical common sense as related to fundamental social conditions, and clear-cut statements as a guide for remedial action, not glittering legislative inconsistencies. A priceless chance to improve work relations has been wantonly wasted through lack of team-work and constructive leadership.

War and the Christian Ethic

IT is quite beside the point to prate about the violence Christian nations are doing to the laws of Christian conduct just because certain nations are content to be labeled, what they manifestly are not, Christian. To-day, when so-called Christian nations are flying at one another's throats, and we wonder whether, after all, Christianity has failed, we are simply

reaping what we have sown in our amazing willingness to accept national expressions of religion as being one with the religion of Christ. If the war means only this one thing to the religious world, namely, that it brings out in lasting emphasis the fact that Christendom is in many things at opposite poles with Christ and in most at variance with the principles of His religion, how great a boon it will be to the cause of vital Christianity! For we have all too long blundered in our readiness to accept the official acts of governments nominally Christian as being in line, if not one, with the principles of Christ's Christianity. It is only as we rid ourselves of emotionalism in thinking that we realize the spirit of the world is still the spirit of *get*, where the spirit of the kingdom not of the world is ever that of *give*. We cannot reconcile these just because it looks or feels pleasant and appeals to an unthinking sentiment: they are irreconcilable, and must war one with the other until in the end one proves the conqueror.

There is nothing more than hope to justify the propaganda of religious bodies that this may be the last war; nor are we encouraged to believe that the preaching of such a tenet will seriously influence men and nations as they are to-day when we reflect that our present despondency and grief are not because of the sin of the fighting spirit, but chiefly because of the loss of friends and property, a totally different thing to that Christian mourning which has the promise of being comforted.

"My kingdom is not of this world: . . . then would my servants fight." No, the kingdoms of the world will continue to fight until the fighting spirit is subdued in the individual man. Wars may be fewer, partly as the indirect result of the influence that comes from all that is best in the religious sphere, but chiefly because war costs more than peace. It is only the "servants" who will not fight, because they share, or hunger to share, the spirit of the ruler of the kingdom not of this world, the realization of which should open up wide avenues for action on the part of religious forces for increasing their numbers.

Those nations that are merely Christian by courtesy act naturally in fighting, just as the true servant of Christ, in abstaining from fighting, also acts naturally. With both it is, "first . . . that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual"; one is the only foundation of the other. We cannot build the structure until the foundations are properly understood and laid, and it is the failure to grasp this simple, but profound, truth which is largely accountable for the anemic quality of modern religion, our spirituality is to so great an extent unnatural. As things are, the onus of responsibility for fighting, in relation to God, rests upon the person who, claiming to be Christian, rejects deliberately the known teaching of Christ.

And this brings us face to face with the tremendous share of responsibility that rests upon corporate religion for the present bloodshed. So far from standing afar off and looking on with an air of lofty, outraged righteousness, corporate Christianity should be on its knees at the tribunal of penitence as it beholds its own sons in the thick of the carnage. This is the really *shameful* feature of the war, that the Christianity preached to the children has been of such a worldly, colorless, compromised nature as not even to suggest a check when the fighting spirit challenged.

If we are to profit by the lessons of this fearful bloodshed, clearly we must begin by realizing that war simply gives startling emphasis to conditions of life and action that form the norm of so-called Christian countries in times of peace. We war to get because we live to get; we oppress by force of arms because we oppress by the selfishness and self-interest of our social and economic life; we kill with shot and shell in war because we kill by callousness and lovelessness, treachery and self-seeking, in times of peace.

This is a day not so much for the repentance of nations as for the church to weep in penitence because it has been content to preach what it failed to practise.

Grand Central Types

Pictures by CHARLES HUARD

Verses by W. R. Burlingame and W. R. Benét

The Golfer

THIS is the golfing-man, who thinks
In terms of lofters, lies, and links,
And foozles, baffs, and handicaps,
Or others, more profane, perhaps.
He may be Travers, Vardon, Ray,
Or even Ouimet. Who can say?
Or it is possible that he
Can never hit the ball—like me.

The Money-goup

THIS person's face, I must confess,
Is not suffused with tenderness,
Nor does he savor, on the whole,
Of magnanimity of soul.
His mind, I fear, is bent on pelf,
And somewhat centered on himself;
Yet I may never hope to be
So rich an egotist as he.

Immigrants

LIKE gentle beasts, save for the women's eyes,
They huddle bewildered by strange sights and cries.
The men bovinely ruminate, and wait
Their friend at need to herd them through the gate.
But the shawled women's silence seems more wise:
They bear a dark foreboding in their eyes.

The Politician

THIS is the politician. Some
Confuse him with the demon rum;
While others hold he strives to please
His friends by making vacancies,
And gives commissions and cigars
In lobbies, anterooms, and bars.
But this is largely hearsay. He
Has never given one to me.

The Commuter

Observe the daily hot pursuit
Of him who ventures to commute.
Is n't it fun? It keeps him well,
This five-sixteen to New Rochelle;
He would not practise, otherwise,
Such ante-prandial exercise.
Some scorn it. I, for one, am green
With envy of his five-sixteen.

The Strong-minded Lady

This is the irresistible force
Of philosophical discourse.
Her little boy, I 'm free to say,
Wishes to go the other way,
But that, I fear, she has forgot;
At any rate, it matters not,
His wanton wish. I 'm sure that I,
If I were he, should also cry.

The King of Indoor Sports

By E. L. McKINNEY

THE moment that I became aware that a literary career was staring me in the face I decided to buy a type-writer. There seemed to be something essential about it. Imagine a modern author writing in longhand! Impossible. So when the board of directors appointed me to draw up a resolution on the death of another member who had met his unexpected end by mistaking a highwayman for a motion-picture actor, and when the daily newspaper printed my protest—signed "Indignant Citizen"—against the crowded condition of the cars for our district, I made up my mind to obtain a type-writer, look up the business references of the Muses, and become a litterateur.

Of course I was familiar with type-writers in the distance; but as I had always considered them a mechanical nonentity associated in a desultory way with the business life of stenographers, I did n't know any more about their temperament or personality than I did about vacuum-cleaners or aëroplanes or pay-as-you-enter coin-boxes, or any other familiar thing that we trip over every day of our lives. So I sent for an agent.

The machine came incased in a water-proof cover to protect it from rain, flying oil, and such things that it would naturally encounter in an office. Later the agent came.

He took off the cover in the manner in which a waiter discloses a specially uninteresting dish at a hotel, and began immediately.

"The visible type-writer," he announced, "has practically driven out any other kind. The Pammerton is, above all, visible."

"I knew that," I said, "the moment I saw it." It was just as well, I thought, not to appear absolutely ignorant; and, then, I could n't see any well-founded defense of the invisible kind. To be sure, it would never look out of place in a room, or clash with the most exacting decorative treatment; but, then, one might place it somewhere and forget where, or leave it on a chair by mistake. All in all—

"The Pammerton," he continued, "has a tabulator, a back spacer, a marginal release, a two-ribbon device, non-friction type-bar, segment shift, automatic ribbon-reverse, and universal keyboard—" And he went on in the way that a department-store elevator-boy announces the contents of a floor.

"I presume," I said, just to show that I was acquainted with mechanics, "that it has a left-hand drive."

He went on:

"The Pammerton has a lighter touch than any other machine on the market. Notice the action."

He ran off a few random words—words that would come unbidden into any one's mind:

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

"Try the action yourself," he said.

I spread my legs firmly, looked fixedly at the "N" counter, and struck. Something went down, hit another thing, which hit another thing, which went up and collided with the ribbon thing that happened to be coming up, anyway, and I saw a gloriously anemic and half-nourished "B" on the paper.

"Pretty fine," I affirmed, nodding my head slowly and pursing my lips; "never felt a nicer—action."

"Try again," he said.

I plunged again; but my foot slipped, and some twenty of the thingumbobs rose as one man and stuck together. It looked like a mechanical mob scene, and filled me with consternation. The agent soothed their ruffled spirits, and they lay down again.

"The Pammerton," he continued, "has the best two-color device on any machine.

Look at this." He played a short piece with a syncopated bass, and I looked.

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

I saw, but now the sentence was in red. I have never seen a man so impressed with the necessity of political allegiance. I began to suspect that he had senatorial aspirations.

I bent down, adjusted my glasses, and looked carefully here and there. The arrangement of the letters fascinated me.

"I see," I said, with the air of a man used to other arrangements—"I see you have 'Q' followed by 'W'."

"Of course," he said; "that 's the universal keyboard. We could n't take liberties with that."

"Oh, naturally not, certainly not; only—"

And for the life of me I could n't think of any word in my every-day vocabulary that had a "Q" followed by a "W." However, I decided that that was nothing; the type-writer was doubtless a Polish invention.

The agent warmed up and expanded. He showed me the attachment for figuring batting averages. He showed me where his company had made two periods grow where one grew before. There was nothing the machine lacked. He elucidated, expatiated, and commiserated. Finally, after demonstrating the in-built rifle-range, as I remember, he pressed some booklets upon me and departed, leaving the machine to speak for itself.

I saw him safely out, and then crept back to the Pammerton. With feverish haste I pushed in a sheet of note-paper. It came to view slanted at an angle of twenty degrees with everything in sight; but that did n't deter me. I sat down, pulled up my sleeves, and hit the first key that presented itself.

With a whirring of wheels, the whole top story of the contrivance shot across a ten-inch horizon with the speed of a motion-picture express-train, and came to a stop with a grinding of brakes and a clanging of bells.

After it was quite still and had ceased trembling, I came back and looked at it. After a short and cautious examination, I concluded that whatever injuries there were must be internal. So I seized it temerariously by one of its horns and coaxed the excitable thing back. It yielded reluctantly, step by step, clucking as it came.

I made a note of the explosive plunger and started again.

"Now," I said, with teeth clenched and mind resolute—"now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

With the muscular forefinger of the right hand I struck the letters one by one, bravely, slowly, impressively. Then I looked up. There in red appeared:

NOw is teh t8mwf or al; gooof men to cone to th e aif og thier paryt/

I went out early the next morning and bought a fountain-pen.

Our Nature

By GORTON CARRUTH

IF Jones and Mrs. J. have known
The hardship folks go through with
Who have not means enough to own
The proper things to do with,
And then if better fortune brings
A home equipped completely,
With numberless electric things
That do the housework neatly;

So that, from keeping carpets swept
To roasting legs of mutton,
The Joneses scarcely toil except
To push the proper button,
Oh, are they quite contented then,
With comfort showered o'er them?
Not much. They promptly hire men
To press the buttons for them!

THE DEVINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

Collection of Sir William Van Horne

Portrait of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, and her son, the Marquis of Huntley

By George Romney

(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)

THE CENTURY

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The Next President

By MAJOR ROBERT R. McCORMICK

Associate Publisher of "The Tribune," Chicago

MANY forces are now at work to make the Presidential campaign of 1916 a most unusual one. With all Europe in arms and trouble on the Mexican border ever present, the path of strict neutrality is neither easy to follow nor wholly popular. Therefore the question of our proper relationship to our warring neighbors will in all probability dwarf all other issues in the coming struggle for the Presidency.

In this number of the magazine two aspects of the question are presented in this paper and in the one by George Creel. They are the expressions of partizan opinions, but will be found to be none the less interesting and stimulating for that.—THE EDITOR.

THE opposition to President Taft took form upon his signing the Payne-Aldrich tariff law. It has often been said for this law that it was the best tariff law ever enacted; nor have I often heard this denied in Republican circles. The objection to it was, first, that it was not so good a law as the public demanded of Congress; and second, that its passage was obtained in absolute violation of the principles of representative government.

Everybody knows that the free exercise of judgment by congressmen has always been subjected to other influences, but never before were the functions of a deliberate assembly taken over by a machine organized upon the distribution of favors and penalties to the extent that it was accomplished by Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon and their associates in the first year of the Taft régime.

In their original differences the Republicans divided into those who believed in and profited by the machine organization within their party, and those who neither believed in nor profited by it. The latter faction was divided into those who believed that Mr. Taft was a part of, or at least a tool of, the machine crowd, and those who believed that on the whole Taft was against the corruptionists and could be accepted as a leader of the reform forces. Strangely enough, in the final line-up a good part of the latter joined with and acted in concert with the leaders of corruption.

When Mr. Roosevelt declared his candidacy in February, 1912, Mr. Taft's campaign for renomination was well under way. In fact, it had been under way for four years. Nearly all of the office-holding politicians had definitely committed themselves to his nomination, and so had many non-office-holding interests. With so large a percentage of the existing Republican organizations declared for

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President Taft, it became necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to appeal to the public. It became essential for him to have the selection of national delegates thrown as open as possible for public discussion. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, certain of a majority of the convention, provided the politicians could be left in control, opposed a change which could not benefit, but might defeat, him.

Thus it was that in opposing direct primaries, popular expression of choice for President, popular election of delegates to the national convention, the Taft cause assumed the appearance of antagonism to popular rule which such an astute campaigner as Mr. Roosevelt was not slow to seize upon as an issue. It so happened also that in nearly every State where public expression could be had the decision was for Mr. Roosevelt, and in one or two instances where Mr. Roosevelt was not successful, Mr. La Follette, not Mr. Taft, was the successful claimant.

As the day for the convention approached it became clear that the decision would be close. The Roosevelt managers were vociferous in their claims of gross frauds in the selection of delegates in those States where Mr. Taft controlled the payroll party officials. Under old convention rules, the determination of the right of any delegate to sit in the convention depended first upon the national committee and afterward upon the delegates selected by the national committee.

Now, the national committee is an evil institution. It is extra-constitutional and extra-legal. There is no honor attached to the position of national committeeman, but much surreptitious political power. It invites only the undesirable element among politicians. The Republican National Convention is further corrupted by a disability peculiar to it; namely, its Southern representation. There is no Republican party in many Southern States, but to maintain the fiction of a nation-wide party, and indeed to invite the growth of a party in the South, Southern States have been given representation in the convention as though there were Republican voters in those States. The result is that the Republican political organizations throughout the South are rotten to the core. Many Republican politicians in the South are political prostitutes. Increasing this unsavory element in the Republican National Convention are the delegates and committeemen from the Territories. Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska also have delegates. Each has a vote in the national committee and in the committees of the convention equal to Illinois, New York, or Massachusetts.

A large majority of the Republican National Committee were committed to Mr. Taft, and for the reason that they believed popular government could be defeated under his administration and not under that of Mr. Roosevelt. Before the meeting of the national convention they were outspoken in saying that they intended to seat enough delegates to nominate Taft by whatever methods were deemed necessary, and that they would "teach the state legislatures to respect the sovereignty of the national committee."

By the time the delegates arrived in Chicago the moves whereby Taft was to receive his renomination had been worked out with a perfection that would do credit to the German general staff. The state delegations were seated in the hall in such a way as to break up the Roosevelt following. "Plug-uglies" and professional sluggers were hired to intimidate any who should attempt to oppose the program. Delegates not recognized as being "right" were not allowed to pass from one state delegation to another or even to move about in their own delegation. Messengers from the Roosevelt managers were prevented from communicating with the Roosevelt spokesmen on the platform. This is probably news to many respectable Taft delegates, who, unhampered themselves, did not learn of the obstacles put in the way of others.

Conduct of this kind naturally aroused immediate anger, and the natural anger of Roosevelt delegates was further fanned by an element which insiders recognized at an

early date, but which the public at large has recognized only recently—an element which sought not the nomination of Roosevelt or the success of the Progressive doctrine, but which endeavored to make use of the situation to advance its own personal political interest.

The meetings at the Coliseum never approached the dignity of a deliberative gathering. The national committee had selected, in violent contradiction of right, law, and reason, a sufficient number of picked men who had not been elected delegates to furnish a Taft majority for the convention. Through its hired sluggers it forbade the duly elected delegates to occupy their seats.

The claims of the defrauded delegates were, according to the "rules," referred to the "committee on credentials," composed of one delegate from each State and Territory, which committee, because of the large proportion of Southern State and Territory rotten-borough representation, is always open to corrupt influences. Being interested in studying the charges against the honesty of the convention, of which I had at that time no personal knowledge or opinion, I became a member of the committee.

I have taken part in city politics and have met and transacted political affairs with the slum politicians of Chicago, but I must confess that these slum politicians were superior in everything excepting clothes to the majority members of the committee on credentials of the Republican National Convention of 1912.

Learning in a short while that nothing like honesty could be expected from "deliberations" of this committee, I succeeded in introducing as my proxy various other members of the Illinois delegation in order to secure their corroborative testimony.

During the days when the committee "took testimony," attempts were made on the floor of the convention to debate the question on its merits and to leave the determination of what delegates were properly elected to the delegates whose seats were not in dispute.

Senator Sherman of Illinois, who had prepared a comprehensive argument based on the precedents of Congress, showing up the falsity of the position taken by the national committee, and voiced by Senator Root, its chairman of the convention, was not allowed to deliver his argument, and upon attempting to do so was forcibly removed from the floor.

Between sessions attempts to adjust the matter were made by sincere supporters of both candidates, but these were frustrated by the violent partizans of both candidates, who saw their personal interests benefited by the violation of right and decency.

Toward the conclusion of the committee hearings I wrote a report of the secret transactions, which a number of the committeemen signed, and which is reproduced in photographic form.

All day Saturday these mock reports were read in the Coliseum, and were approved by the fraudulent majority. About midnight President Taft was declared nominated for President, and James Schoolcraft Sherman was renominated for Vice-President. After his death in October, Nicholas Murray Butler was named to fill the vacancy.

The Republican party was crushed, and to make its usurpation complete, the national committee proceeded to expel newly elected national committeemen not subservient to the controlling element, thus depriving the state delegations of their right to name national committeemen. To the vacancies they elected more pliable men. How could self-respecting men accept such appointments?

The convention of 1912 accomplished three things: it prevented the nomination and reëlection of Theodore Roosevelt, it broke up the Republican party, and caused the election of President Wilson. But it accomplished one great permanent good. It demonstrated that the American people, trained in over a century of popular government, could not be subjugated by the combination of fraud and violence exercised in that convention even when this amazing combination was supported by the bulk of the great financial interests of the nation.

In victory it caused the defeat of some of its leaders. Senator Root and Senator Murray Crane could not run for reëlection to the Senate. Recently Watson has been defeated at the primary election for the Republican nomination for senator from Indiana on the same issue.

The morning after the convention's adjournment the majority of Roosevelt delegates awoke to learn from the morning papers that a meeting held the night before, at which a very few of the Roosevelt delegates and many outsiders were present, had purported to organize a new party to contain all those dissatisfied with the Republican convention.

This was the greatest political mistake of our generation. Public indignation at the attitude of the Chicago corruptionists was at white heat. Even in parts of the country where political office and publications were together bound up in corruption, the truth of the convention's turpitude made itself known. The election of President Taft, which at best would have been doubtful had he been nominated without opposition, was rendered absolutely impossible by the methods used in accomplishing the nomination. His defeat was a necessity to the continuance of Republican government. Any Democrat would have been elected; indeed, Woodrow Wilson was nominated not as a necessity to beat Taft, but as a necessity to best Roosevelt, running on the Progressive ticket.

The foregoing disagreeable recital is of moment because of, rather than despite, the tremendous change in issues which has come in the last four years. The public is thinking of everything except the revolt of 1912. The national politicians are thinking of little else.

Active Republicans—and I include in this category active Progressives—are united in a determined desire to defeat President Wilson for reëlection. Let us trace the cause of this unanimity.

Prior to 1912 national legislation had strongly favored the Eastern and Northeastern States as compared with the rest of the nation. Protective tariffs protected especially their industries. Internal taxes exempted their produce; appropriations favored their constituencies. With all, the Government was effective. It benefited everybody somewhat. The objection to it, which was the cause of the insurgent movement, was that it apportioned too much of the benefit to one region. In political parlance, it became "too raw." It would not have been long endured even if the atrocity of 1912 had not taken place.

With the election of President Wilson and the Democratic majority in Senate and House, the control of government passed from the East to the South. The South had long been in the minority. During a period of fifty years it had suffered everything from oppression to discrimination. Its politicians leaped into the saddle with the enthusiasm of the French mob invading Versailles. Legislative revolution was accomplished in one session of Congress. Tax upon tax was piled upon the affluent North. The money thus collected was poured into the hungry South. In one sense this was retaliation. In another it was not. The Eastern legislators had endeavored to spend the money they took from their conationalists in productive ways. The Southern governors wasted it in riotous profusion. No town was too insignificant, no creek too dry, to receive its quota of easy money. The national defense was stripped to furnish enough plunder to go around. It is unfortunate for the South that no lasting benefit will inure from these millions of "tribute." That, however, is an economic, not a political, fact. The political fact is that the politicians of the South are prosperous and triumphant from their control of the Government of the United States, and for that reason will support President Wilson for renomination and election despite all other circumstances, such as his Mexican policy and the British embargo on cotton.

The Northeast is of course furious at this change from a governing to a subject people. The West is more or less stolid. The East whipped it with whips; the South is whipping it with scorpions.

Woodrow Wilson

Wilson is a minority President. He must feed the Southern politicians who control the Democratic party, in order to be renominated. He must also conciliate at least a part of the North if he is to be reëlected.

He has therefore shaped his foreign policy to conciliate that part of the North which is politically most effective—the East. The foreign policy of President Wilson therefore takes a sectional aspect. Also it divides into two parts, his Mexican policy and his European policy. The districts affected are divided into two parts, the West and the East. The South differs from him in both his policies, but will submit because of the "pork" it has received not only with his consent, but upon his initiative. President Wilson's policy in Mexico has been utterly to ignore American interests.

Despite the efforts of the Progressive

politicians, President Wilson had in the election of 1912 the support of substantially all the impractical visionaries of the country. Of the adventurous business element he had none. When the Mexican question arose, therefore, its political aspect was an issue between the visionaries and the adventurous business men. Being a politician, President Wilson espoused the views of his followers rather than those of his opponents. The Americans in Mexico could be hanged for all of him. Many of them have been; others were shot.

It is a political fact that at the outset of the Mexican problem the bulk of our people did not desire intervention. But why, as the Mexican bandits proceeded from violence to murder, from murder to rape, until they produced such a hell on earth as neither this nor the previous century has witnessed, did the American Government so vigorously suppress the truth? This suppression has been largely effective. It has been nearly complete in the East, from which region few, if any Americans, have gone to Mexico. Up across the Texan border, however, and in through the gulf ports has trickled a steady stream of miserable, broken Americans, bearing tales of torture and murder such as the American nation never allowed its citizens to submit to in the days of its infancy and weakness. Their tales have been passed from mouth to mouth. The Southern States have been infuriated; the Western States aroused; the Eastern States have remained almost cold. This coldness, however, is not only due to ignorance of the facts, but to an unfortunate lack of interest on the part of Eastern people to anything west of the Alleghany Mountains. It is a habit of mind all too common, which also accounts for the different attitude of East and West in regard to the European War, our other international problem.

At the outset of the European War President Wilson adopted the same policy of immobility he maintained in regard to Mexico. He paid no attention to the violation of American treaty rights. He cautioned Americans to stay away from the zone of hostilities and gave the impression that as he had not taken any steps to protect American lives or interests in Mexico, so would he not do anything for their protection in the war zone.

Now, because of tradition, self-interest, close personal intercourse, and earnest conviction, the bulk of the influential people in the East conceived it the duty of the United States to favor the Allies. They were insistent that the nation protect the interests and rights of Americans on the high seas. On the platform and in their press they protested against the President's indifference. When in violation of their convictions the *Lusitania* was torpedoed and a number of Americans drowned, their indignation knew no bounds. It intimidated Wilson. The weak and bankrupt Americans in Mexico and along the Mexican border could be ignored; not so these rich and powerful Easterners. He yielded to their pressure and, except upon the occasion when Ambassador von Bernstorff trapped Secretary Lansing into a proposal that merchant ships be forbidden to carry arms, he has remained almost constant in his deference to Eastern public opinion. Mr. Wilson's surrender, however, has not been complete enough to satisfy Eastern Americans, who still consider him weak and vacillating in foreign policies.

Out of the debates upon this nation's war policy grew the outcry over hyphenated Americanism. It is so much on public lips that it must be included in a discussion of national politics, not that it really amounts to anything, but in order that its absence may not be commented on.

In this enormous nation, containing many regions, many races, and many forms of religious worship, it is unavoidable that there should be discord. This discord is increased by fanatics, by self-seekers who wish to profit as the leaders of sects. In the natural order of government all of the elements should be represented in government. It is the duty of the supreme national authority to make

Theodore Roosevelt

special effort to give such representation upon entirely proper terms. This President McKinley accomplished with great skill, and this, *mirabile dictu,* Roosevelt did with equal political tact.

Then followed Taft, trying to out-Roosevelt Roosevelt in everything, and set the country by the ears. In order to please the foreign-born Americans, he vetoed the immigration restriction bill, thus preferring foreigners to American citizens. Not, mind you, preferring foreign-born Americans to American-born Americans, but foreigners who had not come to America above Americans both native and foreign-born. His political-religious efforts were equally cumbersome, and brought to a head the most stupid and unprofitable of political division, that of religion.

On top of these internecine disturbances came the European War. Naturally it

was a great appeal to the emotions and sympathies. Americans had friends and relatives on both sides of the contest. Americans developed firm opinions as to the rights of the struggle and the best interest of the United States in the outcome. In a nation where freedom of expression is an epidemic, too much discord was certain. It was increased a thousandfold by the appearance of hyphenated Americans. These are of two kinds: American citizens who wish to use the power of their citizenship to influence the nation to help Great Britain, to this nation's detriment, and citizens who endeavor to use the power of their citizenship to compel the nation to help the Teutonic powers, to this nation's detriment. In each case the object has been to secure the approbation of foreign agencies. Those seeking German reward, being slightly known to the German aristocracy, thought it necessary to demonstrate their racial loyalty by loud outcry offensive to American ears. Those desiring English reward knew how to seek it while clamoring for pro-English conduct in the name of Americanism.

Both factions are atrocious, and Americans should endeavor to differentiate between those of their countrymen who support one of the combatants from a belief as to the merits of the controversy or an idea of America's interest from those who seek to curry foreign favor by exercise of influence at home.

So far as the bulk of the Americans of German extraction are concerned, they are glad to shine among their neighbors with reflected glory of German military success. They have n't the slightest idea of bringing this country under the German yoke. Americans of German descent come from humble ancestry, just as do those whose ancestors were English, Scotch, Irish, French, Norwegian, Danish, or Swedish.

The sixty-year-old brewery millionaire, as he drives up to the Germania Club in his seven-thousand-dollar automobile, has not forgotten the unbearable arrogance of the riding-booted young aristocrat who insulted him and his class with impunity forty years ago. The young American-born Germans are Americans through and through; more American than they know, more American than the rich young good-for-nothings who are accepted in English society on terms of *near* equality. They would not know how to be German if they wanted to, and at the first sign of trouble the hyphen would collapse, leaving them finally and permanently on the American side of the chasm.

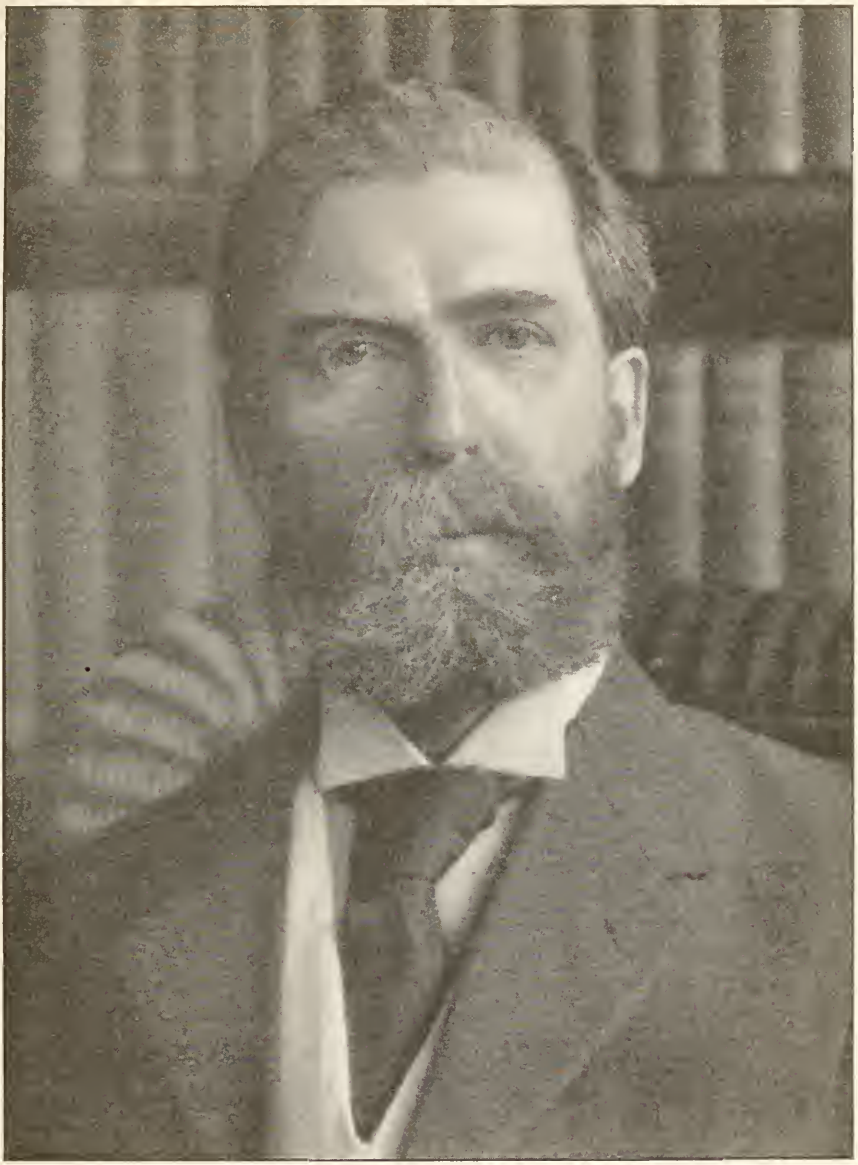
I am thrown into intimate relations with many of them in the National Guard service and never have I found the slightest objection to my intimacy with the Russians or to my pro-American belief in an American-Russian understanding.

Their property is here, their future is here. They will support the man whom they think will make the best American President, not the best German President. They will support him, however, with more enthusiasm if fewer opinionated persons insult them and fewer busybodies try to control the details of their dinner-tables.

The political analyst who tries to prophesy the future upon racial prejudices will present an interesting summary, but one without value. The only foreign Americans who feel keenly in the terms of foreign interest are the recent arrivals, most of whom are not voters.

The elements of political division are still geographical. The different parts of the country possess different characteristics which, if combined, are capable of providing a high standard of government, but when estranged by friction, lead to dangerous discords, as was shown by the refusal of a number of central congressmen to vote for the minimum military protection necessary to guaranty our seaboard States from invasion. The characteristics of the various regions can be described in complimentary or acid phrase, according to the temper of the critic.

A dispassionate observer might call New England thrifty, New York and Pennsylvania hard-headed, the West idealistic, the South devoted to tradition. The public men of the different regions who



Charles Evans Hughes

are on each others' nerves use sharper language.

New England is accused of "hypocrisy." One day while listening to a conversation between a New England congressman and one from another part of the country I heard an illustrative bit of dialogue. The New England man said he could not vote for a certain measure because of his New England conscience, to which the other one replied:

"Yes, that is the most convenient thing in New England. It is a habit of mind which believes that the material welfare of New England is the highest moral law of the nation."

The New York trait is said to be cynicism, as is natural to the State which harbors the greatest gambling institution in the world; also arrogance, as becomes the home of wealth. The South is accused of an undying persistency in fighting the

Civil War, while the West, in the opinion of the more sophisticated parts of the country, is given over to fool notions. It is alleged that William Jennings Bryan has remained great for twenty years by having an asinine solution for every problem. The South is permanently Democratic and has no Republican Presidential candidates. Let us therefore see how the candidates of the other regions fit the definition I have given their territories.

Senator Weeks of Massachusetts bases his candidacy for the Presidency upon a subsidy-fed merchant marine. To the Western mind there is no saving grace to this old-fashioned, non-glazed, non-blushing subsidy, a lump sum per ship or a lump sum per ton, raised by the entire people and spent largely in New England, under which companies will be formed in the old-fashioned way. There will be underwriting, rake-offs in cash and in stock for the underwriters. The money will be placed in "inside" banks. There will be secret provisions that these bank balances shall never be less than an *unconscionable sum*. There will be no provisions for the good of the ships' crews or for the apportionment of the profits. These must be fought for by the workmen with all the evils of national discontent and public disorder attendant upon controversy between capital and labor. The plan is bitterly offensive to the conscience of the nation, but not to "the New England conscience."

The West's contribution to the same subject is the La Follette seamen's bill, which makes every provision for the welfare, safety, and comfort of the seamen, but ignores the owner to the extent of preventing American-owned merchantmen from competing with foreigners on the high seas.

A combination of the principles embodied in the Weeks and La Follette schemes is the ideal to be sought, and which can be found by bringing the East and West together instead of keeping them apart.

The candidate of New York is Senator Root. That "cynical" and "arrogant" describe him in two of the only three words needed—the third being "brilliant"—many of his best friends and ardent admirers would claim rather than deny.

The West, child of the prairies, emotional and unforethoughtful, which in the formation of the Republican party demanded as its quid pro quo the freeing of the slaves, while Pennsylvania demanded a high tariff on Pennsylvania products; the West, which produced all of the great men in the struggle to preserve the nation, but which received no earthly benefits from the war, has a host of candidates frittering away their strength with characteristic political incapacity. Among them are La Follette, Cummins, and Borah, each of high principles, but none of them, in the opinion of hard-headed Eastern business men, with judgment sufficient to be trusted with supreme authority. They furnish the ideals of the Senate, but not the wisdom. Weeks, Root, La Follette, Cummins, and Borah are local candidates.

There are only two national candidates of the first class, Roosevelt and Hughes.

Of Roosevelt we have spoken before: the most loved, the most hated man in America; the only statesman our generation has produced; the man who got us Panama, but who ended the Russo-Japanese War; the man who saved the nation from political slavery in 1912, but who dashed away the cup of victory, allowing himself to be kidnapped by the Progressives!

Hughes, whom Taft put into the Supreme Court—to keep him from becoming a candidate in 1912?—is the only man around whom the entire Republican party would rally with relief, if not with enthusiasm. He is in a more than difficult position both from a public and a private point of view. If he should consent to become a candidate, his adherents would proclaim him savior of the nation; but his opponents would denounce him as betrayer of the Supreme Court.

If, as the events fall, neither of these becomes the Republican nominee, there remain two lesser political lights who might be termed national candidates. These are

Senator Burton of Ohio and Senator Sherman of Illinois.

Senator Burton capped an honorable record in Congress with a term in the Senate. His chance lies in the wide acquaintance which his congressional career brought to him. He has not, however, in recent months, in speech or in writing, evinced any particular comprehension of the problems of to-morrow.

Senator Sherman of Illinois suffers from the disadvantage of his recent arrival into national politics. Prior to his election to the Senate in 1912 poverty and an unwillingness to cringe during the years that Illinois politics were controlled by foreign money—that is to say, money foreign to the State of Illinois and disbursed by that villainous organization, the Congressional Committee, and by franchise-buyers large and small—Sherman was kept down within the horizon of state politics. He was state representative, lieutenant-governor, and chairman of the board of charities. Since his elevation to the Senate, and more particularly since his reëlection to that body, he has declared himself upon public questions with a breadth of view, a depth of knowledge, and a force of expression not second even to Roosevelt.

It will be adduced from the foregoing that the nation, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. The South will be Democratic from tradition and because it wishes to retain control of the Government. It will remain Democratic despite Wilson's foreign policy. The East will be Republican because of the burden it bears from Democratic legislation; Wilson's favoring foreign policy, and even the war-brides therefrom resulting, will not change that. The West, which revolted in 1912, is still resentful, but it is also resentful of Southern legislation and angry at Wilson's diplomacy. If not antagonistic, it has been cold to his transatlantic policy, and it is infuriated at his callous disregard of American interests and rights in Mexico and along the Mexican border, and considers him blood-guilty. The West will go Republican in 1916 unless another fraudulent convention attempts to force a hand-picked President upon the American people.

The West will resent the nomination of a New York or New England representative, but if his nomination is obtained in straightforward ways, will in all probability give him its electoral votes. Any one of the Western candidates mentioned or the national candidates named will carry the West overwhelmingly.

I believe that the superior organization and greater political sagacity of the East will enable it to nominate one of its candidates if it is determined to do so. I believe that one of these candidates might be elected. It must be remembered, however, that because of the convention of 1912 and because of its child, the Progressive party, the Democrats have an enormous majority of the United States Senate. Only a Republican landslide can give a majority to the Republicans or make the balance of power so close that the manipulation of Democratic senators, such as has taken place before, will permit Republican dominance of both Houses of Congress.

Between the writing of this article and the date of nomination some new leaders may spring to the front. At the present time I can only see four men who may hope to bring such a result. They are Theodore Roosevelt, Charles E. Hughes, Lawrence Y. Sherman, and the Republican leader of the House, James R. Mann.

Lioness and cubs

From the original water-color by Charles R. Knight

A. V. Laider

By MAX BEERBOHM

Author of "Enoch Soames," "Zuleika Dobson," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

I UNPACKED my things and went down to await luncheon.

It was good to be here again in this little old sleepy hostel by the sea. Hostel I say, though it spelt itself without an "s" and even placed a circumflex above the "o." It made no other pretension. It was very cozy indeed.

I had been here just a year before, in mid-February, after an attack of influenza. And now I had returned, after an attack of influenza. Nothing was changed. It had been raining when I left, and the waiter—there was but a single, a very old waiter—had told me it was only a shower. That waiter was still here, not a day older. And the shower had not ceased.

Steadfastly it fell on to the sands, steadfastly into the iron-gray sea. I stood looking out at it from the windows of the hall, admiring it very much. There seemed to be little else to do. What little there was I did. I mastered the contents of a blue hand-bill which, pinned to the wall just beneath the framed engraving of Queen Victoria's Coronation, gave token of a concert that was to be held—or, rather, was to have been held some weeks ago—in the town hall for the benefit of the Life-Boat Fund. I looked at the barometer, tapped it, was not the wiser. I wandered to the letter-board.

These letter-boards always fascinate me. Usually some two or three of the envelops stuck into the cross-garterings have a certain newness and freshness. They seem sure they will yet be claimed. Why not? Why *should n't* John Doe, Esq., or Mrs. Richard Roe turn up at any moment? I do not know. I can only say that nothing in the world seems to me more unlikely. Thus it is that these young bright envelops touch my heart even more than do their dusty and sallowed seniors. Sour resignation is less touching than impatience for what will not be, than the eagerness that has to wane and wither. Soured beyond measure these old envelops are. They are not nearly so nice as they should be to the young ones. They lose no chance of sneering and discouraging. Such dialogues as this are only too frequent:

A Very Young Envelop: Something in me whispers that he will come to-day!

A Very Old Envelop: He? Well, that 's good! Ha, ha, ha! Why did n't he come last week, when *you* came? What reason have you for supposing he 'll ever come *now?* It is n't as if he were a frequenter of the place. He 's never been here. His name is utterly unknown here. You don't suppose he 's coming on the chance of finding *you?*

A. V. Y. E.: It may seem silly, but—something in me whispers—

A. V. O. E.: Something in *you?* One has only to look at you to see there 's nothing in you but a note scribbled to him by a cousin. Look at *me!* There are three sheets, closely written, in *me.* The lady to whom I am addressed—

A. V. Y. E.: Yes, sir, yes; you told me all about her yesterday.

A. V. O. E.: And I shall do so to-day and to-morrow and every day and all day long. That young lady was a widow. She stayed here many times. She was delicate, and the air suited her. She was poor, and the tariff was just within her means. She was lonely, and had need of love. I have in me for her a passionate avowal and strictly honorable proposal, written to her, after many rough copies, by a gentleman who had made her acquaintance under this very roof. He was rich, he was charming, he was in the prime of life. He had asked if he might write to her. She had flutter-

ingly granted his request. He posted me to her the day after his return to London. I looked forward to being torn open by her. I was very sure she would wear me and my contents next to her bosom. She was gone. She had left no address. She never returned. This I tell you, and shall continue to tell you, not because I want any of your callow sympathy,—no, *thank* you!—but that you may judge how much less than slight are the probabilities that you yourself—

But my reader has overheard these dialogues as often as I. He wants to know what was odd about this particular letter-board before which I was standing. At first glance I saw nothing odd about it. But presently I distinguished a handwriting that was vaguely familiar. It was mine. I stared, I wondered. There is always a slight shock in seeing an envelop of one's own after it has gone through the post. It looks as if it had gone through so much. But this was the first time I had ever seen an envelop of mine eating its heart out in bondage on a letter-board. This was outrageous. This was hardly to be believed. Sheer kindness had impelled me to write to "A. V. Laider, Esq.," and this was the result! I had n't minded receiving no answer. Only now, indeed, did I remember that I had n't received one. In multitudinous London the memory of A. V. Laider and his trouble had soon passed from my mind. But—well, what a lesson not to go out of one's way to write to casual acquaintances!

My envelop seemed not to recognize me as its writer. Its gaze was the more piteous for being blank. Even so had I once been gazed at by a dog that I had lost and, after many days, found in the Battersea Home. "I don't know who you are, but, whoever you are, claim me, take me out of this!" That was my dog's appeal. This was the appeal of my envelop.

I raised my hand to the letter-board, meaning to effect a swift and lawless rescue, but paused at sound of a footstep behind me. The old waiter had come to tell me that my luncheon was ready. I followed him out of the hall, not, however, without a bright glance across my shoulder to reassure the little captive that I should come back.

I had the sharp appetite of the convalescent, and this the sea air had whetted already to a finer edge. In touch with a dozen oysters, and with stout, I soon shed away the unreasoning anger I had felt against A. V. Laider. I became merely sorry for him that he had not received a letter which might perhaps have comforted him. In touch with cutlets, I felt how sorely he had needed comfort. And anon, by the big bright fireside of that small dark smoking-room where, a year ago, on the last evening of my stay here, he and I had at length spoken to each other, I reviewed in detail the tragic experience he had told me; and I simply reveled in reminiscent sympathy with him.

A. V. Laider—I had looked him up in the visitors'-book on the night of his arrival. I myself had arrived the day before, and had been rather sorry there was no one else staying here. A convalescent by the sea likes to have some one to observe, to wonder about, at meal-time. I was glad when, on my second evening, I found seated at the table opposite to mine another guest. I was the gladder because he was just the right kind of guest. He was enigmatic. By this I mean that he did not look soldierly or financial or artistic or anything definite at all. He offered a clean slate for speculation. And, thank heaven! he evidently was n't going to spoil the fun by engaging me in conversation later on. A decently unsociable man, anxious to be left alone.

The heartiness of his appetite, in contrast with his extreme fragility of aspect and limpness of demeanor, assured me that he, too, had just had influenza. I liked him for that. Now and again our eyes met and were instantly parted. We managed, as a rule, to observe each other indirectly. I was sure it was not merely because he had been ill that he looked interesting. Nor did it seem to me that a spiritual melancholy, though I imagined him sad at the best of times, was his sole

"Our mutual aloofness was a positive bond between us"

asset. I conjectured that he was clever. I thought he might also be imaginative. At first glance I had mistrusted him. A shock of white hair, combined with a young face and dark eyebrows, does somehow make a man look like a charlatan. But it is foolish to be guided by an accident of color. I had soon rejected my first impression of my fellow-diner. I found him very sympathetic.

Anywhere but in England it would be impossible for two solitary men, howsoever much reduced by influenza, to spend five or six days in the same hostel and not exchange a single word. That is one of the charms of England. Had Laider and I been born and bred in any other land than Eng we should have become acquainted before the end of our first evening in the small smoking-room, and have found ourselves irrevocably committed to go on talking to each other throughout the rest of our visit. We might, it is true, have happened to like each other more than any one we had ever met. This off chance may have occurred to us both. But it counted for nothing against the certain surrender of quietude and liberty. We slightly bowed to each other as we entered or left the dining-room or smoking-room, and as we met on the wide-spread sands or in the shop that had a small and faded circulating library. That was all. Our mutual aloofness was a positive bond between us.

Had he been much older than I, the responsibility for our silence would of course have been his alone. But he was not, I judged, more than five or six years ahead of me, and thus I might without impropriety have taken it on myself to perform that hard and perilous feat which English people call, with a shiver, "breaking the ice." He had reason, therefore, to be as grateful to me as I to him. Each of us, not the less frankly because silently, recognized his obligation to the other. And when, on the last evening of my stay, the ice actually was broken there was no ill-will between us: neither of us was to blame.

It was a Sunday evening. I had been out for a long last walk and had come in very late to dinner. Laider had left his table almost directly after I sat down to mine. When I entered the smoking-room I found him reading a weekly review which I had bought the day before. It was a crisis. He could not silently offer, nor could I have silently accepted, sixpence. It was a crisis. We faced it like men. He made, by word of mouth, a graceful apology. Verbally, not by signs, I besought him to go on reading. But this, of course, was a vain counsel of perfection. The social code forced us to talk now. We obeyed it like men. To reassure him that our position was not so desperate as it might seem, I took the earliest opportunity to mention that I was going away early next morning. In the tone of his "Oh, are you?" he tried bravely to imply that he was sorry, even now, to hear that. In a way, perhaps, he really was sorry. We had got on so well together, he and I. Nothing could efface the memory of that. Nay, we seemed to be hitting it off even now. Influenza was not our sole theme. We passed from that to the aforesaid weekly review, and to a correspondence that was raging therein on faith and reason.

This correspondence had now reached its fourth and penultimate stage—its Australian stage. It is hard to see why these correspondences spring up; one only knows that they do spring up, suddenly, like street crowds. There comes, it would seem, a moment when the whole English-speaking race is unconsciously bursting to have its say about some one thing—the split infinitive, or the habits of migratory birds, or faith and reason, or what-not. Whatever weekly review happens at such a moment to contain a reference, however remote, to the theme in question reaps the storm. Gusts of letters come in from all corners of the British Isles. These are presently reinforced by Canada in full blast. A few weeks later the Anglo-Indians weigh in. In due course we have the help of our Australian cousins. By that time, however, we of the mother country have got our second wind, and so

determined are we to make the most of it that at last even the editor suddenly loses patience and says, "This correspondence must now cease.—Ed." and wonders why on earth he ever allowed anything so tedious and idiotic to begin.

I pointed out to Laider one of the Australian letters that had especially pleased me in the current issue. It was from "A Melbourne Man," and was of the abrupt kind which declares that "all your correspondents have been groping in the dark" and then settles the whole matter in one short sharp flash. The flash in this instance was "Reason is faith, faith reason—that is all we know on earth and all we need to know." The writer then inclosed his card and was, etc., "A Melbourne Man." I said to Laider how very restful it was, after influenza, to read anything that meant nothing whatsoever. Laider was inclined to take the letter more seriously than I, and to be mildly metaphysical. I said that for me faith and reason were two separate things, and as I am no good at metaphysics, however mild, I offered a definite example, to coax the talk on to ground where I should be safer.

"Palmistry, for example," I said. "Deep down in my heart I believe in palmistry."

Laider turned in his chair.

"You believe in palmistry?"

I hesitated.

"Yes, somehow I do. Why? I have n't the slightest notion. I can give myself all sorts of reasons for laughing it to scorn. My common sense utterly rejects it. Of course the shape of the hand means something, is more or less an index of character. But the idea that my past and future are neatly mapped out on my palms—" I shrugged my shoulders.

"You don't like that idea?" asked Laider in his gentle, rather academic voice.

"I only say it 's a grotesque idea."

"Yet you do believe in it?"

"I 've a grotesque belief in it, yes."

"Are you sure your reason for calling this idea 'grotesque' is n't merely that you dislike it?"

"Well," I said, with the thrilling hope that he was a con[illegible] "does n't it seem grote[illegible]

"It seems strange."

"You believe in it?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Hurrah!"

He smiled at my pleasure, and I, risk of reëntanglement in metaph[illegible] claimed him as standing shoulder to shoulder with me against "A Melbourne Man.' This claim he gently disputed.

"You may think me very prosaic," he said, "but I can't believe without evidence."

"Well, I 'm equally prosaic and equally at a disadvantage: I can't take my own belief as evidence, and I 've no other evidence to go on."

He asked me if I had ever made a study of palmistry. I said I had read one of Desbarolles's books years ago, and one of Heron-Allen's. But, he asked, had I tried to test them by the lines on my own hands or on the hands of my friends? I confessed that my actual practice in palmistry had been of a merely passive kind—the prompt extension of my palm to any one who would be so good as to "read" it and truckle for a few minutes to my egoism. (I hoped Laider might do this.)

"Then I almost wonder," he said, with his sad smile, "that you have n't lost your belief, after all the nonsense you must have heard. There are so many young girls who go in for palmistry. I am sure all the five foolish virgins were 'awfully keen on it' and used to say, 'You can be led, but not driven,' and, 'You are likely to have a serious illness between the ages of forty and forty-five,' and, 'You are by nature rather lazy, but can be very energetic by fits and starts.' And most of the professionals, I 'm told, are as silly as the young girls."

For the honor of the profession, I named three practitioners whom I had found really good at reading character. He asked whether any of them had been right about past events. I confessed that, as a matter of fact, all three of them had been right in the main. This seemed to amuse him. He asked whether any of them had pre-

asset. I conjectured h had since come I thought he might hat all three had pre- At first glance I l ould do several things shock of white nce done rather unexpect- young face an ed if I did n't accept this as how make e, a scrap of evidence. I said But it is only regard it as a fluke—a rather dent rkable fluke.

firs The superiority of his sad smile was beginning to get on my nerves. I wanted him to see that he was as absurd as I.

"Suppose," I said—"suppose, for the sake of argument, that you and I are nothing but helpless automata created to do just this and that, and to have just that and this done to us. Suppose, in fact, we *have n't* any free will whatsoever. Is it likely or conceivable that the Power which fashioned us would take the trouble to jot down in cipher on our hands just what was in store for us?"

Laider did not answer this question; he did but annoyingly ask me another.

"You believe in free will?"

"Yes, of course. I 'll be hanged if I 'm an automaton."

"And you believe in free will just as in palmistry—without any reason?"

"Oh, no. Everything points to our having free will."

"Everything? What, for instance?"

This rather cornered me. I dodged out, as lightly as I could, by saying:

"I suppose *you* would say it 's written in my hand that I should be a believer in free will."

"Ah, I 've no doubt it is."

I held out my palms. But, to my great disappointment, he looked quickly away from them. He had ceased to smile. There was agitation in his voice as he explained that he never looked at people's hands now. "Never now—never again." He shook his head as though to beat off some memory.

I was much embarrassed by my indiscretion. I hastened to tide over the awkward moment by saying that if *I* could read hands I would n't, for fear of the awful things I might see there.

"Awful things, yes," he whispered, nodding at the fire.

"Not," I said in self-defense, "that there 's anything very awful, so far as I know, to be read in *my* hands."

He turned his gaze from the fire to me.

"You are n't a murderer, for example?"

"Oh, no," I replied, with a nervous laugh.

"*I* am."

This was a more than awkward, it was a painful, moment for me; and I am afraid I must have started or winced, for he instantly begged my pardon.

"I don't know," he exclaimed, "why I said it. I 'm usually a very reticent man. But sometimes—" He pressed his brow. "What you must think of me!"

I begged him to dismiss the matter from his mind.

"It 's very good of you to say that; but—I 've placed myself as well as you in a false position. I ask you to believe that I 'm not the sort of man who is 'wanted' or ever was 'wanted' by the police. I should be bowed out of any police-station at which I gave myself up. I 'm not a murderer in any bald sense of the word. No."

My face must have perceptibly brightened, for, "Ah," he said, "don't imagine I 'm not a murderer at all. Morally, I am." He looked at the clock. I pointed out that the night was young. He assured me that his story was not a long one. I assured him that I hoped it was. He said I was very kind. I denied this. He warned me that what he had to tell might rather tend to stiffen my unwilling faith in palmistry, and to shake my opposite and cherished faith in free will. I said, "Never mind." He stretched his hands pensively toward the fire. I settled myself back in my chair.

"My hands," he said, staring at the backs of them, "are the hands of a very weak man. I dare say you know enough of palmistry to see that for yourself. You notice the slightness of the thumbs and of the two 'little' fingers. They are the hands of a weak and over-sensitive man—a man without confidence, a man who would certainly waver in an emergency. Rather *Hamletish* hands," he mused.

"I begged him to dismiss the matter from his mind"

"And I 'm like *Hamlet* in other respects, too: I 'm no fool, and I 've rather a noble disposition, and I 'm unlucky. But *Hamlet* was luckier than I in one thing: he was a murderer by accident, whereas the murders that I committed one day fourteen years ago—for I must tell you it was n't one murder, but many murders that I committed—were all of them due to the wretched inherent weakness of my own wretched self.

"I was twenty-six—no, twenty-seven years old, and rather a nondescript person, as I am now. I was supposed to have been called to the bar. In fact, I believe I *had* been called to the bar. I had n't listened to the call. I never intended to practise, and I never did practise. I only wanted an excuse in the eyes of the world for existing. I suppose the nearest I have ever come to practising is now at this moment: I am defending a murderer. My father had left me well enough provided with money. I was able to go my own desultory way, riding my hobbies where I would. I had a good stableful of hobbies. Palmistry was one of them. I was rather ashamed of this one. It seemed to me absurd, as it seems to you. Like you, though, I believed in it. Unlike you, I had done more than merely read a book about it. I had read innumerable books

about it. I had taken casts of all my friends' hands. I had tested and tested again the points at which Desbarolles dissented from the Gipsies, and—well, enough that I had gone into it all rather thoroughly, and was as sound a palmist as a man may be without giving his whole life to palmistry.

"One of the first things I had seen in my own hand, as soon as I had learned to read it, was that at about the age of twenty-six I should have a narrow escape from death—from a violent death. There was a clean break in the life-line, and a square joining it—the protective square, you know. The markings were precisely the same in both hands. It was to be the narrowest escape possible. And I was n't going to escape without injury, either. That is what bothered me. There was a faint line connecting the break in the life-line with a star on the line of health. Against that star was another square. I was to recover from the injury, whatever it might be. Still, I did n't exactly look forward to it. Soon after I had reached the age of twenty-five, I began to feel uncomfortable. The thing might be going to happen at any moment. In palmistry, you know, it is impossible to pin an event down hard and fast to one year. This particular event was to be when I was *about* twenty-six; it might n't be till I was twenty-seven; it might be while I was only twenty-five.

"And I used to tell myself it might n't be at all. My reason rebelled against the whole notion of palmistry, just as yours does. I despised my faith in the thing, just as you despise yours. I used to try not to be so ridiculously careful as I was whenever I crossed a street. I lived in London at that time. Motor-cars had not yet come in, but—what hours, all told, I must have spent standing on curbs, very circumspect, very lamentable! It was a pity, I suppose, that I had no definite occupation—something to take me out of myself. I was one of the victims of private means. There came a time when I drove in four-wheelers rather than in hansoms, and was doubtful of four-wheelers. Oh, I assure you, I was very lamentable indeed.

"If a railway-journey could be avoided, I avoided it. My uncle had a place in Hampshire. I was very fond of him and of his wife. Theirs was the only house I ever went to stay in now. I was there for a week in November, not long after my twenty-seventh birthday. There were other people staying there, and at the end of the week we all traveled back to London together. There were six of us in the carriage: Colonel Elbourn and his wife and their daughter, a girl of seventeen; and another married couple, the Bretts. I had been at Winchester with Brett, but had hardly seen him since that time. He was in the Indian Civil, and was home on leave. He was sailing for India next week. His wife was to remain in England for some months, and then join him out there. They had been married five years. She was now just twenty-four years old. He told me that this was her age. The Elbourns I had never met before. They were charming people. We had all been very happy together. The only trouble had been that on the last night, at dinner, my uncle asked me if I still went in for 'the Gipsy business,' as he always called it; and of course the three ladies were immensely excited, and implored me to 'do' their hands. I told them it was all nonsense, I said I had forgotten all I once knew, I made various excuses; and the matter dropped. It was quite true that I had given up reading hands. I avoided anything that might remind me of what was in my own hands. And so, next morning, it was a great bore to me when, soon after the train started, Mrs. Elbourn said it would be 'too cruel' of me if I refused to do their hands now. Her daughter and Mrs. Brett also said it would be 'brutal'; and they were all taking off their gloves, and—well, of course I had to give in.

"I went to work methodically on Mrs. Elbourn's hands, in the usual way, you know, first sketching the character from the backs of them; and there was the usual hush, broken by the usual little noises—

grunts of assent from the husband, cooings of recognition from the daughter. Presently I asked to see the palms, and from them I filled in the details of Mrs. Elbourn's character before going on to the events in her life. But while I talked I was calculating how old Mrs. Elbourn might be. In my first glance at her palms I had seen that she could not have been less than twenty-five when she married. The daughter was seventeen. Suppose the daughter had been born a year later—how old would the mother be? Forty-three, yes. Not less than that, poor woman!"

Laider looked at me.

"Why 'poor woman!' you wonder? Well, in that first glance I had seen other things than her marriage-line. I had seen a very complete break in the lines of life and of fate. I had seen violent death there. At what age? Not later, not possibly *later*, than forty-three. While I talked to her about the things that had happened in her girlhood, the back of my brain was hard at work on those marks of catastrophe. I was horribly wondering that she was still alive. It was impossible that between her and that catastrophe there could be more than a few short months. And all the time I was talking; and I suppose I acquitted myself well, for I remember that when I ceased I had a sort of ovation from the Elbourns.

"It was a relief to turn to another pair of hands. Mrs. Brett was an amusing young creature, and her hands were very characteristic, and prettily odd in form. I allowed myself to be rather whimsical about her nature, and having begun in that vein, I went on in it, somehow, even after she had turned her palms. In those palms were reduplicated the signs I had seen in Mrs. Elbourn's. It was as though they had been copied neatly out. The only difference was in the placing of them; and it was this difference that was the most horrible point. The fatal age in Mrs. Brett's hands was—not past, no, for here *she* was. But she might have died when she was twenty-one. Twenty-three seemed to be the utmost span. She was twenty-four, you know.

"I have said that I am a weak man. And you will have good proof of that directly. Yet I showed a certain amount of strength that day—yes, even on that day which has humiliated and saddened the rest of my life. Neither my face nor my voice betrayed me when in the palms of Dorothy Elbourn I was again confronted with those same signs. She was all for knowing the future, poor child! I believe I told her all manner of things that were to be. And she had no future—none, none in *this* world—except—

"And then, while I talked, there came to me suddenly a suspicion. I wondered it had n't come before. You guess what it was? It made me feel very cold and strange. I went on talking. But, also, I went on—quite separately—thinking. The suspicion was n't a certainty. This mother and daughter were always together. What was to befall the one might anywhere—anywhere—befall the other. But a like fate, in an equally near future, was in store for that other lady. The coincidence was curious, very. Here we all were together—here, they and I—I who was narrowly to escape, so soon now, what they, so soon now, were to suffer. Oh, there was an inference to be drawn. Not a sure inference, I told myself. And always I was talking, talking, and the train was swinging and swaying noisily along—to what? It was a fast train. Our carriage was near the engine. I was talking loudly. Full well I had known what I should see in the colonel's hands. I told myself I had not known. I told myself that even now the thing I dreaded was not sure to be. Don't think I was dreading it for myself. I was n't so 'lamentable' as all that—now. It was only of them that I thought—only for them. I hurried over the colonel's character and career; I was perfunctory. It was Brett's hands that I wanted. *They* were the hands that mattered. If *they* had the marks— Remember, Brett was to start for India in the coming week, his wife was to remain in England. They would be apart. Therefore—

"And the marks were there. And I did nothing—nothing but hold forth on

the subtleties of Brett's character. There was a thing for me to do. I wanted to do it. I wanted to spring to the window and pull the communication-cord. Quite a simple thing to do. Nothing easier than to stop a train. You just give a sharp pull, and the train slows down, comes to a standstill. And the guard appears at your window. You explain to the guard.

"Nothing easier than to tell him there is going to be a collision. Nothing easier than to insist that you and your friends and every other passenger in the train must get out at once. There *are* easier things than this? Things that need less courage than this? Some of *them* I could have done, I dare say. This thing I was going to do. Oh, I was determined that I would do it—directly.

"I had said all I had to say about Brett's hands. I had brought my entertainment to an end. I had been thanked and complimented all round. I was quite at liberty. I was going to do what I had to do. I was determined, yes.

"We were near the outskirts of London. The air was gray, thickening; and Dorothy Elbourn had said: 'Oh, this horrible old London! I suppose there 's the same old fog!' And presently I heard her father saying something about 'prevention' and 'a short act of Parliament' and 'anthracite.' And I sat and listened and agreed and—"

Laider closed his eyes. He passed his hand slowly through the air.

"I had a racking headache. And when I said so, I was told not to talk. I was in bed, and the nurses were always telling me not to talk. I was in a hospital. I knew that; but I did n't know why I was there. One day I thought I should like to know why, and so I asked. I was feeling much better now. They told me by degrees that I had had concussion of the brain. I had been brought there unconscious, and had remained unconscious for forty-eight hours. I had been in an accident—a railway-accident. This seemed to me odd. I had arrived quite safely at my uncle's place, and I had no memory of any journey since that. In cases of concussion, you know, it 's not uncommon for the patient to forget all that happened just before the accident; there may be a blank for several hours. So it was in my case. One day my uncle was allowed to come and see me. And somehow, suddenly, at sight of him, the blank was filled in. I remembered, in a flash, everything. I was quite calm, though. Or I made myself seem so, for I wanted to know how the collision had happened. My uncle told me that the engine-driver had failed to see a signal because of the fog, and our train had crashed into a goods-train.

"I did n't ask him about the people who were with me. You see, there was no need to ask.

"Very gently my uncle began to tell me, but—I had begun to talk strangely, I suppose. I remember the frightened look of my uncle's face, and the nurse scolding him in whispers.

"After that, all a blur. It seems that I became very ill indeed, was n't expected to live.

"However, I live."

There was a long silence. Laider did not look at me, nor I at him. The fire was burning low, and he watched it.

At length he spoke:

"You despise me. Naturally. I despise myself."

"No, I don't despise you; but—"

"You blame me." I did not meet his gaze. "You blame me," he repeated.

"Yes."

"And there, if I may say so, you are a little unjust. It is n't my fault that I was born weak."

"But a man may conquer his weakness."

"Yes, if he is endowed with the strength for that."

His fatalism drew from me a gesture of disgust.

"Do you really mean," I asked, "that because you did n't pull that cord, you *could n't* have pulled it?"

"Yes."

"And it 's written in your hands that you could n't?"

He looked at the palms of his hands.

"They are the hands of a very weak man," he said.

"I believe I told her all manner of things that were to be"

"A man so weak that he cannot believe in the possibility of free will for himself or for any one?"

"They are the hands of an intelligent man, who can weigh evidence and see things as they are."

"But answer me: Was it foreordained that you should not pull that cord?"

"It was foreordained."

"And was it actually marked in your hands that you were not going to pull it?"

"Ah, well, you see, it is rather the things one *is* going to do that are actually marked. The things one *is n't* going to do,—the innumerable negative things,—how could one expect *them* to be marked?"

"But the consequences of what one leaves undone may be positive?"

"Horribly positive. My hand is the hand of a man who has suffered a great deal in later life."

"And was it the hand of a man *destined* to suffer?"

"Oh, yes. I thought I told you that."

There was a pause.

"Well," I said, with awkward sympathy, "I suppose all hands are the hands of people destined to suffer."

"Not of people destined to suffer so much as *I* have suffered—as I still suffer."

The insistence of his self-pity chilled me, and I harked back to a question he had not straightly answered.

"Tell me: Was it marked in your hands that you were not going to pull that cord?"

Again he looked at his hands, and then, having pressed them for a moment to his face, "It was marked very clearly," he answered, "in *their* hands."

Two or three days after this colloquy there had occurred to me in London an idea—an ingenious and comfortable doubt. How was Laider to be sure that his brain, recovering from concussion, had *remembered* what happened in the course of that railway-journey? How was he to know that his brain had n't simply, in its abeyance, *invented* all this for him? It might be that he had never seen those signs in those hands. Assuredly, here was a bright loophole. I had forthwith written to Laider, pointing it out.

This was the letter which now, at my second visit, I had found miserably pent on the letter-board. I remembered my promise to rescue it. I arose from the retaining fireside, stretched my arms, yawned, and went forth to fulfil my Christian purpose. There was no one in the hall. The "shower" had at length ceased. The sun had positively come out, and the front door had been thrown open in its honor. Everything along the sea-front was beautifully gleaming, drying, shimmering. But I was not to be diverted from my purpose. I went to the letter-board. And—my letter was not there! Resourceful and plucky little thing—it had escaped! I did hope it would not be captured and brought back. Perhaps the alarm had already been raised by the tolling of that great bell which warns the inhabitants for miles around that a letter has broken loose from the letter-board. I had a vision of my envelop skimming wildly along the coast-line, pursued by the old, but active, waiter and a breathless pack of local worthies. I saw it outdistancing them all, dodging past coast-guards, doubling on its tracks, leaping breakwaters, unluckily injuring itself, losing speed, and at last, in a splendor of desperation, taking to the open sea. But suddenly I had another idea. Perhaps Laider had returned?

He had. I espied afar on the sands a form that was recognizably, by the listless droop of it, his. I was glad and sorry—rather glad, because he completed the scene of last year; and very sorry, because this time we should be at each other's mercy: no restful silence and liberty for either of us this time. Perhaps he had been told I was here, and had gone out to avoid me while he yet could. Oh weak, weak! Why palter? I put on my hat and coat, and marched out to meet him.

"Influenza, of course?" we asked simultaneously.

There is a limit to the time which one man may spend in talking to another about his own influenza; and presently, as we paced the sands, I felt that Laider had passed this limit. I wondered that he did n't break off and thank me now for my letter. He must have read it. He ought to have thanked me for it at once. It was a very good letter, a remarkable letter. But surely he was n't waiting to answer it by post? His silence about it

gave me the absurd sense of having taken a liberty, confound him! He was evidently ill at ease while he talked. But it was n't for me to help him out of his difficulty, whatever that might be. It was for him to remove the strain imposed on myself.

Abruptly, after a long pause, he did now manage to say:

"It was—very good of you to—to write me that letter." He told me he had only just got it, and he drifted away into otiose explanations of this fact. I thought he might at least say it was a remarkable letter; and you can imagine my annoyance when he said, after another interval, "I was very much touched indeed." I had wished to be convincing, not touching. I can't bear to be called touching.

"Don't you," I asked, "think it *is* quite possible that your brain invented all those memories of what—what happened before that accident?"

He drew a sharp sigh.

"You make me feel very guilty."

"That 's exactly what I tried to make you *not* feel!"

"I know, yes. That 's why I feel so guilty."

We had paused in our walk. He stood nervously prodding the hard wet sand with his walking-stick.

"In a way," he said, "your theory was quite right. But—it did n't go far enough. It 's not only possible, it 's a fact, that I did n't see those signs in those hands. I never examined those hands. They were n't there. *I* was n't there. I have n't an uncle in Hampshire, even. I never had."

I, too, prodded the sand.

"Well," I said at length, "I do feel rather a fool."

"I 've no right even to beg your pardon, but—"

"Oh, I 'm not vexed. Only—I rather wish you had n't told me this."

"I wish I had n't had to. It was your kindness, you see, that forced me. By trying to take an imaginary load off my conscience, you laid a very real one on it."

"I 'm sorry. But you, of your own free will, you know, exposed your conscience to me last year. I don't yet quite understand why you did that."

"No, of course not. I don't deserve that you should. But I think you will. May I explain? I 'm afraid I 've talked a great deal already about my influenza, and I sha'n't be able to keep it out of my explanation. Well, my weakest point—I told you this last year, but it happens to be perfectly true that my weakest point—is my will. Influenza, as you know, fastens unerringly on one's weakest point. It does n't attempt to undermine my imagination. That would be a forlorn hope. I have, alas! a very strong imagination. At ordinary times my imagination allows itself to be governed by my will. My will keeps it in check by constant nagging. But when my will is n't strong enough even to nag, then my imagination stampedes. I become even as a little child. I tell myself the most preposterous fables, and—the trouble is—I can't help telling them to my friends. Until I 've thoroughly shaken off influenza, I 'm not fit company for any one. I perfectly realize this, and I have the good sense to go right away till I 'm quite well again. I come here usually. It seems absurd, but I must confess I was sorry last year when we fell into conversation. I knew I should very soon be letting myself go, or, rather, very soon be swept away. Perhaps I ought to have warned you; but—I 'm a rather shy man. And then you mentioned the subject of palmistry. You said you believed in it. I wondered at that. I had once read Desbarolles's book about it, but I am bound to say I thought the whole thing very great nonsense indeed."

"Then," I gasped, "it is n't even true that you believe in palmistry?"

"Oh, no. But I was n't able to tell you that. You had begun by saying that you believed in palmistry, and then you proceeded to scoff at it. While you scoffed I saw myself as a man with a terribly good reason for *not* scoffing; and in a flash I saw the terribly good reason; I had the whole story—at least I had the broad outlines of it—clear before me."

"You had n't ever thought of it be-

fore?" He shook his head. My eyes beamed. "The whole thing was a sheer improvisation?"

"Yes," said Laider, humbly, "I am as bad as all that. I don't say that all the details of the story I told you that evening were filled in at the very instant of its conception. I was filling them in while we talked about palmistry in general, and while I was waiting for the moment when the story would come in most effectively. And I 've no doubt I added some extra touches in the course of the actual telling. Don't imagine that I took the slightest pleasure in deceiving you. It 's only my will, not my conscience, that is weakened after influenza. I simply can't help telling what I 've made up, and telling it to the best of my ability. But I 'm thoroughly ashamed all the time."

"Not of your ability, surely?"

"Yes, of that, too," he said, with his sad smile. "I always feel that I 'm not doing justice to my idea."

"You are too stern a critic, believe me."

"It is very kind of you to say that. You are very kind altogether. Had I known that you were so essentially a man of the world, in the best sense of that term, I should n't have so much dreaded seeing you just now and having to confess to you. But I 'm not going to take advantage of your urbanity and your easy-going ways. I hope that some day we may meet somewhere when I have n't had influenza and am a not wholly undesirable acquaintance. As it is, I refuse to let you associate with me. I am an older man than you, and so I may without impertinence warn you against having anything to do with me."

I deprecated this advice, of course; but for a man of weakened will he showed great firmness.

"You," he said, "in your heart of hearts, don't want to have to walk and talk continually with a person who might at any moment try to bamboozle you with some ridiculous tale. And I, for my part, don't want to degrade myself by trying to bamboozle any one, especially one whom I have taught to see through me. Let the two talks we have had be as though they had not been. Let us bow to each other, as last year, but let that be all. Let us follow in all things the precedent of last year."

With a smile that was almost gay he turned on his heel, and moved away with a step that was almost brisk. I was a little disconcerted. But I was also more than a little glad. The restfulness of silence, the charm of liberty—these things were not, after all, forfeit. My heart thanked Laider for that; and throughout the week I loyally seconded him in the system he had laid down for us. All was as it had been last year. We did not smile to each other, we merely bowed, when we entered or left the dining-room or smoking-room, and when we met on the wide-spread sands or in that shop which had a small and faded but circulating library.

Once or twice in the course of the week it did occur to me that perhaps Laider had told the simple truth at our first interview and an ingenious lie at our second. I frowned at this possibility. The idea of any one wishing to be quit of *me* was most distasteful. However, I was to find reassurance. On the last evening of my stay I suggested, in the small smoking-room, that he and I should, as sticklers for precedent, converse. We did so very pleasantly. And after a while I happened to say that I had seen this afternoon a great number of sea-gulls flying close to the shore.

"Sea-gulls?" said Laider, turning in his chair.

"Yes. And I don't think I had ever realized how extraordinarily beautiful they are when their wings catch the light."

Laider threw a quick glance at me and away from me.

"You think them beautiful?"

"Surely."

"Well, perhaps they are, yes; I suppose they are. But—I don't like seeing them. They always remind me of something—rather an awful thing—that once happened to me."

It was a very awful thing indeed.

"The girl kept clinging to the man's arm"

My Street

By ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor"

Illustrations by Boardman Robinson

A FEW years ago, when I came here to live, this street was to me as impersonal as any in New York; and this means quite impersonal. But now, as I turn into it, it seems almost as different from the other streets about it as I myself am different from other people. What has made it so to me? What sights and sounds and incidents here have given me this feeling, have given every New-Yorker this feeling, despite himself, try as he will to keep himself decently deaf and blind?

Perhaps I have not been quite so blind as the average New-Yorker, for I write here at the window the larger part of every day and I sit here often reading late in the evening. From such a point of vantage even a writer looks out now and then, and sees enough bits of life below to give him a hint of how much he has missed.

My street is on the lower West Side. On the block there are a few private homes and many boarding-houses and two or three apartment-buildings, one directly across the way. There is a huge Catholic hospital at one corner. Often at night, on the drawn blind of one of its windows, I see the little dark shadow of a saint or of the Virgin, I cannot tell which. At the other corners are three saloons. Not far away to the south is the Night Court for Women, and a few blocks to the north is an immense department store, the red flag of which waves over the roofs of the houses; I can see it from my window. Trolleys clang past at one end of my street, and the "el" roars by at the other; wagons and trucks go clattering by, and carriages, cabs, and automobiles; they begin with the milkman's wagon at dawn, and end with the garbage-cart late in the night, all clanging or whizzing or thundering by the sign on the lamp-post facing my window, which reads: "HOSPITAL STREET. WALK YOUR HORSES. MAKE NO UNNECESSARY NOISE."

I hear the ambulance often here. It is so common an object both day and night that the slow gallop of the horse has be-

come to me a part of my street. Often on certain afternoons I see groups of people about the door, men, women, and children; on Sundays nearly a hundred. Once there were thousands of people, and the whole front of the building was gay with flags, for Cardinal Farley had come home. Many funerals start from here, and once there was a wedding. The tobacco-store man across the way, who sells cigarettes to the interns, told me that one of the nurses had married.

This place is a kind of barometer; the city's disasters are registered here. There are little disasters. One rainy day while I was writing I chanced to look out and saw two men—foreigners I am certain they were—walking quickly westward. One held an umbrella low over the other, who carried over his shoulder a little chap, wrapped in a bright plaid shawl, whose head kept bobbing dismally. I went on writing, and then thought of something, and looked out again. And it was as I had thought: they were entering the hospital.

"They were entering the hospital"

There are great disasters. One cold afternoon in March, while I sat here working, I heard first the gong of an ambulance, then another close behind it, then even taxis and automobiles, all rushing toward the hospital gates. I heard people running, and went out to see. Before the entrance there was a crowd, and as I came up, out of one of the taxis a man seized what appeared to be a huge bundle and flung it over his shoulder and ran up the steps. Then I saw that what he carried had a head and a shock of hair. It had come from the Triangle Fire.

Life brings its usual contrasts here. Down at the corner one day in Christmas week I met a detective from the big store, with his hand on the arm of a woman shoplifter, a big, stout woman with a fat, pudgy face and sly eyes. I heard her voice as she went by, and it sounded between a whine and a squeal. A crowd was laughing behind her. It made the street a dreary place. But I was on my way just then to the shop of a little Swiss cutler who hones my razors for me. I stayed on a few minutes that day, and we got talking of traveling. We opened bright vistas all over the world, the old Swiss was such a talker. It struck him as a wonderful thing that he could walk into a subway hole a block from his shop, "and when I come out of doors again I can be any place in America!"

Mine is a travelers' street, for we are close to the North River here. By walking one block north, one can look up a street and see the huge red funnels of a Cunarder rising at the end. In the three years I have been here thousands of carriages, motors, and cabs have hurried by on their way to the boats. I like the sight of the trunks and valises, I like to catch glimpses of faces inside. In warm weather, when my window is open wide, I hear excited voices of children and a peal of laughter now and then. At such times it is hard to write.

"A detective from the big store"

Once, I remember, a stocky little Italian passed on a bright October morning. He, too, had baggage,—on his back,—one great dirty canvas bag and several parcels fresh from the store, things he had bought in America—things he would soon show proudly in some little old hill town, God knows where, proofs that he was a man, he was. Lord! how the little chap hurried by!

The river and harbor sounds are forever coming to my room. A friend of mine, who has an office near the top of a sky-scraper far down-town, tells me he can see from his window the dense, white, solid fog-banks when they come rolling in from the ocean straight up the lower bay and through the Narrows and into the harbor. Here in my room I can almost tell when this is happening—shut my eyes and see it happening—by the increase of the harbor sounds.

But the most compelling sound of all is the voice that comes on a morning in spring, deep, strident, and impatient—the roar of a liner leaving her dock.

One day about a week before Christmas, as I sat writing here, I suddenly remembered "the Christmas boat" was due to start in half an hour's time. The wharf is not ten minutes' walk away, and I arrived there just in time. The immense white ship of steel was all one intense well-ordered commotion, a scene of sharp orders and hurrying men. The smoke poured black from her funnels, several gang-planks were already up. But still, on a kind of a moving sidewalk, the last Christmas packages, large and small, were banging and crashing into her hold; and still, from motors and cabs, or in on the run from trolleys outside, laughing, excited, all out of breath, came Christmas travelers homeward bound; and still, in a

rude post-office established just for the day on the wharf, half a dozen clerks were working like mad, sorting and throwing into bags the tens of thousands of letters and cards wishing a Merry Christmas to people in Old-World cities and towns, in snow-bound Russian hamlets, in lazy villages on the Greek coast. Still they came, these messages, every minute a score. Even messenger-boys came on the run. And last of all came a puffing, white-headed old Irishwoman, who dropped in her postcard just in time; for only a moment after that there came the roar I have mentioned.

If you say that all this is no part of my street, I reply that those sounds from the harbor are part of every street in New York —great hints of the great life of the world which most New-Yorkers barely hear because they have grown used to them. They have grown used to so many things!

But on the opposite side of the street, a little east, are two neighbors who, although they are very old and stout, do not seem to have had time yet to grow used to everything. One is a man and the other a woman. Each sits at a window. They face each other. And now I see them smile at each other; again I see them watching the street. I have seen them for hours and hours thus.

"Things he would soon show proudly in some little old hill town"

Once on an April morning I even saw one of them leaning out. I followed his look, and saw a policeman and some small boys standing over a large newspaper package that lay upon the sidewalk. They were there for several minutes till a wagon from the police department came and took the package away. I did not go down to see what it was, for this was in the daytime, when I am busy writing. At night I probably should have gone down, for then I am reading what others have written.

At a window across from mine I often see a woman who does little acts of kindness. She is always doing them or getting somebody else to. At least this has been my firm belief ever since one Sunday last autumn. Time and again that afternoon I caught sight of her anxiously watching me; then at last she disappeared, and presently my telephone rang. Some one wanted the man in the house: it was the woman across the street. She said there was a cat on my roof leaning out so far over the gutter she feared the poor thing had lost its head and was thinking of making a leap to its death. The idea which I then expressed about cats and their talent for making long jumps without harm seemed not in the least to assure her. I went back and looked up from my window. Yes, there was the cat. His eyes peered down from close above. I shut the window sternly, sat down, and tried to go on with my work; but my neighbor kept watching me anxiously, sending little-acts-of-kindness thoughts continually across the street. I gave in at last and went up to the roof. It is not one roof; there are acres of roofs; the cat could have spent his whole life up there. He did not even want to come down. I cursed him, and he spat at me and went his way, and I clambered down and went back to my

"I caught sight of her anxiously watching me"

work. A few minutes later, glancing up, I saw my neighbor smiling approval. I always think of her like that.

There is also a sculptor across the street. Frequently wagons and trucks drive up, and out from his studio come huge white parts of horses or men. There is something magnetic about those parts; they are simple, elemental things. I always like to watch them.

And so it is on my street at night. It is simpler then; all the commonplace details drop away, the noise subsides, and when people pass I notice their voices.

So it was one night at the quietest time, which is between nine and eleven o'clock. I heard a man's voice, tense and sharp; I could hear it a considerable distance off. And there was a girl's voice, broken by sobs. My window was open, and I leaned out. They were coming down my side of the street, a man and a girl, with two men behind. They moved very slowly, for the girl kept clinging to the man's arm and begging him to take her home. From time to time he would stop and throw her off, and pour out a volley of abuse in a strained, unnatural voice of rage. From all of which I vaguely gathered what he intended to convey, that she was not any wife of his, had never been, would never be. He desired that she should let go his arm and get to blazes out of his sight. For some reason which I could not get, the girl, who was young and rather slim, seemed to have gone nearly out of her mind. She kept up her shrill, broken, inane appeal for him to take her home, home, home! The other two men tried to quiet the pair with talk about "cops" and police courts, but the two voices would not be hushed. They went on and on, far down the street, till the "el" rumbled over and drowned them out.

At eleven my street takes on new life. Into the apartment-building across the way come many New York couples. Most families are couples there. I see the windows above light up and remain so sometimes for more than an hour. Then one by one the lights go out. Only in a room at the top, through a window with neither

curtains nor blinds, I see a man, rather lean and young, sometimes in his shirt-sleeves, sometimes in pajamas, working at a table under a huge, green-shaded lamp. Though generally in bed by twelve, I often sit up later. But this chap under the big, green lamp is still there when I turn out my light. He has the street all to himself after that, but I think he never sees it.

I might go on and on like this, building bit upon bit this picture of the life of this one common street in New York; but on reading it over I find I have failed, have not given the truth, because I have drawn things all out of proportion.

"There is something magnetic about those parts"

"What is it," I asked myself at the start, "that has made this common street mine to me?"

What is it? Not these exceptional bits, these unusual little incidents. No, I think it is rather the commonplace *mass* of life that has made itself vaguely felt to me here. Commonplace? How do I know? For what do I know of this mass of life, unseen and unheard, behind shut doors?

I remember one time I was coming home toward the end of the night. Down the street came a garbage-cart drawn stolidly by an old white horse, his hoofs beating a slow *clop-clop* on the asphalt. The driver from time to time would toss up a garbage-can with a crash that sounded doubly loud, my street was so still. Under the cart was a lantern which swung; over the roofs hung a big, round moon. In its light, dark and baffling, silent, bare, these New York houses, just as common as life and death, stood there grimly self-contained. The garbage-cart had gone by now; there were only low calls from the harbor.

Summer Night

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

AFAR with steady fire burns ruddy Mars;
The sky is sown with gems; the velvet breast
Of night leans close, with whisperings of rest.
No voice of toil is here, no heed of time;
Only the lilt of God's eternal rhyme,
The wheeling planets, and the marching stars.

Our Next Step

By FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN

THIS paper, received at the eleventh hour, answers the query, Are we already invaded? and points a way to a real world peace. It is a development of the argument presented by Dr. Vrooman in a debate with Colonel William Jennings Bryan at the initial banquet of the National Economic League, held at the New Willard Hotel at Washington on March 4, 1916. Dr. Vrooman's speech was entirely extemporaneous, and there has been no record kept; but an attempt has been made to present the main argument on the subject of conditions of permanent world peace. This statement is made because of the letter of President Eliot in "The New York Times" of March 11 on the same subject, in which, with no possible knowledge of what had been said before, President Eliot advanced a similar theory.—THE EDITOR.

FEW men dare dream of a warless world, but some are beginning to believe that we have it in our power to ordain that there is no longer room on this planet for another organized aggression for murder and plunder, that it is no longer tolerable for a reckless and irresponsible militarism in the hands of a reckless and irresponsible diplomacy to drag twenty-five millions of men to the shambles without their consent. So much has been gained that there are those who believe that murder is murder by masked units or helmeted millions, on the simple proposition that one cannot elevate a crime into a decency by the multiplication table; and that those who hold that the moral law contains no "favored-nation" privileges may, through an intelligent and efficient organization, write *Finis* at the close of the history of all aggressive wars for gain.

The day has arrived to raise this question and faithfully examine it. With half the world enveloped in the psychosis of war, with civilization dragging its anchors, with Europe exhausted, and the United States smitten with infantile paralysis, the moment has come for cold thinking, for warm feeling, and for adequate action; for a reconsideration of our ancient shibboleths and a reëxamination of the foundations of our thinking.

What is democracy, anyway? Upon the way the United States answers this question will depend not only the future course of American history, but, as well, real democracy the world over in all its larger outlines and broader purposes. Is democracy a thing without duties, obligations, or responsibilities? Is it a thing without a spiritual content, without world purpose and world destiny? Is it without an aim higher than "pork"? Is it a theory of a nation built upon a theory of oneself, an incoherent and unmobilized mass of men and resources in heterogeneous juxtaposition, without vertebræ to hold it together, without a soul to save it from damnation? It has been said that in this country there is one thinker to every twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants. The rest are orators. With only one person in that number with a national, to say nothing of an international, consciousness, can it be said that we are a nation?

When we think of the mission of the United States, we are compelled to think of a tendency to isolate a certain territory wherein our people may make money and save their skins; to create a Dead Sea civilization into which everything flows, but which has no outlet. We do not think, and it seems as if we cannot think, of our country as a nation among nations, as each man thinks of himself as a man among men. We talk of ourselves as being a world power without apparently the slightest conception of either the op-

portunities or the obligations of a nation that has assumed its proper place in the world. Are we to sustain relations with the world? Are we to conduct foreign affairs? Are we to have policies which we can make good, or are we to keep on bluffing in a way in which every one knows that there is no possibility of making good? Are we to be a first-class nation or a second-class nation? On the way in which we answer this question will largely depend the future of mankind.

There is one thing and one thing only that can save democracy in the United States, and that is a forward movement with a moral mission. We have lost sight of both in our overwhelming prosperity, and we have been content to wax fat and near-sighted. We have come to the point where we must face the questions of duty. No nation ever survived without a sense of obligation, and without it no nation ought to survive. We are confronted not only with an opportunity, but with a mission; and this is why I propose a forward movement of democracy, an alliance of the democracies of the world in the interest of democracy in the world.

We have been told that we can regulate the behavior of naughty nations by our "Christian example." The experiment has been tried through our "Christian" indifference to the murder of nations and the breakdown of civilization and in our contentment with coining money out of death and blood. It has not stopped the war, nor has it so exalted the respect of nations for us that we may count on stamping a Chautauqua civilization willy-nilly upon the rest of the world.

We have been asked to rest our case in treaties which are framed to give inhuman and uncivilized nations a year in which to pursue their amiable depredations, while giving the "Christian" nation the twelvemonth to cool off in and to check up its ledger. Two years ago, before we knew exactly what kind of world we were living in, this plan might have carried conviction; but a few of us have learned something in that time, and have been witnesses of that cynicism which has been ready to tear up the bonds of sacred conventions, and we are not so content to rest the ultimate decision of world conflict upon so flimsy a foundation as an unsupported "scrap of paper." We must dismiss, therefore, the doctrine of treaties until there is something established in the world strong enough to make them binding.

Again we have heard that general disarmament will accomplish the desired result. All men are willing, aye, praying, to see the day when this may be realized; but some of us have failed to see general disarmament in the disarmament of one nation, and we realize that the dream of pacifism may at any moment turn suddenly to a hideous nightmare so long as there is one aggressive, mad-dog militarist nation left in the world without its teeth drawn.

We have heard, too, of the World Peace Foundation, with its league to "enforce" peace. Summed up, its program is another form of the treaty theory, both good as far as they go, provided they are not leaned on as responsible supports. Suppose this league had been in existence two years ago. How would it have prevented this war? If Germany had signed the treaty, she would have signed nothing but a "scrap of paper." If she had not signed it, she would have been in no different position, nor would the Allies. So far as nations that know no law but "necessity" are concerned, such a league is powerless, and it is here that it has missed the main point.

Another fatal oversight is that signatories do not bind themselves to enforce the decision of their tribunal after arbitration. "The proposal," says President Lowell, "goes no farther than obliging all members to prevent *by threat* of armed intervention a breach of the public peace before the matter has been submitted to arbitration." In other words, after the decision of the tribunal has been reached, signatories who up to that time have kept the peace are no longer under obligations to do so, and so far as the league is concerned,

these powers stand with those outside the bond or reach of punishment.

President Lowell urges that "the conception of international morality and fair play are still so vague and divergent, that a nation can hardly bind one to wage war on another with which it has no quarrel, to enforce a decision or a recommendation of whose justice or wisdom it may not be itself heartily convinced." Here he begs the whole question, and places it back in the status of the vigilance committee, which simile he uses, before it was replaced by the sheriff with the posse comitatus. Suppose an agent of a vigilance committee, to say nothing of a sheriff or his assistant, should refuse to act in any given case against a man with whom he "had no quarrel," and declined to "enforce a decision" or recommendation of "whose justice or wisdom" he was not himself "heartily convinced."

The league to enforce peace is far behind the status of the sheriff and his posse, and a long way from the level of a first-class vigilance committee.

Let us have something fundamental—first fundamental thinking, then radical action. And let it be adequate, or let us go out of business. The country is sick of government by amateurs, and has lost faith in progress by paralytics.

We have not even learned the difference between a policy and a bluff. It has never occurred to us to consider what we may be called upon some day to defend: to understand that it is as honorable to defend a principle as a territory; to know that our possessions and our policies, as Bismarck once said of colonies, are "points to be defended." I have been wondering what would happen if the Monroe Doctrine were challenged by some combination of first-class powers somewhere commensurate in strength with the powers at war to-day. What would we do? Suppose in Mexico or the Caribbeans or in southern Brazil, Germany and Japan should assemble their combined navies and place several million men. What *would* we do? We would know whether the Monroe Doctrine was a policy or a bluff. And that is exactly what we have not yet found out.

No nation can meet every possible contingency, but every nation ought to be prepared for every probability, and the first and immediate probability before us just now is the annihilation of the Monroe Doctrine, with the deprivation of all our outlying possessions; and, as quite within the lines of events, the payment in indemnities, on this or some other pretext, of the war debts of one or more of the nations in conflict. It is quite probable when the war is over that the United States will be the only nation in the world with any organized industry but the industry of war. These nations will be bankrupt, with the exception of such assets as may be represented by enormous standing armies, and probably with their navies intact, and with no more or better scruples than they have shown to their neighbors.

Another contingency awaits us. Mexico will be loaded up with debts and obligations to the nations of Europe for the killing of their citizens and the destruction of their property, and that without the slightest possibility of paying the smallest fraction of it. Demands will be made that we shall have to pay or Mexico will be invaded, and we shall have to fight or give up the Monroe Doctrine. The pacifists are telling us that the nations will be too poor to fight when this war is over, when it is more probable that they will be too poor to do anything else. We have our own lesson in the Civil War and with Mexico, when, with what in 1865 was the most efficient army in the world, and with plenty of troops on the border, Seward settled the matter of the invasion of Mexico by the troops of Napoleon the Little.

The Monroe Doctrine was saved because we were neither too poor nor too proud to fight, and we had just demonstrated that proposition. With five or ten million veteran soldiers and with no industries in which to place them, and with an open and cynical political creed announced and pursued and illustrated by two or more years of immeasurable

savagery, what will an intelligent nation do to face a situation like a Strasburg goose before these hungry hordes the leaders of which have not taken the trouble to conceal the creed upon which they have consistently vandalized Europe: "You have something I want. I will kill you and take it away"?

The laconic mind will consider whatever truth there is in the economic guess of Emerson, to whom we do not often go for that brand of wisdom, "He only can give who hath." Some one, writing recently of the French Revolution, said that, when it began, assignats were selling at ninety-five; within eighteen months they were at ninety; soon they dropped to seventy; then they took the toboggan and went to the bottom. "Then when France was bankrupt," he said, *"she found it necessary to go out and plunder Europe."*

I AM looking for a coalition between Germany and Japan after the war is over —I am not sure that it will wait till peace is signed—to break the Monroe Doctrine once for all. A nation that could find a pretext to plunge the world into war in the murder of an archduke might have little difficulty in making her claims against Mexico. The crisis may crystallize through Mexico or the California land or school question, or some foreign issue may arise in Japan, when, to save the Government, it will be necessary to take the initiative in Mexico or Panama or elsewhere. It is to be remembered that there are indications in both Germany and Japan of a feeling that the Monroe Doctrine is an insolence not to be tolerated. Those of us who have cared to know are well aware of the colonization in South America, and especially in southern Brazil, where for ten years Germany has virtually had a standing army larger than our whole army. We know of German movements in Haiti and the Danish West Indies, in Mexico, and especially in Canada and the United States. By this time the veil has been lifted from the whole vicious masquerade of German policy in the revelations of the ramifications of the tentacles of the official spy-and-bully system headquartered at Washington. In the light of the revelation of the main conspiracy and its relation to Berlin, certain facts appear to have a new significance: that there are more German reservists in the country than the whole American standing army; that there are more Germans than reservists and more hyphens than Germans. One may ask what the German official clique did with the forty millions said to have been received by wireless in those few days before and after the dramatic début of the villain on the stage at Columbus, New Mexico; and why simultaneously at Vera Cruz German reservists have recently been gathering, and what a curious coincidence it is—how *very* curious—that the Germans have more machine-guns in Mexico than we have in our whole army! I do not think anybody knows how many they have in the United States. Another interesting circumstance was the reported discovery among some captured papers of Villa of a treaty with Japan giving this gentleman a million dollars for the right to land an army in the United States. Speaking of the Japanese, also, there are certain circumstances of significance which stand out for the consideration of wise men. There are said to be more Japanese veterans of the wars of the mikado in California at this moment than our whole mobile standing army; as many more in Hawaii; half as many more in British Columbia. There are said to be still more in the Philippines and in Central America, closing in about the Panama Canal, and I have been told by an officer of the staff of the War College at Washington that there are 400,000 Japanese soldiers in Mexico. Our amiable pacifist friends do not think there is danger of invasion of this country by the Germans or the Japanese. We are already invaded.

What was the meaning of the reports that Japanese dead were found among the Mexicans killed on our border, that the Mexican troops were officered by Japanese at Vera Cruz, and that a Japanese crew of a war-ship made an official visit to the au-

thorities at Chapultepec and narrowly escaped an international complication? Is there significance in the fact that the Japanese have paroled their German prisoners in Tokio and are banqueting them, and that the Japanese press is singing the praise of *Deutschland ueber Alles?* Perhaps it is well here to remember that the Japanese learned their *Welt-politik* in the German school. At the time of the debacle in 1870 the Japanese in Paris left it in haste and went to Berlin, where they succeeded in acquiring the whole German system of militarism and espionage. Here they not only learned the organization of armies and the making of munitions, but every process of the gimlet methods of the spy-and-bully system which on the part of both the Germans and the Japanese has wormed its way into the last secret and service of our Government. There is no need in calling attention to the significance of the ominous portents rising upon three horizons, south, east, and west, to all of which we have made the same feeble gesture—the polite complacency of the transcendental optimaniac.

The first lesson in Pan-Americanism is to learn the significance of the presence here of Pan-Germany and Pan-Japan. What do we purpose to do about it?

It is about time to look the world over and see if we have any friends who can help us to preserve free institutions intact on this hemisphere. If we have no friends, let us behave so as to deserve them. Let us acquit ourselves so that nations will see in us a desirable ally, and not a parasite for whom they are to pull chestnuts out of the fire.

Let us look the world over. It happens that the world divides itself pretty clearly into two great groups, and in one of these groups are the foundations ready laid for such a coalition as may serve the lasting interests of democracy.

If we take the trouble to examine the real policies of Germany and Japan, we must not lose sight of the valid significance of the interlocking of this identity of political ideals with national interests that need have no fundamental antagonisms. People whose ideals are identical may easily lay permanent bases for future coöperation and conquest. Russia is the unknown quantity. Her ideals are with the autocracies; her interests might well lie with us, and nations, unless racial sentiments are involved, generally follow their interests. Those who have given any real thought, backed by investigation, to the world policies of Germany and Japan, must have realized that, founded upon a cynical and open avowal of military conquest and autocratic domination, the one has set out for world supremacy through the domination of Europe, and that the other has set out on a program of Pan-Asiatic imperialism. These are the policies of Pan-Germany and Pan-Japan. Both late in the game of world politics, and having arrived with the world well parceled out, they have set out with the instrument of a ruthless militarism to get by conquest what they have been denied by priority of preëmption. They found the flags of democratic and peace-loving nations floating over the empty spaces of the earth, for the most part undefended, and their inhabitants unable and unwilling to defend themselves; and the Germans and the Japanese have determined to be in at the reckoning in this last call for raw material and standing-room and food. They are the nations that will set the pace and launch the initiative, throwing the world back again to the ultimate struggle for existence. We are coming again to just that. Let there be no mistake. Here are the underlying and determining issues between nations in this bloody century, which dawned sweetly upon the world with its tragic promises, and which already has given such ghastly fulfilment. If we lose our guess here, we lose the game.

There are certain nations in the world which happen to be our natural friends. Fortunately, they are those we should want to tie up with in an alliance of democracies. If there is to be a forward movement of democracy, shall we look to those nations which openly avow undying

enmity toward our established "policies"? Or shall we approach those which have shown their friendship, and which we know to have with us common interests, and between whose ideals and ours there are no fundamental antagonisms?

Looking forward to a possible alliance, what are the nations which offer the line of least resistance? First of all is Great Britain. The noblest contribution of the political genius of the human race to the world is that of the British mind. The American nation is only one instance of the spread of the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon over the empty spaces of the earth, and it is the mission of the Anglo-Saxon to defend the achievements of our forefathers. We have derived our laws and most of our institutions, with their ideals, from our mother England, with a certain way of thinking based upon a certain psychology which has not yet been swamped in hyphens, and we speak the same language and understand each other. Look at it from any point of view, and one will find the groundwork of a lasting alliance; for with fair and wise statesmanship there is in sight not the remotest reason or cause or pretext why there should ever again be war between Great Britain and the United States. There will always be rivalries of trade, but with these properly handled, there can be no more war. The fact that between the possessions of the two powers there has been for a hundred years an unfortified boundary-line of three thousand miles is ample proof of this proposition. Another observation may be added here. Fifty years ago seventy per cent. of all the ships that sailed the seven seas carried the British flag. For a hundred years Great Britain has not had until now a naval war. In all that time she has not abused the overwhelming sea power she possessed, and everywhere the British flag has flown there has been the guaranty of free trade and equal rights. This simple and indisputable fact will dispel the objection that there is danger of militarism in naval supremacy in the hands of democratic control.

The democracy of France, and not the democracy of the United States, may yet prove the bulwark of free institutions in the world. In France democracy is organization; here it is chaos. In France democracy is efficiency; here it has degenerated into an incompetency as spineless and feeble as an angleworm. The ideals of France are our ideals.

The aspirations of new Italy, framed after the prophetic utterances of a Mazzini, have brought Italy in the line of democracy and progress. Despite the growth of imperialism, Italian political ideals are nearly enough identical with ours for coöperative purposes and enterprise. The home of the Renaissance has become the scene of a resurrection, and we have the Italy of to-day moving toward the people's emancipation. The political ambitions of Italy are not fundamentally antagonistic to those of the United States.

Then there is the problem of China. China has been a friend of the United States. She is a natural ally. We owe something to her in her struggles, but we owe more to ourselves; for here hinges the whole future of the Anglo-Saxon race and the survival of its ideals and the success of its mission in the world. The one thing the democracies of the world have to prevent is the Japanization of China. If that ever becomes an accomplished fact, the experiment of democracy will come to its end.

I wonder if there is one of the little nations that would not welcome such an alliance as would guarantee their fundamental rights and protection from such intolerable infamies as the German allies have visited upon Servia and Belgium. With the small nations coupled with the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, China, and Russia, if she desires, and whatever other nation that can allow the new program, and with these nations absolutely supreme upon the sea, we could say to Japan, for instance: "We are quite willing that you have any reasonable field of expansion. We want to be your friend; but if you play German pirate in China or on the American Hemisphere, we will isolate you from the Asiatic continent and

the American Hemisphere, since the day has gone when on this planet there is evermore room for one nation to say to another nation: 'You have something I want. I will kill you and take it away.' "

While we are working for a forward movement of democracy, the remoter districts of philosophic pacifism will be counting noses and marshaling their majorities on the slogan of that eighteenth-century fetish, "No entangling alliances." The German and Japanese allies in Congress will join the armor-plate-perambulator combination on the side of finance, for there is much pork there, and they will work for a "peace-at-any-price" politics and a dove-at-any-price diplomacy. Even now we are hearing the very words that apparently the German embassy has put in the mouths of its henchmen, both its dupes and its hirelings: "In no circumstances war with Germany now. When the war is over we can have a clean-cut issue." To which might be added the consolation, too, that we can have one all to ourselves. That was significant warning a German let go in a moment of heat to a friend of mine—a German well up in the semi-official group, "You would better look out," he said, "or pretty soon you may have the Japanese on your backs and the Germans in your guts." We shall have to get used to this cry of "no entangling alliances" with that of neutrality. Much water has flowed under London Bridge since Washington wrote these words, and while he has never been deified or even sainted, some of his sayings of temporary value have been invested by the pacifists with the halo of a divine inspiration. I have often thought of the Benjamin Franklin kind of thriftiness of this remark of the Father of his Country in days quite different from these. The Revolutionary War was over. The United States was launched on an uncharted ocean. Its resources were few, and its strength was small. The worthy gentleman had got all he could out of France through an "entangling alliance" which had saved the United States—let it never be forgotten that there would never have been a United States but for that "entangling alliance." His subsequent renunciation of alliances reminds me of a man of whom I once heard who for years had been in the habit of borrowing his neighbor's saw. Through some kindly accession of prosperity he bought for himself a new one, and announced to the neighborhood that henceforth he would neither borrow nor lend.

That was not exactly an entangling alliance when Russia came to our aid in the Civil War; that was not strictly an entangling alliance when England stepped in twice in our behalf during the Spanish-American War. But underneath all alliances legal and moral is the fact that the everlasting righteousness is, after all, a concern of ours, and that democracy and free institutions must not perish from the earth, and that the nation which stands before these propositions and is neutral has committed spiritual suicide.

The United States must face several combinations of alternatives and act.

The first is to give up our outlying possessions or have them taken away from us.

The second is to disavow our "policies" or have them broken for us.

The third is to make ourselves strong enough on land and sea to face any probable combination of powers in this age of alliances or be prepared to go out of business.

The fourth is so to strengthen ourselves as to be an ally worth having and no longer a world parasite, and then seek alliance with such nations as between whom and ourselves there are no fundamental antagonisms, and as between whom and ourselves there are common interests.

It is somewhere along the lines of common ideals and interests, clearly enough understood to get us together, that we shall be able, if at all, to save democracy by saving ourselves. Let the democracies of the world underwrite the world peace.

To a Flea

By OLIVER HERFORD

COMPANION of the lowly and the great,
A parasite we term you, we who crawl
In swarming myriads infinitely small
Upon the spheroid, monstrous, oblate
We call the earth, atoms insatiate
That sap its very life. Are we not all
The parasites of this terrestrial ball,
O Flea, and blood relations intimate?
Who knows but through your microscopic veins
Once flowed the blood of king or pontiff grand?
Who knows what mighty chiefs your kinship share?
Of one great Roman surely there remains
A trace, else why, when falls the vengeful hand,
Like Fabius, are you always otherwhere?

"He was the calif in the streets of Bagdad as he sucked his twenty-first ice-cream cone"

The Arabian Days of Jimmy Jennette

By ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

Author of "How Beelzebub Came to the Convent," etc.

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

THE trained nurse in charge of the hospital, The Lost and Found Child Department, and lady high custodian of the "Infant Incubator Exhibit," raised her well-arched brows.

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Jennette, that you turn that boy loose here! Why, it 'll kill the child."

Jimmy, with ecstatic eyes fixed on the distant lemon-yellow shape of the high-wire artist, nibbled his seventh ice-cream cone and sighed happily. Jimmy's father wrinkled his nose and blinked his pale-blue, humorous eyes.

"I must confess, Miss Mehan, we don't interfere with him much. We found, his mother and I, that he fretted himself sick when he was n't allowed the run of the place, and we 've got a notion it 's healthier to let him get plain tired out, and bursting full of pop-corn and ice-cream and soda and 'dogs,' and *then* have the doctor for a week. He gets over it in great shape, and after that he 's in training for the rest of the season. When all 's said and done, why spoil it all? He 's only eight; all the tinsel is real. It 's all gold and diamonds and fairy-land,—fairy-land you don't wake up from,—and lasts every day and all day."

Miss Mehan looked scientific disapproval, and, to do her justice, what she had seen of Jimmy's activities and appetite was enough to horrify her accurate sense of healthy equilibrium.

"Mark my words," she said sorrowfully; "something is going to happen to that boy. Monsieur Daniel took him into the lions' den, and I saw him following around after that dreadful dancer in the Midway. Those Orientals are always fighting, and Jimmy 's sure to get in it."

"I don't doubt it," said Jimmy's father, resignedly; "but he 'll subdue them all,—he always does,—and, besides, he 's just as dangerous when he 's home. Last week I caught him setting off fire-crackers under a contractor's dynamite wagon. Honestly,

I feel a lot safer when he 's here, and it *takes* a crowd of about two hundred thousand *to* take care of him."

"Of course," Miss Mehan admitted, "*you 're* his father, Mr. Jennette; but I *must* say, *I* do not consider an amusement park the proper place in which to bring up a child." She turned away as the deputy nurse appeared at the side entrance of "Concession B" and indicated in pantomime that the crowd was awaiting the lecture in the incubator-room.

Mr. Chester Jennette, general manager of "The World's Greatest Spectacular Playground," scratched his red head contemplatively and stared at his son. Perhaps Miss Mehan was right, but he and Edna somehow could n't deny the youngster the glamour and glory of these, his Arabian, days. Perhaps Jimmy's manners *were* an unpolished reflection of the cosmopolitan, heterogeneous throng of the employees of the big show, perhaps his language did need pruning; but what was lost in these branches of education was doubly gained in his ability to take care of himself, to make friends, to adjust himself, chameleon-like, to all the diversified creeds, customs, and codes with which, as the "boss's boy," he came in daily contact.

"Shucks!" said Jennette, "I only wish *I* could have had his chance. It must be perpetual heaven." He turned away with a whimsical sigh as Hamil, the Greco-Jewish camel-driver from Cairo, approached with waving hands.

"Boss," he wailed, "that Jimmee he wan' ride Menelik, the black camel, all time. He no pay—"

"Oh, well, *let* him." The blue Irish eyes looked into the excited brown ones. "Let him, for heaven's sake! He 'll be tired of camels by to-morrow. By all means, Hamil, get Menelik out of his system."

"Susteem?" repeated Hamil.

The manager came back to earth.

"Sure, Hamil; let Jimmy have the run of the whole Midway. Let him eat it up. And," he unwisely added, by way of further enforcing the freedom of the city which he accorded his small son, "if he wants La belle Fatima to teach him the 'coochy-cooch,' tell her to go to it."

The camel-driver retired in confusion to tell his tale in the bazaar. It lost nothing in the telling.

Fatima received her orders to impart her art to the infant man-child with wide-eyed horror. Kula, "the Bride of the Desert," and Zabelle, "the Armenian Captive," were equally nonplussed. Yusuf, the magician, Haji, the brass-worker, Ibrahim, virtuoso of the peacock-zither, and Abdul, the owner of the four gorgeously bedecked camels, received the story of Hamil with amazed incredulity. Were they all to be under the heel of this infant? It was most strange. They would await the coming of Ben Ali Hassan, hereditary saint and general manager of all good Mohammedans in this land of sun-struck infidels. Hassan would explain the mystery.

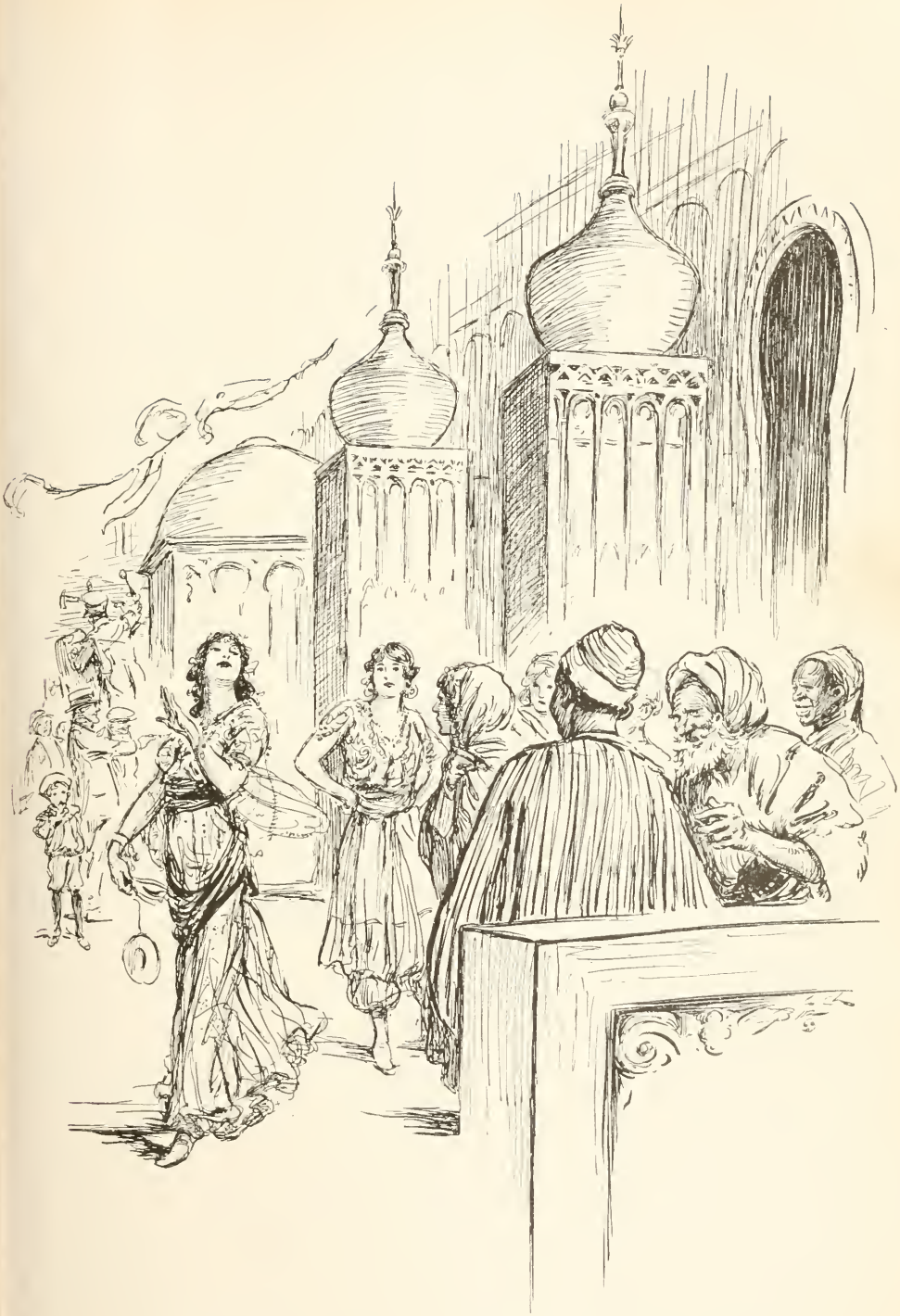
At this juncture Kiera, astrologer, fortune-teller, and general mystic-of-all-work, came slowly forward, swathed in her veils of black and purple. She heard the story with interest dawning in her pale-irised eyes.

"So—a man-child to whom is given command. That is not of every day; that is even as the babe of Hassan, who, by virtue of the blood of the prophet, inherits the green turban, though he have not been to holy Mecca. But what manner of infidel *is* this to whose suckling is given such power?"

"Perhaps he is born under Amerikine planets," suggested Kula, hitching her spangled hip scarf. "Kiera,"—she raised her heavy eyebrows, which met above her small nose with true Oriental perfection, —"if Allah grants thee knowledge of the heavens, read thou his horoscope, *if* thou canst." She turned away sneering, and, swaying with self-conscious grace, crossed the tessellated square, surrounded by cardboard houses and papier-mâché mosques, to the performance tent.

Kiera scowled.

"Did ye hear her?" she snarled. "She would mock me, and pretend that I cannot read the stars! Wait, I will read the future of the man-child, though the heav-



"She turned away sneering, and, swaying with self-conscious grace"

ens fall. Alas! that Achmet Ben Ahr is outside with the ballyhoo. He knows her for what she is, and *he* shall tell her."

"Quarrel thy quarrels, woman, with thine own kind, and seek not to embroil others," said Ibrahim. "Leave Ben Ahr to his ballyhoo. He is no man of thine."

"Nor of hers," raged Kiera.

"Therefore cease thy talk," admonished Ibrahim. "It is enough." He walked away with stately tread, and took his stand behind the foolish gray-suited American who presumed to engage Riza the crafty in a game of chess at twenty-five cents per game.

But Kiera's hot Southern soul was boiling, and she sought her tent, curtly refusing to read the palms of two white-clad, highly perfumed ladies who dug into silver-mesh bags for "a piece of change."

For months now Kula had badgered and insulted "the Greatest Seeress in the Western Hemisphere," and the G. S. of the W. H.'s small stock of patience was exhausted. Here they were starting in a new season with the big park, and Kula was already beginning her belittling insinuations and sneers. Kiera snorted like a blooded war-horse. She would steal Achmet's knife, and then!

She was deflected from her thoughts of gory reprisal by the appearance of a small boy in a white suit, nibbling an ice-cream cone. The boy had an alert, serious face; a pair of pale-blue, imaginative, wide-set eyes; a shingling of freckles on his peeling, sunburned nose; a capacious mouth; and outstanding ears that upheld a white duck "crew" cap. He advanced to Menelik, the black camel, and with a proprietary air tweaked the colored wool tassels and shell ornaments of the big beast's halter. Then he looked about for Hamil, now absorbed in the game of chess proceeding on the big Kurdish carpet by the mosque entrance, changed his mind, peeled a strip of skin from his nose, gazed at it meditatively, then, catching the inquiring, pale-irised eyes gazing at him above the black and purple veils, he advanced, and laid two little monkey hands on the table before Kiera.

"You 're the psy-cho-log-i-*cal* wonder and mind-reader, are n't you?" he inquired. "Gee! that must be great!"

"Twenty-fi' cents, please," said the psychological wonder.

The boy looked at her wide-eyed.

"Huh, I 'm Jimmy—Jimmy Jennette."

Kiera looked at him with new interest.

"Ah, so you are to learn to dance by Fatima?"

"Me!" gasped Jimmy, overcome by the suggestion. "Not on your tin-type! What 'd I want to learn to dance for? Why, the armless wonder is going to show me how to swallow swords! Say, can you tell me if us 'Coney Island Giants' is going to lick 'the Sea Gate Senators' in the next game?"

He talked in riddles, this to-be-obeyed man-child; but Kiera understood clearly that he scorned to learn from Fatima with a great scorn, and longed for swords, as was the birthright of the son of a chief.

"How old are you?" inquired the seeress.

"I 'm eight," said Jimmy, with a proud swagger.

"What mont', what day?" Kiera persisted.

"Day before yesterday," admitted Jimmy, reluctantly. He preferred to be "going on nine."

"What hour—you know what hour?" the veiled one inquired.

Jimmy looked puzzled.

"Well," he said at length, "mother says I began yelling at four in the morning, and I 've been wakin' her up regular ever since. Guess I do wake up sort of early," he allowed. "Bed 's awful' slow."

The mystic lady was jotting down various symbols and strange characters. Jimmy regarded the pad with disapproval.

"*I* can write clearer than *that*," he bragged. "What 's that a picture of?" He looked upon the sign of Cancer on the heading of the paper. "*I* can dror an Indian," he proudly informed her. "The feller in the burned-leather booth showed me how. Why don't you get him to show you how to dror?"

Kiera finished her notes with a flourish.

"I shall see your stars," she said, and smiled down at the boy's eager face. "I think you shall one day be a very big, great man."

Jimmy nodded gravely.

"Sure," he agreed, and the final morsel of ice-cream cone disappeared within his cavernous mouth, shutting off further communication for the time being. His eyes, however, were endeavoring to impart something of importance. The last of the dainty quite visibly descending beneath the white skin of his thin little throat, the line of communication was at last open. "You *bet* I 'm going to be a great man! Moonsoor Daniel is going to teach me how to be a lion-tamer. Gee!" he stood silent, in awe of his own future prowess. "Gee!"

"You shall conquer more than lions," affirmed the reader of the heavens; "even men and women."

Jimmy looked unconvinced.

"You oughter hear 'em roar," he said, his mind wholly concentrated on his chosen profession. Yusuf sedately crossed to the booth. Jimmy turned upon him his interested gaze. "Gee! that 's the magician. I saw him grow a flower in a pot out on the ballyhoo." He considered the master of the genii with a practical eye. "Dad says he pays him twenty-five dollars a week, and the head gardener for the grounds gets fifty dollars. Why don't he garden?" There seemed no answer to this obviously good advice, and Jimmy's mind had already disposed of that angle of the proposition. "I 'm gonna stay for the show," he announced as one conferring a favor. "You 're awful' long between shows. When does it start?"

Yusuf received the question as a command.

"But now, O Son of the Boss; to hear is to obey." He waved Jimmy toward the rows of benches fronting the platform, upon which a gaudy tent of turkey red, hung with bright rugs made in Pennsylvania, sought to impress the audience with a true conception of the beauty and luxury of a sultan's harem. A number of people were already seated, expectantly gazing at this alluring interior. Yusuf marched off, corralled the various performers, and shepherded them to the rear entrance of the tent.

"The boss-child is in front," he informed them. "He desires us to begin. It is five minutes before the hour, but I have said we obey."

Obediently the members of the troupe took their places, one behind the other on the back stairs, and entered the rear flap of the stage in solemn order: first the two boy athletes, beating on tom-toms and crooning a nasal singsong; then the zither-player, with his highly colored instrument; Abdul Baa, with a guitar, ushering in the prides of the harem, Fatima, Kula, Zabelle, and Kiera, who took their places on the cushioned divan. A moment later Haji, the brass-worker, disguised as the sultan, entered, attended by Yusuf, and, seating himself upon the dais, waved a grimy hand in sign of his readiness to be entertained.

Jimmy edged on the very tip of his seat as Yusuf, with a black velvet wand tipped with silver, conjured flowers galore from arid pots; produced pigeons from the beard of Yusuf, where, indeed, they might well have hatched; and quite painlessly poured fire from his finger-tips; then he rolled two pigeons together and produced a ruffled and protesting parrot, and—the trouble began. Instead of flying to his cage, the parrot chose to hang upside down from the fringe of the tent. His master cursed under his breath, but forbore to notice the insubordination, and introduced Zabelle, the Armenian captive, who by a few passes was thrown into a hypnotic sleep, which produced the extraordinary result of suspending her in air with no visible means of support. The sultan, chewing gum, appeared quite callous to the liberties taken with his expensive slave until the parrot, having tired of the curtain as a perch, concluded that Zabelle's glittering head-dress offered a better, and alighted thereon, with small consideration for the captive's hair. Zabelle came out of her trance and shrieked for help. The sultan bent a furious glance—he was the captive's father—on the bungling magi-

cian; the magician whacked the parrot, which retorted angrily, and flew to the tent-flap, clawed its way up, and teetered on a guy-rope.

Angry and disgruntled, Zabelle was allowed to alight. The episode had descended from "Oriental mysticism" to plain farce, and the audience rocked with laughter, Jimmy's shriek of delight dominating all the rest with the shrill persistence of a siren. The troupe was thoroughly rattled, but resolved to retrieve itself before the all-important boss-child; for, behold! the boss-child was laughing them to scorn. That was not to be endured.

Fatima was hastily thrust forward, the peacock zither and the tom-toms struck up the accompaniment to her far-famed dance. But unfortunately the extraordinary information she had received—that she was to teach the "Garden of Love" *pas seul* to the son of the chief—threw her into a state bordering on panic. *How*, in the name of Allah, was one to teach a man-child of eight the dance of the Oured-Nails? With every gyration that set her beads jangling and her bangles ringing she felt more embarrassed and helpless. The Egyptians, commanded to make bricks without straw, had a task of sheer simplicity compared with that to which, for some reason beyond her Oriental guessing, she had been assigned.

"How, in Allah's name! *How* to do this impossibility?" She clapped her agile fingers on her silver cymbals absently and out of tune; her naturally rhythmic body became as wooden as an automaton, for her mind was questioning, "*How*, in the name of Allah, shall I teach a man-child of eight to do *this!*"

"Ha-ha, ah-ah-ah," chanted the musicians.

Desperately Fatima began the last circling preparatory to her final whirl.

"Ah-ah-ah! Camel!" hissed Yusuf under his breath as she passed. "Camel! No, dromedary! Thou wilt have us expelled from the park for thy most execrable dancing."

"Pariah dog and slaughter-house swine!" murmured the sultan's favorite, with tears of fury in her lustrous eyes.

Kula, the trouble-maker, broke into a sneering giggle.

"Does a man-child affright thee, O rose-leaf-footed teacher of dancing?" she jeered.

Kiera leaned forward.

"Thou art a gazelle, Fatima, compared with *her* at her best."

To the audience this badinage appeared as encouraging demonstrations of delight; but Kula's fingers twitched, and only the threatening brows of Yusuf and Haji made the serpent-tongued combatants withdraw to their own corners of the divan. Fatima made her bow, rushed to her place, and slammed herself full-length on the cushions. The sultan's palace had become the ragged edge of an active volcano.

Jimmy had observed the gyrations of Fatima with an uninterested eye. Over at the rival park, on the opposite side of teeming "Surf Avenue," they had a lady who wriggled with live snakes, a proceeding which had interested him immensely; but to wriggle *without* snakes was tiresome. He made a mental note to speak to his father about the forgotten reptiles. He often helped his father with reminders and suggestions. The performance on the platform began to pall. He had a gnawing impression that something was wrong; he missed something. Had he lost his extra handkerchief? A search revealed it securely pinned into his breast pocket, where his mother had placed it. His big horse-chestnut? No. His pocket-knife? Not that either; it was anchored to his belt by a stout piece of twine. He was puzzled. He looked away, wondering what that feeling of loss and emptiness might mean—a feeling almost as big as a recently pulled tooth.

The now thoroughly disorganized "Orient Midway Aggregation of Marvels" produced its next sensation, no other than the world-renowned Bride of the Desert in her unique juggling dance with six keen simitars. Kula, with a self-satisfied leer, advanced to the middle of the

"'Twenty-fi' cents, please,' said the psychological wonder"

stage as the swords were brought forward on a red velvet stand. Kula was sure of her act. However the others might bungle, she at least *never* failed. It was to her unfailing quality that she owed her retention in the troupe. She might quarrel with whom she pleased; they could not afford to lose the applause that always attended her skilful manipulation of the curved and glittering blades. She cast a supercilious glance over her shoulder at *la belle* Fatima and grinned irritatingly at Kiera, who would have the handicap, not to say misfortune, of following her. The boss-child was a man-child, therefore the sight of steel must be his soul's desire, the quiver of leaping simitars a sight to thrill his warrior spirit, which, in ordinary circumstances, was quite true. But the feats of the sword-swallower in "Concession X" had literally dulled the point of her act. Jimmy was busily sorting his belongings and questioning himself as to the meaning of the mysterious craving that assailed him. He looked with interest at Kula for a moment or two, fascinated by the whirl of light she made of a shining sword, even awestruck at the manner she threw it aloft and caught it again, like a band-master, spinning it obediently on her extended forefinger. Then she crossed two weapons on the floor, and footed it neatly over and about the menacing points and edges, while she tossed four more in a continuous leaping fountain of writhing danger.

It was at this moment that Jimmy discovered what ailed him. He was hungry. He had n't had an ice-cream cone in an hour! He started to his feet, oblivious of the performance, and looked about, craning his neck to see over the heads of the people behind him. The all-important question must be answered, *Was* there an ice-cream cone station in the Midway?

Kula sensed a movement in the crowd in the region she sought to hold spellbound. It needed only the satisfied chuckle of Kiera behind her to throw her completely out of time. Through the glare of the swinging swords she saw the boss-child standing up, his back turned toward her, looking expectantly out over the empty square. She missed her count, the heavy simitar flew from her hand, sprang like a living thing across the platform, and clanged to the stage, half severing the main tent-rope as it fell. With a furious exclamation she steadied herself, spun the remaining swords in her right hand while she danced across, leaned over, secured the lost weapon and, returning, wheeled to the center, all four simitars revolving with the speed and precision of a fly-wheel. It was an extraordinary feat. The audience burst into a paroxysm of applause. But Kula's triumph was dust and ashes. She had failed to hold the attention of the boss-child, and all the troupe had seen it. She clashed the swords on the stand and, sullen and defiant, backed to her seat.

Jimmy, having located the sweetmeat shop, turned his attention once more to the stage. The veiled lady who had told him he would be a great lion-tamer some day was going to do something. A man in a blue coat and a fez was parading up and down the aisles that divided the audience, asking for watch numbers, hat sizes, coin dates, and various articles of adornment. The veiled lady with incredible rapidity repeated the numbers and dates, and otherwise proved her powers of mind-reading. The man with a fez produced a piece of blackboard and began to write down numbers. It reminded Jimmy of hated winter, its loathed lessons, and its detested arithmetic. He was disappointed that his friend should give such a silly performance, and then his whole being became absorbed in another act, not down on the program—an act the tragic realism of which could not be questioned. The insubordinate parrot, still teetering from the scalloped and fringed lambrequin that decorated the face of the tent, hung upside down to inspect the goings-on below.

Back in the shadow there appeared a lean, black shape—Hafiz, the Midway lucky cat. Slowly the wily cat progressed, his brilliant eyes fixed on the bird. Nearer and nearer he drew. The cat paused and looked upward, trying the ropes with a vicious claw. The ropes were too small

to climb without making his presence known to his prey. With the philosophy and patience of his species, he sat back with dignity, pretending to blink at the heavens. When again, in conceit with himself, he tried the canvas side of the tent, it yielded to his weight. The height was not to be taken save by a storming process that must warn the quarry. Hafiz once more gazed into space and meditated. A plan hatched in his brain. With sinuous movements he writhed between the ropes, surmounted the bales and boxes that piled the side of the tent in semblance of the goods of a resting caravan, gained the foot of the yellow-and-red painted wall that divided the Midway from "Concession L" of "The Palm Beach Tropics and Glass-Bottomed Boat Recreation Pool," and sidled along the wall, his black body hugging the castellated parapet. Softly he dropped upon the top of the tent and slid, with outstretched paws, down its incline toward the metal rod from which depended the fringed and scalloped lambrequin to which the parrot still swung.

Jimmy had watched every move intently. At first his sympathies had been whole-heartedly with the cat, for some obscure primeval instinct that puts small boys inevitably on the side of the hunter rather than of the hunted; but as the lithe, black body slid down the tent nearer and nearer, his vivid imagination began to visualize the final pounce, the snatch of the black paws that would wrench their victim from its hold and escape with it to the inaccessible fortress of the dividing-wall before any one could interfere. The parrot hung by its beak, and executed a pirouette. The cat slid another inch nearer, was almost on the very edge of the outer rod. Jimmy rose stealthily. As velvet-footed as the cat, he slipped by the occupants of his bench, wriggled past the rope barrier, drew up a singularly light bale of what represented the priceless rugs of Ispahan, climbed on top, and reached for Hafiz.

His going had not been unobserved from the platform; indeed, his absent and concentrated gaze had been only too well noted by the "Bride of the Desert." Kiera, with bandaged eyes and sibilant voice, continued to add numbers she was not supposed to see, and describe jewelry she was announced to view only through the eyes of the Yogi in the red fez. Whether by clairvoyance or plain eyesight, she also beheld Jimmy rise from his seat and sneak away. She added up the column wrong, and failed to follow the signal or intuition which would give her the following watch number. Her ears were strained for the words—the fatal words she felt would come from Kula's vengeful mouth. The sweat stood on her temples. She knew that if Kula ever spoke those inevitable words, nothing but murder would ever appease her fury.

They came in the sharp whispered voice of her enemy, preceded by a sniggering laugh.

"It remained for *thee* to drive him altogether away!"

The storm broke. Kiera snatched the bandage from her eyes, and leaped upon Kula; Yusuf rushed to drag Fatima from the fray, into which she had launched herself with the quickness of light. He was intercepted by Haji, boiling with fury at the bungling of the magician who had spoiled Zabelle's act.

"Kiera! Kiera!" yelled the red-fezzed pundit, scrambling at the platform and unable in his excitement to scale it.

But now Kiera had Kula by the throat. In a still fury of long-suppressed hate they rolled among the cushions, one gasping contortion of tinsel and beads. The floor rolled with pearls; Koh-i-nurs lay all over the divans of the sultan's pavilion.

Jimmy, standing on tiptoe on the rug bale, had reached up warily for the cat when the thump of falling bodies and the scream of the onlookers struck him full at the apex of his reach. He was not frightened: he was too excited to know fear, but the start it caused him made him lose his balance; the bale rolled beneath his wildly kicking feet. With all his might he swung to the canvas top.

The simitar-severed guy-rope parted under the sudden strain. With a grinding

rush the whole pavilion crumpled. To the breathless audience it seemed as if the flame of battle had been snuffed by a giant snuffer in the hand of fate.

The crumpled canvas heaved, but it was no longer with the struggle of destruction, but with the struggle to escape. On top of the heap sat Jimmy. The iron stanchion had bumped him cruelly, but he held the rescued parrot firmly in his left hand.

The parrot turned and bit him.

Said Miss Mehan, as she bound up the hole the ungrateful bird had bored in his rescuer's finger:

"I *told* you, Mr. Jennette, he was *bound* to get hurt. Take my advice, and send him home this minute."

"Oh," begged Jimmy, "Father, please, it hurts awful'. Lem me ride Menelik just one time more."

"And as *I* told Miss Mehan, he 's subdued them all," said Jennette. "Go on, son; just *one* ride now."

Said Kiera, bending over her charts to Achmet, released from ballyhoo, "I have cast the horoscope of the boss-child. Behold! he shall be a leader. He shall go into far countries. Here are wealth and jewels and wives and banners and trumpeters. It is a marvel of a horoscope. Achmet, never have I seen such a one; and yet,—and here is the greatest marvel of all, for I understand it not,—*now*, at this very time, under these present auspices of the planets, I find the zenith of his happiness, a very apex of the pyramid of his being—now, even now."

"I understand it not," said Achmet. "He is but a babe."

The soft *pad-pad* of a camel's feet caused them to look up. Jimmy passed, high seated on the swaying black hump of Menelik, preceded by Hamil, chanting an improvised song in Arabic.

"Make way for the boss-child! Make way! Kismet he brings; wisdom is his. Allah shall guide his feet in the yellow sandals! Way for the boss-child!"

Jimmy swayed all over to the swing of the camel and Hamil's chant. He was so tired that he could hardly keep his seat, and the heaving of the great brute racked every aching bone in his little body. His finger hurt cruelly, the rapidly purpling lump on his head throbbed and burned; but he was the calif in the streets of Bagdad as he sucked his twenty-first ice-cream cone.

The Traitor

By A. HUGH FISHER

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

"WHAT is it makes the king's heart sore?"
"Ask of the huntsman at the door,"
Whispered the rushes on the floor.

"Huntsman, what is it ails the king?"
"He learned but now of a cursèd thing,
And bade me wait for his wayfaring."

"Why rides the king to-night so late?"
The forest murmured, "Love and hate
Move men of high and low estate."

"'*Why goes she now to her wedding-chest?*'"
"'To seek what dresses array her best'"

"Why wakes Earl Athel with face so worn?"
" 'T is the silver sound of that winding horn,"
Quoth the arras gray in the early morn.

"What was the secret he now has told?"
"How love once made him overbold
To cheat his king," said cup of gold.

"He was sent to learn at her father's hall
If the tales of her beauty were true at all,"
Sang a harp that was hanging on the wall.

"And the sly carl told with a cunning knack
She 'd a comely face, but a crooked back.
We know," cried the chessmen, white and black.

"But what is it now he bids his wife?"
"Disguise her beauty and save his life,"
Said a bowl of stain with nut-husks rife.

"Why burns such fire in the lady's eyes?"
"The heart's wrath flames when the heart's love dies,"
Wailed the trodden threads of her broideries.

"Why goes she now to her wedding-chest?"
"To seek what dresses array her best,"
Answered a brooch on her heaving breast.

"Keeps the king silence while she bears
Mead and meat for the travelers?"
"He sees and plans," said the ashwood spears.

"Where go these two with hidden hate
As if they were still affectionate?"
"The king commands," creaked rusty gate.

"Go they to hunt as huntsmen should?"
"Yes, hunt if the king deem hunting good—
Perhaps each other," sighed Wherwell Wood.

"Which of the two the fight will win,
The man of right or the man of sin?"
"The king," cried sharp-ground javelin.

"Why rides he back to Athel's tower?"
"To snatch a widow from her bower,"
Laughed shaken thorn-tree's snow-white shower.

"On the king's cheek why falls that tear?"
"Kings cannot conquer beauty; here
He found her dead," replied the bier.

Pepe

By WILLIAM CAINE

Author of "The Irresistible Intruder," etc.

CORDOBA is scheduled on the European itinerary as a half-day stand. Those who go from Seville to Granada, and those who go from Granada to Seville, take Cordoba on their way. Fifteen minutes for the cathedral, five for the alcazar, an hour for luncheon, and on to further discoveries—that is the Cordoba program. The hotels of Cordoba are, in consequence, unpalatial, a circumstance in itself which endears the little town to the judicious. I do not believe there is a lift in all Cordoba, and if your wife wishes, for any reason, to buy a new hat, she must go out of the hotel for it, and then it will be three years old. At night all the tourists are gone to Seville or Granada, and you and the Cordobans and the stars share the amenities of Cordoba's one boulevard, of which everybody is very proud, because it is much superior to anything that Paris or even Madrid can show. It was a lucky chance which caused them to build Cordoba so handily between Seville and Granada. It has provided a still little back-water for the traveler's repose, a spot where he may forget that American bars exist, eat his meals untroubled by the squeaking of a tango-band, and adventure himself among the mysteries of a bill of fare jelly-printed in blue and illegible Spanish.

You could put your hat over Cordoba, and very little would protrude. It is the compactest little town. From the tower of the cathedral it all looks like one building. You can hardly perceive the streets, so closely do they wriggle among the houses. The roofs are yellow, brown, gray, red; the walls and their shadows every color in the world. Among the buildings the green of palms, orange-trees, lemon-trees, chestnuts soothe the glare-struck eye. The Guadalquivir snakes through its rich plains from the far-away flat hills (red, gray, brown, yellow), and over all is the great sky of the South and the huge sun of the South, which imposes silence on the world till night shall set the guitars a-buzzing.

Before my wife and I begin our travels we always make an elaborate program of sight-seeing. Of this earth there is so much to admire and so little time in which to admire it! When one is in England, it seems wicked so much as to contemplate missing anything that a foreign country has to show. So, though we know very well what will happen, we spend hours and days with Baedeker and maps and the Continental Bradshaw, and in anticipation visit enough towns, with their galleries, cathedrals, castles, and other attractions, to last two people a year, both working all day and separately. I say we know what will happen, because it always has happened. No matter in what country we may be, after a week of packing up, paying hotel bills, checking luggage, tipping menials, traveling, unpacking, gaping at pictures, trailing round medieval piles, absorbing Gothic edifices, and packing up again, we come to the place called *"Basta!"* It may be a little town by a fair river, under vine-covered hills, graced only by a cozy inn and a ruin somewhere, and such is Chinon; or it may be a single inn by a small lake among snow-clad mountains, and such is Eibsee of Bavaria; or it may be nothing more romantic than a busy bathing-place crammed with Germans and English and French and every one else, full of beer-halls and lobster-cellars and cinematograph shows and hotels by the thousand, and such is Blankenberghe. Whatever its name may be, we translate it *Basta,* which is to say, *"Assez! Genug! Enough!"*

We do not recognize it always at once. It may take a few hours for the fact that we have reached it to become clear to us,

but once that has happened, we hasten to unpack to the very bottom of our trunks (where we abandon the Baedeker), and we do not budge till we leave for home.

Basta is a good place to be in after a week's hard labor on the European treadmill. The cooking at Basta is always of the first quality; the bedroom at Basta is always spotless, and the morning sun shines cheerfully into it; the hostess of the inn is always a kindly, smiling old lady, and the head waiter is generally a bonny girl. At Basta you are among friends all the time. At dinner there is good and gay company, honest citizens, *abonnés* of the house, or kindly indigenous visitors who love the simple life of small inns in their own land. If a tourist—such a one as you yourself were three days ago—comes to Basta, it is only to drag himself sweating to the ruin on the hill or walk hastily with his camera round the lake. He may swallow a luncheon, but as he eats it you know that you will be rid of him in half an hour. And while you eat your own leisurely meal, among the good friends that Basta has given you, you do not envy that tourist. Poor devil! he has a train to catch, and will be obliged to miss his coffee, if he does n't actually lose the dessert—the wild strawberries, with their little pot of cream; or the orange warm from the tree, with a bit of quince cheese; or the *Apfel-kuchen,* poor devil! Well, well, he will be in Munich to-night, or it may be Orleans or Florence. That glorious thought will be his dessert or his deserts. Give us *Basta,* say my wife and I.

Cordoba was our Spanish *Basta.* To it we brought memories of Burgos Cathedral and the Velasquez room in the Prado and a gorgeous day's journey south through La Mancha, that green garden, and all the wonderful glowing, ghastly land that Spain has made her specialty. We had been a week abroad, and we were very, very tired. But Seville was hard by, so was Granada. On the morrow our duty would call us in one direction or the other, we had not quite decided which.

Blessed indecision that enables the poor hustling mortal sometimes to sit down and consider and repose himself! Had we been decided between the wisdom of visiting Seville before Granada and that of seeing Granada before Seville, we should have avoided Cordoba, perhaps, altogether. But the map showed Cordoba to be just the place for deciding the question which vexed us. So we got out at Cordoba for at least a night.

They lodged us on the ground floor in a prison-room, fortified with that tremendous iron-grating behind which the Spanish maid quivers in response to the passionate breathings of the adorer; but the beds were good, and our cell was large. They fed us beyond all praise that night and next morning.

Then we repaired to the cathedral, and here in the Court of the Orange-trees we encountered Pepe.

The Court of the Orange-trees affords much shade to pilgrims weary with wandering among the countless pillars of that astounding building, half stately Moorish mosque, half barbarous Christian cathedral, to which it is the entrance. And not only to pilgrims. The people of Cordoba collect here (for they have nothing whatever to do) to drowse beneath the trees, lulled by the plash of fountains and the chirping of the grasshoppers.

Sitting with me on a low wall, my wife became the center of a group of young gazers. Here was a rare bird in Andalusia, tall and fair, and with golden hair not untinged with redness, and gray eyes that inclined to blue.

Now, in Spain, if a woman is worth looking at and goes out of doors, she is looked at; for that in the opinion of the country is what she is there for. These unspoiled children of the South have never learned to steal glances at a girl. Beauty, they know, wherever it is found, is the possession of everybody's eyes. They would as soon think of looking sidewise at a handsome woman as at a fair landscape. The Spaniards who are blessed with bonny wives, jealous of the public's frank admiration, mew up their property within four walls, or, if health or religion

insist on a sortie, provide it with a duenna and place it in a carriage, closed for preference.

The savage Englishman, reckless—or is it only ignorant?—of the proprieties, parades his wife brazenly for all to admire, and the eyes flock about the two of them.

Soon we had a group of young bloods of all ages below twenty-one staring open-mouthed about us. The words *hermosa, linda, deliciosa* emerged from the babble of suppressed conversation. Certain of the young gentlemen shot glances of hostility in my direction, but none directly challenged me to mortal combat.

We would have been delighted with them had they not embarrassed us more than a little. For retiring English folks it is hard to excite so much notice. To make the situation a little less difficult, we essayed in the Spanish of Monsieur Hugo to draw them into conversation.

I asked them if they did not find my wife admirable. This staggered them. They grinned at one another shyly, nodded their heads, and admitted that they were much impressed. I paid some clumsy compliments to the ladies of their country. Their loyalty obliged them to admit that I had right on my side. I said: "Spanish ladies lovely. English ladies lovely. All ladies lovely." They agreed with enthusiasm, the gallant dogs. I asked them if they would object to my photographing them. At that the dignity of these *caballeros* took fright, and they retired in a body. Only one remained, his big dog's eyes fixed adoringly upon my wife. He was about twelve years old and a vastly handsome boy. I photographed him, but he did not flinch. I doubt if he knew what I had done, for his soul was utterly absorbed in contemplation.

I got bored with him and began to sketch a fountain. Suddenly a single whispered word, of the English of the school of Cordoba-atte-Guadalquivir, broke the noontide silence that enveloped the Court of the Orange-trees:

"Su-eet-aht!"

My man had sidled to within a yard of my spouse and had thus declared himself. He was barely four feet high.

I offered him a cigarette, one courtesy calling for another. He accepted it gravely, struck a spark from his flint and steel, lit the thing, and, seeing that I also was preparing to smoke, offered me his fire.

My wife was still laughing, but the brave child was in no wise cast down.

"Pretty girl," he said.

"Is n't she?" I agreed. He ignored me, very properly.

"Do you lob me?" he demanded.

"No," said my wife.

He had now used up all his English, so he returned to his opening. "Su-eet-aht," he said, laid an orange at her side, and moved away.

She called him back.

"Como se llama usted?" she asked. How did he call himself?

"Pepe," he replied, "who kisses your feet," and he left us with much dignity and went forth from the Court of the Orange-trees, only looking back once to beckon farewell from the entrance. We waved in return. A comical fellow! We dismissed him from our thoughts.

"Well," I said, with a sigh, "if we 're going to Granada or Seville, I suppose we 'd better get on to the hotel and pack."

"Which are we going to?" said my wife.

"Have n't we decided?" I asked. "No more we have. Well, we 'll do that at lunch," and we left the Court of the Orange-trees.

"We may as well," said I, "take the alcazar on our way to the hotel. Baedeker says there 's a nice old garden there." So through the baking heat we sauntered to the alcazar, and all the way we were 'ware of Friend Pepe, fifty yards behind.

"This is a desperate case," I said. "We had better get out of Cordoba soon, or you will be carried off to the Sierra Nevada to-night, and I shall be found to-morrow with twenty punctures in me. Thank Heaven! for the bars to our windows!"

"Are n't we going on to Seville or Granada?" she asked.

"Lord!" I cried, "so we are."

"You 're getting lazy already," she said.

I said something about the Southern heat; so enervating. Could n't we put off our departure for another twenty-four hours, did n't she think? We had plenty of time before us.

"You want another of that hotel's dinners," she said.

I admitted it.

"It is that quince cheese," I said. "One ought n't to leave that in a hurry. And I 'm sure we have n't seen the cathedral properly."

With that we reached the alcazar.

His heaven receive the infidel Moor who laid out that garden!

The fortunate who enter it descend by the steps of terraces to a pleasaunce where sandy paths wind through the cool shade of dark greenery. Everywhere the orange- and lemon-trees hang out their pretty lamps, and in the middle of all is a mossy old fountain surrounded by ancient stone benches of excellent design. Here one may sit through a whole summer, cool and happy, in a stillness that is broken only by the tinkle of water and the twitter and flight of the birds that inhabit the place, and watch the lizards play hide-and-seek among the stones, and the specks of light give place to the spots of shadow, till the moon rises and the checker of gold and blue is replaced by one of silver and black.

If tourists come, no matter. They will pass, for they have a train to catch. Endeavor to forget that you were once a tourist.

No one will reprove you if you pluck a warm orange that hangs by your elbow; there are many of them, and they cost only the trouble of letting them grow. The old lady who sells the picture post-cards at the entrance will give you a hatful for a peseta. And of course you will bury the skins carefully.

Out of the trees rises a yellow old tower, crenellated, burning with rich color. You can see it through the branches. In such a place it is good to smoke the cigarette that makes all other tobacco vanity.

We had been half an hour in this delectable garden when I became aware of one who moved softly among the trees—a small figure that flitted from patch to patch of shadow, circling about us carefully.

"Here," said my wife, "comes the brazen infant of the cathedral," and *"Olé,* Pepe!" she called.

Finding himself discovered, he abandoned all strategy and advanced boldly to within a yard of us, where he halted and stood wriggling his bare toes and grinning in captivating wise, one hand behind his back.

I said:

"Pretty girl, eh?"

"Caramba!" said he, and produced a big lemon, which he offered to her. She made a wry face and waved it away. He looked surprised. "No?" said he. *"Muy bien,"* and he pantomimed the consumption of the sour thing, rubbing his little stomach vigorously to encourage us.

"The boy 's mad," said I.

"No," said my wife; "he 's a darling. Peel his lemon, and I 'll eat a bit for him, if only to show him that I appreciate his kindness."

"You 're mad," I said, but I took the lemon and peeled it. It is not for me to fight against the generous impulses of others.

I gave my wife a piece of the lemon. She, visibly, took her courage in both hands and put it in her mouth. Then was I witness of a wonderful sight. As should change the face of one who, going to hear of utter ruin, is greeted with the news of some great fortune, so changed the face of my wife, all made up for the receipt of lemon. It was like the sun breaking through the sad clouds of a rainy day.

"But," she cried, "it 's sweet!"

"Su-eet-aht," said Pepe. *"Si, si. Muy bien."* He wriggled all over with joy at the success of his gift. "Pretty girl. Do you lob me?"

"Nonsense!" I said, but the evidence of her face was difficult to ignore.

"Taste it," she said. "It 's as sweet as an orange and *much* nicer."

I have never yet been challenged to taste a thing in vain.

With many shrinkings of the soul and palate (it makes my mouth water now to write of these things), I placed a piece of the lemon between my lips. Rapture! A very wonderfully choice fruit, warm from the sun, perfectly sweet, with luscious juice that gushed from a thousand bursting sacs. Lemonish, yet unlemonish. In a word, a discovery, an illumination.

"Muy bien," I said to Pepe; *"muy, muy bien."*

He sat down in the sand to watch with bright eyes my wife devour the rest of the fruit. Of course she insisted on my sharing it, and I could not deny her her wish; but Pepe scowled fiercely at me as I ate.

In return for his invaluable information, I thought it only right to give him a chance.

"Stay here," I said to my wife, "and entertain our good friend Pepe. He does not desire my company at all." With these words I rose and strolled from them, humming an air.

When I returned, my enemy stood where I had left him. Still he wriggled his toes, still he directed ardent glances toward my wife, still he smiled. And still she smiled. He was, in truth, a pleasing object.

"His father," she told me, "is a tailor, and he lives near the bull-ring. He has five sisters and six brothers, but his mother is dead. Three of his brothers are in the army, and he has two sisters married. He is going to be a bull-fighter when he grows up, and I think he wishes me to fly with him to-night while you are asleep."

"All right," I said, "so long as you don't make too much noise about it and wake me up." I expressed, you observe, no surprise at her having learned so much about the youth, yet I knew that she had not twenty Spanish words.

You have heard of feminine intuition. This was an example of it. My wife can understand any foreigner if she knows as much as three words of his language. I wish I could do that. I work, let us say, at Italian all winter with teacher, grammar, and dictionary. My wife plays the harp the while. We go to Italy, and I cannot understand a word that is said to me. She understands everything. Listen.

In our first stroll through Florence we were caught in a rain-storm and drenched. On getting back to the hotel I said to the porter, "Send some one up, will you, to take our clothes down to be dried at once?" I said this in English, because it is folly to talk to porters in any other language.

We went up to our room and changed, and in the middle of this operation a girl came to the door and addressed to me one short sentence of Italian.

I said, "Che?" and she said it all again.

Again I said, "Che?" because I thought it would encourage her to know that I was an Italian scholar.

She repeated her words, with the vast patience of a good chambermaid, inured to fools.

"What 's she say?" I cried to my wife, exasperated by my discovery that a whole six months of hard work had left me impotent to deal with this crisis.

"She wants our wet things," said my wife at once. And she had never got beyond the second lesson in the grammar, in which neither "wet" nor "clothes" is to be found. And she was right. That was what the girl wanted. When I had given them to her she went away quite happily. Never since that moment have I been surprised to find my wife understanding all that is said to her by the inhabitants of foreign lands.

And so she had gathered the main facts about Pepe's family and his aspirations for the future, though she had little more Spanish than *"Como se llama."*

I looked round for Friend Pepe. He was gone. He could not tolerate my presence. Well, he was an honest enemy, scorning the pretense of friendship with

the man whose happiness he purposed to destroy.

We returned to our hotel for lunch, took our siesta in our room, made ourselves tea, and repaired once more to our garden. The Alhambra and Seville Cathedral stretched out their hands to us in vain, begging the favor of our patronage. Cordoba and its garden held us as with fetters. We had found *Basta* once more.

That night we were wakened by sounds suggestive of music close beside our window. I looked at my watch, and discovered the hour to be two in the morning, an unseasonable moment, one would think, for a street musician to choose. But in Andalusia all moments are seasonable for the guitar. I went to the window and looked out.

The broad, deserted boulevard was flooded with moonshine, and, plainly to be seen, not six feet from me, stood Don Pepe, burdened with a guitar as tall as himself. Upon it he thrummed most passionately, most villainously. But no window showed its head, cursing the disturber of the night. This was Andalusia. He had the world and the moon and his worship of the fair foreigner all to himself. His little black shadow aped the movements of his hand up and down the strings. Then suddenly he began to sing. O Heaven! The howling of a young fox had been melody beside the singing of Pepe. It was shrill, it was loud, it was harsh, it was full of shakes and trills and long, long notes that seemed as if they would never end.

I took a carnation from a bunch that we had in our room, and tossed it to him through the grating. He fell upon it, pressed it to his lips, and vanished.

"Somehow," I said, "we must make this desperado understand that his pursuit is hopeless, or we must leave this good, peaceful Cordoba, its garden and its quince cheese, and go out once again into the cruel world where trunks must be packed and trains must be caught. What are we to do?"

Next day we went directly to our garden, but our persecutor was on the watch outside our hotel, and we knew that he followed. In his buttonhole was the carnation. As I have said, an honest enemy.

All morning we sat under the orange-trees; long he lurked in our neighborhood, and at last came and stood wriggling as before. My wife engaged him in conversation. She spoke in English, gestures, and her three Spanish words; he was voluble, and she seemed to understand everything. I would have remained wholly in the dark had she not kindly translated. It was all family news that he gave her, but now and then he murmured a "Sweet-aht" just to show her that he was still faithful.

He had three of my good cigarettes, a fearsome allowance of tobacco for a fellow of his years. At length I ran out of matches and begged his flint and steel.

Have you ever tried to get a light with the flint and steel and tinder apparatus? I have done so a thousand times and only rarely succeeded. The spark always falls on my fingers. Pepe chuckled at my clumsiness; offered to instruct me. It is hard for a boy to remain aloof and dignified where there is a chance of exhibiting his own superiority.

I had a thought.

I rose and left my wife to protect herself, and sought the post-card-selling dame at the entrance to the garden. From her I obtained two corks and some string, and, thus armed, I returned.

My wife had not been spirited away.

I shall not waste your time and my paper by attempting any detailed description of my celebrated two-cork trick. It is a humble bit of jugglery, but no one seems to know it except me, and it always mystifies. I displayed it in the sight of Pepe; offered him the corks, challenged him to perform my feat.

He essayed it; failed, as I knew he must, became interested, returned the corks to me, and signified his will that I should repeat the performance. I did so, and the corks again changed hands. Again poor Pepe was unequal to the deed.

Then I did a few string tricks before him—tricks that I had almost forgotten.

How shall the savage resist the lure of civilization's wonders? Open-mouthed, wide-eyed, he followed the clumsy movements of my fingers. He drew nearer to me, away from my spouse.

I showed him how to do the cork trick, and I showed him how to do the string tricks. My wife reminded me of a handkerchief trick. I exhibited it. Pepe learned the handkerchief trick. He now stood with his back to my wife. He had lost all interest in her.

I begged him to show me again how to manipulate his flint and steel. Swelling with pride, he obliged me. I expressed a desire to be possessed of the apparatus. We made a bargain. It became mine for a peseta.

I showed him how to pull his nose and ears so that they made loud cracking sounds. This is done, as every one knows, with the tongue and the palate; but Pepe had not known it.

When we left the garden to go back for luncheon, Don Pepe had not for thirty minutes directed so much as a glance or a whisper toward my wife.

He followed me—me, please understand—to the hotel, and at the door received one last lesson in a string trick of which he had not become completely the master.

We bade him good-by, and as I looked back from the door I saw him racing down the street in the direction of the Court of the Orange-trees and the assembly of his mates.

Only once again did we see Pepe, and that was on our sixth and last day in Cordoba. We came upon him at a street corner, standing in front of a lad of his own age under whose bulging eyes he manipulated two corks.

To love is great, but to excite envy is better. I mean when one is twelve years old.

Realization

By HELEN VIOLETTE TOOKER

SO thou art gone, though still I feel thee here.
Thy laughter lingers in each woodland place
We roamed at twilight, and I glimpse thy face
Between the trees—thy tender eyes that peer
In mine for love. My loss is not so clear
But habit turns me toward that window-space
Where once you watched, and even as I pace
My saddened ways, thy radiant form draws near.
Pure grief will not bide with us, for the truth
Of shifting nights and days, pleasures and ruth,
Is not for us: a part is all we know.
Imperfect, we must pass perfection by:
We dip our fingers in the river's flow
And gaze into the pool to watch the sky.

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VIII

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

IX

DAVID GILLESPIE woke later than his daughter, and when he had put away the shadow of his unhappy dreams, he took up the burden of waking thoughts, which weighed more heavily on him. The sight of his child groveling at the feet of that blasphemous impostor and adoring him as her God pitilessly realized itself to him as a thing shameful past experience and beyond credence, and yet as undeniable as his pulse, his breath, his seeing and hearing. The dread which a less primitive spirit would have forbidden itself as something too abominable possessed him as wholly possible. He had lived righteously, and he had kept evil from those dear to him, both the dead and the quick, by the force of his strong, unselfish will; now he had seen his will without power upon the one who was dearest, and whom he seemed to hold from evil only by the force of his right hand. But his hand could not be everywhere and at all times; and then?

The breakfast which the girl had got for him and left on the hearth was warm yet when he put it on the table, and she could not have been gone more than a few minutes; but she had gone, he did not know where, without waiting to speak with him after the threats and defiances which they had slept upon. When he had poured the coffee after the mouthfuls he forced down, he acted on the only hope he had, and crossed the woods-pasture to his sister's cabin.

She understood the glance he gave within from the threshold, where he paused, and she said, "She ain't here, David." Nancy had cleared her breakfast away and was ironing at the shelf where she had eaten; the baby was playing on the floor.

Gillespie looked down at it.

"I did n't know but what she 'd come over to dress it; she cares so much for it."

"It cares for her, too. But what brings you after her?"

"She 's gone somewhere without her

breakfast. We had high words last night after I brought her home."

"I 'm afraid you 'll have higher words yet, David. Joey was at the Temple."

"Nancy, I don't know what to do about her."

"You knew what to do about *me*, David." She gave her stab, and then she pitied him, not for the pain she was willing he should feel from it, but for the pain he was feeling before. "I know it is n't like that. I 'm sorry for you both. You have n't come to the end of your troubles."

"I can't understand the girl," he said desolately. "Up to a year ago she was like she had always been, as biddable as a child, and meek and yielding every way. All at once she 's got stiff-necked and wilful."

"She could n't tell you why, herself, David. We are all that way—good little girls, and then all of a sudden wilful women. I don't know what changes us. It 's harder on us than it is on you. It came on me like a thief in the night and stole away my sense. It gave Joseph Dylks his chance over me; if it had been sooner or later, I should have known he was a power of darkness as far as I could see him. But my eyes were holden by my self-conceit, and I thought he was an angel of light."

"He 's got past being an angel now," Gillespie said, forcing himself to the real matter of his errand, far from the question of his daughter's estrangement from her old self. "Did Joey tell you about—last night?"

Nancy did not quit the psychological question at once.

"Up to that time we think our fathers and brothers are something above the human; then we think they 're not even up to the common run of men. We think other men are different because we don't know them. Yes,"—she returned to his question with a sigh,—"Joey told me something about it—enough about it. I suppose it is n't right to let him be a spy on his father, but I have to. If I did n't, he might want to go, from the talk of those fools, and get to believin' with them. He said there was boys and girls kneelin' with the rest—little children, almost, and shoutin' and prayin' to Joseph. Did you see 'em?"

"Yes; it was dreadful, Nancy. But it was worse to see the women, the grown-up girls and the mothers of the children. It looked like they had been drinking. It fairly turned me sick. And my own daughter groveling on her knees with the worst! If I did n't know Dylks for the thing he is, without an idea beyond victuals and clothes, I might ha' thought he had thrown a spell on 'em just for deviltry. But they done it all themselves; *he* just gave them the *chance* to play the fool."

Nancy resumed from her own more immediate interest:

"Well, I let Joey go; and I don't know whether it helps or hurts to have him come home feelin' about him, and all the goin's on, just like I would myself. He always says he 's glad I was n't there, and he pities the poor fool women more than he despises his father. Or I ort n't to say despise. Joey don't despise anybody; he 's all good, through and through; I don't know where he gets it. He 's like Laban, and yet he ain't any kin to Laban."

"It must be hard on you, Nancy. I don't know how you can bear up the way you do. It is like a living streak of fire in me."

"That 's because there 's some hope left in you. I can bear what I 've got to because the feeling is all burnt out of me. It 's like as if my soul was dead."

"You must n't say that, Nancy."

"I say anything I please now, anything I think. I 'm not afraid any more; I hain't got anything left to be afraid of."

"Well, I have," David returned. "Something I 'm ashamed to be afraid of—his hold on Jane. I don't understand it. We 've always thought alike and believed alike, and now to see her gone crazy after a thief and liar like that! It 's enough to drive me mad the other way. I don't only want to kill *him;* I want to kill—"

"David!" She stopped him, and in his pause she added: "You 're worse than

what I ever was. Where is your religion?"

"Where is *her* religion? I raised her to fear God, the Bible God that I 've prayed to for her since she was a little babe; but now, since she 's turned to this heathen image, I begin to turn from *Him*. What 's *He* been about, if He 's all-seeing and all-powerful, to let loose such a devil on a harmless settlement like this, where we were all brethren and dwelt together in unity, no matter whether we believed in dipping or sprinkling? We loved one another, in the Scripture sense, and now look! Families broken up, brothers not speaking, wives and husbands parting, parents cursing the day their children were born, and children flying in the face of their parents. Did you hear about Christopher Mills, how he come crying to his father and mother and tried to make them believe in Dylks, and when his father said it was all a snare and a delusion, Christopher went away, telling them their damnation was sealed?"

"No," the woman said, with bitter pleasure in the mockery, "but I heard how our new Saint Paul Enraghty went over to his uncle's the other day, and said he should never see corruption, and should never die, and told his uncle he could n't shoot him. Them that was there say the old man just reached for his rifle, and was goin' to shoot Saint Paul in the legs, and then Paul begged off and pretended that he was only in fun!"

She laughed, but David Gillespie looked sadly at her.

"I don't believe I like to hear you laugh, Nancy."

"Why, are you turning believer, too, David? It 'll be time for me next," she mocked. "I could n't laugh at Joseph, maybe, but Saint Paul Enraghty is a bigger rascal or a bigger fool than he is. Some say that Joseph is just crazy, and some that he 's after money, and that Enraghty 's put him up to everything."

"Yes," David moodily assented to the general tenor of her talk. "The way they 've roped in between 'em that poor fool Davis, who 'd been preaching for the United Brethren, and now preaches Dylks! First he would n't hardly go into the same house, and then he would n't leave it till he could come with Dylks. I don't know how they do it! Sometimes I think the decentest man left in the place is that red-mouthed infidel Matthew Braile. Sometimes I 'm a mind to go to his house and get him to tell me what Tom Paine would do in my place."

"You *are* pretty far gone, David. But I don't wonder at it; and I don't believe I think so badly of Matthew Braile, either. He may be an infidel, but he believes in some kind of a God that wants people to do right; he don't believe in mortal sin, and maybe that 's where he 's out; and I hear tell he don't think there 's going to be any raisin' of the body or any Last Day or any hell: but he keeps it to himself unless folks pester him. I was afraid once to have Joey talk with him, before the plow went over me; but now I let Joey go to him all he wants to. He lets Joey come and pet the coon Joey give him because he heard that the squire's little boy used to want one. From all I can make out they don't do much but talk about the little boy; he seems to take comfort in Joey because Joey 's like him, or the squire thinks so."

"If Jane had died when she was his little boy's age, I would n't feel as if I had lost her half as much as I do now."

Nancy lifted herself from her ironing-board and looked at her brother.

"You told me what the duty of a woman was that found out she had two husbands. Don't you know what the duty of a man is that has a daughter turned idolater?"

"No, I don't, Nancy," David answered doggedly.

"Then why don't you wrestle with the Lord in prayer? Perhaps He 'd make you some sign."

"Oh, prayer! The thought of it makes me sick since I saw them fools wallowing round at Dylks's feet, and beseeching that heathen image to save them."

"Then if you hain't got any light of yourself, and you don't believe the Lord

"'You believe, maybe, that you would be struck dead if you said the things that I do; but why ain't I struck dead?'"

can give you any, what do you expect *me* to do for you?"

"I don't expect anything, Nancy. If she was a child, I could whip it out of her; but when your child has got to be a woman you can't whip her."

They left the hopeless case, and began to talk of the things they had heard, especially the miracle which Dylks had promised to work.

"He 's appointed it for to-night," Gillespie said, "but I don't believe but what he 'll put it off if the coast ain't clear when the time comes. He always had the knack of leaving the back door open when he saw trouble coming up to the front gate."

"You can't tell me anything about Joseph Dylks," Nancy said. She was ironing, and at the last word she brought the iron down with the heavy thump that women give with it at an emphatic word in their talk. "What I wonder is that a man like you, David, could care what people in such a place as this would say if they found out that I was livin' with Laban when I knowed Dylks was alive. There would n't be any trouble with his followers, I reckon. He 'd just tell 'em he never saw me in his life before, and that would do them."

"Nancy,"—her brother turned solemnly upon her,—"as sure as I 'm standing here I don't care for that any more. If you say the word, I 'll go and tell Laban to come back to you."

"You 're safe there, David. If you 've parted with your conscience, I 've got it from you. I wonder you don't go and follow after Joseph Dylks, too. All the best and smartest men in the place believe in him. Just look at Mr. Enraghty! A man with more brains and book-learnin' than all the rest put together, willin' to be the Apostle Paul because Joseph Dylks called him it, and gets up in the Temple, where he used to preach Christ Jesus and Him crucified, and tells the people to behold their God in Joseph Dylks! There 's just one excuse for him: he 's crazy. If he ain't, he 's the wickedest man in Leatherwood, the wickedest man in the whole world; he 's worse than Joseph Dylks, because he knows better. Joseph is such a liar that he could always make himself believe what he said. But it 's no use your stayin' here, David." She suddenly broke off to turn on her brother. "If you 've a mind to let Jane come, I 'll try what I can do with her."

The old man faltered at the door.

"Are you going to tell her, Nancy?"

"I 'm not going to tell *you* whether I am or not, David!"

Her words began harshly, but ended with his name tenderly, almost pitifully, uttered.

She called after him as he moved from her door, heavily, weakly, more like an old man than she had noted him yet:

"I 'll talk to Jane, and whatever I say will be for her good." She watched him out of sight from where she was working; then she went to the door with some mind to call more kindly yet to him; but he was not to be seen, and she went back to her ironing, and ironed more swiftly than before, moving her lips in a sort of wrathful reverie. From time to time she changed her iron for one at the hearth, which she touched with her wetted finger to test its heat, and returned to her table with an unconscious smile of satisfaction in its quick responsive hiss. In her movements to and fro she spoke to the baby, which babbled inarticulately up to her from the floor. Then she seemed to forget it, and it was in one of these moments of oblivion that she was startled by a sharp cry of terror from it. A man was looking in at the door.

X

THE man stood with one foot on the log door-step outside and the other planted on the threshold of the cabin.

Nancy came toward him with her iron held at arm's-length before her.

"What do you want?" she demanded fiercely.

"Give me to drink," he said, with a grin.

"Go round to the well," she answered.

The man bent his body a little forward,

and looked in, but he did not venture to lift his other foot to the threshold. "Where is your husband?" he asked.

"I have no husband. What is it to you?"

"'Thou hast well said . . . he whom thou now hast is not thy husband.' You don't look a bit older, and you 're as handsome as ever, Nancy. I suppose that 's his," he said, turning his eye toward the little one on the floor, lifted by her hands half upright, and peering at him in conditional alarm.

"It 's mine," she retorted.

"Oh, anybody could see that. It 's the image of you. And so is our Joey. You don't let your young ones favor your husbands much, Nancy; and yet you was not always so set against me. What 's your notion letting Joey come to the Temple?"

"To see for himself what you are."

"That 's what I thought, maybe. Well, he don't seem to take to me much, if I can judge from his face when he looks my way. I hain't been able to give him all the attention I may later. But you need n't be troubled about him. I won't do anything to make you anxious. Nancy, I wish you could feel as friendly to me as I do to you. Will you let me have something to drink out of?"

"Go round," she said, "and I 'll bring the gourd to you."

Dylks laughed, but he obeyed, and found his way to the well, where he lowered the bucket at the end of the sweep, and stood waiting for Nancy to follow him with the dipper fashioned from a long-necked gourd, as the drinking-cup oftenest was in the Western country of those days. She held it out to him, with her head turned, and he carried it to his lips from the brimming bucket.

He drank it empty, and then turned it over with a long, deep "Ah-h-h!" of satisfaction.

"That was good! Good as the buttermilk would have been that you did n't think to offer me. Well, I thank you for the water, anyway, you woman of Samaria." He held the gourd toward her, but she did not take it, and he laughed again. "If you could have had your way without sin, you 'd have made it poison, I reckon. Don't you know I could drink poison the same as water?"

"*You* don't," she said, and as he swung the gourd in tacit question what to do with it, since she did not offer to take it, she bade him, "Put it down."

He did so, and she set her foot on the thin bowl and crushed it like an egg-shell. He laughed.

"Is that the way you feel about me, Nancy? Pity for the gourd; but don't you believe that if I was to will it so, it would come good and whole again?"

"*You* don't believe it," she said.

"It 's not for me to believe or to unbelieve," he answered. "I am that I am."

"Oh, yes," she taunted him, "you 've tried saying such things, and you 're not afraid because it hain't killed you yet. You think, if you *was* just a man, it would kill you."

"Who can tell what I think? Perhaps something like what you say has gone through my mind. Why, Nancy, if you would listen once, I could convince you of it, too. Come, now, look at it in this light! If God lets a man say and do what the man pleases,—and He *has* to do it every now and then, according to what the Book tells,—why ain't the man equal with God? You believe, maybe, that you would be struck dead if you said the things that I do; but why ain't I struck dead? Why, either because it ain't so at all, or because I 'm God. It stands to reason, don't it? What is God, anyway? If He was so mighty and terrible, would n't He have ways of showing it in these times just as much as in those old times that we read about in the Book? Don't you know that if there was anything besides you and me here now, it would have sent the lightning out of this clear sky and blasted me when I said I was God? Well, now we 'll try it again. Listen! I am *God*, Jehovah, ruler of heaven and earth!" He stood a moment smiling. "There you see! I 'm safe and sound as ever. Maybe you think it would be worse if *you* said I was God. Lots have said it. Last night

all Leatherwood was hanging to my arms and legs down there in the Temple worshiping me. If I had n't been God, it would have made me sick. No mere man could stand the praising God gets in the churches all the time. Why, that proves I 'm what I say I am, if nothing else does. I saw it from the first; I felt it; I knew it." He ended with his laugh.

She stayed herself by the trunk of the tree overhanging the well.

"Yes, you 've got all Leatherwood with you, or as good as all, and I don't wonder it 's made you crazy. But don't you be so sure. Some day there 's going to be a reckoning with you, and you 're going to wake up from this dream of yours." She seemed to gather force as she faced him. "I could feel to be glad it *was* a dream; I could feel to pity you. But don't you believe but what it 's going to turn against you. Some day, sooner or later, some man 's going to show the people what you are; some woman—"

"There you 've said it," he broke in. "That 's what I 've come for. You 're the only woman that could hurt me, not because you think you know me the best, but because you 're the bravest woman that ever was. That 's why I 've got to have you with me in my dispensation. Male and female created He them in His image. I can swing all Leatherwood by myself, but Leatherwood 's nothing. If I had you with me, we could swing the world. Nancy, why don't you come to me?" He flung his arms wide, and bent his stalwart shape toward her. "Leatherwood 's nothing, I tell you. Why, you ought to see the towns Over-the-Mountains; you ought to see Philadelphia, where I came from the last thing. Everywhere the people are waiting for a sign, just as they 've always been, and we would come with a sign—plenty of signs: the perfect godhead, male and female, for the greatest sign of all. Why, I wonder there 's a Christian woman living, with the slur that the idea of just one male God throws on women! Don't you know that the Egyptians and the Greeks and the Romans, and everybody but the Hebrews, had a married God, and that the godhead was husband and wife? If you had ever read anything at all you would know that."

The bad, vulgar beauty of his face, set in its flowing beard and hair, glowed on her.

"You need n't look that way at me, Joseph Dylks," she answered. "I don't want any book-learning, to know what *you* are. You 're what you always was, a lazy, good-for-nothing— Oh, I don't say you was n't handsome; that was what done it for me when I made you my God: but I won't make you my God now, though you 're as handsome as ever you was; handsomer, if that 's any comfort to you."

"Nothing to what your coming to me would be, Nancy."

"You 'll have to do without, then. You think you can twist me round your finger, like you used to, if you willed it; but I 've outlived you—you and your will. Now I want you to go, and not ever come near me again, or I 'll have Laban here the next time."

"Laban? Laban? Oh, the man who is not thy husband! I 'm not afraid of your having Laban here; let him come. I 've converted worse sinners than Laban." He had remained, bent forward, with his gaze still on her; now he lifted himself, and said, as if it were another word of his spell, "Come, Nancy!"

She answered:

"If I thought there was any mercy in you—"

"Why, I 'm all-merciful, as well as all-powerful, Nancy!" he jeered.

"No."—as if concluding her thought,—she said, "it 's no use! You could n't do a right thing if you wanted to; you can only do wrong things. I see that."

"What is right and what is wrong? When you stand by my side in your half of the godhead, you will know that there is no difference. Why, even a poor human being can make wrong right by wanting it enough, and with God there is nothing but one kind of thing—the thing that God allows. It don't matter whether it 's

"She gurgled out a half-sob, half-laugh as the little one pulled and pushed at his face"

letting the serpent tempt that fool woman in Eden, or Joseph's brethren selling him into Egypt, or Samuel hewing Agag in pieces, or the Israelites smiting the heathen, or David setting Uriah in the forefront of the battle, or Solomon having hundreds of wives; it 's all right if God wills it. You 'll say it 's proved right by what happens to them that do wrong. Be God yourself, and the right and the wrong will take care of themselves. I want you to come and help me. Why, with the sister and daughter of old David Gillespie both following me—"

She suddenly shrank from the grandeur of judging of him to the measure of her need of his forbearance.

"Oh, why can't you let David alone? What 's he ever done to you?"

"What have I ever done to him?" Dylks demanded, temporizing on her ground.

"Why can't you let Jane alone?"

He gave his equine snort, as if the sense of his power could best vent itself so.

"Why can't she let *me* alone? That girl bothers me worse than all the other women in Leatherwood put together. She won't *let* me let her alone."

"She was all right before you came. Why can't you let her go back to Hughey Blake?"

"Hughey Blake? Oh! Then it was n't—" A light of malign intelligence shone in his eyes. "Well, I have n't got anything against Hughey Blake."

"Oh, if you 'd only let her go back to Hughey! If you 'd only let her alone, I 'd—"

"You 'd what?" He bounded toward her, and at her recoil he laughed and said, "I did n't mean to scare you."

"I was n't scared. You can't scare *me,* Joseph Dylks. It 's past that, long ago, with you and me. But if I only knowed what you was up to—what you would really take to let David alone, to let her go back to Hughey Blake— But there ain't any pity in you!"

"Don't I tell you I 'm *full* of pity? Look here, Nancy, I don't ask you to come with me, to be one with me, to go halves in the godhead, all at once. It 's been step by step with me: first exhorter, then prophet, then disciple, then the Son, then the Father; but it 's been as easy! You don't know how faith, the faith of the elect, helps along; and you would have that from the beginning: they would take you on my word; you would n't have to say or do anything. But that 's not what I 'm expecting now," he hurried to add, smiling at the cloud of refusal in her face. "I 'm not fooling; all I ask now is to have you come and see me do a miracle at Brother Hingston's to-night. I 'll do *two* miracles if you 'll come, and one will be sending Jane Gillespie away from me and back to Hughey Blake. You 'll want to see that, even if you don't want to see me turn a bolt of cloth into seamless raiment by the touch of my hand."

"You are a wicked man, Joseph Dylks," the woman solemnly answered, "and I 'm sorry I asked you anything. You *could n't* do good if you tried." She pulled her sunbonnet across her face, as if to hide it for shame, and went back slowly toward the cabin.

"Salvation!" Dylks shouted after her, and gave his equine snort. He began to sing as he took his way through the woods,

> "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
> We wretched sinners lay."

At first he sang boldly, filling the woods with the mocking of his hymn. But at the sound of footsteps crackling over the dry fallen twigs toward him intermittently, as if they paused in question, and then resumed their course toward him, his voice fell, brokenly silencing itself till at the encounter of a man glimpsed through the trees, and pausing in a common arrest, it ceased altogether.

"Who are you?" Dylks demanded of the slight, workworn figure before him.

"Laban Billings," the man faltered.

"Well, then, Laban Billings, make way for the Lord thy God," Dylks powerfully returned, and as if he had borne the man down before him, he strode over the place where he had stood, and lost himself in the shadows beyond.

Laban hurried on, stumbling, and looking back over his shoulder, till he found himself face to face with Nancy at the door of the shed behind the cabin. She was looking, too, in the direction where Dylks had ceased from their sight in the woods. They started from each other in mutual fright.

"Nancy," he entreated, "I did n't see you. I—I was n't comin' to see you; indeed, indeed I was n't. I just thought I might ketch sight of the baby. It 's pretty hard to do without you both! And I was just passin'— Well, they 've knocked off work at the Corners, so 's to come to the miracle at Hingston's Mill to-night—but I 'll go right away again, Nancy."

"You need n't, Laban. Come in and see the baby."

"Nancy!" he uttered joyfully. Then he faltered, "Do you think it will be right—"

"Oh, who knows what 's right?" she retorted. Then at his stare, she demanded, "Did n't you run across anybody in the woods?"

"Yes."

"What did he look like?"

"Like what they tell the Leatherwood God looks like. They 're half crazy about him at the Corners. They don't hardly talk about anything else."

"Did you think he looked like God?"

"More like Satan, I should say. He 's handsome enough for Satan."

"It was Joseph Dylks."

"Yes, I s'picioned that."

"And he 's been here, wanting me to go away with him—Over-the-Mountains."

Laban made a dry sound in his throat, and it was by a succession of efforts that he could say:

"And—and—and—"

"Oh, could you *ask*, Laban?" she lamented. "You 're my husband; don't you know it?" At the sound of her lament a little voice of fear and hope answered from the cabin. The father-hunger came into the man's weak face, making it strong. "Come in and see our baby, Laban."

She put out her hand to him innocently, like a little girl to a little boy, and he took it.

"I know it 's just for the baby; and I feel to thank you, Nancy," he said, and together they went into the cabin.

At sight of him the baby crowed recognition.

"She knowed you in a minute," the mother said, and she straightened the skirt of the little one, which the father had deranged in lifting the child from the floor. "I don't believe she 'll ever forget you; I *reckon* she won't if I have any say in it. Me and Joey talks about you every night when we 're gettin' her to sleep." She gurgled out a half-sob, half-laugh as the little one pulled and pushed at his face, which he twisted this way and that to get her hand in his mouth. "She always cared more for you than she did for me. I 'll set you a piece, Laban; I was just going to get me a bite of something. I don't take my meals very regular, with you not here."

"Well, I *am* a little hungry with the walk from the Corners after such an early breakfast."

"Well, you just keep her."

"Oh, *I 'll* keep her!" he exulted.

She bustled about the hearth, getting the simple meal, which she made more than she had meant, and they had a joyful, strange time together at the leaf she stayed from the wall.

He kept the baby in his lap while he ate. Then he walked the floor till she fell asleep in his arms. When he lifted himself from laying her in the rough cradle which he had himself made for her, he said, without looking at the mother:

"Now I must be going, Nancy."

"Don't go on account of me, Laban," she said with the same fierce courage she had shown in driving him from her before. "If it 's for me—"

"Nancy, I 've thought it all out since I been away, and I reckon I ain't your husband in the sight of God. You was right about that; and I won't ever come back again till—as long as—" He glanced

wistfully at the little one in the cradle, and then he turned to go out of the door.

"And — and — good-by, Nancy."

She followed him to the door.

"Kiss me, Laban!"

He put away the arms she lifted toward him.

"No," he said, "I reckon it would n't be right," and he turned and walked swiftly away without looking back.

(To be continued)

Academic Freedom

By VIDA D. SCUDDER

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I

IN all weathers, under all skies, patient Liberty lifts her torch beside the golden door. Sometimes when the air is bleak and the poor lady icicle-coated, a sardonic imp hints a question: Is her pose that of a welcoming host, or rather that of an exile, turning her back on us with what dignity she can muster? Certainly there are moments when Liberty seems to be stranger to our business, if not to our bosoms; there are regions where she wanders homeless, or where all courtesy is frozen out.

Among the latter must we reckon our colleges and universities? Does our assumption of academic freedom hide a suave bondage all the more dangerous because partly unconscious? The question, sullenly murmured for ten years or more in radical circles, and often answered in the affirmative, especially by thoughtful working-men, has come out into the open of late, and that is well, for the implied suspicion is menacing. Lack of confidence can cause panic in the realm of thought no less than in that of finance. The higher civilization is likely to go bankrupt if once it is assumed that predatory wealth is endowing education, that colleges are not disinterested intellectual centers, but subsidized outposts of privilege, and that faculties are in the main made up of the retainers of capital. Distrust of the morale of colleges is no less fatal than distrust of the morale of the judiciary or the church. For our institutions of learning should be citadels to which the faith of the whole nation may rally. Should they become viewed as appendages to class while the tension between classes grows tighter, our democracy is routed indeed.

II

YET from one point of view it is amusing to listen to the heat of the radicals over this matter, for it may be questioned whether academic freedom has ever really existed. We think we see it in that informal Athenian academy where brilliant and beautiful Greek youths gathered round ugly Socrates, listening gleefully while he made fun of them, while he played with stupid, conservative Anytus as with a wriggling fish, while he led

them, gently, inexorably, to burn all that they had adored. Those were great days in education! Yet remembering the angry charge against Socrates of corrupting youth, remembering the poison, we can hardly felicitate dead Greece on her intellectual freedom. In the Middle Ages there was plenty of independence among those goliardic students who strolled over Europe sampling professors and singing lusty satires on church and state. Yet the universities as a whole were strongholds of orthodoxy. More recently we see a young atheist named Shelley expelled from an Oxford that could hardly help itself, being part and parcel of the ecclesiastical machine; and a little later, that most liberal theologian, F. D. Maurice, is anxiously writing a tract, "Subscription no Bondage," to prove that nobody need hesitate to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, an act then required of every undergraduate. We smile, but there are still colleges among us where church membership is a necessary qualification for the faculty; and in how many institutions of higher grade would Roman Catholic teachers be welcomed?

A change in emphasis can, however, be noted. Undergraduates, once hemmed in by pledges of all sorts, are now allowed to think and do pretty much what they like. Backward institutions, to be sure, discourage societies of radical type, but the majority permit them, and even in those dove-cotes, the women's colleges, chapters of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society and the Equal Suffrage League begin to murmur. Jews, Catholics, Christian Scientists know sweet converse together, to their great profit, if they do not walk to the house of God as friends. Let us register gain where we find it.

But on the faculties pressure is exerted still. It is pressure of a new type. The demand for religious uniformity is vanishing before our eyes, and orthodoxy is rather out of fashion. We may even at some points watch the pleasant spectacle of a fervid youth, trained at Silver Bay, trying to impose an evangelical policy on reluctant teachers. Meanwhile the storm-center has shifted from theology to economics, and it is about the freedom of the teacher to profess what social creed he will, and to adopt what line of social action he will, that agitation gathers.

Let us speak out frankly at once. It is hardly matter of dispute that in either gross or subtle ways such freedom is inhibited in almost every American institution. Probably there is not a sensitive person on any faculty in the land who can express convictions as freely, as simply, as he would do if unconnected with an academic organization.

Now, the first impulse of radically disposed people, when once they realize this fact, is resentment. Constraint placed on our accredited leaders of youth seems to them, if not to poison the wells, then to choke the water of life at its source. If the teachers spoke their minds, which they rarely do, they would say Amen. In every one the first hint of restriction stirs proud mortification and the jealous impulse to defend at any cost the sanctities of independence. One surmises that beneath the surface such feeling grows hotter year by year. Quite possibly, perhaps probably, we are approaching a great fight for freedom of speech in every field. It will concern church and press as well as college, for the sick shadow of suspicion hangs over all three alike. This fight may be carried on with as much passion as the struggle against negro slavery or against the annexation of the Philippines, and the alinement of forces is likely to be similar. The aggressors will be, as usual, the votaries of freedom at any cost, the heirs of that revolution which persists in all modern movements of revolt, and which, as has cleverly been said, constitutes a convention, a tradition, of its own.

Should the champions of freedom fight a losing battle, the effect will be pernicious. Once confirm that hovering impression of the working-class that education and religion are carried on in the interests of privilege, and all hope of achieving our task of social reconstruction not through class war, but through a common impulse and a fraternal mind, will be pretty much at an end.

Yet a losing battle in one sense it will probably be, and perhaps it ought to be.

For the passion of personal independence is not the whole story; it is part of an individualism whose day is over. "Liberty," Carlyle told us long ago, "requires new definitions," and in the new social definition that we are slowly working out, self-assertion has no larger rôle to play than self-effacement. The defiant and facile attitude that every one has a right to do what he likes and say what he likes, irrespective of the collective life he shares, has been discredited. It marks not a soldier of freedom, but a slave to self-will. We must, as Wells somewhere says, get rid of "these spendthrift liberties that waste liberty." With all our speculations, we have not outgrown St. Paul: society is no aggregation of units, but an organism composed of various members, and it is this entire organism, not any single factor in it, which fulfils the true function of life in liberty, being creative of new life.

We are just learning all this, and the very moment in which we begin to repudiate individualism in politics and industry is a poor time in which to leap to the defense of it in education.

III

Let us enter the situation instead of contemplating it; let us straightway put ourselves at the point of view of the radical professor. He is a man with red blood in his veins, impelled to full, free self-expression both within and without his institution. He is aware that his views differ widely from those of the trustees. Perhaps some day, on syndicalist principles, we shall eliminate trustees, but this dubious Utopia is not yet within sight. Trustees exist, and they prefer safe neutrality on burning questions, a preference in which parents and donors for the most part will agree with them. What is our professor to do?

Do we ask how he got his appointment in the first place? Why, let us not draw a falsely lurid picture of the situation. Appointing bodies are usually composed of high-minded persons who desire to see youth well educated, and give their own time generously to secure this end. For their faculties they seek the best. Very rarely, we may trust, do they scour the country for "safe" men. They have liberal American ideals of tolerance, and certainly no malign intention to repress anybody. In engaging a man they rarely make stipulations; the most they do is to take it for granted that a well-bred scholar will be of their way of thinking. Trustees usually belong to a mature generation. Their vision does not readily extend to new horizons. Slowly do men learn that all the obvious verities are not on their side of the fence; largely in every group do naïve class ethics still obtain.

When put to a test, it is no small factor in the exasperation of such persons that they feel themselves forced into a false position. They illiberal? Surely not! A view which they cannot indorse, which endangers the prosperity of the college, must *ipso facto* be pretty bad. The aggrieved distress of men betrayed enters into the disgust, the surprise, with which they find that their man has to be held in leash if he is not to escape the orthodox road.

Our professor, not being insensitive, does not lightly take action which may prove distasteful to these authorities. He questions himself: Have they not the right to decide what kind of views they will pay for, and as to himself, having accepted a bargain, must he not deliver the goods? The retort to objections put so crudely rises, however, at once: the trustees did not buy a trained automaton, but a free man; his teaching power is theirs, his mastery of his subject, but not his allegiance to "the high white star of truth." Independently of the way in which he earns his bread, his contribution to these troubled times is his own to make. So he proceeds: flings himself, where that star points him, into the political or the industrial struggle; publishes works unacceptable to tradition, or, unabashed, teaches in his class-room without reserve the faith that is in him.

At first he is let alone; but as his ten-

dencies become patent, pressure begins. It may come in delicate intimations, in remonstrances, or in reprimands; it can range from hint to dismissal. If he is high-mettled and has given no hostages to fortune, he is impelled to put up a fight. And then his real troubles are upon him.

Paradoxically enough, the less he is interfered with, the worse they are. Institutions exist, let us hasten to say, which maintain a truly generous attitude. They may allow their preferences to be known in case of stress, but in the main they leave their men untrammeled. And it is here, if connected with an institution of this type, that the unhappy professor is most likely to discover a disconcerting fact: he cannot be both "free" and honest, and this because it is maddeningly impossible for him to represent himself alone. To the public mind, he is one with his college, and to implicate that college in his personal activities and attitude is obviously an act of worse than questionable honor.

External pressure is bad enough. It is dramatic, and excites attention. But it is trifling compared with this pressure from within. Here, in the inward sense of obligation, is the quick of the psychological problem which hundreds of men and women are distressfully trying to solve.

There is humiliation in the experience. The man finds that he is less wanted than the prestige of his institution. This his radical friends are greedy to annex. Headlines dog his footsteps. Does he address a meeting? "Professor —— of ——" is printed on the program, and in the introduction his modest academic glories are waved aloft. Is he interviewed? The aristocratic institution which he has the honor to adorn forms his picturesque background. If he publishes, the situation is less crude, yet here, too, his status first secures his hearing. In vain does he patiently announce that he represents nobody but himself; in vain protests, explains. Professor! professor! ring the echoes. With Matthew Arnold, he yearns to resign the title to Professor Pepper the prestidigitator and retire into private life. But that is precisely what he cannot do; hardly, even if he resigns. I have known a kindred case where a settlement headworker, who had withdrawn partly in order to enjoy a free hand, was informed by his former board that to the end of time his every speech and deed would compromise the institution he had ceased to serve.

At all events, till death, dismissal, or resignation does its part, the teacher carries his institution on his back. In the newspapers, on the street, throughout all social circles, it will be taken for granted that the college indorses whatever he says and thinks.

IV

An intolerable situation! Stifled, appalled, he bends himself to thought. What line shall he pursue? Educate the public to a less absurd attitude? A necessary work, but it will take longer than his day. Resign? A simple solution; his mind leaps to it in tense resentment of these subtle chains. But let him first be sure of his ground.

We pass without discussion the painful case of the man who cannot afford to resign. People silenced by force because they dread the personal consequences of speech exist in our country. They present a pitiable spectacle, over-prominent in the radical press. But let our thoughts move on a more worthy level, for there are higher than personal considerations involved. To our professor comes the thought of numerous colleagues, in position similar to his own, scattered through the colleges of the land. What if they all resigned? Would the reaction on the colleges, on the public, be felicitous? Would the cause of education profit? The phrase of a wise bishop recurs to him: "To abandon the college is to abandon the rising generation." Resignation? That would give the situation over at once into the hands of the enemy, and justify that vicious mistrust of our educational system which threatens poison at the root of democracy.

He stays, then, in the college. And what shall be his line? Shall he keep

right on, speaking, teaching, writing, in entire disregard of misconceptions and misrepresentations? Keep on, in defiance of all the fools in the world, courting martyrdom, refusing compromise, till the authorities give him his quietus?

Let us be careful. High and ardent natures follow and defend this policy. Within the next decade we are likely to see more of them. They are of immense service. They bring the issue to a test, they clarify the air. They are of the noble army of witnesses, and may well prove witnesses in the *Te Deum* sense of the word.

Yet there are others who cannot move so simply without an ache of inward dishonor. To misrepresent the college, making the public think that a "safe and sane" institution is inclined to radicalism when it is really not so inclined at all, to deflect gifts, to offend parents, where here is loyalty—loyalty, without which no cent of salary should be drawn? How can one take the money and betray the will of the place one loves and serves?

The more real socialist one is, supposing radicalism takes this turn, the more intimately one has entered the consciousness of one's group. It is therefore the socialist to whom this difficulty is most poignant. A college stands for teamwork: shall he who has most loudly proclaimed the rout of individualism turn traitor? So our professor is caught in the toils. With shackled feet, gazing up to the stars, he sees them, too, fulfilling in obedience a destiny they cannot understand. In utter lassitude, he inclines to give up the battle:

> Submit, submit!
> 'T is common sense, and human wit
> Hath claimed no higher name than it:
> Submit, submit!

In this trap are caught more of our best leaders than perhaps we realize. And the way of submission is taken from high motives by many among them.

Yet it is hard for one who breathes democratic air to concede that it is a good way. The Jesuits have always trodden it, and gained corporate efficiency thereby. The Modernists are moving in it now, with bowed heads, very silent. But the teachers in American universities? There is incongruity in the thought.

There is more and more incongruity as reflection deepens. For our professor cannot obey in peace his ardent impulse to humility, to acquiescence. Before him shines once more, compelling, summoning, the larger cause that he had hoped to serve. Beyond the institution, beyond the college, lies a community hungering for life. For the sake of that community the college exists. He, as portion of the college, has his plain duty toward it, and may not with conscientious provincialism cut off relations. The great loyalty to the whole, inconsistent though it seem for the moment with loyalty to the part, has right of way, and leads him to freedom. In these critical days it cannot be right for the scholar to be shut away from playing his free part and offering his full contribution.

Moreover, his very devotedness to the college may now seem to point the same way. Is it so sure that loyalties really conflict, that the college will be best served by silence? Is he really its enemy, as the cold distaste of colleagues, the annoyance of authorities, would imply? True, he may temporarily injure its material interests, affect its reputation. Students may be withdrawn, gifts denied, mistaken impressions gain currency. Yet on the level of the ideal, if we have regard to the use the colleges may serve during the rising social crisis, it is conceivable that he, with all his insignificance, may be one of those to serve the noblest ends of education. A college, like a man, must now and then lose life to save it. Bitter though it be for him to be the instrument of its martyrdom, perhaps even from this he must not shrink.

But how be sure? He stands hesitant. Before he chooses his line of action, searching of heart and conscience must lead him deeper below the formulæ of class lines or groups into that profoundly personal region where motives must be sifted, ulti-

mate ends be weighed. Into this obscure region we may not follow him, for these are ways which a man must tread alone. Let us await him when he emerges equipped for close discrimination that may lead to definite conclusions.

V

THREE main practical questions confront us:

I. Shall a teacher express his heresies frankly in the class-room,—subject, of course, to his pedagogic judgment of expediency,—when they relate to the subject intrusted to him? In other cases?

II. What degree of freedom should he practise in mingling with the general community life?

III. How much should he claim outside?

The only clear case is that of the second point under the first head. One would think it plain, were exceptions not curiously frequent, that a teacher should spend his time exclusively in teaching what he is paid to teach. But in matters of common honesty people must be left to their own conscience.

None of the other questions can be categorically answered; in each of them decisions must be daily renewed. In the class-room it is of such vital importance to persuade young minds that firm conviction does not preclude intellectual disinterestedness, that to the very extent of one's power it is usually well to keep personal views well to the rear. If you are playing your part through books or action there is no danger that students will not know where you stand; much they will discount you, with the curious instinct of youth to confuse faith with fanaticism. There is also a better reason for caution; convictions, do what one will, inevitably color attitude, and the balance in the students' minds must be preserved. Of course no honorable teacher permits himself propaganda in the class-room. Exposition of varying schools is there his business; quiet reserve, unless in response to a direct question, is in order. True, it is possible to carry this reserve too far, till the student is left believing that a perpetual see-saw is the most dignified position for a human mind. Moreover, to appear cowed or over-reticent would destroy the respect of the students. The teacher will find the right line delicate to draw, the balance exciting to maintain. But on the whole, for the man of rather fiery and definite opinions, the chief guard should be against too great frankness in self-expression.

Outside the class-room, still in the college? There, too, freedom must be used carefully. Not now, however, on account of business honor or pedagogic balance, but rather on account of the youth of the community, which imposes a natural check on full discussion. Still, the teacher will naturally allow himself to be more outspoken than in the class-room. If his colleagues may conduct religious services according to their predilections, why should he not, if he likes, preside over a meeting for single tax? With those colleagues, if they take any interest in his ideas, complete frankness would seem in order. Only let him beware of boring them.

Finally the crucial question—the attitude toward the outer world.

Certainly not an automatic silence. Certainly freedom to join any organization he likes, partizan or scholastic. Certainly freedom to act in all circumstances according to his conscience. At the same time, a tedious, unremitting thought for appearance and consequence. Not for one moment may he act without the galling consciousness of his institution; always he must be measuring the probable reactions of his doings upon it. A man may hazard his own reputation gaily; he may take life with gallant insouciance, careless of inconsistency, experimenting with ideals, growing up in public, as many a fine creature has done. Pioneers of highest value thus toss prudence away, and lead on into open country, unaware whether firm land or quagmire awaits their tread. A delightful rôle, but not for our academician. His shall never be the luxury of the free-lance, the folly of chivalry, the whimsical adventuring with life or creed. He lives

not for himself; his movements must be cautiously determined, he must continually think before and after. This is the price he pays for his group life; it is his tribute to the college which he serves.

Having paid it, he will bear his sober witness with unflinching courage. He moves, if you will, in bonds, but they are bonds that beseem him well. And for the sake of the higher honor of the very institution which he serves, there will be times when he will not dare conform. If he can thus carry himself, he will be making the true contribution of the scholar to politics. Adjustment, compromise? Yes, such is his policy. But these to him are no mean concessions, but spiritual indications of his deep love for social freedom. Mere subservience to the wishes of authorities is ruled out for him by his larger loyalty to the commonweal; yet liberty unchecked is impossible to one who gladly shares the lofty disciplines of the corporate life, finding in them the best earnest of the social future. Twin demons, craven cowardice and defiant self-assertion, seek to possess us all. Let the leaders of our youth pray and fast, for they need as never before to unite intrepidity with humility, to rise into the region where venal mean-spiritedness cannot mask itself as modesty, nor arrogance as self-respect.

VI

So we leave our professor to his conscience; it will bind him as nothing else can, and it is the only restriction which he ought to undergo. Still within the situation, we turn to the governing boards; how can we feel that constraint exercised by them is other than vicious? Just outgrowing the bad old traditions of religious oversight, shall we renew them in another sphere? There is indeed a legitimate and vital sense in which a teacher must not be free; but 'ware of imposing bondage on him from without! Restraint may simplify, but it simplifies to kill. The whole lesson of democracy is that checks and inhibitions must develop from within; to make them mechanical is to glance obliquely toward the Inquisition. External authority in its crass form is worn out; to cling to it in the centers of truth-seeking is fatal. The rôle of trustees should be to protect and to proclaim aloud entire liberty on every line among their teaching force.

One almost dares to say that there are no dangerous creeds, only dangerous persons. Mistaken creeds there are in plenty, but, given time, the race always finds them out. Nor can a paternal policy expedite the process. Something has happened to us moderns, for all along the line paternalism exacerbates, and what has happened is that we are growing up. Let the colleges trust the men to whom they have given a sacred charge. If these men are of fine fiber, the very situation will force discretion on them. Should they do things that seem inimical to the welfare of the institution, be it remembered that even trustees can be mistaken, and that in these confused times reactions are beyond our vision. Should a cheap demagogue now and then disgrace the faculty, two or three dull pedagogues will probably be at hand to balance him. Unfortunate episodes are a lesser evil than any color to that suspicion of subservience to privilege which, taking us unaware, hangs stormily over the academic heavens. A policy brave enough to dispel this suspicion is our most crying need. Almost one longs for salient instances, test cases. One would not pray that professors may be rash, but should they be moved to rashness, one may feel that Providence, always ingenious in wresting good out of evil, is giving the colleges their chance to convince a waiting public that they know no fear or favor, and swing wholly, superbly free from any dominance by the moneyed interests.

Nor need the authorities fear lest by such magnanimity they run great risk of alienating sympathies, or of handing colleges over to the radical side in the great debate upon us. In the community at large there is a warm reserve fund of respect waiting for the institution which shall take a stand for complete academic freedom. And the danger is slight lest

any American college acquire an over-radical color. Experience tells us that the radical element, either among students or faculty, is likely to be small. Educational centers, left to themselves, tend to conservatism. This is not strange, for in one sense the whole weight of the past clings to any center of learning. Its function is to interpret to the rising generation, first the experience of humanity, second the laws of nature; not from such studies is rash impatience engendered. The future is always gathered within the college walls, but the college is busy telling the future what the past should mean to it, and the pursuit is steadying. Moreover, in America at least, youth is not restlessly radical. It views novelty with distaste, and clings quite properly to the point of view of its progenitors. Currents of all kinds flow through the liberal soil of a great educational institution; but even those which tend toward undiscovered regions proceed from the ancient hills. Incidentally we may remark that new movements instituted or approved in academic circles have, from Wyclif on, generally been accredited by time.

Adherence to new movements in academic circles need not, then, be viewed with suspicion; it is good for the balance of things, and academic people, taken as a whole, will never endanger the best values of our national life. Give them a free hand, a free mind. If this is done, and known to be done, the situation will be automatically simplified; for the public will soon recover from that bad trick of identifying the man with his institution, which in itself witnesses to the widespread belief in undue trustee control. Could this trick be unlearned, the most confusing factor in the whole matter would be removed. Such incidents as trustees may legitimately regret will be the cost we pay, not too high, surely, for holding the confidence of all sides in the crisis through which our civilization is passing. Just now, as never before, it is essential to our social salvation not only that the colleges should possess perfect liberty, but that all men should believe them to possess it. Every channel by which life can circulate from class to class unobstructed, through the whole social organism, is of inestimable worth. We have always assumed, not quite fatuously, that our educational system was such a channel; woe to us if in the public mind that channel be closed!

VII

Let us, for the last time we say it, get all formulæ out of our heads. We are so lazy that we love them, and when we clamor most loudly for freedom, then are we most likely to be their slaves. But they will not help us here. We are not dealing with a malign tyranny on the one hand, threatening our sacred liberties, and on the other with a resolute band of freedom's champions, standing out from a larger number of self-deceived paid retainers. These conventional types impede our vision of truth. What we have is varying groups of perplexed, well-meaning men; governing boards; faculties; anxious parents in the rear; donors, inscrutable, rather, but surely actuated in the main by generous motives; students, too, who would seem to have something to do with the matter; and in the distance a confused throng of those spectators who in our country are dramatis personæ also in any matter that affects the public weal. Each of these groups has legitimate interests to protect. It is right for trustees to be concerned for the maintenance of the college; it is right for the teachers to follow their star. As for donors, they can hardly be expected to find our attitude graceful if by maladventure we bite the hand that feeds us. Among parents, the majority wants its children guided toward good old ways, and resents teaching that would separate the generations. The public is as yet rather inarticulate except for that sullen murmur of suspicion from some quarters. Perhaps they may some day prove to hold the key to the situation. Or, that key might conceivably be among the students, who with an elective system get, in the long run, what teaching they desire.

What will be the resultant of all these forces, so reasonably, so inevitably, pulling in diverse directions? No one can say, but all who love the high, clean tradition of our American colleges are called to help determine. Should the new movement toward corporate independence and self-government of the teaching force prove successful, great gains might result and interesting vistas might open. Yet it is fatuous to hope that the problem of the individual teacher would be solved thereby; indeed that problem might easily become more acute, for quite possibly his colleagues would exercise a closer and more critical supervision over him than a more remote body of trustees. The irksome task of determining the balance in relations between personal liberty and social efficiency would be unlikely to grow any easier than it is now.

But the task is necessary, irksome though it must remain. First because the strategic position of the colleges will always be highly important; and then because they offer so rare an opportunity to differentiate true social freedom from its travesty. Such freedom is no natural right; it is in every sphere, from least to greatest, a slow conquest, an ever-receding, but never-vanishing, ideal. To realize it in the nation at large proves harder than we expected in the old days when the Declaration of Independence expressed us. We created so-called "free institutions," and thought our end achieved: behold! these institutions press horribly on the masses, and bind our whole circulation tight. We can find release by no facile reiteration of theories based on individual rights; we are groping toward a better way. That way can be found only by patiently working out our tentative ideas of solidarity and of coöperative living in all the little groups of which that great group, the nation, is composed. Among these lesser groups, none affords a fairer field for experiment than the college: for nowhere shall we find an organism more sensitive through its whole being to the acts of its every member; nowhere is unity of a higher type; nowhere is mere personal independence less possible or desirable; and at the same time nowhere is real freedom for each individual to attain the fullest self-expression consistent with the integrity of the whole, more essential alike to the fulfilment of function and to the perpetuation of worthy life.

A Man

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I LISTENED to them talking, talking,
That tableful of keen and clever folk,
Sputtering, followed by a pale and balking
Flash whenever some one spoke,
Like musty fireworks or a pointless joke
Followed by pointless, musty laughter. Then,
Without a pause, the sputtering once again.
The air was thick with epigrams and smoke,
And underneath it all
It seemed that furtive things began to crawl,
Hissing and striking in the dark,
Aiming at no particular mark,
And careless whom they hurt.

The petty jealousies, the smiling hates,
Shot forth their venom as they passed the plates,
And hissed and struck again, aroused, alert,
Using their feeble smartness as a screen
To shield their poisonous stabbing, to divert
From what was cowardly and black and mean.

Then I thought of you,
Your gentle soul,
Your large and quiet kindness,
Ready to caution and console,
And with an almost blindness
To what was mean and low.
Baseness you never knew;
You could not think that falsehood was untrue,
Nor that deceit could ever dare betray you.
You even trusted treachery; and so,
Guileless, what guile or evil could dismay you?
You were for counsels rather than commands.
Your sweetness was your strength, your strength a sweetness
That drew all men, and made reluctant hands
Rest long upon your shoulder.
Erect, but never proud,
You walked through sixty years as through a crowd
Of friends who loved to feel your warmth, and who,
Knowing that warmth, knew you.
Even the casual beholder
Could see your fresh and generous completeness,
Like dawn in a deep forest, glowing and shining through.
Such faith has soothed and armed you! It has smiled
Frankly and unashamed at Death; and, like a child,
Swayed, half by joy and half by reticence,
Walking beside its nurse, you walk with Life,
Protected by your smile and an immense
Security and simple confidence.

Hearing the talkers talk, I thought of you.
And it was like a great wind blowing
Over confused and poisonous places.
It was like sterile spaces
Crowded with birds and grasses, soaked clear through
With sunlight, quiet and vast and clean.
And it was forests growing,
And it was black things turning green.
And it was laughter on a thousand faces.
It was like victory rising from defeat,
The world made well again and strong and sweet.

The Luck of the Devil

By HOLWORTHY HALL

Author of "Alibi," etc.

Illustrations by H. J. Mowat

I LIKE to monopolize the end section of the club car unless my fellow-passenger is unusually entertaining; naturally, therefore, I was annoyed at the arrival of one too stout for the builder's specifications. Besides, he had a melancholy face.

I *don't* like to take the initiative, and I doubt if I should have addressed my neighbor if it had n't been for his extraordinary behavior when he saw the paper-bound book I had laid down on the seat beside me. It was a golf guide, and since I happened to be looking at the bulky new-comer just as he happened to glance at the guide, I insensibly connected that harmless compendium with his startling display of deep feeling. First, he grew even redder in the face, if that was possible; next, he turned suddenly toward the window; finally, he snatched from his pocket a voluminous white silk handkerchief, and all at once I was convinced that under pretext of a necessity common enough in that climate he had cleared away the traces of two tears.

Instantly I was attentive. That a man could utter vivid words at the memories engendered by such a volume, that he could flush with shame, that he could writhe in self-contempt, I could easily understand; but that he should shed tears!

Attentive and curious, I offered him the guide.

"Pardon me," I said; "perhaps you 'd like to look it over."

His large features registered extreme horror, but his bow was courteous.

"Thank you—*no!*"

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were interested."

"Golf," said the fat man, "ceased to interest me four years ago. I have played, and I have stopped playing."

"Indeed!" I said. "That 's most astonishing. Every one threatens now and then never to swing a club again; I did n't realize that any one ever meant it."

"*I* meant it!" said the fat man, belligerently. "And I would n't look at that book of concentrated degeneracy for—for a hundred dollars. Oblige me by putting it out of sight. Thank you." Again he carried the white silk handkerchief to his shining face, and seemed relieved.

"Surely," I said, "you must have had great provocation."

"The cause of our grandeur is generally the cause of our downfall," said the fat man, permitting his features to relax dolefully. "And a golf tournament is like a pool of stagnant water: it corrupts itself and everything else in the neighborhood. I suffer so keenly in a golfing atmosphere that I may be offensive to you. In that case—"

"My chief pleasure in the game," I hastened to assure him, "is objective. My handicap is twelve; but as a metaphysicist of the links I 'm behind scratch."

He eyed me steadily.

"My reasons for quitting the game were n't technical; they were sentimental." Here I presented an imported cigar of the same structural aspect as that of my vis-à-vis. "Very well," he said, decapitating the cigar fiercely, "if you *will* have it.

"WHEN you come right down to the determining factors in any man's success or failure, you can't eliminate luck. I *defy* you to eliminate it! Take the Duke of Wellington. Where would be his place in history if Napoleon had ordered a different menu? Take Newton, and suppose that apple had n't fallen until the next day. Take Watt if his mother had n't made him watch the kettle. Take Colum-

bus if a bit of driftwood had n't floated along. What would have been the result? A Continental empire, a country schoolteacher, a village blacksmith, an untimely death by drowning. Pursue the analogy. Take anybody you choose; take Brown, for instance.

"This Brown was unique. He could have set down luck as one of his assets and borrowed money on it. If the favorite of fortune is born with a silver spoon in the mouth, Brown was born with a whole tea-service of flat silver in dozen lots. And if he 'd had the added luck to be born deaf, dumb, and blind, he 'd have been a millionaire before he was old enough to vote. As a matter of fact, he 's a millionaire now, but it 's taken him thirty-four years because he was n't wise enough to discount what little honest intelligence he had and put all his hope of glory into the hands of Providence.

"And then, on the other hand, take Smith. He was unlucky. These two grew up as boys together. When they went skating, Brown fell through the ice, and Smith went after him to pull him out. Smith got pneumonia, and Brown got a medal for life-saving. If they went to steal apples, Smith got caught and whipped, and Brown got away with all the fruit. When an old pupil came back to the school and offered a prize of ten dollars for the best speller, that was the only day in six months that Brown knew his lesson, and he got the ten dollars because Smith had contracted the whooping-cough the day before.

"That was the way it went in college, too. If they had an examination, all the questions were from exactly those few parts of the course that Brown had crammed last night, and Smith had skipped because he was letter-perfect on everything else. The last place on the base-ball team was between the two; while the coaches were deciding in favor of Smith, he was busy in the gymnasium breaking his arm. That afternoon, with the bases full and two out, Brown ducked to get out of the way of a wild pitch; the ball hit his bat, rolled fair, and won the game. So Smith was a substitute for four years.

"Those are merely incidents, but they 're indications. After the two were graduated, they continued the same old procedure. They bought the same speculative stock at the same figure. It dropped eleven points: Smith telephoned his brokers to sell at the market; he 'd swallow the loss. Brown *tried* to telephone, but the line was out of order. When he got down-town in a street-car, the stock had recovered nineteen and a half points. Think it over.

"I could quote a thousand examples, but I won't. My illustrations are typical. Understand, however, that the two men were inseparable. Smith never envied Brown —never. He never allowed himself to be pitied. And Brown invariably refused to capitalize Smith's misfortunes, although, in the light of later years, it is questionable if this was forbearance or simple negligence. Never mind; for many seasons their friendship was rarely beautiful until —you have probably guessed it—they fell in love with the same girl."

The fat man paused, and raised his eyebrows significantly.

"Thank you; a glass of seltzer," I said.

"And for me," he told the attendant, "a glass of French vichy; with the juice of a quarter of a lemon in a separate glass, and one small lump of ice in a saucer, and a spoon. Bring a full bottle of vichy, and uncork it here; and if the ice is n't absolutely clear, I 'll send it back. To resume:

"Yes, in the course of time they fell hopelessly in love with the same girl. None of your knitting, tatting, pink, and peachlike French dolls, with a baby stare and a lapful of Pomeranians and chocolate creams; not a bit of it! She was a dashing, smashing beauty, a big, healthy, athletic girl full of vim, vigor, and vitality. She read the newspapers; she talked politics like a man; she was created to be an executive and a disciplinarian. She could sit a horse like a bronco-buster; but she believed that women are downtrodden and oppressed. The equality of marriage was one of her principles. Obviously, she was n't popular among old-fashioned

young men: but Smith and Brown were bowled over simultaneously; they saw what a life-partner that girl would make.

"Make no mistake; they were still friends—friends when Smith must have appreciated the almost insuperable obstacles placed in his path by the luck of Brown; friends when Brown must have been sorely troubled to acknowledge as an associate a man who made so many egregious blunders as Smith. Yet I insist that from the very beginning the girl was not averse to Smith.

"Brown? Oh, *he* was always lucky. We won't waste time with *Brown*.

"Presently, of course, each asked her to marry him. To each she gave the same answer: sisterly affection and more; she could n't decide between them; time alone would tell. And *still* they were friends.

"But eventually there is an end to all things. That, I think, is an axiom. And no matter what may be the foundation of friendship between two men, no matter what hardships it may have overcome, no matter how solid and substantial it may seem to be, it cannot withstand the gentlest of all the elements.

"At length Brown said to Smith: 'My dear fellow, things have gone crossways with us. Why prolong the agony further?'

"And Smith said to Brown: 'For twenty years, ever since you got a medal because I tried to rescue you, and I got pneumonia for being rescued, you 've come out ahead in every contest. This time I 'm going to win!'

"And Brown: 'But suppose that instead of staying on in this way, watching our friendship beat itself to pieces on the rocks, and politely knifing each other, so that a third party might come along and cut us both out—suppose that we settle the difficulty neatly and promptly. One withdraws; the other has a clear field. Let 's make sure that *one* of us is successful.'

"Smith was no fool; he knew that if luck were to swing the balance anyway, he was already beaten.

" 'What 's your suggestion?' he asked.

" 'I 'm so fond of you, dear boy,' said Brown, 'that upon my word I 'll be almost as happy if you win as I should be if I won myself. I 'll leave it to hazard. I 'll toss you to see which of us stays here, and which of us leaves within ten days for a trip around the world at the expense of the other.'

" 'Hardly!' said Smith.

" 'Well, have *you* anything to suggest?'

" 'Golf,' said Smith. 'Eighteen holes match play—with a referee.'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Brown. 'Personally I think it 's a bit unfair, but it 's a bargain. You know very well that the best I ever made was an eighty-nine, and you 've done a seventy-four.'

" 'That does n't signify,' said Smith. 'You never cracked ninety more than once because you did n't need to. This is different. Your natural luck is coming into action. I 'll hedge. I 'll bet you a thousand dollars you 're eighty-two or better.'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Brown. 'Tomorrow at one-thirty?'

" 'I 'm content. Who 'll referee?'

" 'Bert Jones?'

" 'It 's a bargain,' said Smith. 'But, mind you, we 're going to stick to the rules.'

" 'Also the conditions,' said Brown. 'The loser sails within ten days, to be gone not less than ten months. And that 'll quite clear the situation, because she 's admitted that if either one of us had never met her, she 'd certainly be married to the other by this time. One-thirty?'

" 'On the dot,' said Smith.

"There is no cause for you to be prejudiced against Smith because he selected golf as the test when the apparent superiority of his game over Brown's was so great. To be sure, Brown never broke ninety, but he was never over ninety-six. Smith had played seventy-four, and he had also played 132. At medal-play Smith would have had a tremendous margin in his favor; at match-play the odds were even. I am telling you this to avoid misunderstanding.

"To resume. At half-past one on the following day Smith and Brown, with Jones, the referee, were on time to the

"'How did it get there?' he demanded angrily. 'You did n't lift it, did you?'"

minute. Miss Robinson was also there; somehow the story had leaked out. Possibly two hundred and fifty other members of the club were also there. Smith and Brown, who had expected a quiet little struggle to the death, found themselves in the presence of a gallery better befitting a sectional championship. Too late; their bargain was struck, and neither would relent. The referee tossed a coin; Brown won the honor. He drove."

The fat man regarded me soberly.

"For very good grounds," he said, "I can recall every stroke of that match. If you are bored, say so. I should dislike to bore you."

"Pray proceed," I begged him. "And take another cigar."

"With pleasure. To resume. Brown drove. As usual from the first tee, he sliced. A bunker was placed for the specific purpose of catching a sliced drive from that point. Brown hit the bunker.

"'Tough luck!' said Smith, who was by far the better sportsman of the two.

"Smith drove perhaps two hundred and fifty yards straight down the course, and the gallery applauded; but Smith ignored them. It was his customary drive.

"The aggregation set itself in motion; on arriving at the bunker Brown began to hunt for his ball.

"'Over here,' said his caddy, pointing.

"Brown turned, incredulous. The ball was out on the fairway.

"'How did it get there?' he demanded angrily. 'You did n't lift it, did you?'

"'No, sir. It hit a rock and bounced back.'

"The gallery spread out in a long V, and Brown hit a good mid-iron shot somewhere near the green.

"'Where 's mine?' asked Smith.

"'You 're in the brook,' said the referee, Jones.

"It was a fact; Smith's perfect drive had rolled into the water, which was intended to penalize a poor second shot. It had never happened before; it has n't happened since. That two-hundred-and-fifty-yard screamer had crawled another hundred yards over the smooth baked turf.

"'One up,' said Brown, going to the second tee as soon as Smith had broken his niblick on the small stones of the brook.

"The second hole was about two furlongs; Brown topped into the tall grass, opened his mouth to discuss the shot, remembered Miss Robinson in the gallery, and let the profanity ooze through his pores. Smith sent out another magnificent drive, and counted the hole as won. Unfortunately, nothing but skill and courage were on his side; Brown had the luck. Brown attacked that tall grass with a brassy, something that Vardon himself would n't have done, and got enormous distance—something else that Vardon would n't have done. He was still away; he played an approaching cleik, ran into a sand trap, hopped out to the green, and was dead in three.

"'Great work!' said Smith, without sarcasm.

"He himself played dead to the hole. Brown went down in four. Smith addressed the ball with a putter.

"'You touched it!' said Brown. Every one looked toward the referee.

"'Did it move?' inquired Jones.

"'It did,' said Brown.

"'I yield to the judgment of the referee,' said Smith.

"'I think it moved,' declared Jones. 'It costs one stroke.' Whereupon Smith also holed in four.

"'Still one up,' said Brown, grinning idiotically. 'Now all I 've got to do is to halve sixteen more holes, and the match is mine.' He swung easily as he spoke. The hole was a short one; but his iron was wild, and the ball swerved sharply to the left.

"'Oh, hard luck! hard luck!' said Smith.

"'Wait a second!' snapped Brown. His Crescent Colonel had ricochetted amazingly from the trunk of an oak-tree. He was not only safe; he had a sure three. 'Beat that if you can!'

"'I 'll do my best,' conceded Smith, modestly, and with never a thought of the breathless crowd behind him, he drove in

perfect form. He could n't have placed the ball more accurately if he 'd gone down to the terraced green and dropped it from his hand. It was six feet from the cup. Brown got his three, and as one or two of his personal friends cheered lustily, he took off his cap in salutation. Smith had taken his stance; Brown's cap hit him on the shoulder, and with innate consideration Smith moved aside.

"'Pardon me, old fellow,' he said.

"A roar went up from the gallery: Smith had accidentally stepped on his ball.

"'I 'm sorry, Smith,' said the referee. 'Rule Twelve—costs you a stroke.'

"'Does it?' flashed Miss Robinson, coming forward. 'That is n't fair!'

"'These gentlemen are playing according to the rules,' explained Jones. 'Smith has a chance for the half.' He got it.

"At this juncture the gallery was pretty evenly divided. Public sentiment generally rules in favor of a good loser, but public sentiment always inclines toward the good fellow who has a little luck. It was about half and half. The merits of the case were still in abeyance.

"Once more Brown drove poorly, and once more Smith cracked out a shot with the trajectory of a bullet. Nevertheless, both were on in three. Brown putted, and Smith prepared to putt. The club went back in the pendulum stroke; it descended; the ball traveled straight for the cup.

"'My hole!' said Brown, gaily.

"'How 's that?'

"'My ball had n't stopped moving.'

"Smith looked at the referee. You may judge of his emotions. 'Is that a fact?'

"The referee nodded sorrowfully.

"'But I distinctly *saw* it stop,' said Smith, not in the way of a protest, but rather as a minority report.

"'It virtually stopped,' said Jones, 'but the wind must have taken it. It surely was oscillating when you played. You lose the hole, and Brown 's two up.'

"It was noticeable that Miss Robinson had left her proper position among the spectators, and had moved up to the side of the referee. She was breathing hard, and seemed to be seriously affected by the trend of the match. Afterward it was claimed that she disputed that decision.

"'Now, then!' cried Brown, waving his driver. 'Fore!' There was no one in front of him; the warning was for the evident purpose of attracting attention, although the man who 's driving has usually more attention than he likes. Not so with Brown. Furthermore, his drive was n't remarkable for anything but its height. Oh, yes, it was straight—for the first time that day. But Smith outdistanced him by twenty rods. That 's conservative.

"'Over the ditch from here!' bragged Brown, selecting a heavy brassy.

"'Look here, old fellow,' said Smith, 'that is n't golf! You can't carry it from here. Play safe for a half. You 're throwing it away.'

"'Keep your eye on Uncle Cyrus!' said Brown as he slugged in execrable form. The ball scurried along the ground like a frightened mink. It headed squarely for a motor-mower. 'Fore!' yelled Brown, this time in deadly earnest. The chauffeur of the mower hesitated and dodged. The ball struck a projecting boss of metal and leaped skyward. When it came to earth it was over the ditch. The players halved in a par five.

"'I do hope,' remarked Smith, going to the tee, 'that we don't need any more referee's decisions. I 'd rather like to finish this match without technicalities.' He played a full mashy, and on my word of honor, he holed out! Down in one! It 's only a hundred and forty yards; it had been done before. You seem pained; wait a moment!

"'After *I 've* driven,' said Brown, coolly, 'you can take that shot over again.'

"'What?'

"'It was my honor,' said Brown. 'I have the privilege of recalling the shot. You were out of turn.'

"'Bert,' said Miss Robinson to the referee, 'is that right? Can he do that?'

"'The rules state—'

"'I don't care *what* they state; that was a wonderful shot. Are you going to take it away from him?'

"'I am,' insisted Jones. 'I 'm here to interpret the rules of golf. By virtue of the authority vested in me I direct Brown to drive, and Smith to drive after him in his turn.'

"There could be only one outcome: Smith's nerve was shaken. Brown was none too clever from the tee, but Smith was worse. He lost by a stroke, and stood three down. Figure it for yourself: morally he was five or six under par; literally he was three down. It seemed inconsistent.

"The seventh hole was normally a drive and an iron; there was a stone wall running parallel to the line of flight, and a row of shaggy trees running along with the wall. Brown hooked into the trees. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred that would have been out of bounds; but no! the ball rattled around among the limbs, dropped to the top of the wall, and leaped nimbly out to the fair green, where it ambled peacefully up to a tuft of grass and sat down. The gallery cheered delightedly; even Miss Robinson had to applaud. Nobody paid any special heed to Smith, who was stinging another clean shot down the alley; a lot of people can hit straight balls! Why, when the crowd found that Brown was all teed for his iron shot, they cheered him again, just as though some merit accrued to him for being lucky! And nobody thought to groan because Smith was squarely behind a mole-cast!

"No, not even when Smith played a masterly cut shot to the edge of the green did he get the sympathy of the proletariat; for Brown, banging away, caromed off the stone wall again and was on the edge of the green! Both played well up in three; Brown holed in four, and Smith was sure of a half—the putt was n't over two feet.

"Now, a good many matches are won and lost within two feet of the hole. Vardon has lost some, and Braid and Chick Evans and Hal Reed have; but mighty few golfers ever missed a putt as short as that for the same reason that poor Smith missed it. He hit a grasshopper.

"Long before this, Miss Robinson had begun to share with the players the attention of the crowd. Regardless of appearances, she trudged along with the referee. She seemed to find plenty of amusement in Brown's luck and some source of regret in Smith's, but as for open leaning toward one or the other, there was n't a sign. When Brown sclaffed into the pit on the eighth, her expression altered not the slightest; and when he played out with a nickel-plated lofter, her face was slightly flushed, but still inscrutable. She showed no more emotion on discovering that the ball had landed in a shallow trench just short of the green and bounded comfortably close to the pin than she did on perceiving that Smith's excellent approach had overrun by a yard or two and gone down a small shaft where once an irrigating-pipe had been.

"'My hole!' said Brown, with rather more joy than the circumstances warranted. 'Your ball 's unplayable.'

"'I think not,' said Smith, deferentially. 'I think I can drop a club's-length away without penalty.'

"'Mr. Referee?' said Brown, with a rising inflection.

"Miss Robinson sidled nearer to Mr. Jones.

"'I am of the opinion,' he declared, 'that Smith loses the hole. It 's a rub of the green.'

"'But if the pipe had been there,' said Miss Robinson, 'and his ball was unplayably close to it, he could have lifted, and dropped without penalty, could n't he?'

"'He could,' said Jones.

"'So he loses the hole simply because somebody took that pipe out of the ground this morning?'

"'He does,' said Jones.

"'But that is n't golf!'

"'It 's in the rules,' said Jones, 'and Smith is five down. So far he has n't made one mistake, and Brown has n't made one good shot. It is n't golf; but it 's the official score.'

"'For my sake,' said Miss Robinson, so that several bystanders overheard her—'for my sake, won't you be lenient enough with these silly rules so that there 'll be some sort of *contest?*'

"'If you get out safely, there 's no reason for me to ruin *my* clothes!'"

"The referee straightened himself manfully.

" 'The links is no place for leniency,' he maintained. 'I 'm here by special request to administer justice according to the rules of the game as approved by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and as adopted, with amendments, by the United States Golf Association, of which this club is an active member in good standing. Regardless of the private questions involved, I find that if a ball lodge in a hole recently vacated by a water-pipe, and is unplayable therefrom, the player loses the hole. If the water-pipe had been there, Smith could have moved away from it. It 's Brown's honor.'

"So Brown, having the gratifying lead of five up, drove for the ninth. His was a high drive into the wind; it was unmistakably ticketed for the sand-pits. The ball reached the zenith of flight; it began to drop, and at that moment an unexpected gust of wind came whistling over the hills, and Brown was ten yards short of the pits, on good turf. Smith drove handsomely; a ball apparently destined to clear the hazard with something to spare. Another gust of wind, and Smith was bunkered.

"Outlucked, but never outgamed, he chipped prettily out, and ran down a long putt for a three. Brown took four. It was the first hole he had lost; even so, the match was in his pocket."

The fat man looked covertly at me to see how I was taking it.

"It 's a pretty fair story," I said, "but one day up at Siwanoy I—"

"Brown is four up with nine to go," he reproved me. "To resume. It would be far beyond my power as a truthful man to relate, or yours as an experienced golfer to believe, that Brown was equally fortunate on all of the eighteen holes. I hope I have n't given you that impression, because it 's unjustified by the facts. On the tenth, for example, he played his regular game. He foundered his ball off the tee, missed his second shot, went into a cop bunker and out again, and took four long brassies to the green, where he went down in three putts. At the eleventh, which was short, he sliced into a roadway; missed the ball completely, but drove a good-sized pebble a hundred and seventy-six yards straight down the course; was on in six, and down in seven. At the twelfth he foozled, topped into grass, went out in three, into the pond in four, out in five, on in six, down in eight. That made him dormy six.

"I repeat, that made him dormy six. Two of those holes he won and the other he halved. Let me detail Smith's progress. At the tenth, when Brown was five and Smith was two, Smith lost his ball. After that, when Brown was four and Smith had driven ever so slightly into the rough, his caddy, hunting for the ball, kicked it down a woodchuck's burrow. The twelfth they halved. It was like this:

"Brown, you recall, took eight. Smith made nearly three hundred yards off the tee, and was on the green in two. Miss Robinson's bull-terrier, which had joined the gallery recently, picked up the ball in his mouth, and started for the club-house with it. I claim that it was wholly natural and spontaneous for Smith to run after that dog, and feint at it with a putter. I shall always insist that there was sufficient aggravation for Smith to hit the dog with the putter. Of course it was injudicious of Smith to punish an animal for playfulness in the sight of its owner; but it was worse than injudicious for him to hit it with the putter, when he could as easily have kicked it. After a moment or two of skirmishing, the terrier retrieved the ball, and deposited it on the green. Smith, not daring to glance toward Miss Robinson, holed out, and said, 'Three.'

" 'Not three—eight,' said the referee.

" 'That 's what I made it,' agreed Brown.

" 'I—don't understand,' faltered Smith. 'If a ball at rest is displaced by any agency outside the match except wind, the player shall drop a ball as near as possible to the place where it lay without penalty.'

" '*You* did n't drop it; the dog dropped it,' said Brown.

" 'Yes, but he dropped it within an inch of where it was originally.'

"'Let the referee decide!' said Miss Robinson, softly, and every one turned to Jones.

"'This is n't a case in law,' he judged, after some deliberation; 'it 's a case in equity. If the ball had lodged in anything moving, Smith could certainly have replaced without penalty. He 'd be down in three. Of course the ball did n't *lodge* in anything moving, but it was immediately taken up *by* something moving, and found lodgment therein. Smith could have recovered the ball and played it; but he did n't. Furthermore, he did n't strike the dog with a stick or with his foot; he struck it with a putter. I adjudge that this act of Smith's operates as a waiver under Rule Seventeen. I adjudge that Smith's strokes with a putter at the body of the dog count as fair strokes. He had five of them. Each was for the evident purpose of causing the dog to drop the ball as near to the hole as possible. His official count for the hole is therefore eight. Every attempt to compel the dog to disgorge, inasmuch as the ball was struck at, and not spooned or pushed, was a stroke. The hole is halved, and Brown is dormy.'

"I will not deceive you; the gallery was dazed and bewildered. In dead silence Brown drove off, a futile attempt which barely cleared the tee-box. In all that gathering, the only person whose mental processes were working placidly was undoubtedly Smith. He carried the green with a magnificently placed iron; and neither the fact that he had knocked the ball into a prolate spheroid, nor the ill fortune he had to find it lying between serrated ridges cast up by worms, could deprive him of a par three and the hole.

"He won the fourteenth with a par four, and the fifteenth with a par five. The luck had apparently turned, and the sentiment of the gallery had changed. The applause was all for Smith, and Miss Robinson's smiles, too, were frequently directed at him. He was as calm and unconcerned as though the match were for nothing more important than the caddy fees; Brown, on the contrary, was noticeably afflicted with nerves.

"And the sixteenth hole was no place at all for a man with nerves. Directly before the tee an impenetrable morass, a region of swamp and swale, yawned hungrily for a topped drive. To the left, a deserted quarry; to the right, a corn-field. Nothing but a hundred-and-sixty-yard carry uphill, nothing but a perfectly straight ball, would do, and Brown topped into the swamp. So had Smith.

"The gallery stood about on dry land and watched intently; the two contestants, followed by Jones and Miss Robinson and her dog, picked their way into the wilderness. Smith's ball was found first; it was resting conveniently in a small puddle, under a couple of bulrushes, behind a jagged rock.

"'Play it from there,' said Brown, cheerfully.

"'I intend to,' said Smith.

"'What are you waiting for?'

"'For you to find yours,' said Smith.

"'Why, mine 's right around here somewhere. Go ahead!'

"'Not yet. If you found yours farther from the hole than this is, you 'd recall the shot if it happened to be good, and let it go if it happened to be bad. I want to see where yours is.'

"Brown looked at the swamp. He was standing on a board, and he had previously observed that Smith, while he was talking, had settled in rich mud up to his knees, and was still sinking.

"'Shoot!' said Brown. 'If you get out of there, I 'll promise not to recall your shot.'

"'I stand on my rights,' said Smith. 'If you don't find your ball within five minutes, it 's my hole.'

"'But if you get out in one shot,' said Brown, 'I 'll *give* you the hole. Don't you see? If you get out safely, there 's no reason for me to ruin *my* clothes!'

"'How 's the time, Mr. Referee?' asked Smith.

"'One minute left.'

"Brown stepped gracefully from the board. The leg he put forward disappeared utterly; the other clung to its harbor; Brown looked not unlike the well-known

photographs of the diving horses at Coney Island. To the accompaniment of huzzas from the crowd and much encouragement from Miss Robinson, he struggled free, staggered onward, and brought up sharply with a cry of dismay. He had trod on his ball, and driven it under the surface of the mud.

"'Two!' said Smith, with a shade of genuine feeling for a discomfited enemy. 'Remember, you can displace only so much of the mud as to enable you to see the ball.'

"'I know it,' barked Brown. 'Niblick, boy!'

"He dug for that ball with all his strength; it popped lazily in the air with a reverse English, avoided Smith's mud-puddle by the fraction of an inch, and came to rest on the very board from which Brown had stepped into the swamp. It could n't roll, because of the clayey mass adhering to it. It presented a very decent lie for the next shot.

"Brown looked wickedly at his opponent and then at Miss Robinson. He failed to catch her eye, because she was looking somewhere else; but the roar of the gallery encouraged him, and swiping prodigiously with his nickel-plated lofter, he carried the slope of the green.

"'Shoot from there!' he called cheerily to Smith.

"Smith did his best; it was n't good enough: the ball imbedded itself farther in the mire. He struck once more; his club came over his left shoulder at the finish of a fine swing, but the ball did n't soar away as it should. Indeed, it had simply disappeared. It had n't risen from the swamp; it was n't on the fairway; it was n't in the puddle.

"'Dig for it,' said Smith to his caddy, and at that moment a terrific shout went up from the circling multitude.

"'Now 's your chance, Smithy!'

"'Be careful! be *careful!*'

"'Turn your club over—*quick!*'

"Smith, puzzled, inspected the face of the club. The grip almost slipped out of his hand; he caught it by a convulsive effort. The ball, almost entirely enveloped in black, sticky mud, was firmly attached to the roughened metal.

"'Wha—what do I do with *this?*' he inquired blankly.

"'Drop it without penalty,' said Brown, too hurriedly.

"'Is there anything in the rules to prevent me from carrying this up to the green, and dropping it in the hole?'

"'If there is n't,' said Brown, 'there 's nothing to prevent any one from jostling you while you 're on the way.'

"'I think I 'll try it,' said Smith.

"'If you do, it 's my hole. That was a ball at rest displaced by an agency outside the match.'

"'Not in a thousand years! This club of mine has been in the match since we started; so have I.'

"'It—it is n't good golf,' said Brown, paling.

"'Never mind. It is n't luck, either. More than that,' said Smith, 'if you jostle me, that 'll constitute an infringement of my right to play my own game. You 'll be deliberately disturbing the lie of my ball. I leave it to the referee.'

"'Smith is right,' pronounced Jones. 'I can't think of any rule to cover the point, so we 'll decide it in accordance with common law. The ball must be played from where it lies. Smith played it from there. It now lies on the face of his mashy. His next shot must be played with a different club OFF the mashy. *De minimis non curat lex.* Nevertheless, there is some precedent for assuming that the stroke made by Smith is yet unfinished. The face of the club hit the ball. That 's obvious. It was a legitimate hit. Now, everybody knows that in every shot the face of the club is in contact with the ball for a more or less appreciable space of time. The stroke is consummated after the ball has left the face of the club. This ball has n't left it at all. The stroke is therefore still in process. So we have two theories, one that Smith's ball is now at rest, in a lie from which the next stroke must be played; the other, that it has n't come to rest after the stroke he *did* play. So that if he goes to the green and with

some other club knocks the ball off the mashy into the cup, he will have taken three strokes, which gives him the hole. If we adopt the other theory, and he merely shakes the ball into the hole without using a separate club for the purpose, he will have holed in two, which again gives him the hole. In either case he wins. Brown is dormy two. Smith's honor. Play, gentlemen.'

"The crowd laughed and cheered. Brown stalked wrathfully across the footbridge to the fairway, picked up his ball, and threw it at his caddy. Smith, quiet and self-contained, followed him. Miss Robinson, taking the referee's arm, called him a Daniel come to judgment. He was all of that.

"Smith won the seventeenth in four. Brown needed eleven. It is only fair to state that Brown had fallen into his old weakness: instead of playing by sheer guesswork, he was calculating his shots carefully, and trying to gage the wind and estimate the speed of the greens. While he held to that method he had n't a chance in the world; and either he realized it himself or some one reminded him of it, for when he took the tee at the last hole, he merely waggled his driver once or twice, made no endeavor to stand properly or to swing in form, and as an obvious consequence—obvious to those who knew his attributes—he got off his very best drive of the day. It was n't more than fifty or sixty yards behind Smith's. They played good seconds, and came to the flag on even terms.

"I won't detain you. Smith got his par five. Brown needed only a half. If he 'd shut his eyes and putted, there would n't have been a chance in a million for poor Smith. But Brown wanted to be a hero; he wanted to look like Walter Travis sinking a hard putt. So he studied the line carefully—and missed! The match was all square!

"They were walking back to the first tee for the extra hole when Miss Robinson and Jones joined them. Miss Robinson was authoritative—even for her.

" 'Listen!' she said. 'Don't you think you 've carried this wretched farce far enough?'

" 'How?' they replied in chorus.

" 'Had it occurred to you that *I* might not be willing to stand by the result of it?'

"She was right; they had n't thought of it.

" 'All we agreed,' began Brown; but she stopped him with one of her peremptory gestures.

" 'Golf is a game of character,' she said. 'You 've shown me more than you think you 've shown. Go on and play your extra hole, settle your match once and forever, but bear this in mind while you 're playing it: the race is n't always to the swift —nor to the lucky. He laughs best who sees the point of the joke. Your winner *may* be the loser, and the loser might be the winner, after all. I only want you to remember that I have n't agreed to bow to your verdict. That 's all.'

"The men stared stupidly at each other. They could n't comprehend it.

" 'Anyway,' said Brown, suddenly, 'I have n't broken eighty-two. I was much more than that. I 've won your thousand, old fellow.'

" 'Yes,' admitted Smith, 'and it 'll just about pay the tips on your long trip.' But just then he began to wonder if Miss Robinson, who was notably independent, would deliberately side with the loser of the match. He glanced at Brown. Brown was palpably wondering, too. But Brown was thinking more in the past than in the future. It now concerned him to know if his rigid insistence upon the letter of the rules had hurt his cause with Miss Robinson while it was helping him with his contest. His abstraction was so great that he usurped the honor, which did n't belong to him, and drove off; very creditably, too. His mind was occupied; it was characteristic luck.

" 'Now, then,' said a voice from the gallery. 'Recall *that* drive, Smithy! He did it to you.'

" 'I waive it,' said Smith, loudly, as he advanced to the tee. He addressed the ball with a flourish; by mischance he top-

pled it off the tee, and it rolled thirty feet downhill.

"'Playing two,' said Jones.

"'I refuse to accept that penalty,' denied Brown, peering about to see if Miss Robinson was within earshot. 'Take it over, old man.'

"'Never!' said Smith. 'I play from where it lies.' He played poorly. 'That 's two.'

"'You have a right to decline my waiver,' said Brown, stiffly, 'but *I* have a right to adjust the matter as a gentleman should.' Here he bent over his own ball, lifted it an inch or two above the ground, and dropped it. 'I have touched a ball in play not for identification, and the penalty is a stroke. We lie alike.'

"'I waive!' said Smith.

"'You can't!' said Brown.

"'The referee states,' said Jones, rather faintly, 'that a penalty may not be declined. Proceed.'

"'Very well,' said Smith. 'I have my own ideas of sportsmanship!' He intentionally drove out of bounds. 'Drop another ball, caddy! Now I 'm three, and you 're two.'

"'Observe this!' said Brown, taking his stance. 'In the act of addressing this ball, I cause it to move. That costs me a stroke. We lie alike again.' They glared at each other like two strange bulldogs.

"Miss Robinson was plainly heard to say, 'Imbeciles!'

"'The amusing part of it is,' remarked Smith, conciliatingly, 'that *I* 'm trying to play a gentleman's game.'

"'You 've missed it by a mile,' said Brown.

"'I 'm tired of your methods,' said Smith. 'I 'll lay you a thousand I beat you this hole now!'

"'Double it!'

"'Make it five if you like.'

"'Certainly.'

"'Please play, then. You 're away.'

"Accordingly, Brown played an iron. It was too strong. It should have gone past the green, over to the fairway of the seventh; but Brown was wild with anger: he did n't concentrate on the ball, and luck was with him. He hit the very tip of the flag-stick. The ball dropped dead to the hole.

"'Four!' he gloated. '*Now* shoot.'

"Smith turned to the gallery.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'this is a match for big stakes. You 've seen that the rules have been strictly followed. So far I have n't had to rely upon technicalities; I am now about to rely upon one. If the player's ball strike the opponent, his caddy, or his clubs, the opponent shall lose the hole.' Smith took a heavy approaching-cleik from his bag, and looked squarely at Brown, who turned very white. 'The opponent,' repeated Smith, easing his wrists, 'shall lose the hole.'

"Brown, whose knickerbockers suddenly seemed too large for him, looked desperately for his caddy; but the caddy also knew the rule: he was hiding behind the bunker. Brown edged toward the left-hand side of the V of the gallery; Smith altered his stance, and got the range. Brown strode briskly across to the right-hand side; Smith was as alert as a trap-shooter at unknown angles. The cleik trembled suggestively. As long as he could endure the strain, Brown held his place; he wanted to appear too proud for flight. But finally his nerves snapped; he whirled, and sprinted for the open end of the V.

"Smith, who had n't been daunted at the knowledge that his opponent was dormy six; Smith, who had played the gentleman's game from the start; Smith, who was the injured party throughout; Smith sighted for the fleeing man. He calculated for the tiniest of hooks into the wind; he allowed a trifle for irregularity of ground; he drove.

"It was a beautiful wind-cheater, a low, vicious drive barely above the grass-tops, the kind of ball that travels as straight as a surveyor's line for a hundred yards or so, and then slowly curves upward, like a gravity rise with a hop on it. It was, however, twenty feet to Brown's right.

"'Missed him!' shouted the gallery.

"'Oh, close!' said Miss Robinson.

"'Wait!' said Smith, grabbing the referee's arm. And all in a second that ball

swerved to the left with the hook, upward with the gravity rise, and at exactly the right pin-point of time Brown threw a glance over his shoulder. Lucky! There was no doubt of it! He could n't dodge; the ball was a club's-length from his head. He had played base-ball. Action was automatic: the ball broke his hand, but he held it.

"The gallery rushed forward; as the leaders passed the referee they heard him saying, 'Hole and match to Smith.' It was all over.

"The rest shall be brief. They took Brown to the club-house and bandaged his hand. The two men, refined in the fire, met once more as friend and friend. They embraced. Their better instincts returned. Their bitter enmity was forgotten. They canceled their bets. At length they set out to hunt for Miss Robinson. Brown was formally to intercede with her and plead for Smith.

"She was n't to be found. Her warning had been more serious than they had imagined. While Smith and Brown were risking their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, she had eloped with the referee Jones, leaving behind her a note to say that she could n't marry a man as perennially unlucky as Smith, nor yet one as sharp as Brown.

"Consider their emotions at the discovery! Reflect upon the tension they had undergone! Not only money was involved, not only default of courtship; they had all but shattered the precious vessel of integrity! And for what? For whom? They had made of themselves laughing-stocks forever; they had gained for themselves the reputation of poor sportsmen, and worse. The executive committee held a special meeting in the grill-room; its announcement that both Smith and Brown were expelled for gambling on the links followed by only five minutes the shock that came from the knowledge that she who had inspired them to do this thing had eloped with the referee! And think what might have been! If Brown had been less sharp, he might have won a bride, even though he lost the match. And if Smith had been less buffeted by fortune, he might have had a wife to console him. As it was, the very competition which was to insure to one of them the possession of a beautiful girl lost her to both forever.

"That 's all."

At the nearer door an Ethiopian swayed rhythmically as he intoned the call to lunch. My fat neighbor rose precipitately.

"That is why," he said, "I never play golf. That is why I hate to think about it or talk about it. The associations are too depressing."

"And no wonder!" I said. "But before you go, would you mind satisfying my idle curiosity? You were 'Smith,' of course, were n't you?"

He looked at me in lugubrious astonishment, and two more great tears sparkled in his eyes.

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no, indeed; I have much more cause for depression than that! I was the referee. I 'm Jones."

Indianapolis in 1825

The Opening West

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part V. Chapter VI

WITH the signing of the Treaty of Ghent History blotted the page, turned a leaf, and bade the United States begin a new chapter. Issues, conditions, and the point of view all changed. Europe regarded the United States with greater respect than ever before; but the real achievement of the War of 1812 was the transformation it wrought at home. The experience of common danger, and a common pride of victory welded the States together as nothing else could have done, and opened wide to them the vista of what they were to become, united and powerful.

Up to that time our chief concern, all unconsciously, had been our relation to Europe—what Europe would think of us, how we should fare in the making and keeping of treaties. With the return of peace, what the rest of the world might choose to think suddenly became of minor importance, and the country entered upon the second phase of its life as a nation,—thirty years or more devoted to the contemplation and eulogy of its own greatness,—giving the rest of the universe only such time as it could spare from this engrossing occupation. It was the hobbledehoy, boy-who-can-do-without-any-help stage, doubtless necessary to development, but unattractive and most provoking to European onlookers.

In this second period political domination passed from Virginia and New England to the cotton-growing regions of the South and the new States of the Mississippi valley. Cotton assumed immense importance in industry and in politics, and the region beyond the Alleghanies, which had been a disturbing possibility to Federalists of the old school, became a vital and vocal fact in Congress and in commerce.

The land-hunger which has played so large a part in changing the face of the American continent appears to be ours by inheritance, a legacy through a long line of Goth and savage ancestors from some remote, naked colossus, who wielded his club in obedience to primal instinct. It seems stronger than volition, stronger far than reason. Parties and men who have honestly tried to oppose it have gone down to defeat. Parties and men who have dishonestly urged it on have flourished for a time at least, and the country has profited by their acts. Manifest destiny is an arro-

gant phrase, sadly overworked; yet experience seems to whisper that there may be something in it. The early explorers annexed in the name of their sovereigns all the land that they sighted and all about which they were told. The colonists coming after them took all they needed at the moment from the Indians, and with the growth of new settlements claimed ever-widening western horizons.

Daniel Boone

At the end of the Revolution the Federalists, dismayed at the size of the Government, limited their desires strictly to what lay near at hand, voicing the sentiment of the humble-minded farmer: "I ain't graspin'. I only want the farm that jines on to mine." But even the Federalists admitted that sooner or later the land that "jined" would have to be taken in—admitted it sorrowfully or with resignation or secret elation, according to their natures.

Upon the Western map Hamilton read balance-sheets written close with figures of the country's prosperity. Jay, it will be remembered, saw in his mind's eye, and tried to make Congress see, "delightful villas, gilded spires, and spacious cities rising." Gouverneur Morris, turning resolutely away from the beguiling mirage, strove to regard the Western region in the cold light of fact. He wrote:

> As to the navigation of the Mississippi, everybody knows that the rapidity of the current will forever prevent ships sailing up, however easily they may float down. Now, unless some new dragon shall be found whose teeth, sown on the banks of the Ohio, will produce seamen, I know not where else they will be obtained to navigate ships abroad which can never return home.

He felt obliged, therefore, to favor admitting Spain's claim, and advised giving up the mouth of the river. Which goes to show that that far-off primitive ancestor, land-hungry without knowing it, wielded his club in rhythm to a higher law than mere reason.

Jefferson, unhampered by Federalism, let his mind run riot over the map. He saw the empty spaces filled with population, and, dividing them into States, gave them names mostly of his own devising: Sylvania, Saratoga, Cherronesus, Assenisipi, Metrópotamia, Michigania, Illinoia, Polypotamia, Pelisipia, and Washington, monstrosities like lumbering centaurs, half buffalo, half Mercury, the very look of which inspires gratitude that the map he really saw was so nearly blank.

Even before the Revolution the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi had been well blocked out. Posts, founded by early French explorers at dates remote enough to be respectably ancient according to European standards, nourished themselves upon our wild beasts, and endured as centers of the fur trade. At St. Louis, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes, French accents could be heard mingling with Indian gutturals and the drawl of pioneer speech, and in such places unexpected elegancies of life were to be found side by side with the rudest of frontier customs.

Who had been first among white settlers of the Atlantic coast to cross the mountains, or when or where they crossed, no one knows. Little by little the American sequence of trapper, pioneer, surveyor, and husbandman pushed westward, drawing its alien civilization with it. Earliest English name of all to appear upon the

map was Cumberland, given in a fit of nostalgia by Dr. Thomas Walker, forerunner of Boone, to the noble stream and mountains that reminded him of old England across the seas. Then came the Watauga Commonwealth, germ of Tennessee, known later as the State of Franklin,

Cincinnati in 1810

and later still forgotten and abandoned by its sponsors on the coast; that lonely island of civilization in the wilderness, with its currency made up of whisky, skins, and sugar, where John Sevier lived in primitive luxury, a republican monarch, dealing out justice, accountable only to his own sense of right. There were the Holston settlements, destined to endure and become Kentucky; the ill-starred Moravian community, wiped out by massacre in 1782; and year by year an ever-increasing number of lonely clearings in the forest where men toiled and hunted and defended their homes, and women drudged and bore children in ever-present dread of Indian attacks. Even before the Revolution so many settlers had come that whole regiments marched back again from behind the mountains to take part in the struggle; and at the close of the war hundreds went west where one had gone before.

The great difficulty of the mountain barrier lay in its immense length and width rather than in its height. Three hundred miles of ridge upon ridge from east to west made hard traveling for the early settlers; but the barrier could be pierced at four separate places. In the north the Hudson and Mohawk valleys led to the upper Alleghany, and that in turn led to the Mississippi River by way of the Ohio. Farther south was the valley of the Potomac, which offered a route direct to the upper Ohio. Still farther south lay the way through Cumberland Gap, a natural entrance from Virginia and the Carolinas, which was a favorite also with Pennsylvanians because of comparative ease in travel, though it lengthened their journey many miles. Last of all, the Western country might be reached through the strip of low land along the gulf coast. Once beyond the mountains, emigrants had before them the whole great middle plateau of the continent, with its varying zones of richness, from the tree-clad Alleghanies to the poisonous alkali-beds of the Western desert; from the north, packed with undiscovered coal and minerals, to the regions of sugar-cane and cotton. Through the center of this, dividing the known country from the unknown, the Mississippi coiled on its southward way.

The four routes across the mountains were so far apart that emigrants started westward along their own parallels of latitude, to which they were apt to cling, it being easier and more natural to remain in a climate to which they were accustomed. As yet the greater portion of emigration came from the Southern and the central Atlantic States, for it was only with the completion of the Erie Canal in 1825 that New England poured its overflow into the upper Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

The southward trend of the Ohio River, chief natural highway into the West, tended to sweep the few who ventured from Northern States south as well as west, and the fact that the country to the north of the Ohio, "the Indian side," remained for many years in possession of the red men delayed its settlement long after its southern bank, as far as its junction with the Mississippi, was dotted with clearings and towns.

As the warlike Creek and Choctaw and Cherokee Indians of the South were likewise effectually preventing settlement in their neighborhood, the frontier swept northwestward from Cumberland Sound, then the extreme southern limit of United States territory, toward the Mississippi, which it reached at the point where the Ohio flowed into it. White settlement thus, even before the War of 1812, had assumed the form of a great wedge of invasion that was later to press forward, spread out, and possess the land.

Kentucky, already an old State and a strong one, lay at the point of this wedge. It had been the second to enter the Union after the Revolution, and when it did so in 1792 its population already numbered 100,000 persons. It was progressive, too. From the time it had been a mere oasis of white settlement in the wilderness it had supported institutions "for the teaching of Latin, Greek, and the different branches of science." As eager for new ideals of political freedom as for these old ones of culture, it had forged rapidly ahead to prominence in national councils. It had owned cotton mills and nail factories, dancing-schools and societies for the promotion of useful knowledge, long before it was out of the pioneer stage. It had even produced a few painters of portrait and landscape. It had also developed many citizens with an aptitude for politics and a gift for oratory, a new and effective school of statesmanship of which Henry Clay was the eloquent flower.

Its rich country had originally been a neutral zone threaded with Indian trails, a territory where none might dwell, but through which all were at liberty to move in hunt or war. The shade of its forests was so dense, the story of its white settlement so full of tragedy, that it was known as the "dark and bloody ground." The great character of its pioneer period had been Daniel Boone, whose picturesque, half-legendary figure stands for all that is typical in that vanished phase of our national life.

Born in Pennsylvania, he had grown to manhood on the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina, had built his hut and married early after the fashion of the locality. But he found tilling the ground dull work when the forest called. Expeditions into it to hunt game or to make salt at the salt-licks where animals and men alike went to satisfy their cravings only fastened its dominion more firmly upon him, and when a wandering Indian trader strayed across his pathway and told him of the rich country to the west called Kentucky, which in the language of the red men meant "at the head of the river," or "Long River," he gave himself up to it with a fervor that was little short of fatalism, believing himself "ordained of God to settle the wilderness."

Marietta, Ohio, in 1790

With this Indian trader for guide, he and five others left the Yadkin in May, seven years before the outbreak of the Revolution, and hunted all that summer through a country he never tired of extolling; for Boone had the eye of a lover for nature's beauties and no little eloquence in describing them. When winter came he and one of his companions were captured by Indians. Making their escape, they searched long and unavailingly for the rest of their party. Instead, that marvelous coincidence only found in the drama and the dealings of Providence led them through unnumbered miles of wil-

derness straight into the arms of two other white men, one of whom proved to be Boone's younger brother, who had started out to follow him. Their companions were soon waylaid and killed, but the two Boones spent a long winter unmolested in the forest. By spring their ammunition had run low, and the younger brother went back to the settlements for a new supply, leaving Daniel alone in the woods "without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog" for three long months. He exercised great caution, hiding his camp and sleeping in the cane-brake if the signs were not to his liking, but he was absolutely without fear, "which," as he sagely wrote in his memoirs, "is vain if danger comes, and if it does not, only augments the pain."

After the safe return of his brother they hunted a year longer, and then made their way back to their homes. In 1773 he started westward again with a party that met disaster at Cumberland Gap. His eldest son and a number of others were killed by the Indians, and the rest, dismayed, retreated to safer regions. Soon after this he was called upon by the Governor of Virginia to guide a party of surveyors through Kentucky, his rude, but practical, knowledge of compass and chain being an added qualification. Later he was given command of three garrisons in the new region, and after that the history of the State is for some years the history of his own personal prowess. A month before the beginning of the Revolution he was opening up the "Wilderness Road" from Virginia to Kentucky. Afterward he made his mark in the legislature of the infant State, as he had already done in its forests.

It is sad and also characteristic that as the country filled up and pioneer virtues were supplanted by subtler arts of peace, Boone, who had done more for Kentucky than any other man, found that the land upon which he had settled, and which he thought his own, had been wrested from him by trickery. Once again he emigrated, this time across the Mississippi into what is now Missouri, but was then still the Spanish colony of Louisiana. Here he accepted a commission from Spain, and here Lewis and Clark, on their way west in 1804, found him with his married children settled around him.

In all the arts of woodcraft and those strange super-senses by which men so gifted find their way unerringly without trail or guide he was wonderfully endowed. He had a serviceable knowledge of medicine as well as of surveying, and a "way" with men white and red. "He was my father, my physician, and my friend. He tended me as his child, cured my wounds by the use of medicine from the woods," wrote one of his road party.

His influence with the Indians was a mystery even to himself. In the course of his strange career he killed dozens of them with his own hand, but he did it without rancor and without incurring their enmity. Even the murder of his eldest son, the loss of other relatives, and the capture of his own daughter by the savages, failed to move him from his attitude of impartial, impersonal justice. Three separate times the Indians made him prisoner, but they never harmed him. Once they carried him in triumph to Detroit and exhibited him as a trophy to the Long Knives of King George, but they could not be induced to give him up.

He carried on the game of life and death inspired by certain notions of chivalry even toward animals. Mighty hunter that he was, and he "hunted steadily" "when not on other duty," one of the bills he advocated in the legislature was for the protection of game. Deer and their like he killed only when hunger or need of their skins for clothing drove him to it, but he warred relentlessly upon beasts of prey, as he did upon hostile savages, as enemies of the whites who were flocking into the new region.

He and his class were followed by the husbandmen who took up the lands pioneer and surveyor opened to them. Such lands were abundant and cheap. Hamilton's early scheme for making the Northwest Territory banker and pledge for the

young nation had undergone some changes. Hamilton had reserved certain tracts for subscribers to the national loan, and placed the rest upon the market to be sold in lots of a hundred acres to actual settlers, or in townships ten miles square to capitalists, at a price of thirty cents an acre. He originally suggested twenty cents, but a virtuous Congress demanded more. Small purchasers were required to pay cash, the others to finish payment in two years. But under these conditions there were few small purchasers. Even the poorest had sufficient confidence and enough of the gambling spirit to try to buy in larger quantities. So in 1800 the price was changed to two dollars an acre, and again in 1820 it was changed to one dollar and thirty-five cents, without credit. But even at two dollars an acre a man was shiftless indeed who could not hope to own a family estate.

Though not necessarily better Americans, these people west of the mountains were more distinctively American than those to the east. Long after pioneer days were over their closeness to pioneer conditions influenced their point of view. They built schools and called them colleges before their fields were fenced, just as the colonists on the coast had done; but the old feudal distinctions of caste and privilege that had successfully crossed the Atlantic a century before, and still persisted in older communities, had been unable to gain a foothold beyond the mountains. Accident of birth or of wealth no longer set a man apart from his fellows. In subduing the wilderness it had been found that a horn of powder counted for more than an ancestral sword.

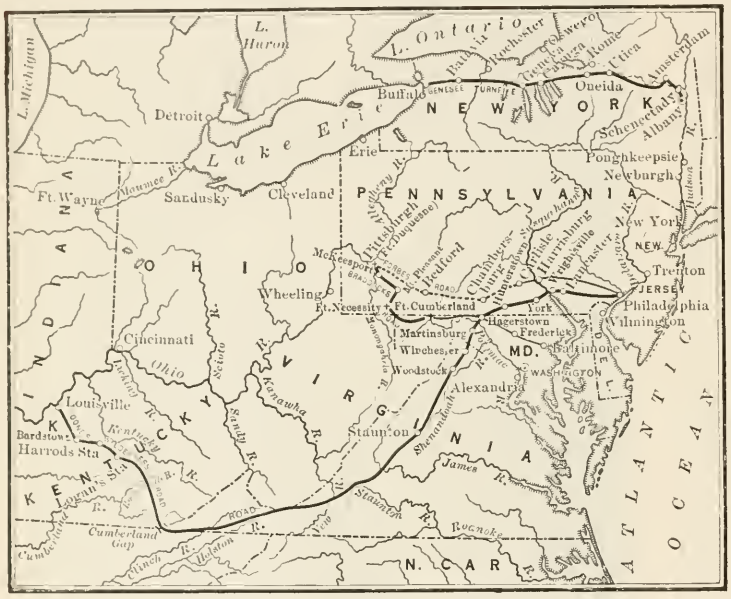
Europe, with its arbitrary standards, its politics dyed in oppression, its wonder of architecture, and all its luxury of worldly gear, seemed very far away. Having demonstrated to their own satisfaction that they could create new homes and keep bright the ideal of liberty, these Westerners were in danger of forgetting their country's place and obligations in the family of nations. England was not to them the mother country, but the country which they had successfully fought and whipped. The Spaniards on the border to the south and west were a subtler, though less immediately sinister, menace than the Indi-

"The Puritan"
By Augustus Saint-Gaudens

ans. France was not the country that had sent us Lafayette, but a nation of maniacs flying at one another's throats.

Settlers from the North and settlers from the South carried with them their own sectional ways and prejudices, which circumstances gradually modified; but there was one point upon which they united as one man against the people of the East. That was the future greatness and present needs of this new region. They charged the East with inability or lack of will to protect them from Indian raids and the harassments of Canadian and Spanish allies of the red men; and when specially incensed they indulged in threats of following their own destiny, of breaking away from the indifferent older States, and forming a confederation of their own in the Mississippi valley, ignoring the fact that even if all they charged was true, they would be no better able to cope with Canadians, Indians, and Spaniards after secession than before.

The successful outcome of the War of 1812 silenced these threats, though it did not effectually remove the distrust between the regions. Then followed years when conditions on both sides of the Atlantic literally pushed people into our Western country. A great growth in manufactures at the end of the war largely changed industrial conditions in America. In 1800 nineteen twentieths of the population had lived upon farms. Even yet the raising of food-stuffs was the great national industry, but the change to manufactures was too rapid not to cause hardship. It became difficult to find employment either in town or country, and hard to sell the produce grown upon Eastern farms. The roads leading westward filled with processions of men and beasts and goods, the well-to-do, traveling with their flocks and herds in caravans numbering from two wagons to fifty, the poorer in little household groups, sometimes grotesque and sometimes pathetic, the man pushing the scanty household belongings in a cart or even carrying them on his back, while his wife and babies trudged behind him. Thus the western procession moved forward, impelled in part by enthusiasm, in part by want. Capitalists went on the impulse of business expansion that opened new roads and new industries in reckless disregard of momentary needs, and it was only natural that those dependent upon their two hands, having no plant to sacrifice and little to lose in any event, should betake themselves westward with hope.



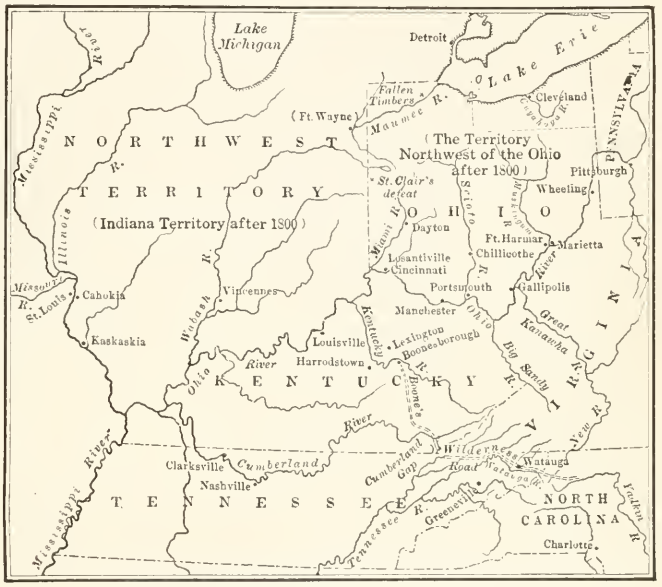
Routes of Western immigration.

There was still another element in the great movement. New types of faces were to be seen. After Napoleon's downfall the breaking up of Continental armies released thousands who hurried away from battle-scarred Europe to try their fortunes in a new world. For the most part they were wage-earners in need of

instant employment. Coming at a time when the United States was itself in the throes of business depression and recovering from war, they complicated not a little the industrial situation in the East, and numbers of these also joined the westward procession.

But the presence of Europeans did not lessen the aggressive Americanism of the West. The French Revolution and Napoleon's meteoric career had left as their residuum not so much the fruit of victory as horror at their excesses. Anarchy had staggered back into respect for order. Fear of one man's imperious will had driven bickering nations into the semblance of concord out of which present-day Europe was to emerge. Battle, murder, and sudden death had sent emigrants flocking to this country, but they all accepted as foregone conclusions the principles for which the soldiers of our Revolutionary armies had died. The older immigrants might sigh in secret for Europe, but it was for a long-past, golden vision of their youth, not for the recent misery from which they had fled. The younger ones knew only the misery, and as they became used to the New World and its ways, they were well satisfied with a country where there was no conscription, where the industrious had a chance to rise, where even in times of want there was usually enough to eat.

They wrote to their relatives left behind, and these came, too, and the westward stream of emigration, both foreign and domestic, grew in volume every year. After the completion of the Erie Canal opened an easy water-route from the North, travelers went both up and down the Mississippi valley. "More than half the whole number of emigrants now arrive in the West by water," was a statement made in 1832. "The remark applies to nine tenths of those that come from Europe and the northern cities." Germans arrived in substantial numbers in 1820. In 1833 came thirty-three thousand more to settle Cincinnati, change St. Louis from its early French aspect, and



Kentucky, Tennessee, and early Ohio

lay the foundations of broad and solid industry throughout the Middle West.

There was still unlimited land. The sequence of hunter, pioneer, surveyor, and husbandman pushed on. The great wedge of invasion that had broadened and flattened and pressed hard against the Mississippi, crossed it and took its way over the plains. Trains of white-covered emigrant wagons, streaming in broken lines by day, at night formed in circles, with the women and flocks inside, to make improvised fortresses against the Indians. And before the rich prairie lands of Kansas and "Ioway" were well settled, while still wide reaches of arable land and an unknown desert stretched to the west, discovery of gold on the Pacific coast sent many more thousands on a new venture across the continent.

Meantime the East as well as the West was experiencing changes. Wide differ-

ences of custom remained. Slavery and a genial climate had, in our southern Atlantic States, grafted care-free prodigality upon feudal English notions. New York was strongly Dutch. New England was Puritan to the backbone. Even their holidays were different. On New Year's day visiting and the exchange of greetings possessed the inhabitants of Manhattan like a frenzy. Ladies in their best frocks and the clergy in their vestments received in state, while men of all grades of society hurried from house to house, intent on covering the whole list of their acquaintances, lest a failure to call might be taken amiss. Confectioners advertised great seed-cakes baked for the festival season, and people thronged to see the huge loaves before they were cut up.

In the South, Christmas was the season of rejoicing both in the "great house" and the slave quarters.

Farther north, "Deeds, not words" was the motto of the New-Englanders, who chose to be ungracious in both, and frowned upon Christmas as popish and expressions of good will at the beginning of the year as a waste of breath. Thanksgiving was their day for what to other temperaments would have been jollity. Reunited families gathered "in their usual places of worship," and after the lengthy duty of thanking the Lord was over, went home to eat an inexpressibly hearty dinner and to conceal more or less successfully covert criticism or approval of "in laws" and blood relatives.

All these diversities of local custom remained, but with dawning national consciousness the mental attitude of the different regions rapidly became one of self-satisfied glorification. There was one holiday in which all parts of the country, even repressed New England, joined with abandon. This was Fourth of July, with its speechmaking and its noise of cannon and hurrahing. "The whole atmosphere was filled with Independence" in a sort of inspiring, national intoxication. The one sentiment in which all united regardless of region or religion or political affiliation was the conviction that the United States had the best form of government upon earth and that American society was more moral, and therefore more highly desirable, than anything to be found in the effete monarchies of Europe. Tocqueville wrote:

> Nothing is more embarrassing in the ordinary intercourse of life than this irritable patriotism of the Americans. A stranger may be very well inclined to praise many of the institutions of the country, but he begs permission to blame some of the peculiarities which he observes—a permission which is, however, inexorably refused. America is therefore a free country in which, lest anybody be hurt by your remarks, you are not allowed to speak freely of private individuals or of the State or of the citizens or of the authorities, of public or of private undertakings, or, in short, of anything at all except it be of the climate and the soil; and even then Americans will be found ready to defend either the one or the other.

The national self-esteem had risen to a pitch where it could tolerate with good humor certain affectations in foreigners, but for itself it would have none of them. A British minister who reached New York on his way to Washington during this period drove through the streets with two footmen in livery upon his carriage. New York looked on more amused than impressed, and its gamins finally voiced public sentiment in the cry: "Hurrah for the Englishmen! Hurrah for the Englishmen! It takes two Englishmen to make one nigger!"

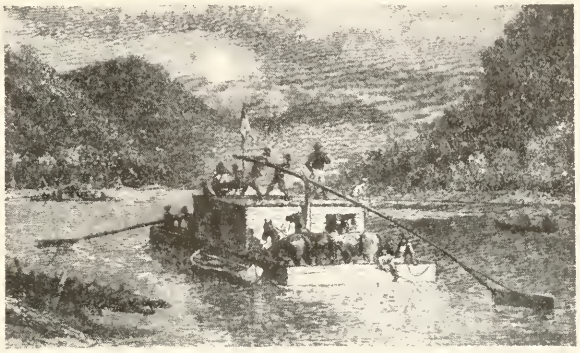
CHAPTER VII

ONE BORN OUT OF SEASON

At the close of the War of 1812 the old Federal party died. For some time before this there had not been the wide difference between Federals and Republicans that distinguished them in earlier years. As Calhoun once put it, "When the Republicans, headed by Mr. Jefferson, stormed and carried the citadel of government in 1801, they were not such fools as to spike their guns." Once in

office they had been forced to adopt certain Federal practices even while proclaiming Republican theories. Federal representation in Congress steadily decreased, and opposition to the war finally killed it. It is almost impossible for a party to oppose a war in which the country is actively engaged and still live.

It is said that when the number of Federals in Congress dwindled to eleven a conference was called to decide whether it were worth while to continue their futile opposition. It was not a cheerful meeting, but one of them still had spirit enough for an army. "Friends," he cried, springing to his feet and beaming upon the little company with a persuasive energy that brought answering light to the faces of all who heard him, "just remember that we are as many as the apostles were after Judas deserted them. Think what *they* did, and fight it out!"



Immigrants traveling by flatboat on the Tennessee

But even such spirit could not stand against facts. In their stronghold of New England the Federals rallied, and late in December, 1814, called the Hartford Convention to consider ways of ending their unwilling connection with the war. They even proposed to withdraw from the Union if it could not be managed otherwise. Commissioners were sent to Congress with a respectful petition, but they reached Washington just in time to witness Henry Carroll's triumphant entry with the treaty of peace, and quietly faded away in the general rejoicing. One witty journal issued an advertisement, "Lost: Two gentlemen of Boston," etc.

The country had had enough of strife, and the old issues being gone, there were new ones on which all could unite. The first task was to draw the nation out of the financial depths into which it had sunk. The Bank of the United States, organized through Hamilton's eloquence and genius, legally expired in 1811 when war with England was about to begin. How the Government got money for its expenses is an unexplained mystery.

Long before peace was signed both gold and silver had vanished from circulation. Notes issued by local banks overspread the land, growing less valuable with every mile they traveled. Then the Government had issued treasury notes —not money, only promises of the Federal Government to pay local banks for their poor paper—in such quantities that army officers setting out from Washington with a supply of these to pay the troops found that the value of every third dollar had entirely disappeared by the time they reached the Northern frontier. Small change took the form of "cut money," either actual silver dollars chopped into halves and quarters and eighths, or "shinplasters," which were merely scraps of paper decorated with coarse woodcuts of such precious fragments. Both forms invited dishonesty, for coins could be, and often were, fraudulently divided into fifths and ninths, and woodcuts were obviously easy to reproduce.

In the two remaining years of Madison's term Congress chartered a new National Bank, like the first one, for a period of twenty years, and passed laws to protect manufactures that had sprung up when war and the embargo cut off all possibility of importing from abroad. These had grown rapidly, but with the return of peace, English manufacturers rushed their goods to America to compete for their old trade.

To shut them out, Congress placed a prohibitive duty on such foreign articles

and grades of cloth as could be made at home, a lower tax on those that could be partly supplied by American factories, and a tariff for revenue upon articles largely consumed in this country, but made abroad. This raised a clamor of protest from the regions injured, and a clamor of support from those aided by the new law. The shipping interests of New England complained bitterly. The South, which raised cotton and used much coarse cloth for its slaves, approved.

The new tariff proved an immediate stimulus to industry. In a short time the mills of New England were making all the cotton goods needed, and the delighted country entered upon an orgy of business expansion, of speculation, and of internal improvement which speedily overshot the mark and brought about the "hard times of eighteen hundred and starve to death," when America experienced the first taste of the bitter fruit that was to follow.

Reasoning that the tariff of 1816 had been a good thing, Congress attempted to find the remedy for these hard times by imposing higher duties in 1818 and again in 1824, though the measures of the latter year passed by only narrow majorities, as against the almost unanimous vote of 1818.

Madison, meanwhile, had been succeeded in 1817 by James Monroe, upon whom the choice settled by common consent, Young Republicans favoring him because of the zeal he had shown in the war, while the conservative element accepted him because he reached the Presidency in the usual way, from the position of secretary of state, as the culmination of a long and creditable public service.

The "last of our Revolutionary stock of Presidents" is a shining example of what ordinary talents may attain when united to great industry and high purpose. He had entered the American army at its very formation, when only seventeen, and had literally taken part in the making of his country's history from the beginning; but only once in all that time had he shown exceptionally brilliant qualities. That was in his prompt willingness to assume responsibility at the time of the Louisiana Purchase. Whatever the device upon his coat of arms may have been,—if he possessed one,—it should have read, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Three separate times he lost political favor and dropped from a lofty place to the very bottom of the political ladder, but each time he entered the Virginia general assembly and from there rose to greater heights than before.

It has been said that Monroe "lacked genius, but possessed judgment." It would be hard to find a shorter or truer summary. He was wise enough to profit by experience, as few do, and he grew with his opportunities. With the exception of those who opposed him on the ground that all the Presidents save one had come from the same State, his fellow-citizens seemed to feel that he would make a safe President and at the end of four years were sufficiently of the same opinion to elect him for a second term.

Jefferson, an onlooker now, took almost as deep an interest in Monroe's career as he had in Madison's. He was frankly delighted at his election and still more delighted when he heard that John Quincy Adams was to be Monroe's secretary of state. The two men were made for each other, Jefferson declared. Monroe could be trusted to furnish sound judgment for both, while Adams wielded a pointed pen. Monroe was so thoroughly honest that, if his soul were to be turned inside out, not a blot could be found upon it. As for the new secretary of state, Jefferson somewhat spitefully added, give Adams a conclusion, and he could be relied upon to produce the best of reasons in support of it.

There were few appointments to be made, most of the offices being already filled by the party in power, which was perhaps fortunate for Monroe's popularity. In the matter of appointments a bit of unsought advice came to him that took on amusing significance in the light of after events. This was a letter from Andrew Jackson, begging him "to exterminate that monster called party spirit," and give the best men the offices, regardless of

party, so that even the Federals might be drawn into the "great and united Republican brotherhood."

The great and united Republican brotherhood seemed an actual fact during the first years of Monroe's Presidency. The country was so agreeably busy in reorganizing its plans and its resources and its ideas that there was no time for quarreling. His second election was almost unanimous; but even at that moment the much-vaunted Era of Good Feeling was on the wane, and four years more sufficed to bring about partizan wrangles that again threw the Presidential election into the House of Representatives.

Five issues of Monroe's administration were important enough to color national history for all time. It is significant of the new America that only one of these issues had to do with Europe except in a secondary way, and that this was the most distinctively and aggressively American of them all.

It was during his term of office that the protective tariff ceased to be an experiment and became a party creed, discussion merging into contention as to whether the tariff ought to be applied for the purpose of protecting American manufactures or solely for the purpose of raising revenue.

Under his Presidency the system of internal improvements—the building of roads and opening of waterways necessary to the country's development—was pushed to such extremes that it became fatal to the national finances.

During his administration the slavery question, already a disturbing element in national politics, though still regarded as a matter of policy more than of morals, reached the point of heated discussion and was lulled again into comparative quiet for forty years by Clay's ingenious plan of the Missouri Compromise.

It was during Monroe's administration that destiny for the country—and for Andrew Jackson—advanced a long and fateful step by way of Florida.

Most novel of all, it was during this administration that the United States had to decide what attitude it would take toward the fledgling independent states of South America.

This was a thrilling point, for it marked how far the country had traveled beyond its colonial status. In its turn it was called upon to pass judgment on rebellious colonies.

It was in Monroe's message to Congress of December 2, 1823, that he announced the doctrine of America for Americans. How far credit for this belongs to the President, how much of it was in the air, it is fruitless to inquire. Responsibility for particular historic acts attaches itself like a bur to the first convenient object and sticks. Jefferson has popular credit for the purchase of Louisiana, yet important shares in the credit belong to Napoleon Bonaparte and James Monroe, who are rarely mentioned in connection with it. In the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine it is quite likely that John Quincy Adams, who held the pointed pen and the office of secretary of state, had some part. The idea was not a new one. In 1808, fifteen years before the events that called out Monroe's statement, Jefferson, referring to these same Spanish colonies, wrote in a letter to the governor of Louisiana, "We consider their interests and ours as the same, and that the object of both must be to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere."

History had been making since 1808. Our success in war with England and the reëstablishment of a republic in France had, as Captain Mahan says, "roused Spain's indolent, but passionate, colonies" to announce their freedom. But Europe, having just safely interred the bugaboo of Napoleonic domination, had no mind to exchange it for a plague of republics in either hemisphere. Austria, Russia, and Prussia formed their Holy Alliance, which aimed at nothing less than the government of the world and showed unmistakable signs of interfering to help Spain regain the upper hand in South America, and at the same time tighten Russia's grip upon American territory near the Arctic Circle.

It was to this that Monroe replied by declaring America to be no longer ground

for colonization, and that hereafter Europe might acquire ownership of American soil neither by purchase nor war. Fortunately for the Monroe Doctrine, it happened that England at this time was as desirous as the United States of preventing such interference, though from totally different reasons. She proposed an alliance with the United States to offset the Holy Alliance, which Adams politely declined, replying that every purpose would be gained if England recognized the South American republics. One can imagine even the precise and serious Adams, as he penned the message, chuckling a little over the change a few years had brought about.

From the very nature of the case this great friendliness on the part of England could not last. Her interests and ours were too far apart; but at the moment the spectacle of the two countries standing shoulder to shoulder sufficed to turn away threatened interference. Owing to more pressing matters, England delayed recognition of the Spanish republics for two years, and when at last she did act, Canning, the British prime minister, explained in swelling words, "I called the New World into being to redress the balance of the Old," a boast at variance with the idea Monroe and Adams had in mind, but one which they could afford to pass over in amused silence.

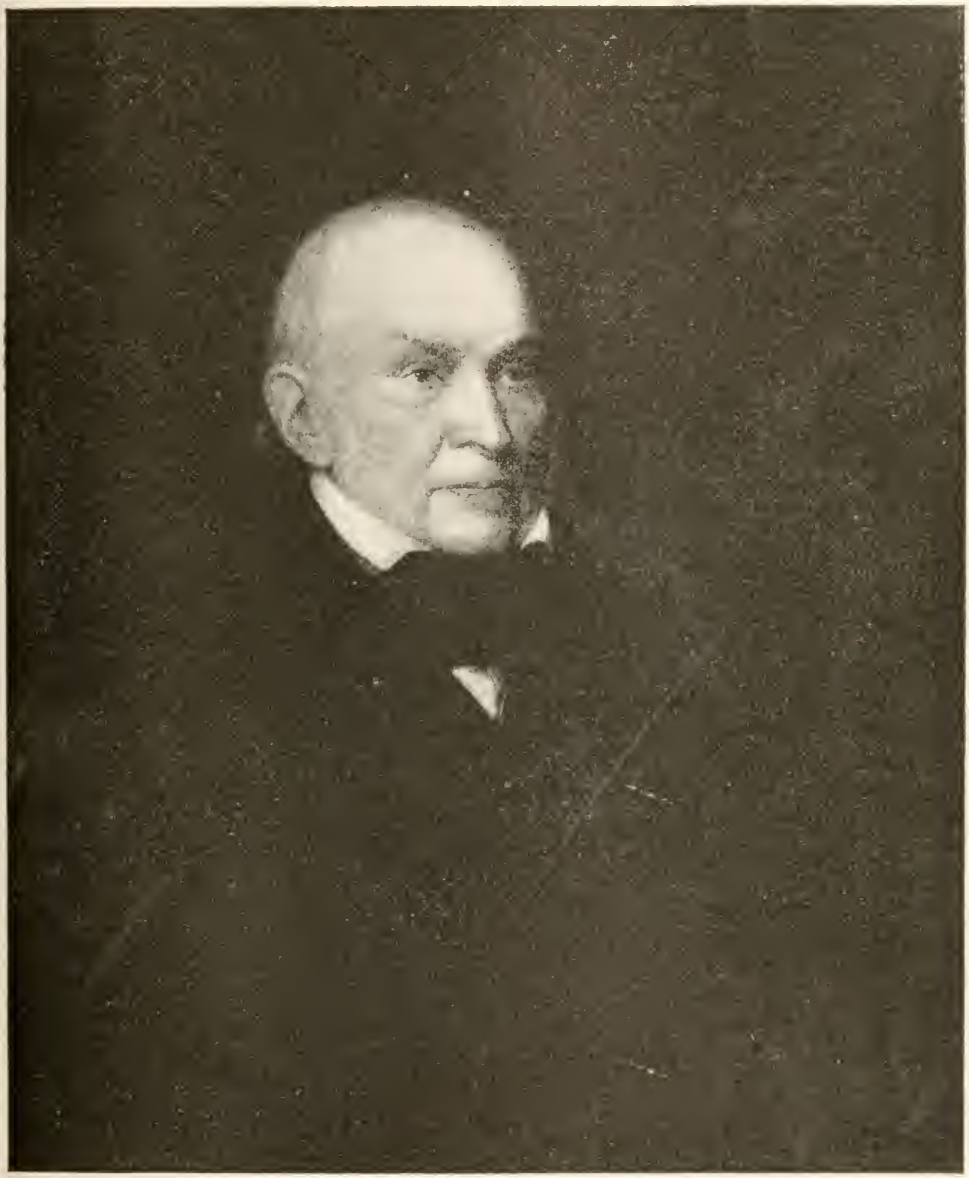
Before long England was calling the position of the United States "extravagant," but the Monroe Doctrine was an established policy; and although it has never been written into American law or had the full sanction of Congress, from that day to this it has been a guiding national principle, cited perhaps more often than any other in American diplomacy. In consequence Monroe's name has never ceased to be upon the lips of his countrymen, though his personality is probably less vivid in their minds than that of any of his predecessors.

The new and aggressive American spirit showed a distinct trend toward democratic ways of doing things. One evidence of it was the growing sentiment against having candidates for President nominated by a congressional caucus, as had been the custom since Jefferson's day. States had been giving the right of suffrage to more and more of their people, and all wanted a hand in President-making. Monroe's second election had been almost unanimous; it was agreed that he was to be the candidate, how the nomination was made did not much matter. The campaign of 1824, on the contrary, has been aptly called a scrub race for the Presidency. There were five principal aspirants, besides others locally popular, but dropped upon evidence that they had no large following. With the exception of William H. Crawford, who was nominated in the old way by congressional caucus, all these became candidates by acclaim, so to speak. It at least showed wide-spread interest and a belief that there was an ample supply of Presidential timber.

One of the visitors from across the sea —who, by the way, were becoming frequent—noted our national preference for numbers rather than for quality in political life:

"The Americans themselves generally admit that their system is adverse to the formation of men of commanding talents. But they always add that in the present state of affairs they do better without what we call leading men. 'When, however, moments of danger and difficulty shall arrive,' say they, 'the general intelligence which is spread over our country will insure us leaders enough for all possible exigencies of the State,'" an idea which, of course, struck a good Englishman as absurd.

Of the five chief candidates to succeed Monroe as President, three were members of his cabinet, which speaks volumes for the caliber of the men he chose as his advisers. The first was John Quincy Adams, secretary of state. The second was William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury, a man of showy parts and good luck, who passed at the time as great. The third was John C. Calhoun, one of that famous triumvirate of intellect and oratory that ruled the country from Congress for many years, but never reached



From the portrait, painted in 1835, by Asher B. Durand. Owned by the Century Association, New York

John Quincy Adams

the Presidential chair. Henry Clay, speaker of the House of Representatives, another member of this trio of congressional giants, was the fourth candidate. The fifth was Andrew Jackson, whose rugged personality gained a stronger hold upon the people every day.

This was the first campaign in which the West exercised marked influence. Two of the candidates, Jackson and Clay, came from this region. Calhoun and Crawford were from the extreme South. Adams was from New England. There being at bottom little difference in the principles advocated by the five; campaign oratory had to depend mainly upon personalities. "It seems as if every liar and calumniator in the country was at work day and night to destroy my character," Adams wrote. "It is impossible to be

wholly insensible to this process while it is in operation. It distracts my attention from public business and consumes precious time."

Crawford was charged with being corrupt; Jackson was denounced as a murderer, Clay as a gambler. Clay's partizans in Ohio met and resolved that all the candidates were honorable men, and that his friends, at least, would "not indulge in the unworthy practice" of vilifying them. A rumor that Clay was about to retire called forth an answer in winged words that Clay "would not be withdrawn from the contest except by the fiat of his Maker," and the campaign progressed at a lively pace with meetings, campaign clubs, pamphlets, rallies, rhymes, and invective. Before its end Crawford was stricken with paralysis. His friends and family strove to conceal the nature of his malady, but succeeded only in adding a touch of futility and pathos to the struggle. Calhoun was believed to stand little chance of being elected President, but almost everybody favored him for Vice-President. He was therefore considered and voted for only for that office. Thus the South was eliminated from the contest for first place, which narrowed down to a very personal trial of strength between Adams, Clay, and Jackson, West and East each offering a candidate of virtually the same views, while Jackson, who relied more upon the strength of his military record than upon theories of government, opposed them both.

At that time the Tuesday after the first Monday of November had not come to be the national day of election. The States still voted for Presidential electors at their own convenience. The slow mails delayed news, and it was late in December before it was definitely known that the vote stood Jackson 99, Adams 84, Crawford 41, Clay 37, giving nobody a majority, and throwing the election into the House of Representatives. The House had to choose between the candidates having the three highest votes. This eliminated Clay, who frankly wanted to be President. But as speaker of the House he wielded immense influence, and might be President-maker, if he could not be President.

He had neither personal nor political confidence in Jackson. He told a friend that he could not see in the fact that Jackson had killed twenty-five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans any proof that he would make a good President. Nor had Jackson's actions in Florida since the battle of New Orleans furnished any such proof. Crawford was incapacitated. There seemed, therefore, only one thing for Clay to do—to use his influence for Adams, though Adams was far from acceptable to him personally.

This he did, and Adams was elected. When it became known that Adams, in turn, purposed to make Clay his secretary of state, the partizans of Jackson raised a mighty cry of bargain and corruption. Clay unwisely replied, thus giving prominence to the charges, and the chorus swelled to a furor of denunciation strong enough to defeat Adams for a second term and to keep Clay out of the Presidency through a long and most popular political lifetime.

A leading historian has said that "the Adams family furnished two Presidents from two successive generations, neither fitted to the task." But two more upright and conscientious men never lived. The younger Adams was even more thorough and less warmly impulsive than his father. He was not popular, and it seems fitting that the final act of his election should have taken place in a chilling storm. The town was muffled in heavy snow when the House and Senate met to count the electoral vote with all the formality and ceremony due the occasion. The House uncovered in honor of the Senate, for it was still the custom for members to wear their hats during ordinary sessions. After the counting, the Senate retired, and the House cast its ballot and declared Adams elected. There was not the least enthusiasm either in the Capitol or out in the snowy streets. Only the black people cheered a little when they heard the news.

The new President had been in public

service since the age of fifteen, when he became secretary to his father. Edward Everett said of him that there "seemed to be in his life no such state as that of boyhood," and a painfully earnest and unspeakably priggish letter written at the tender age of nine bears out this uncanny suggestion. His rigid code of self-discipline began with distressingly early rising, —4 A.M. winter and summer,—and his day extended well into the midnight hours, as is attested by the eloquent witness of seventy-five folio volumes of diary, dedicated impartially to great events and the minutiæ of his own and other people's lapses.

If there was a fearsome amount of "ego in his cosmos," there was great ability. He was so conscientious that he appeared surly. For example, he would not consent to make a speech in German to the farmers of Pennsylvania when he went north to open the Erie Canal, because that would be "electioneering"; and when offices fell vacant, he followed Jackson's advice to Monroe and appointed political enemies, if he thought them the better men. It is said that he removed only two officials during his entire term, and those "for cause." This was pleasing to the limited number who drew government salaries, but not to the vastly larger number of voters who wished to do so. One brave person dared remonstrate. Adams replied with blunt stubbornness that he did not intend to make removals; whereupon his interlocutor, a witty Irishman, bowed, and remarked that in that case he had no doubt his Excellency would find himself removed at the earliest opportunity.

Adams was a Puritan born out of season, with all the virtues and defects of the Puritan temperament. He had strong prejudices, but his sense of justice was stronger, and when he thought duty demanded it, he could waive personal prejudice even to his own political hurt. The suspicion lingers that such sacrifices were not without their mitigating pleasure, that the greatest satisfaction he got out of life was in running counter to his natural impulses.

He was more generous toward his defeated rivals than the most exacting conscience could require. How he reconciled offering the position of secretary of the treasury to Crawford, a hopeless invalid, with his sense of duty to the country is not explained. But he did so, and offered the war department to Jackson, who declined it. However much the wisdom of making Clay his secretary of state may be questioned, or Clay's astuteness in accepting the office doubted, the fact that Clay threw his influence in favor of Adams's election, and that Adams chose Clay for the highest office in his gift, shows freedom from personal pettiness on both sides, for they had clashed almost continually during their joint service at Ghent. Adams freely acknowledged Clay's good points. He wrote:

> Clay is an eloquent man, with very popular manners, and great political management. He is, like all the eminent men of this country, only half educated. His school has been the world, and in that he is proficient. His morals, public and private, are loose, but he has all the virtues indispensable to a popular man.

He may have thought it well to attach this sort of popularity to his administration, feeling that he could amply supply erudition and moral tone. They worked well together on the whole, and toward the close of his administration Adams offered Clay a place on the supreme bench, which the latter, with his eyes upon the White House, refused.

With his conscientiousness and his obstinacy, Adams did not find the Presidency a bed of roses. He managed to antagonize Congress and popular sentiment in the measures that he particularly championed, notably a bill for a yet higher tariff. The Twentieth Congress, elected after Adams had been President about a year, was hostile in both branches, "a thing which had never occurred during the existence of the Government," Adams dolefully noted. Another administration measure that brought forth unexpected opposition was an innocent proposal to take part in a con-

vention of American republics held at Panama. For this Adams reaped the blame, though Clay likewise seems to have welcomed the suggestion as likely to promote American sentiment and strengthen the Monroe Doctrine. The meeting was to be upon an isthmus. The Greek republics had made wonderful history upon an isthmus; why should not Americans do the same? Europe had made a Holy Alliance against liberty; could not the New World do as much against despotism? Popular imagination failed to catch fire. Perhaps it was not sufficiently well read in classical history to grasp the comparison; but race prejudice was readily inflamed when the opposition called attention to the fact that Haiti, a republic of revolted slaves, had been asked to take part in the conference.

This led not only to heated verbal battles, but to actual duels, the most notable one being between Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke, whose venomous tongue hinted at state-department forgeries in these invitations to Panama, and wove the names of Clay and Adams together as a "coalition of Blifil and Black George, the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the Black-leg." The fiery Kentuckian had lately denounced dueling as a relic of barbarism, but at these words he forgot all about his objection. Two shots were exchanged, Clay being in deadly earnest, Randolph not intending to do his adversary harm. Fortunately Clay's shots went no nearer than his opponent's coat. The other emptied his pistol in the air, remarking, "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," and the two shook hands, to the admiration and delight of their seconds. "It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I ever witnessed," wrote Thomas H. Benton, regretfully.

Political abuse grew more violent as time passed. Jackson, who meant to be a candidate again, kept his forces well in hand. At first the friends of the administration contented themselves with defending their party chiefs, but the temptation to retaliate with countercharges was too strong, and the campaign of 1828 became one of the most abusive in our history. The old charge of bargain and corruption was revived, and did vociferous duty against Adams and his secretary of state. Clay was denounced as every kind of villain, public and private. Adams was held up to execration as a monarchist in disguise, a friend of duelists, a man of luxurious habits, who even desired a billiard-table and chessmen in the White House, and of having drawn such vast sums from the public treasury that the total amounted to sixteen dollars for every day of his long life. The tariff was the one real issue of the campaign, but all the charges, absurd or serious, that could be twisted to fit the purpose were used by an enemy trained under Jackson's energetic leadership to a degree of subordination that left Burr's adroit manipulation of Tammany far in the background.

The partizans of the administration, on their side, flung themselves upon every one of the vulnerable points in Jackson's career, placing the worst construction on each; and both sides were guilty of dragging the names of women into the contest.

Adams went down to defeat, but he was a gallant loser. A Washington lady, whose diary has already been quoted, drew two companion pictures—one of Adams in victory, the other in defeat. The earlier tells of a White House "drawing-room" held at the time the vote in the House of Representatives made Adams President. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe were host and hostess, and about them surged a crowd that contained thieves as well as honest folk, for General Scott had his pocket picked of eight hundred dollars that night. Adams, Clay, and Jackson were all present, Jackson outshining the successful candidate as a center of interest. Ladies climbed chairs and benches to get a look at the hero of New Orleans, and Mrs. Adams "very gracefully took his arm and made a tour of the rooms." Clay, exultant and expansive, walked about as well as he could for the crowd, with a lady on each arm. Van Rensselaer, the representative who cast the deciding vote, was also there, devoting

himself to a beauty and trying to appear unaware of the whispered word "treachery" which accompanied glances in his direction. Adams, despite his triumph, had not thawed out of his customary glacial manner, and "was scarcely more attended than usual." He stood in comparative isolation while wits made jokes among themselves about their Clay President.

Four years later the same lady wrote that the members of the administration were taking Adams's defeat very much to heart, the gentlemen more than the ladies; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams had gone a little too far in an assumed gaiety.

From a portrait by Gilbert Stuart

James Monroe

At the last drawing-room they laid aside the manners which they have always worn, and came out in a brilliant masquerade dress of social, gay, frank, cordial manners. What a change from the silent repulsive haughty reserve [the writer was prodigal of her adjectives] by which they have hitherto been distinguished. The great audience chamber, never before opened, and not now finished, was thrown open for *dancing,* a thing unheard of before at a drawing-room.

This, then, was the first appearance in society of the famous East Room of the White House, where John Quincy Adams's mother dried the Presidential linen in the uncomfortable days of her occupancy. In the hour of his defeat her son filled it with music. Its walls have looked down since upon many historic scenes, the bivouac of volunteers, the acclaim of successful generals, weddings, diplomatic gatherings of wide significance, and the coffin of America's most precious dead, but they have never echoed to more unexpected, yet characteristic, sounds.

In a time of stress the elder Adams sent for a supply of arms, gathered his servants about him, and prepared to defend his home with his life, if necessary. The son defended the citadel of his emotions in the same way.

Most men retire from the Presidency to private life. The younger Adams had no thought of rest this side the grave. He is the only one of our ex-Presidents who has subsequently made for himself a successful, even a brilliant, career. The opposition in both branches of Congress to which he ruefully referred, and his knowledge that Congress all through his term had disliked him and paid as little heed to him as possible, appear to have put him on his mettle. Elected to the lower House on the wave of anti-Masonic feeling that swept the country in 1831, he served until mortally stricken in his place on the floor, February 21, 1848, as he rose to present a handful of petitions.

As he had not been prominent in either the House or the Senate before his Presidency, his friends had feared that he could not sustain his reputation. But he proved himself an adept in the rough and tumble of debate, a "free-lance and a hard hitter," who loved a fight better than he loved his friends.

Yet he was never genial, never could escape his Puritan conception of evil and sinful humanity. He believed that the United States was blessed by nature above all other countries, that we had "mingled in our cup a portion of enjoyment as large and liberal as the indulgence of Heaven has perhaps ever granted to the imperfect state of man upon earth," but he despaired of the future. The westward movement of immigration troubled him. Western ideals and manners outraged his sense of fitness. He thought that this wild and unstable element was destined to overrun Texas and Mexico, and that the inevitable outcome would be the breaking up of the Union he loved into two or three confederacies, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," as one can almost hear him singing.

(To be continued)

The Wishing-bridge

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Illustration by J. M. White

'TIS years agone I saw herself, a warm and wishful day in June—
A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.
I ran beside her stumbling nag, a hard-mouthed creature, old and slow,
The seven murdering Irish miles up through the Gap of old Dunloe.

And him that rode foreninst herself, and edging nearer all the while,
The fat-jowled, ugly old mudhoon (may devil take his oily smile!),
I saw her turn her head aside the whiles he 'd whisper in her ear;
I saw the stricken eyes of her, so lost and lone and filled with fear.

But her old mother rode behind. She watched her like a pouncing hawk,
And purred like any pussy-cat, and strained her ear to catch their talk.
His words were fair (bad scram to him!), but, oh, her mouth that drooped forlorn!
Alone, for all the tourist folk, and lonesome as the moon of dawn.

"Now sorrow take your gold!" thinks I. "What 's jewels, lands, and satin clothes?
If you 'd be King of France itself, 't is like a pig would eat a rose."
The furze was gleaming in the sun, and when we climbed the topmost ridge,
"Miss dear," I points, "St. Patrick's Lake! 'T is there we cross the Wishing-bridge."

"The Wishing-bridge," she says and smiles, and, oh, her smile was worse nor tears!
"Give him the no, Miss dear," I says too low for any other ears;
And then rose-red she went, the lamb, from her white neck until her hair,
And "Funny Irish boy," she says, "how did you guess? How do you dare?"

"Alannah, is it blind I am? Sure, he 's an owl if you 're a lass.
Lay your left hand upon your heart, and all you wish shall come to pass.
Not while the furze is gold," I says, "should young hearts ever mate with old,
Or love be sold for pounds or pence—and, faith, the furze is always gold."

She stayed her nag upon the bridge; I saw her half-scared glances dart;
She fetched a long and quivery breath; she laid her left hand on her heart.
I saw her eyes the like of stars. "Ochone," thinks I, "sweet saints above!
Who would n't sell his soul itself to be the man you 're thinking of?"

Then he caught up and whispered low, but "No" she gave him, loud and clear,
Her head held up like any queen, and bold enough for all to hear;
And she rode on, and paid no heed to the black rage behind her there—
The purple, poisonous look he had, the mother fit to tear her hair.

And then that furze was twice as gold, and like an angel's cloak the skies,
For whiles she hummed deludering tunes, and whiles she dreamed with misty eyes.
Too soon we reached Killarney's Lake; she paid me well, and went her ways,
And, oh, the light was on her face! God save her kindly all her days!

Traveling folk come year by year; I guide and serve them as before.
I tell them tales, I earn my hire, I see the likes of her no more.
It warms me now, on winter nights, to mind her look that day in June—
A tourist lady, silken fine, and me the ragged wild gossoon.

"She stayed her nag upon the bridge"

Can Wilson Win?

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "A Way to Industrial Peace," etc.

WOODROW WILSON will be renominated by acclamation, but his reëlection rests on the knees of a large number of very small gods. Not since Lincoln has any President been called upon to run so continuous a gantlet of tremendous problems, nor since the passion of the sixties has the voice of the people been louder and less intelligible.

A peculiar, yet definite, change in the popular mind has taken place within the year. In the first horror of war, when daily tidings of wholesale slaughter shocked Americans into renewed appreciation of the blessings of peace, the sentiment was unanimous that the United States "must keep out."

Sensibilities, however, have been dulled, and as a very natural consequence of staled imaginations there is to-day no very great reaction to European despatches that tell of a hundred thousand sons and fathers killed, a hundred thousand homes destroyed. It is not that our emotions have calloused; simply that our emotions have numbed. Former habits of life and thought, reasserting themselves inevitably, have restored the old selfishness and all the old prejudices.

A certain unity, bred by common revulsion against the insanity of conflict, has disintegrated under the influences of the partizanship stirred by that conflict; the silence of tragedy has given way to the noise of recrimination; ugly distrusts and suspicions have developed; and a vast irritability is gaining ground. In a word, peace has got on the nerves of America. The strain of neutrality has brought on a national attack of the hives.

The moral courage of neutrality is colorless indeed when compared with the physical courage of war; when all the world is at one another's throats, inactivity is bound to take on an appearance of ignobility. The pro-Allies damn us as poltroons for not adopting some aggressive course that will cripple Germany, and the pro-Germans berate us as poltroons for not taking some aggressive course that will harass England; and between the two attacks American pride is being rubbed to the raw.

It is not war that is desired,—even the noisiest disavow such urgency,—and yet the average mind surges to a restlessness compounded of wounded vanity and suppressed truculence. President Wilson's very definite offense is that he has not been able to hit upon some plan of procedure that will afford all the excitement and heroism of war without the bloodshed and desolation of war. He has guarded the United States against the ultimate crime, but he has not found a soothing salve for the egotism of the United States.

Unjust and absurd though it may seem when subjected to analysis, it is out of this yeasty ferment that Woodrow Wilson's defeat may come. National vanity will be the dominant issue in the campaign, and neither money nor political skill will be spared to prove that the President's devotion to peace has shamed us as a nation and heaped humiliation upon every individual head.

Already forces are gathering as powerful as they will be compact. In the larger hatred that Woodrow Wilson has aroused all lesser hatreds will be merged, and more millions will be spent than at any time since the popular unrest of 1896 menaced the plans of men who joined splendid vision with mean rapacity. Massing for united assault against this common enemy are all those who resent the Federal Reserve Act and the restrictions that it has placed upon frenzied finance; the high tariff group, with its hunger for the old profits; the American concessionaires, eager for intervention in Mexico; those who hate Lane for his conservation meas-

ures, McAdoo and John Skelton Williams for their campaigns against usury and wildcat banking, and Daniels for the honesty that has kept millions out of the pockets of armor-plate and munitions manufacturers; the shipping trust, with its fear of the administration's shipping bill; such employers as opposed the Clayton Anti-trust Law; and scores of others equally sick of four lean years.

Nothing of this, however, will show upon the surface. As far as may be possible there will be avoidance of all industrial and economic issues, entire emphasis being placed upon direct appeals to the passions of human nature that have their roots in anger, prejudice, and hysteria. The dead children of the *Lusitania* will be dragged from their ocean bed, and the bodies of Villa's victims loaded upon campaign carts. Bonfires of jingoism will be lighted in every market-place, so that the flame of an unreasoning emotionalism may bury all else in shadow. It is the intent to keep the people so busy feeling that they will have no time for thinking.

The ultimates involved have far larger implication than mere individual victory or defeat. It is the *common honesty* of the American people that is up for test. Nothing is more natural than that the United States should be "despised" by combatants who seek our aid and are angered by our neutrality; but if a campaign of hysteria is permitted to destroy Woodrow Wilson, it is a surrender of self-respect that will prove all contempt to have been deserved.

The whole matter of Belgium, for instance, is illustrative of the attempt to have hypocrisy adopted as the governing principle of American life. Not at the time of the German invasion, or for months afterward, was the question of a protest by the United States even suggested in Congress or in the press. Not only was there no treaty that bound America to take action, but it was not even claimed that such treaty existed.

The Hague Declaration that "the territory of neutral powers is inviolable" contained no means of enforcement, and, as far as the present war is concerned, nullified itself entirely by Article 20: "The provisions of the present Convention do not apply except as between contracting parties, and then only if all the belligerents are parties to the Convention." Neither Great Britain nor Servia ever ratified the convention.

Mr. Roosevelt was President at the time, and Mr. Root his secretary of state, and if the following clause was not inserted at their specific request, at least they gave it their indorsement: "Nothing contained in this Convention shall be so construed as to require the United States of America to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with, or entangling itself in the political questions of policy . . . of any foreign state."

A protest under this instrument was not even dreamed, much less urged. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt, now most shocked by President Wilson's "poltroonery," were then without conception of Belgium's value as a campaign issue. Not once in the year that followed the German occupation did Senator Lodge or Senator Root open their mouths about a protest, while Mr. Roosevelt went so far as to warn President and people against the very thought of protestation. Writing in "The Outlook" under date of September 23, 1914, he said:

> A delegation of Belgians has arrived to invoke our assistance. . . . It can be assumed that no action will be taken that will interfere with our neutrality. It is eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. Of course, it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose, and very probably nothing we could have done would have helped Belgium. . . . Nevertheless this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective, and only the clearest and most urgent national

duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference.[1]

The rôle of world policeman is a pleasing one to national conceit, and many a President other than Mr. Wilson has been called upon to suffer for upholding the traditional policy of the United States with regard to entangling alliances. Washington himself was attacked furiously because he held to neutrality during the war between England and France, and Mr. Roosevelt did not escape bitter censure when he refused to protest against the Kongo atrocities, the murder of Armenians, the Kishinef massacres, and against Japan's bold violation of America's treaty with Korea.

The *Lusitania* clamor is no less the result of misunderstanding exaggerated by the pharisaism of politicians. It is now a fixed idea in the average mind that while war against Germany need not have been declared, at least diplomatic relations should have been broken off. Yet had President Wilson adopted this course he would have played into the hands of Germany as completely as could have been desired by the most enthusiastic "hyphen."

What would have happened had Bernstorff been given his papers? For the pleasure of a moment's bumptiousness, Belgium and Poland would have gone unfed, and Turkish cruelty would have been given free hand in Armenia; international law would have been left without a voice, and the rights of neutral nations, the obligations of humanity, lost to sight in an unchecked rage of "reprisals." All to what end? What would have been gained that has not been gained?

Because diplomatic relations were *not* broken off, the United States has been permitted by Germany to feed the starving millions of Poland and Belgium, and the activities of Ambassador Morgenthau in behalf of butchery-threatened Armenians have not been stayed. By virtue of steady, unyielding pressure, made possible only by diplomatic relations, Germany and England alike have been compelled to pay a continued regard to international law, and concession after concession has been secured by President Wilson that could not have been won by war.

As for "protests in the name of humanity," a phrase increasingly dear to the unthinking as well as the subtle, what higher ground could have been taken than the Wilson notes with regard to the *Lusitania* and the *Ancona*? The annals of international correspondence contain no such scathing arraignment of one world power by another, and every word was more effective than a gunshot in expressing America's horror and detestation.

If diplomacy, with its victories, is to be given over in favor of the harsh uncertainties of war, it is not one nation that must be fought, but all. England has violated rule after rule in the matter of contraband, Germany has heaped offense upon offense, the Allies marched across Greece even as Germany marched across Belgium, though with no such ghastly result, and Japan has disregarded justice in her treatment of China. International law has broken down at every point, and the world's one hope of salvage lies in the persistence of American standards.

Mexico, joined with Belgium and the *Lusitania* in the attempt to prove Woodrow Wilson's unworthiness, is another depressing example of the manner in which hysteria can force forgetfulness of established facts. During the Taft administration there was a clamor for intervention even as now, and Senator Stone, a Democrat, took the usual partizan advantage of an opportunity to make political capital out of a crisis. Speaking against the Stone resolution from the floor of the Senate, Elihu Root laid down this statement of the administration attitude:

Granting that injuries have been done to American citizens that ought to be redressed; that wounds have been inflicted, that lives have been taken, that property has been destroyed, it does not follow, sir, that we should begin the process of securing redress for those injuries by a threat of

[1] In order to meet any charge of unfair annotation, the full text will be found in Current Comment.

force on the part of a great and powerful nation against a smaller and weaker nation. That, sir, is to reverse the policy of the United States and to take a step backward in the pathway of civilization. There is no reason whatever, sir, to assume, if injuries have been done of the kind described, that the government of Mexico is unwilling to make due redress upon having those injuries and claims presented to her in the ordinary course of peaceful negotiations. . . . Sympathy with the people of Mexico in their distress, a just sense of the duties that we owe to that friendly people, and the duties that we owe to the peace of the world, must forbid our assenting to or yielding to any such course.

This has been the attitude of President Wilson from the first, nor has he suffered any of the sudden changes that political ambitions have worked in Mr. Root. Nor has public misconception of this attitude been due to any of the generous instincts aroused naturally by Belgium's desolation or the horror of the *Lusitania*. Back of the Mexican outcry lie the huge stakes gambled for by American concessionaires, and the insistence upon intervention springs from a desire to have profits guaranteed far more than from any interest in American lives.

A judge would be shamed for sitting in a case where one of the litigants was his secret client, and yet Senator Fall, even while admitting his huge interests in Mexican concessions, does not scruple to demand the employment of the army of the United States to insure his dividends. Mr. Hearst, whose papers have contributed more to hate and hysteria than any other agency, also possesses tremendous investments in Mexico that he seems to put above American principles and the struggle for liberty of an enslaved, oppressed people.

From the very first, foreign interference has contributed as largely to Mexican disorder as internal revolution. Documentary evidence is coming to light that proves the Mondragon-Reyes-Diaz plot against Madero to have been hatched with the full knowledge of the American ambassador, if not planned in the very embassy itself. As far back as December, 1915, the inner circles of Washington buzzed with the report that it had been arranged for Villa to kill Americans on their own soil in order to force the intervention that greed demanded. Nor has a campaign of organized terrorism been lacking to back up the work of actual treason.

If one thing more than another has inflamed the public mind, it is the charge that American ships were withdrawn from Tampico at a time of danger, forcing American citizens to seek refuge under the British flag. No more effective instance of perversion and distortion could be cited. Admiral Mayo and his fleet were in the open sea six miles from Tampico, under orders to give American life and property every protection. Vera Cruz had just been taken by Admiral Fletcher, and the coast trembled on the edge of riot and bloodshed.

The captain of the English man-of-war, more than disturbed, made earnest representation to Admiral Mayo that the sight of American ships steaming up the river would precipitate an attack upon all foreigners throughout the entire oil region, and begged the privilege of collecting American citizens and bringing them out to the American fleet.

As a consequence, Admiral Mayo advised Washington:

> Arranged as last resort to go in this morning to bring out Americans. Felt almost sure such action would precipitate hostilities. British captain whom I informed of my purpose requested me for the sake of all foreigners not to come in, but that he would send Americans out, to which I agreed.

Washington agreed, and not a single life was lost.

The Wilson policy with regard to the protection of American life and property in Mexico has been stated succinctly and repeatedly. Property loss will be expressed in damages and collected in the course of recognized procedure, but the safety of

citizens cannot be guaranteed against the lawlessness of guerilla bands eager to embarrass the established Government by acts of violence. Safe escort has been offered repeatedly, and those Americans who remain in Mexico do so of their own will and despite warning.

At the very moment when Republican clamor was greatest against President Wilson because of his refusal to send in an army for the protection of those who persisted in subjecting themselves to risk, the Republican party was recording itself in favor of the proposition that Americans had no rights on the high seas that Germany was bound to respect. Of the fourteen votes in the Senate in favor of the resolution warning Americans off of English ships, twelve were cast by Republicans, while of the one hundred and forty-two votes in the House, one hundred and two were those of Republicans.

Even under the strain of Villa's raid across the border, President Wilson has remained steadfast, insisting that pursuit must not be regarded as other than a punitive expedition. From first to last his policy has been consistent, and those who attack it must be prepared to take the ground of intervention and conquest, with their years of war and their repudiation of every principle for which a democracy stands.

If war does come as a result of Carranza's inability to control his tribal chieftains against the persistent effort of unclean money to undermine their loyalty, Woodrow Wilson will have the consolation that he held true to the faith of America, and that the blood of the youth of the land is not upon his hands.

Aside from Belgium, the *Lusitania,* and Mexico, the only other issue that will receive attention is the medley of meanings that are grouped under the one head of "preparedness." As far as land defense is concerned, there can be no denial that the country *is* unprepared, and equally must it be admitted that there is an utter lack of intelligent, decisive action in remedying faults that have come to be obvious.

Even in this vital matter, however, confusion and indirection are not so much an indictment of President Wilson as they are an indictment of our governmental system. Except at regular elections, when a jumble of issues and personalities are presented, there is no opportunity for the expression of public opinion on great issues as they arise.

With regard to preparedness, the President has received no command, and Congress stutters and stumbles in a pitiable state of uncertainty. Mr. Mann, speaking for the Republican minority, is certain that action must be taken, but when pressed for details, flatly disavows support of a large standing army or compulsory service. Senator Chamberlain's bill, providing for general training of American youth, died without a voice to speak for it. The President's solemn speech at Topeka was followed within twenty-four hours by a vote of the State Grange of Kansas that put two million farmers on record against a single dollar of increase in the present army and navy appropriations.

Regardless of where Mr. Wilson stood in 1914, when the sentiment of the country was unanimous against action that might have been regarded as inflammatory and aggressive, the fact remains that his advocacy of preparedness to-day is as clear and bold as words can make it. In Kansas City, on February 2, he said, "Speaking in all solemnity, I assure you there is not a day to be lost." Nor has he failed to indicate the course that he believes adequate preparedness should take.

In all of his speeches he declared his friendliness to a plan that would give the United States a citizen soldiery along Swiss or Australian lines, and with equal force has he placed himself on record against any attempt to base home defense upon the organized militia. He said:

There are a hundred million people in this country, but there are only 129,000 men in the National Guard, and those 129,000 men are under the direction, by the constitutional arrangements of our system, of the governors of more than twoscore States. The President of the United States is not at

liberty to call them out of their States except upon the occasion of actual invasion of the territory of the United States. . . . I want Congress to do a great deal for the National Guard, but I do not see how Congress can put the National Guard at the disposal of the nation.

What else could have been done by him save the arbitrary adoption of some one plan, drawing up his own bill, and attempting to force it upon a Congress torn to pieces by a thousand indecisions? Out of the Babel what clear word is there for his guidance?

The militarists, with their dream of empire, preach a preparedness that would turn the United States into an armed camp, and a program of naval increase that would burden the country with a terrible, crushing load of taxation. The pacifists go to an extreme that takes no account of present dangers or future needs, and stand as iron against augmentation of either army or navy. A middle ground must be found, as a matter of course, but who can tell just when the ground *is* middle?

Not only is the problem of an adequate land defense a debatable question, but it will *continue* to be debatable for a long time to come, and the debate rages as fiercely wherever citizens gather as it does in Congress. An issue so vitally concerned with the life and future of democracy is not determinable in a day or by the violences of extremists.

The same truth applies with equal force to the navy of the United States. Navies are not built in a year, and inadequacies complained of must be traced much further back than 1912, if blame is to be allotted justly. Between 1903 and 1912, the General Board, with Admiral Dewey at its head, recommended thirty-four battle-ships, yet fifteen only were authorized, while requests for aircraft, destroyers, cruisers, scouts, submarines, and fuel-ships were either halved, quartered, or ignored entirely.

It was in 1906 that President Roosevelt declared that the navy need not be enlarged, the only need being to replace existing war-ships as they were abandoned, and it was in 1909 that Germany passed the United States as a naval power. Beginning in 1903, the General Board made annual recommendations of a continuous building program instead of a slipshod yearly plan, but Secretaries Moody, Bonaparte, and Meyer flouted the idea, and held fast to a "small navy" policy. Can it be denied that such an attitude was entirely obedient to and expressive of the popular will?

Even the humblest citizen to-day is competent to tell what should have been done, but the proper time for this competence to have displayed itself was ten years ago. The honest thing for present concern is not past neglects, but future plans. The Wilson administration is not to be judged by what Republican administrations did not do between 1900 and 1912, but what it *is* doing and what it promises to do. Naval defense presents no such tangles as land defense. The question is simply one of standstill or increase.

Contrary to the average belief, Secretary of the Navy Daniels will not be a load for President Wilson to carry. When abuse is put to one side and fair investigation made, it is seen that this so-called "country editor" has incurred enmity by his honesty and economies, and that the navy to-day, in the opinion of Admiral Dewey and Admiral Badger, has reached a state of effectiveness and efficiency never possessed before.

When Secretary Meyer went out of office in March, 1913, the navy was short 6000 men of the number allowed by law; of the men discharged in good standing, only fifty-four per cent. were reënlisting; there were 10,360 desertions during his term, an average of 1800 men in prison, and Annapolis was not within three hundred midshipmen of its capacity.

Under Secretary Daniels the navy has been brought to its maximum allowance of 53,672 men, a gain of 6365; reënlistment has increased to eighty-five per cent. of the discharges; desertion has dropped seventeen per cent., there are fewer than

700 men in prison, and provision has been made for the addition of 531 midshipmen to the number now trained at Annapolis.

The navy has been increased by the addition of forty-seven ships; a million dollars have been appropriated for aviation, fifteen machines have been purchased and fifteen ordered; the number of aviators has been increased from four to eighteen, and the establishment of an all-year school at the Pensacola station is turning out fliers and mechanicians as a matter of routine; the first three sea-going submarines ever possessed by the navy have been authorized; radio has been installed on all submarines and seventy-five ships; the navy is manufacturing its own powder for thirty-four cents a pound as against the fifty-three to eighty cents charged by the monopoly; the manufacture of torpedoes has been doubled at the Newport and Washington yards; for every nine mines possessed two years ago, there are now thirty-one; in place of one mine-laying vessel there are three; nets and entanglements have been provided; and every navy-yard has been turned into a building and manufacturing plant.

A five-year program, prepared by the General Board and Secretary Daniels, will strengthen the navy by ten dreadnoughts, ten battle-cruisers, ten scouts, forty destroyers, fifteen fleet submarines, eighty-five coast submarines, and bulwarked by a $25,000,000 fund for reserve ammunition, all totaling a cost of $500,000,000.

It is up to Congress, Republicans as well as Democrats, and by the increases or decreases urged or brought about the people will be permitted to judge of the faith and intelligence of men and parties. President Wilson stands on Mr. Daniels's recommendations.

Taken as a whole, and examined in connection with facts and results, the Wilson record presents an impregnable front. The truth stands clear, however, that this examination will not be made by the electorate unless the President himself compels it. The people are lacking in information, suffering from inflammation, and tormented by exaggeration. There is not a man in all his following able to make the interpretations that must be made, to give the explanations that must be given.

If the President indulges his natural distaste for vote-begging and keeps to his tent, he will be defeated. Few men, however, have greater gift of the direct appeal that gets under the skin of people. Woodrow Wilson more than any other man in public life to-day possesses the ability to present confused and complicated issues simply and clearly, winning interest and understanding without resort to noise and fustian. If he goes before the country, taking the people into his confidence, it is not believed that all the millions of the opposition can prevent his reëlection.

It is a duty laid upon him less by his ambitions than by the future welfare of the nation. The answers that must be given to the pressing problems of national defense and international relations will not disappear with the needs that call them forth, but will endure to shape the thought of the people and the destiny of democracy. It is the high privilege of Woodrow Wilson to restore habits of orderly deliberation so that these great answers may not be given in anger, fear, or hysteria.

Love Lane, Brooklyn, and the New York Sky-line

Four Scenes in American Cities

Etched by

Katharine Merrill

Woolworth Building from City Hall Park, New York

Looking up Michigan Avenue, Chicago

The Polish Cathedral, Milwaukee

An Emissary of Satan

By E. R. LIPSETT

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

HE was old and feeble, and tottering in his gait; and it tells its own little story when it is recorded that the neighbors prefixed his name with "Uncle" instead of "Granda'."

The one is a form of appellation self-suggested at sight, and all a man needs to do to earn it is to look old enough; the other reflects a certain warmth of feeling gradually grown out of grateful association.

"Uncle Jay" the women and the children called him. The men, however, with that strain of irreverence that ever runs through the sex, often referred to him as "Uncle Jehovah." Still, they always hastened to help him across the street.

Jerucham was his real name—Jerucham Markovitz, in full. He had lived long enough in this country to have had it Americanized into Jermyn Morecombe, or Jerold Morgan. But he was contemptuous of superficialities, and under his searching, analytical, and often cynical mind no make-believes could endure or come into being.

You could see him day by day bending over a lathe in his Harlem basement, filing and pinching and turning and hammering. He was dressed invariably in an ancient Prince Albert coat, threadbare in parts and grease-crusted in other parts. A tapering, velvet skull-cap sat lightly on his massive head, accentuating the breadth of his furrowed forehead. All about him there was a confusion of legless chairs and tables, drawerless bureaus and dressers, disemboweled, old-time table pianos, derelict picture-frames, and great rings of rusty keys.

He kept a second-hand furniture store and did odd repairing jobs—that was what the neighbors had to tell about him in general. And also they would tell you that he was a nice, good-humored old man who loved to crack jokes with everybody in his broken, misapplied English.

He seldom sold anything except when a man came in to match a key or select some old tools. But there was ever a rush of things to be repaired. The women brought him their clocks, their egg-beaters, and their baby-carriages; and the children came fast with their mechanical toys and their coasters; and everything had to be done well and conscientiously, and it took time—much time.

Jerucham delighted in mechanics and mechanisms. In his younger days his mind had been running largely on inventing, and he was then a familiar figure to the doorkeepers at the Patent Office in Washington. Amid the dust, back of that conglomeration of pieces of old furniture, there still lay rolls of sectional drawings for anti-nicotine pipes, self-extinguishing gas-burners, safety-revolvers, noiseless street-car wheels, and many such like promising and long-waited-for innovations. At one time he had been very near acquiring a fortune from the British postmaster-general for devising a pillar box that would leave it impossible for letters to be abstracted by means of the bird-limed stick or by any other manner of means. And still to this moment Jerucham had not yielded up all hope of finally realizing the great perpetual-motion idea. Still awaiting completion, amid those rolls of drawings, lay the bulky work he had written on the subject in small, close Hebrew script.

Now at his high old age, Jerucham was given to sermonizing over his labors. And when he worked three days over a sixty-five-cent clock, and gave it back to its owner in perfect order in consideration of a dime, Jerucham was still the gainer.

"Humph," he would say, filing down the other seventy-nine cogs in the wheel to make them even with the one worn

away or broken off, "I rub, rub, rub—what do I do? Nothing. I make dust,—little grains of dust,—then it goes. It turns and it ticks and it goes; a little rod moves, and it points, such a figure and such a figure; then the children of the earth come and look. They look and say it 's time to do this, it 's time to do that; it 's time to go here, it 's time to go there. They rush, they scamper, they run. *Gewalt! gewalt!* Man, man, man, child of earth, where do you run? What for? Vanity! vanity! vanity! They think they know. They think big. The little brass rod stands at such a figure; they say the sun and the earth stand so and so; the little brass rod stands so and so; the sun and the earth keep with it. Time, time, time, they call it; such a piece of time and such a piece of time. What 's time? Where 's time? Babble and vanity and darkness and arrogance! We think we know things, we think we do things. I rub a little, I make dust a little, and to-morrow, when the wheel turns and the little rod points, I come and shake my finger at the sun and the earth, and I say, 'Ha, I make you move, I make you go!' *Gewalt! gewalt! Tpui!*"

His indignation at man's extravagant estimate of himself and his place in the universe took Jerucham's breath away, and he cut it all short by spitting on the floor.

In the evening you found Jerucham the central figure of an admiring, and often a spellbound, audience of graybeards, in the synagogue, as he expounded to them, from his place at the head of the long, narrow table, some intricate passage in the Talmud. Sometimes, in less formal circumstances, he had them stand round him in a cluster while he regaled their thirsty souls with his own heaven-inspired interpretation of some obscure diction in the Pentateuch, the stumbling-block of ages. It was the latest come to him during the day. For, back of that decrepit furniture pile where he had his living-room, Jerucham devoted a deal of his time to the writing of a commentary on Moses; and he kept it double-locked in a drawer consecrated to itself—the holiest of holy.

The men hung open-mouthed upon his words, and they called him "Reb" Jerucham, and when he went away they shook their heads mournfully after him and said:

"Pity! pity! A thousand times pity! If that man had given his years to the study of the word instead of buying and selling and the thinking out of toy wares, he would have been the great light of the diaspora. The world would have been ringing of him."

One day Jerucham was busy over a small gramophone. A fresh needle was all that was wanting, but the woman was new to the toy, and did not understand it, and so she took it over to Uncle Jay to set it right for her. Jerucham located the defect at a glance; but he kept the machine for several days, for he wanted to pull the thing to pieces and follow up the principles of its workings as one whole.

He was holding up to the light the cylindrical record, studying its tracings. And that was what Jerucham wanted to get at—the very soul of the thing.

"*Gewalt! gewalt!* Man! man! man!" he commented, "he talks big, he thinks big. He 'wrenches secrets' from nature, he makes nature 'do his bidding.' *Tpui!* What does man do? Nothing, nothing. A little ant that takes from one hole and carries into another. Nature is there, always, always the same, always ready to do things, and it is all an open book. There was the same air and the same wax to form records of what Moses and the prophets said to the people. And now the children of the earth come and say they 've 'wrenched it' from nature. Bah! God and Columbus made the world. God made Asia and Africa and Europe, and Columbus made America! *Gewalt! gewalt! gewalt! Tpui! tpui!*"

"For why are you angry?"

It was a fresh, bright voice, full of music and innocent wonderment.

Jerucham looked up, and saw before him a boy of five, straight and slim, beau-

"'Ah, I 'm pity for you! I 'm pity!'"

tiful of face, and with limbs of delicate mold. He seemed different from the rest of the children in the neighborhood. He looked an exotic.

A red patch showed at Jerucham's cheek-bones. It was the coloring of delight. His sense for beauty was deeply stirred. His mouth opened into a smile, and his head moved gently from side to side.

"Ah!" he uttered under his breath, in tender admiration. "Vat your name?" he presently addressed the boy.

"Joseph," was the answer, the large brown eyes steadily fixed on the old man.

"Joseph," Jerucham repeated to himself. "That 's correct. That 's how the first Joseph must have looked when a man such as his father could not help favoring him above the other eleven. *Nu,*" he presently added aloud to the boy, "vat you got, Joey?"

He held out his hand, believing that the little visitor had brought him something to mend.

"Mama says I must n't be called 'Joey,' and also not 'Joe,' " the child returned, "because—because I must be called 'Joseph.' And my other name is Thorpe."

"*Nu,* all right. Vat you got for me, Joseph?"

"Oh, I got nothing—nothing," Joseph answered haltingly, wondering what sort of tribute was expected of him for setting his foot in that basement. "I only—only come in."

"Vere you live, Joseph?"

"I live in One Hundred and Twentieth Street, and mama says I am not to say anything to the boys in the street; and papa will be coming home soon all right, in a—in a more month, maybe."

"Vatsemerra *mit* your papa?"

"Nothing; only he 's away—away, and he 'll be coming back all right soon. And Mrs. Berg puts me to bed every night—e-v-e-r-y night, because mama has to be out playing."

"Your mama play? Vat she play? Actress?"

Joseph stared. "Actress" was a new word to him, and he did not know how to connect it with playing. Presently he said aloud in open astonishment:

"Don't you know mama?"

Joseph could not imagine that there was anybody in New York that did not know his mama.

"How 's teddy-bear?" Jerucham asked. "*Gut?* Not vant mend?"

"Oh, my teddy-bear is all right, thank you, and I can make him sit up by himself. See? But could you make my sword real, real sharp? And won't I—can't I chop off heads then?"

Joseph had come in hugging to his breast a big brown teddy-bear, while a crude wooden sword, the handiwork of Mr. Berg, the husband of the landlady, was stuck in his patent-leather belt.

In his solitary perambulations up and down the street Joseph was seldom seen without these two possessions of his. The rest of the children were keen on the incongruity, and the sword so accentuated the teddy-bear as to stamp Joseph a "sissie." But you, who owe no grudge to Joseph for his aloofness, remembering especially that he acted on strict orders from his mama, will readily see in the sword and the teddy-bear the one complete whole. For there never was warrior, with real sword, doing real killing, that had not something tender hugging to his breast. Only he would not let you see it.

Jerucham took the sword from Joseph and looked it over. There was some writing in pencil about the handle, and Jerucham's eye settled on that.

" 'Jo—Joseph Thor—Thorpe,' " he read with difficulty, " 'slev—slev—no—ah—slew—slew—that 's it—slew 10,000 In—Ind—Indians.' "

Philology was a non-existent quantity to Jerucham; that is, outside of the Pentateuch. In his commentary he could find enough to say, throughout the length of whole pages, over the position or juxtaposition of a single tiny dot in the body of a letter. But for the rest Jerucham had a careless contempt for the science of language, which was no science at all. It was a thing of convention, and it did not

matter how you expressed your thought and feeling any more than it could affect the sum whether you counted your money this way or that way. And so Jerucham never gave a thought to his English, and what he knew of it in the way of speaking and reading and writing had come to him by sheer force of association, without effort on his part.

"Vat 's him?" Jerucham presently asked, pointing with his finger at the writing. "Vat for a vord is 'slew'?"

"Oh, don't you know? I killed ten thousand Indians," Joseph answered, clicking his heels and saluting.

"No," Jerucham said, shaking his head, "not right. Killing not right. God don't like. Indians *gut* people. Everybody *gut* people. I tell you vat you can slew all right." Damping his middle finger with his tongue, Jerucham proceeded to the rescue of the Indians. He rubbed out the word, and with a huge carpenter's-pencil he put down instead "muskitis." "See, Joseph," he thereupon observed, "muskitis all right to slew. *Gut* boy can slew him. A whole million you can slew him."

"I don't want that," Joseph whimpered, shaking himself, with head downcast. His lower lip protruded, and his eyes glistened portentously.

"Vy not?" Jerucham argued. "Muskitis *gut* to kill. He 's bad. He bite and make sicks. All kind of sicks he make. *Gut* to finish *mit* him and make him no more. Dat 's right."

But Joseph was no utilitarian. He might slaughter mosquitos when he could, but he would not have it inscribed to his glory. He was a warrior, with a mighty sword in his hand. Let old men do battle with mosquitos. Indians for Joseph. He wanted his Indians back.

"I killed ten thousand Indians, I tell you," Joseph said, pulling himself up. "You must put 'em back for me now," he added imperiously.

Jerucham shook his head contemplatively, and presently he mused to himself, oblivious of Joseph's mandate:

"*Gewalt! gewalt!* man! man! man! What dost want, man, child of earth? God has given thee life, long, bright days of life, and a great bright world to work in. Sit and work and keep thy peace and be happy. But no, no. Always it wills himself kill, kill, kill. And always it wills himself kill somebody bigger and stronger than himself, and always many, many. A little mite, the littlest scrap of a man, only a little while ago begun to walk and talk, it dreams himself of killing ten thousand Indians. Not otherwise; Indians it must be! *Gewalt! gewalt! gewalt!* True, as the verse says: 'For the nature of man's heart is evil from his youth.' Ha! wait! wait! wait! Good! good! good!"

All aglow with the excitement of a sudden inspiration, Jerucham hastened to his little sanctum, his right hand pressing against his forehead as if to keep the onrush of thought within bounds, lest it ooze through and scatter.

In a moment he sat at his table, feverishly fingering the back leaves of his commentary till he came upon the pages touching the story of Noah, where occurs the verse referred to (Genesis viii, 21).

The whole world was forgotten, and Joseph with it. Jerucham had a new page to write, perhaps two pages.

He did not see Joseph again till the end of the week.

With his two inseparables, the teddy-bear and the sword, Joseph put in his second visit to the basement in the same unobtrusive, informal way.

"Ah, *gut* boy Joseph! *gut* liddle boy!" Jerucham exclaimed, much pleased. "Not angry *mit* me, Joseph—no, not angry?"

"Mama said I could come here," Joseph answered, "because—because she said I could; that 's why."

"You like me, Joseph?" Jerucham asked, looking up with file in hand.

"Are you real nice?" Joseph returned, viewing the old man with much concern.

"Vat your mama t'ink?"

"Oh, I think she—she must think yes, because—because I think she must."

"*Nu, gut,*" Jerucham said. "*Und* you *und* me vill be *gut* friends always. *Und* I tell you vat I do for you. I take your teddy-bear *und* I make him in a machine

inside, *und* I make him go, *und* I make him cry—fine! fine! Real bear I make him. I make him do everyt'ing."

Joseph did not know how slow a worker Jerucham was. Still, he bore himself bravely when it came to the test. Joseph had understanding and also faith. He knew that his teddy-bear was to come back to him a real bear at the end of time, and he practised patience during the long days of incubation under the hands of Jerucham.

Now that Joseph had a vested interest in the place, he came regularly every day, and spent much of his time there.

One afternoon Joseph appeared at the steps leading down to the basement, and there he halted for a time. The hesitation was not his. He was not alone.

"Come, come, Joseph!" Jerucham called out presently, looking up from his work. "Vy not you come? Vy you 'fraid?"

Then, perceiving that Joseph was in company of somebody whose face he could not well see from the depth of his basement, Jerucham stepped forward to meet the two, wiping his glasses on the way.

She was a young woman, dressed in a chocolate-colored skirt and a short navy-blue coat, both severely plain of build. Still, there are some women that shed their own grace over the clothes they wear, however simple and unfashionable these be. She looked smart in her dress, and you would have said nothing could give her a better showing. A knitted red tam-o'-shanter sat carelessly over her rich auburn hair, and it made her look conspicuously girlish.

Jerucham adjusted his glasses and scanned the pretty features. He was struck with the family likeness between the two creatures, the one as dainty and as fresh as the other.

"Ah!" Jerucham exclaimed, throwing up his head, the red patch again showing at his cheek-bones. "Come," he continued —"come in *mit* him! Don't shame yourself; you all right in here. Your liddle *bruder* is great friends *mit* me. Come in, come in."

"How do you know this is my brother?" the young woman said in a mellow, warm contralto, accepting the invitation to come in.

"Sure, this is mama!" Joseph broke in almost fiercely.

He had been asked not to tell, for a time at least; but his pride in his mama was too great to permit of her being mistaken for a mere sister.

"Ah!" Jerucham said a second time. The red patch at his cheek-bones spread and deepened. He fell back a step or two and bowed with an awkward obsequiousness.

Joseph's mama was quite another story, and a bigger one. She had been figuring largely in Joseph's conversations with Jerucham, and Jerucham had built up certain lofty theories about her, and there she was in the flesh.

The initial formality over, Jerucham viewed her up and down anew, this time from a right fatherly attitude.

"You Joseph's mama—you?" he commented presently. "I 'm s'prise'. I 'm big s'prise'. You so young. How young you marry—"

Even as the speech, the intonation was blurred and undefined. It left it impossible to tell whether Jerucham intended his last sentence as an exclamation or the still more uncalled-for query. But Joseph's mama was both quick-witted and good-natured. She saw at a glance that the old man was perfectly innocent of intentional offensiveness. It was a way he had. He was different.

And so Joseph's mama forgot all the rest, and she smiled contentedly at that emphatic indorsement of her youthful appearance. It was her right. It would be the right of any woman past eighteen, and Joseph's mama was at least twenty-four.

"Your husman far avay—far? Sick—sick?" Jerucham presently began.

She bit her lip. She was displeased and astonished.

"Why," she returned, "how could you know that?"

"Liddle Joseph he say to me. He say his papa avay, avay far, *und* he come

"'*Tpui! tpui* for thee, Satan! I 've found thee out! I defy thee, Satan!'"

back soon all right. Dat mean he 's sick —not?"

"Oh!" she sighed with relief. If that was the way the knowledge had come to the old man, it could not be helped; and there was little harm in it.

"You vork yourself now?" Jerucham pushed his inquisitiveness. "You play? Play theater?"

"No, I play only the piano in a sort of theater—a moving-picture place."

"You get much?"

She smiled indulgently as she answered:

"Oh, they don't pay over-much there, and there 's no reason why they should. Anybody can do that *tinkle-tinkle-thump*. You would n't know the difference if a cat did it chasing a mouse over the keys. But you 've got to be clever, though, to get the place," she concluded in an undertone to herself. "And that 's what they pay you for."

Jerucham's features gathered into an expression of great tenderness as he looked her over in the light of this new revelation. With hand pressing against his breast, he heaved a deep sigh, shaking his head sadly:

"Ah, I 'm pity for you! I 'm pity!"

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, receding from him. "Is this how all your people behave? Don't you know it is n't nice to tell others that you pity them?"

"Vy not?" Jerucham returned, untouched. "Vy not, ven I mean it? I mean it true. *Mit* all *mein* heart I mean it."

"But why should you? Why should you be sorry for me? You don't know me, and you don't know that there 's anything to be sorry for."

"I know—I know *gut*. I verstand everyt'ing. *Mein* heart say it to me. I like you a big much. I know. I see. *Und* you must go make dem *dinkle-dinkle* in dat pig place, *und* you get so liddle, *mit* your sick husman far away, *und mit* your so fine liddle boy to keep. Dat 's vy I 'm very pity. You too *gut*, too nice. You get right to be rich, plenty rich, *mit* grand house, *und mit* atombils *und* servan's. Dat 's vy it 's so pity."

His persistent disregard of all form of delicacy, combined with his uncouth mode of expression, finally grew responsible for the young woman's inclination to view this man of giant intellect as a mental defective. Still, it was the merest subconscious feeling. She knew he was no ordinary man, no bare vulgarian. He was different; that was it. She knew it. She had known it before ever she had seen him. And so, then, at last, instead of being offended, she was captivated by his astonishing freedom of manner. Her heart, too, was touched by his childlike transparency.

"The old dear!" she muttered under her breath. "He really means it all from his heart. And he seems to trust a deal to his intuition."

And presently, with a growing sense of intimacy, born of perfect trustfulness, she said to him, drawing nearer, and shaking a forefinger at his nose in playful admonition:

"But, you know, you really must n't ever tell people that you pity them or are sorry for them, no matter how you care for them and no matter how true it is."

And when she had said that it began to seem to her as if some unknown agency had appointed her his guardian angel, to look after his manners and train him the way men should go.

Jerucham shrugged his shoulder. He could not see "vy not," when he "meant it true," and, above all, when he liked her such a "big much."

"Did you never marry and have daughters of your own?" she presently asked.

"Oh," he smiled, "me have gran'daughters bigger like you. Much daughters *und* sons, *und* dey all marry *mit* families. But vat 's daughters *und* sons? If dey *gut, gut, und* you like; *und* if no *gut*, den you don't like. Vat 's daughters? Vat 's sons? You feed 'em and grow dem till dey make big; *und* den, ven not much *gut*, it all de same like strangers. Ps'aw! Vat 's daughters? Vat 's sons? Not more like odders ven you can't like. Vat I care! *Mein* sons come *mit* atombils to take me rides. Dey t'ink big t'ing not to

shame himself *mit* dem ole fadder *mit* dem big Jew whiskies. *Tpui!* I don' vant rides. Dey give me money; vat 's dat? Vy not? Dey plenty rich, *und* dey cost me much money ven I grow him. Ps'aw! Vat 's money? I don' vant money. I live eighty years—eighty years next middle summer. Vat I vant money? People talk sons *und* daughters; people talk childrens—*oi-yoi,* childrens! childrens! So terrible fuss *mit* childrens! Vat 's childrens? Vat 's sons *und* daughters? Ps'aw!"

Joseph's mama could not well divine the cause of the old man's bitterness. It was a question outside the range of her interests. It was not for her to see that Jerucham and his offspring were the products of two conflicting civilizations. They were an alien mix-up that would not fuse. He was in America, and was not at all of it; while they, grown rich before they got time to grow American, had their Americanization bulging out in lumps from under their skin, giving them unease and unloveliness. One does not bolt one's food without doing damage to the stomach. Neither does the soul of an alien assimilate a fresh civilization at a gulp without coming out a distortion.

Still one thing she had a clear perception of, and that was the utter loneliness of this man, weighted with years, bent of figure, and infirm of leg. And the woman and the mother in her rose at a bound. She longed to make herself of some comfort to him. She wished she could come every day to look after him and warm his heart. She wanted him for her second baby.

And presently, with a freedom of movement, as if she had been used to the place and to the man all her life, she stepped into the little living-room to see if there was not some little thing she might do for him.

Her eye passed over the table, piled with great tomes, dog-eared in many places, and smaller prints, some still open. It was a spot severely sacred, that neither called for, nor would yet brook, the touch of a woman's hand. Her attention was fastened on the bed, and the look of it gave her the thrill of satisfaction one gets on finding the very thing one is seeking. The bed was plentifully supplied with clean, good linen, but it was all in disorder, as if it had not been made for days past. And that was just what it was, too. Only twice a week a hired old woman came for some odd minutes to tidy up the place, and she was not due again now till the following day.

Jerucham had remained at his table, busy with the inside of Joseph's teddy-bear, Joseph watching him intently, with both hands under the chin, and plying him with questions. But presently Jerucham paused, straining his ear in the direction of the back room, with his open fist for trumpet. He thought he heard the sound of the patting of pillows.

And then when he saw what that lovely young creature was doing for him on her very first visit, the very first time she ever had looked at him, the red patch came to his cheek-bones, his mouth expanded, and his hand pressed against his breast.

Passing him in the entrance, where he still remained when she had completed her work, her sparkling eye met his with a look half shamefaced, half defiant. As though it would say, "It 's been kind of free-making, but it does n't matter how you take it."

"You like dem angels," he said to her, patting her small hand, which she gave him upon going away. "Angels make *gut, gut, gut* always, mitdout ask *und* mitdout vy. Dat 's how God tell him. Dat 's how God tell you, mitdout your know. I look *mein* eye to *mein* bet, *und* I say, 'Angel come to *mein* house.' "

She promised to come again, but she could not do that often. Her day was well occupied with covering distances to give some odd piano lessons and hunt up possible fresh pupils. Only now and then she found half an hour to spare for a visit to the basement. Mostly Joseph would announce it the day before that his mama was coming on the morrow. And when the day was there, Jerucham put on a fresh collar, and at odd moments, as he

thought the time was drawing near, he stood before the glass brushing his thick, long beard, smoothing out his waistcoat and his Prince Albert, and adjusting his skull-cap to a rakish angle.

"Thou old profligate!" he sometimes said to his image, and the more he was pleased with its looks, the more he rated it. "Thou muddleheaded, vain, silly old *yungatz!* Wouldst be titivating thyself for the ladies!"

Till he saw his image grin at him from the glass, and then he went away intensely pleased with himself and with the whole world.

It was not only that a new joy, a new warmth, had crept into his dried bones, as might have been said regarding any old man in the circumstances; but it was Jerucham's first experience, in his long life, of personal contact with a gentlewoman, an American of education and breeding.

Perhaps many a time before, at family gatherings and other like functions, Jerucham had found himself under the direct rays of beauty and youth, some of his own blood, some belonging to his friends. But they were as cold and as hard as the diamonds with which they were decked. They bore themselves with an aloofness, mispronounced "American," while it spelt nothing finer and nothing more elegant than a brutal disregard for all others not immediately necessary to the enjoyment of the moment, with a special emphasis upon age.

And so Joseph's mama was a sweet revelation, intoxicating in its sweetness. She was a breath from another and a better world—the world that Jerucham in his vast ramifications had dreamed of and sighed for without ever expecting to be there, nor a whiff nor a whisper from it to come to him.

One day she appeared at the basement unexpectedly. Joseph could not have announced her the day before, for she had not known it herself. She just stepped in now on the spur of the moment, just for a brief look, as she was on her way to an Eighth Avenue car.

Jerucham leaped up from his chair, all confusion and excitement.

"*Oi-yoi-yoi!*" he called out in short gasps as he essayed to limp forward, his figure doubled up, one hand pressing against the hip, the other seeking support from whatever was nearest. "*Oi-yoi-yoi! Mein* back *und mein* side! Bah!" he added, with a grin of self-derision, "old, old, no more, no more strongs left. T'ink I 'm liddle young boy, run, jump, every-t'ing! No go. No could. Old, old. Bah, old! Strongs all gone."

She insisted he should go to bed at once. To which he protested that it was nothing; it would all go away in a minute; that it was often so with him when he made a sudden move, and he always got better soon after.

But there was no gainsaying her. And she remained by the bedside, cheering him, and she was losing sixty cents, the price of two lessons.

"*Gut* to be sick," Jerucham observed gallantly. "I like sick all *mein* life, *mit* you sit *und* speak *mit* me. Lovely sick. You make me spoil. You gi' me sick every day."

"Oh, but where the mischief did you get this?" she presently exclaimed, observing for the first time a deep, crude tear at the lapel of his Prince Albert. "I must get a needle and thread and stitch it up for you."

"Ah," he moaned, smiling sadly, "you no can stitch him. God must stitch him —God, *und* no odder. No best doctor *und* no best angel voman can stitch him. Him 's deep, deep in dem heart. I make dem break in *mein* coat ven God He make dem break in *mein* heart. Every Jew make him so ven he belong' dead."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry!" she said with deep reverence. "Was it somebody very near you?"

"*Mein* gran'son he was."

"What a pity! A young man, too. When did he die?"

"Ah," Jerucham sighed, passing his hand over his face, "badder, badder, a great big much badder like die! He no die. God no like me to make him die.

I get news dis *morgen* he marry *mit* a Krist voman. He marry *mit* her long vicks ago, *und* dey all 'fraid to tell me. But I hear it dis *morgen, und* I make *mein* coat so, like he vas dead, *und* it 's too badder for vy he 's no dead."

"Why," she returned, raising her head and looking up with eyes full of astonishment, the feeling of reverence in her having given place to one of curiosity, "is this really the way you Jews take it? Of course I 'm awfully sorry for you, but really, really, it 's so strange! We Christians don't seem to understand it. Why, I 've got a sister of my own married to a Jew, and a fine fellow he is, too, and mother and we all of us are quite happy over it."

Jerucham stared at her in silence.

"You got sister in New York?" he presently asked with a quiet concern.

"No, it was n't in New York. We belong to Lebanon, in Pennsylvania. That 's where my sister lives now."

"Lebanon!" Jerucham exclaimed with a start. "An epidemic, an epidemic, a regular epidemic there!" he muttered to himself in Yiddish. Then aloud to her: "Dat 's vere he do it—dat 's der place; dat 's vere he have dem big store, *und* he call' himself Mortimer. Mortimer he call' himself; ole name Markovitz no fit him, no *gut* for him. Mortimer!"

"Why—why—" she stammered, trembling all over, rising from her chair and staggering back, "that 's the very name—the very man! Gracious me!" she concluded to herself, "what can I say now to this poor dear old man?"

In a moment Jerucham had leaped off the bed.

"Satan! Satan! *Tpui! tpui!*" he cried in a terrible voice—a voice not his own, pointing two derisive forefingers at her with both hands, and spitting in her direction. "Satan, thou old Menuvel, thou," he went on in Yiddish, "thinkest thou I would not know thee coming to me—*oi-yoi-yoi!* my side!—coming to me in the guise of a sweet angel woman to gain me over and reconcile me to becoming the progenitor of a race of Goyim! *Tpui! tpui* for thee, Satan! I 've found thee out! I defy thee, Satan! *Tpui! tpui!*"

She thought he had gone mad, and she tried to soothe him with some soft and tender caress.

"Avay—avay! Get thee gone, get thee gone, Satan!" he roared, holding up one of the big sacred tomes as a shield. "Ashes and smoke, smoke and ashes, thou shalt be this moment—*oi-yoi-yoi!* my back and my side! Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one! Ashes and smoke—"

There was a break in his voice as he beheld the tears of sympathy and despair in her beautiful eyes.

"No—no," he gasped, exhausted, addressing her in his English, "you no' him; no—I—I no verstand. Satan come here, I know— He do it all. He send you here. You go now, you go from me!" He waved her toward the door, his other hand over his face. "You go from me forever *und* ever, *und mein* heart he 's full *mit* breaks. All kinds of breaks in *mein* heart, *und* Satan he make 'em all. Go! go-o!"

And when she was gone, Jerucham shut himself in, and tore the tin-covered little roll of parchment off the door-post (the *mezuzah*), and sat down to examine the writing through a powerful microscope. There was bound to be a flaw in it somewhere when it was possible for Satan to get past it.

Social Reform in China

By GARDNER L. HARDING

Author of "The Peril of China," etc.

"BE pleased to enter the Gate of Hope," said Captain Ho.

Our rickshaws had been trundling in and out of the mazes of little lanes and alleys just off the great trunk-road leading south from the Chien Men Gate. Captain Ho was the captain of the Peking police, educated at the American Mission College, Nanking University, who had learned Northern ways and had Northern military aspirations. He was a dapper little man, with a small, bristly mustache, and could not have weighed one hundred pounds. In his flannel suit and Panama hat he looked more like an under-secretary of the Shanghai Y. M. C. A. than a captain of police with a record for courage and quick thinking, and with four bullet wounds in his shoulders and thigh; but as he stepped nimbly out of his rickshaw the wind lifted his flannel coat slightly, and a gleam of metal from his hip pocket showed that, bland as he looked, he was still a believer in preparedness.

We were making a tour about what I may call, for lack of a better name, the social institutions of Peking, inspecting, in that intensely conservative Chinese city, the public institutions that bore witness to the very recently assumed responsibilities of an Oriental municipality.

"Of course you know what the Gate of Hope is?" said Captain Ho. We were waiting, over the customary tea and cigarettes, in a little room off the courtyard of the long, low, gray building, which was just like hundreds of other gray buildings throughout that part of the city, while the doorkeeper took our cards to the powers within.

"We call it the 'Evil to Good' institution, for it is here that women of the streets are brought from all over Peking, and it is here that they have a temporary home and refuge and a chance to live a better life. It is a very tiny institution for such a large city. There are not a hundred women here, and I estimate that there are between four and five thousand women in Peking who have to register with the police as women of the town. This does not count the enormous numbers of 'little wives,' which is our euphonious name for concubines, many of whom are very young girls held in complete slavery in polygamous households.

"The line is hard to draw, but the professional women must register at police headquarters and be medically examined. The examination is perfunctory, but on the basis of the registration we arrange many marriages, and keep in close touch with any man living on a woman's earnings. We have a tax of from two dollars a month for women of what we call the first class down to twenty-five cents a month for women of the fourth class, and this is collected fortnightly on registration. Keeping track of them is simplified by the fact that the traffic is largely concentrated on eight streets not far from here and in about eight hundred houses on those streets, each of which pays a registration fee of from one dollar to eight dollars per month, according to its class. We watch the disorder in those houses very closely. I have often been stationed near them, and I remember one night on my rounds when I took eight girls from eight different beatings to the Gate of Hope. We usually have to take them, and often it is at the risk of our lives, for though they are beaten and ill used, they are property, and the men and women who control them are often willing to fight desperately rather than lose them. Very often we bring them straight from some terrible beating or ill usage, and by the morning after they more than likely want to go back again. Virtually none of them comes here of her own accord, because her courage has dwindled, and also because—

A squad of Peking's semi-military police. Taken during Dr. Sun's visit in 1912, when the capital was friendly. Dr. Sun is in the second row, third from the right

well, the punishments for running away, you know, are very terrible indeed."

"Have you any ways of getting at the people who make the money out of the trade?" I asked.

"Not many," said my friend, lighting another cigarette. "It would interfere with too many prominent people." I thought I had heard that somewhere before. "For all our polygamy, it is one of the institutions of Chinese life. We can't all afford polygamy. We do what we can. Men have been strangled in our jail for violating girls under twelve,—we have a very strict law against it,—and it is also a crime to live on a woman's immoral earnings."

We rose to greet the director, an astonishingly young man, simply dressed in the plain, dark-blue gown of the Chinese official classes. He was manifestly surprised to see a foreigner.

"You are the first foreign visitor he 's ever had here," translated Ho, "and he can't understand what interests you."

We went through a long passageway hung with mottos, in bold Chinese characters, containing invocations to virtue such as: "Industry brings content," "The tiger of passion will carry you at last to the jungle; bestride it not," and "Every woman loves a home; be grateful for this one." Between them were schedules of routine work and study. One learned that there was ethical teaching on Friday afternoons, and that the rest of the week was divided between reading and writing (many of the women are of course illiterate), lace-making, machine-sewing, cooking, and housekeeping, spinning, weaving, and basket-making. Though there was no trace of Christian influence, Sunday was given over to "recreation."

We came out into a humming, buzzing, high-studded room where thirty or more girls and women were sitting about and demonstrating to the eye the handicrafts of the schedule. The buzzing of tongues stopped at once, but the humming of the foreign sewing-machines went on with redoubled energy as these timid daughters of old China bent out of sight behind their work. Their quiet, smooth, almost expressionless faces bore little trace of their

tragic story, save here and there where a tiny undersized girl sat in a corner too weak to work, or scars and welts gave vivid testimony of past cruelty. Some of these infants of eight and nine had been little dancing-girls; others represented the toll of baby shame saved by the criminal courts from a fate worse than death.

"Where do they go from here?" I asked the young director.

"Most of them marry," he answered, eager to explain. "You see, a small fee places a girl here; then she supports herself by work. So it is not charity. Their pictures are open to the public. When a man sees a girl he likes, he sends his middleman, as in all other Chinese marriages, and we inquire fully into his character. If that is satisfactory, we allow them to see each other. And if she approves of him, he pays us a marriage fee of anywhere between five dollars and fifty dollars, and they are married. It does not end there, however. We are in close touch with the police force, and if we hear from them that he is maltreating her, back she comes again, and he has to account to us."

"Do you let men have them as 'little wives'?" I asked; but Ho refused to translate this.

"Yes, they do," he himself answered; "what can you expect? They come from very bad lives, and even this is a big improvement. The trouble is that many skinflints who would like to buy girls, but do not want to pay for them, induce them to run away and come here. Then after a respectable interval they appear as suitors and get them for their fourth or fifth wives at a nominal price. That is bad, very bad, and some people who love slander say that this institution is largely supported by such men. It is n't, and when we catch one of them, we give him the full extent of the law for fooling the police. There will always be such people."

"Has this institution anything to do with the Revolution?" I asked the director, and Ho and he both joined in telling me how, if it had n't been for the republic, it would n't have been founded.

"It is part of new China," said Ho, "but we have no public opinion to help it. Not even the Christian missionaries know about it. But new men in the police department from the south are chiefly responsible for it. And they, like myself, received their early training at a mission college."

"Are the number of these women increasing?" I asked as we again got into our rickshaws at the gate.

"Oh, yes," Ho replied. "The thousands of students who have come back from Japan have brought with them habits which the average Chinese boy would never pick up at home in anything like the same extent. Most of the present members of parliament have studied in Japan, and although I 'm an ardent Republican, and had two sons who went through the fighting round Hankow, I must confess that in this respect they 're not much better than the rest."

We were rolling out along the great stone-flagged road that runs toward the Temple of Agriculture.

"I 'm taking you now," said Ho, "to see the Peking Municipal Prison, the finest prison in China. It is one of the really enlightened reforms of the past régime for which the Manchus received little credit. It handles the serious penal cases for the whole of Peking. Out of our population of somewhere near a million we usually have about five hundred prisoners, and many of them are first offenders. That 's less than one in two thousand, and considering the fact that criminals inevitably drift toward a capital, it 's not at all a bad record."

We turned a corner of the city wall, and came in sight of a group of buildings arranged like the radiating spokes of a wheel, with a fine administration building near the center, the whole, with a few outbuildings, surrounded by a low wall. From a distance it looked flat and dun-colored, like the Chinese fields around it, but going nearer, the first impression one received of the whole outfit was one of conspicuous efficiency and cleanliness.

The governor, a tall, grizzled Chinese of the older school, met us at the gate,

Swedish drill in the open air in the Municipal Prison

and six different sets of soldiers popped out and saluted us on our way through the maze of buildings to the central offices. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard said a year or so ago that the Peking Prison was the most interesting thing he saw in his whole trip through China. I think the "Gate of Hope" is more interesting, but I should place this magnificent prison a close second.

Take the workrooms, for instance. In great, high-studded rooms forty yards square by a measurement I was curious enough to verify, there were groups of forty or fifty men working at their trade under conditions, if one considers the standard of living of the far East, almost ideal. There were big rooms for ten or more trades, including tailoring, shoemaking, woodworking, ironsmithing, bookbinding, spinning and weaving, basketmaking, printing, and several others, not the least of which was market-gardening outdoors. It was strange to hear, out in far-away Peking, in a city through the streets of which I had traveled continuously for six weeks without once meeting a foreign face except in the tiny, walled foreign quarter—it was strange to hear that the majority of men who came to prison knew no trade, and that the best way to make them behave themselves like decent citizens when they got out was to teach them a trade. It was all what we are still vainly trying to practise at home.

At the Peking Prison they not only teach prisoners a trade, but they have an employment bureau which connects a man with a job. They segregate first offenders from old-timers and men convicted of light offenses from those guilty of heavier ones up through second, third, and fourth offenders. In fact, forgery, petty larceny, robbery, and assault and battery are the names of cell rows where convicts of kindred offenses are exclusively confined. The governor confessed that the atmosphere of specialism in crime might be rather narrowing, but it was all in the name of modernism and system.

The parole system has been introduced, and the governor has decided to stick to it. Physical drill, an innovation in any class of Chinese society, is held daily, and the setting-up exercise I saw proved that the men enter into it with appreciation and

enthusiasm. But the outstanding note of the prison is cleanliness and order. The cells are large, and though doubling up is common, they are dry and clean. Electric lighted, of stone construction throughout, on high and level ground, with sanitary conveniences far better than home standards in China, the great prison at Peking is as much a lasting credit to the far-reaching social reform spirit of the Chinese as Sing Sing, for instance, where Warden Osborne's back is still against the wall, is a disgraceful witness to the complacent conservatism of America.

We went up into the cupola as the six o'clock bugle blew the signal to stop work, and from the first landing we could see long lines of prisoners waiting for their evening wash. They were clad in clean white suits, and they stepped briskly along to the wash-room, knowing that beyond it lay supper. Supper is set out in rice-bowls, and on special occasions there are three sizes of them, a potent discrimination against unruly spirits. Up and down the long tables, with completely shaven heads (the laundry workers have to submit to this, too), moved the cooks and waiters, and as we went on up the stairs the hum of talk which mingled with the busy click of chop-sticks showed that these Chinese had granted another mercy that we still withhold more often than not in the civilized West—the mercy of talk at meals.

Up in the cupola was the assembly-room, with rows and rows of high-sided seats that enabled the prisoners to see the platform, but not one another. On the wall over the platform I saw five crude paintings of men with beards. In regular order, beginning at the left, the governor pointed them out as Mohammed, Jesus, Confucius (in the center), Buddha, and Lao-tsze, the founder of the Taoist faith. Thus was China liberal to all religions, and every Sunday, when the prisoners gathered here, they heard a moral discourse from some representative of one of these five creeds, with the other four to frown down upon him with united disapproval if he became too partizan.

The last thing we saw at the Peking Prison was a set of the instruments of torture with which prisoners were brought to reason in days gone by. Balls and drags for the feet, vises for breaking the bones of the hand, the terrible old slicing-knife, and, amid a host of other tools, two handsomely chased beheading swords with nicked and rusty blades—how wholesomely they fitted into the dusty chamber to which they were once again to be consigned away from the uses of man! Only the light bamboo is allowed to-day, and that very sparingly, at this prison; and as a testimony to the humane treatment, which I have since verified, let it be said that for more than four years there has not been a single attempt to escape. If one doubted that this is a model prison, could one have any better proof?

There was a day in Peking when the gutters of the streets ran in floods on rainy days, so that it was no unusual thing for an unwary victim who lost his footing, particularly a small child, to fall in and be drowned. The revelations and the odors on the coming of dry weather made it a veritable city of the damned. Since those days, before the siege, the spirit of the city has entirely changed; but even to-day the curious traveler may poke his nose into backwaters of the old capital's life, as I did the next day, and get the full stench of the unregenerate past.

The next day's trip that I made with Captain Ho included a visit to the Boys' Industrial Home (the Shih Yi Sou) and the poorhouse (the Ping Ming Yuan). The Shih Yi Sou is under the capable administration of the ministry of the interior, a thoroughly modern department of the Government, and is, in its way, wholly as creditable an institution as the Peking Prison. The 375 boys there, ranging anywhere from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, are given a thoroughly efficient trade-school education along lines that could hardly be improved in the Western world. They are taught tailoring, tinsmithing, printing, soap-making, cloth-weaving, hat-making, gardening, and half a score of other trades. But most important of all, they are taught under a clean, efficient,

The lecture-hall platform in the Municipal Prison. Under portraits of Mohammed, Christ, Confucius, Buddha, and Lao-tsze upholders of any of the religions address moral discourses on separate days

and humane system that turns out human quality, and not merely good artisans. The boys we saw about the neat, spacious, well-ventilated buildings, in their clean blue uniforms, had good, shining boy faces it was worth while going to see. And yet when they came to the institution they were beggar wastrels, orphans, paupers, young pickpockets, and incorrigibles of all descriptions. The Shih Yi Sou, tucked away in the trackless heart of this vast Chinese city, is a thoroughly up-to-date, twentieth-century institution.

The Ping Ming Yuan is hidden away quite as obscurely, but it is hidden in a shameful past as well. It is the city poorhouse, and as such it is a disgrace to the city that has been touched deeply with the humane movements of the republic. Rows and rows of able-bodied young paupers, men sunk in the degenerate sloth of an idle existence, hung around the buildings. Scattered among them, with no attempt whatever at alleviation or segregation, were the aged, the blind, the crippled, the deaf, the destitute, and the dumb. From out the squalid buildings that bordered the dirty and unkempt courtyards dull, hopeless eyes and rueful, pasty faces, men, women, and children alike, eyed us without interest and without intelligence. The broken bodies of the aged and the helpless little bodies of orphans and pauper children appeared to have been cast into this place as on some dust-heap with equal callousness. There was no expert care whatsoever; only coolies kept them in bounds and saw that they received their meals.

We had made the tour of the buildings and were turning back when our guide said to us, "Would you like to see the lunatics?" He spoke as though he were promising us an interesting show. He pointed with a grimace to a round hole cut in the wall for a door, giving upon another set of courtyards that we had not noticed. And then I heard them. I had been hearing them for some time, I believe, but now I knew what that weird chanting Babel was. We were already almost in a state of nausea, and as I started

I felt a breath of real terror. But the impulse to go was overwhelming, and we went through the little round door into the lunatics' courtyard.

I took one step inside the courtyard and then stopped. I shall never forget that sight as long as I live. There must have been eighty people in the courtyard, which was something like forty paces square, and every one of these people was a drama to himself. In the middle of the space there was a well, with a tin dipper on its rim, and in front of it a man stood, naked to the waist, with wildly tousled hair, making what seemed to be a speech, and looking me straight in the eye. I had never wholly become used to the Chinese face, especially to that hostile, absolutely unfeeling stare it turns on the foreigner as he is going through the street.

This man turned his uncanny, vacant face on me and came walking nearer and nearer. I stood transfixed with terror. And then suddenly the whole emotional tension snapped as two or three younger men rushed out and seized his pigtail, and began to play horse with him, apparently jealous at his occupying the center of the stage. The crowd howled with glee as an attendant in khaki drove them off. The man sat down on the edge of the well and whimpered; and only then could I take my eyes off him and look at the others. I could hear the sound of high, falsetto singing, but could not place it anywhere, till suddenly I noticed a dark little man, with a black mustache, in a corner, a pitiful, fat, extremely sensible-looking man, who sat with his back to the crowd and sang unceasingly.

The day was a deadly hot summer day, and the courtyard was dry and blistering; yet one half-naked wretch deliberately got down and rolled in the noonday sun, moaning piteously. A guard ran over to him nervously, picked him up bodily, and carried him to a bench. He rolled off, but in the shade, and still moaned and moaned. Near him, and regarding us intently, was a man with a red flower behind one ear and a large leaf behind the other. Everywhere I looked, my eyes would meet a face that would at once become a vacant grin; one man put his hand to his head and crooked his knees,—he was a tall wizen old man with a face like a satyr,—asking for money in the familiar beggar gestures of the street, and grimacing horribly every time I looked in his direction.

Some were new cases, with what hope of improvement in that ghastly atmosphere no one seemed to care. And over in one corner were the women. Many of them were old, but one or two were young and pretty, and one kept putting on clothes every time I looked in her direction, one coat after another until she must have had on at least five. Here was a boy of eight, incurable, just come in. And round about them walked the coolie guards, grinning at their queer antics as at a game.

We stood there—it must have been fifteen minutes—without speaking a word. I had intended to take a picture, but as I folded up my camera Ho said, "Yes, for God's sake, let 's leave them to their misery." I can still hear the yell that pursued us as we ducked through the little round door again—a yell in which the whole eighty voices seemed to join in a fiendish chorus, and which rang through my mind throughout the journey home, and has rung in it intermittently to this day.

I left Peking for the south shortly afterward, but before I left Ho promised to move heaven and earth to have this pitiful lot of people put under decent care, and wipe out the terrible blot on modern China represented by the condition of the whole institution. I am sure that he has done it, as I heard a few months ago from a friend in the Peking Y. M. C. A. that the lunatics' compound had been entirely reformed since we had visited it the year before.

In bringing to practical extinction within ten years the age-long national curse of the opium traffic, the Chinese have shown the unconquerable resolution which makes for social betterment. That is their true mettle, and we of the Western world, for all our boasted progress

against social evils, would look long to find a moral crusade to match it in fervor *and* success. But a peep into a dark corner of the unregenerate past is necessary to set against this splendid endeavor. Seeing and remembering the Ping Ming Yuan of Peking, we can feel to the full the imaginative application of Cecil Rhodes's famous epitaph to China, "So much to do, so little done!"

Stock

By MURDOCK PEMBERTON

MY mother used to tell me the story
Of my grandfather's wooing and wedding.
There was not much for a young man to do in Ohio,
So grandfather and his bride decided to seek new fields.
They had saved enough to homestead,
But decided to buy oxen and migrate.
None could be had in that settlement,
So grandfather floated down the Ohio on a raft
To a lumber camp, seeking oxen.
The camp needed men and held him,
Promising him the yoke if he stayed past the spring floods.
Six weeks he hewed trees and hauled logs,
Grandmother, waiting meanwhile, fighting against the terror
Of probable fates that might have befallen the bridegroom.
He returned three months after with the oxen.
Then the pair traveled westward,
Settling at last on the Kaw, a river in Kansas.
He built them a home
With an adz and ax and his muscle,
Depending for food on what he killed with his musket
And corn she raised in the dooryard;
Fending her life and his 'gainst Indians
And worse border ruffians.
Six stalwart sons and four daughters
They reared amid hardships,
And they were happy.

I am about to be married;
That is, as soon as we can decide
Whether to take four rooms and bath up-town
Or put up with two rooms and bath
In a better part of the city.
We must be cautious about such things,
My monthly salary being but two hundred,
And we 've waited four years for that.
It would be foolish to make a misstep.
Grandfather, indeed, was fortunate,
Living when things were so simple.

The Playground of the Nation

Six photographs of Glacier National Park, Northwestern Montana

Swift Current Valley beyond the cliffs of Mount Grinnell

The Swift Current is one of the finest of the nine principal valleys on the precipitous east side of the continental divide. Its river is the outlet of the McDermott lakes. Its scenery, always extraordinary, becomes actually sensational in places. This valley was the east-side center of the mining excitement that caused the Government to purchase this whole area from the Blackfeet Indians, only to discover that copper was not plentiful enough to mine profitably. The Glacier National Park was originally the hunting-ground of the Blackfeet Indians, whose reservation adjoins it on the east.

Lake Ellen Wilson

No lake in America has more romantic surroundings. Lincoln Peak, Gunsight Mountain, Mount Jackson, and Walton Mountain are its immediate companions, with others of celebrity in the near neighborhood. The greatest glaciers in the National Park lie close upon each hand, the Sperry Glacier upon the north, the Blackfeet and Harrison glaciers upon the south. This lake is only half a mile west of the continental divide, and has an altitude of 5914 feet. The celebrated Gunsight Pass skirts its north side.

View of Avalanche Basin across Avalanche Lake

At Avalanche Lake, as one traveler declares, "you feel as if everything were coming at you from every direction all at once." Over the encircling basin-like walls, which rise from three thousand to nearly five thousand feet above the water, pour countless streams born of the great Sperry Glacier and of the innumerable glacier-like snow patches in the hollows of the surrounding mountain masses. The spot is one of the most startling and inspiring in America.

A characteristic scene in Glacier Park

The Glacier National Park was formed by the earth cracking under fearful pressure and one edge rising and thrusting itself over the other. The overthrust, as geologists call it, crumbled into many unusual and often astonishing shapes, which the ice and the waters of many centuries of centuries have carved fantastically. This picture is especially characteristic of this entire area.

The head of Bowman Lake

The northwestern corner of Glacier National Park is seldom seen by tourists, because far out of the beaten path and reached only by trail. This lake is one of the noblest in the world, and the neighborhood possesses supreme magnificence.

Upper McDermott Lake and the cliffs of Mount Gould

This lake is confidently declared by many travelers to be the most beautiful in the world. The boldness of its enormous snow-patched rock walls and the magnificence of its contrasting forests furnish its admirers a strong argument. But exactly the same claim is made for Lake McDonald, Lake St. Mary, Bowman Lake, Avalanche Lake, Kintla Lake, and a dozen others of the two hundred and fifty in the Glacier National Park.

Sir Alfred Jones

From a photograph by Mowll and Morrison, Liverpool

A Commercial Sea-king

Sir Alfred Jones, Ship-owner and Man of Affairs

By ALBERT HICKMAN

Author of "An Unofficial Love-story," "The A♭ Major Polonaise," etc.

HERE was a very wonderful man, perhaps, in a way, one of the most wonderful men in the world; for his methods were unique. You will find him in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. XV, p. 498, the second of all the Joneses, including Henry Arthur, Inigo, John Paul, and Sir William of the Persian Grammar; and in Vol. XXV, p. 853, under Elder, Dempster & Company, because Elder, Dempster & Company meant Sir Alfred Jones.

Elder, Dempster & Company happens to be a great steamship firm in England, and its notable peculiarity, as I knew it first, was that there was no Elder and no Dempster that I could see, just Jones—Mr. A. L. Jones. He was not knighted then.

At the age of twelve years he walked out of Wales, the home of all the Joneses, into the office of the old West African Steamship Company, in Liverpool, where I was informed that he accepted the position of office boy. At the age of twenty-six he was manager. Then, the history says, he borrowed money, bought sailing-ships, and started in on his own account. He did well, but after a few years realized that sailing-ships were to be superseded by steamers, and sold his ships.

To make the story short, in 1891 the West African Steamship Company came under the management of Elder, Dempster

& Company, and Mr. Jones was offered the position of manager. He took it with a few shares of stock. He found Elder inconvenient, and bought him out. He found Dempster inconvenient, and bought him out. Then he softly started to absorb all the shipping about those parts, and a great many other things besides. When I knew him he had 129 ships afloat, and was running them, as far as I could see, all out of one head, without the aid of note-books or adventitious assistance of any kind. I saw one gentleman in the office later who persisted so much that I thought he might even be a member of the firm. I asked an underling about it.

"He is," he said.

"What are his functions?" I inquired, because I noted that he always seemed scared and tentative.

"Oh, to sign Mr. Jones's name when he is n't here, and to cut envelops open all the way round and spread 'em out flat, to be sure there is n't a check stuck in the cracks anywhere." I saw him doing it.

Beside the 129 ships, Sir Alfred was running some other things. As the encyclopædia humorously puts it, "Various undertakings, not usually considered part of a ship-owner's work, were inaugurated." He was running the Hotel Metropole, Grand Canary, and hotels in the West Indies. He had a banking business in western Africa, and a coal business in western Africa, where, as A. L. Jones, he sold coal to various people, including himself. He was running the banana business between the West Indies and England, and he always kept a plateful of bananas on his desk; and so also he ran a fruit-brokerage business at Covent Garden Market, London. He had palm-oil mills at Liverpool, and the West India mail service, and a wholesale-grocery business in England from which he partly supplied his own ships, and at the same time he was forming up the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. Besides his office in Liverpool, he had chambers in London and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and he might be found at any of them at any time of the day or night. So much I learned later.

I met him first at a banquet at the Cecil, in London, in 1900. I sat beside him, and was introduced by the late lamented Hon. C. A. Duff Miller.

"Mr. Jones, the President of Elder, Dempster & Company." A medium-sized, roundish-faced man of fifty-five, with his hair brushed down very smooth, with a gray mustache, a little goatee, and a most attractive, quick-action smile. But the everlasting impression was his eyes, smallish, and traveling like light; they looked you up and down and round and over and through very pleasantly indeed, and the result on Mr. Jones was expressed in a puff of smoke from a cigar that, in common with the late Mr. Morgan and Joe Chamberlain, he smoked always when awake.

"Miller tells me you 're to speak in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Canada," he said. Falling inflection: "Fine thing." Falling inflection. Always falling inflection, I was to learn. Finished utterance, and the least possible number of English words, spoken in the shortest reasonable time consistent with finishing the words properly; but no hurry. "Elder, Dempster have fine ships running to Canada now. Going to have finer. Come to my office as soon as you reach Liverpool. I 'll introduce you to everybody. Sure now? Right." This was his abbreviation of "All right." He got up, and shook his finger at me. "Must go," and he went. No hurry, but he was not there.

In Liverpool I arrived at his office at fourteen minutes after twelve o'clock, noon.

"Is Mr. Jones in?" I said.

"He 'll be in in about six minutes, sir." The man looked at the clock. I 've never forgotten that "six minutes," but at 12:20 there was the roar of a four-wheeler on the cobblestones outside, and Mr. Jones came in. No hurry, but his hat touched the desk as he touched the seat. On his left was a square board containing many electric buttons. He pressed two or three of these, there was a *ping-ping-ping* in the outer office, and three men rushed in, each with a note-book. In front of him was a

sheaf of tissuy, brown English telegrams, opened and stacked, and with the envelops stacked beside, for fear the numbers might be wanted. He read the first one in a glance, and flicked it off the pile.

"Send the *Monterey* to New Orleans for mules. Better charter," he said. The first man seized it, and made notes in his book. To the second: "Hire all the hydraulic cranes and load over the trains. Don't stop for the trains." To the third: "Give the West African Company all the credit they want." To the fourth, "Yes, certainly," and so on, the telegrams flicking off and the men gathering them in until he had finished, when they fled. He held up a finger to show that he saw me, called in a man that had been waiting earlier, then, when my turn came, said:

"Right! I remember. Have a banana!" He handed me a banana like a shot, at the same time pressing more buttons. Immediately more men came in, each with a note-book.

"Right Hon. Arthur Crosthwaite." He was then the lord mayor and was to be my chairman. "This is to introduce Mr. Albert Hickman, who is to speak in St. George's Hall on Canada. I should be much—" He held up a finger. The man knew the finish of that letter, and disappeared.

"Arthur Rowley, Liverpool 'Morning Post.' This is to—" A finger went up, and that man fled.

"Captain Graham, Liverpool 'Journal of Commerce'." The third man had his cue, and was bearing it into the distance. By the time he had finished the last one, the first was back, and Mr. Jones was A. L. Jonesing it with the marvelous and indecipherable hieroglyphic known to all Liverpool and half the shipping world. He crammed the lot into my hand.

"Here, have a banana," he said, always a parting token; but I learned I was specially honored to have one on entrance also. I was not requiring any bananas just then, so had two in the pocket of my coat. He looked at the clock.

"National Life-Boat Association, 12:30. Liverpool Ship-brokers Benevolent Association, 12:45. One o'clock," he said. "You come to lunch with me at the club at one o'clock?" he held up a forefinger. I nodded. The finger came down. "Right," he said. "Must go." And the four-wheeler roared away once more.

At two minutes to one I was at the club, and at one by the hand of the clock he came in swiftly, but no hurry.

"Hang your coat there. Wash your hands?" he inquired.

"I do," I said. He pointed perfunctorily toward a door. When we were seated, he said, eying me:

"What do you like?"

"Anything."

"Right." He held up the finger for fear I might interrupt him in ordering. "We will have—" He finished it, and the waiter departed.

"Now," he said, "I want the names of some Canadian lakes—big lakes."

"Lake Ontario, Lake Superior, Lake—"

"Got all those. Now the next ones in size."

"Lake Simcoe."

"Good! Big lake?"

"Yes," I said. "Lake Winnipeg, Lake Manitoba, Lake Athabasca."

"Good! Where are they? Big lakes?" I told him all I knew, and found we were naming new Beaver Line steamers as fast as we could think up names. And they all got them. During that luncheon he pumped me to the uttermost limits of my knowledge along his lines, and at five minutes to two o'clock he looked at his watch suddenly, said, "Must go," and we went.

A peculiarity of Sir Alfred's was that whenever he had a thought of any immediate importance concerning people, he communicated it to them by cable or telegraph, wherever they might be. His telegraph bills must have been enormous. I never saw a man who approached his tendency to live in the next room with everybody he knew in the world.

I was in Bristol, and for days I had been talking steamers between Avonmouth and Canada. This pleased him very much. I got a characteristic telegram.

"See you have been keeping Bristol papers full of Avonmouth steamers. Good business. Must be tired. Going up to Newcastle to-morrow with a party, Colmer, Duff Miller, and some others to launch the *Montreal*. Special at King's Cross twelve o'clock. Better come." I came. From the time we left King's Cross until we were back the entertainment was regal. In Newcastle you could not pay money to have your boots blacked. Sir Alfred had "arranged" that. Afterward I often wondered at the magnitude of the arrangement that embraced all visible boot-blacks. There were luncheons and dinners, at one of which I was asked to respond to the toast to the ladies, and came to a paralyzed stop. Sir William Armstrong, Sons & Whitworth sent a launch that took us from Elswick to South Shields and showed us the ship-building wonders of the Tyne. Finally there was the launching itself, always a magnificent sight when a big ship is concerned. Sir Alfred moved through the crowd, always urbane, pleasant, and brief. Two other ships were launched that day for Elder, Dempster. We saw one of them, the *Delta*, for the West African Line. Then we moved back on London, leaving the delicate fragrance of Perrier Jouet on the Newcastle air.

There were ladies in this party, as there frequently were in Sir Alfred's parties of this sort. He would talk to them pleasantly and deferentially for perhaps two or three minutes at a time, standing up.

"Why did you never get married?" I asked him once.

"Never had time," he said, and smiled.

He did comparatively little direct newspaper advertising, yet the papers were always mysteriously ringing with the name of Elder, Dempster and with the speeches of Sir Alfred Jones. Funny little speeches—half a dozen ten-word sentences delivered with gravity and with a final, finished inflection at the end of each.

"I quite agree with what Mr. —— has said. This business of developing this valuable territory should have been undertaken before. It is a fine country for our people to go to, or, if they can't go themselves, to send their money to. There have been great improvements in the transportation facilities. We have some very fine ships going there now. We are to have some much finer ones shortly." In one of these speeches I remember he stated that he had not much more to say beyond the fact that they had now got to the stage where they could carry a ton fourteen miles for a penny, and he sat down, amid thunderous cheers.

Perhaps the irreducible brevity of speeches was what helped to put them, verbatim, into almost every leading newspaper of the United Kingdom. But there was another reason—his treatment of the young newspaper men. He knew them all by name. His all-seeing eye would flicker over a man for three seconds, then stop, and look through him, but with kindly intent:

"What 's the matter, Forsyth?"

"Oh, nothing, sir. Had a little influenza, and don't seem to pull round. I 'll be all right—"

"No you won't." The forefinger goes up, the signal that you are to stop talking. "Let 's see, now. *Yarma* sails this afternoon 3:30. Go home and get your bag. Go down to the Metropole, Grand Canary, and stay as long as you like. Don't come home till you 're ready, now. Mind!" The finger goes down. "Right. Good-by. You 'll be all right." Forsyth goes, and stays six weeks, two months, or until he 's well. He can't buy anything with money. "Sorry, sir, but Sir Alfred has arranged." When he comes back he writes Elder, Dempster in his paper all the rest of his life.

His enemies would say that Sir Alfred's endless kindnesses extended only to people who were going to do him some good, but I could never see it in that light. I had many far-reaching courtesies which I could not in any way have repaid.

His humor was as succinct as his speech, but, as humor in any form takes time, and he had only one lifetime to play in, it had to remain for the most part hidden somewhere just behind his eyes. Sometimes

they would barely blink, to show that a shot had gone home. He had what always seemed to me the curious power of driving all expression out of his eyes instantly. They would shift from yours slightly, and it would at once seem as if they were looking at something very far away. To show how grim his humor could be on occasion, one morning—this was during the South African War—he came in with the papers, which were full of horrible things.

"Terrible thing, this war. Terrible thing. Too bad, too bad! Hope it won't stop just yet, though." The Elder, Dempster steamers were doing most of the transport service and making a fine thing out of it.

Sir Alfred, to the best of my knowledge, really worked all the time he was awake, and slept all the time between. Or played, if you choose to call it that, for there is no doubt he looked upon it all as a great game—a game which you must play by yourself, because nobody else can play it; a solitaire, with ships instead of cards as counters. These men, surrounded by everybody, are the most terribly alone of all people.

Day and night were very much the same to him, as to an Oriental. But he had the rare faculty of being able to go to sleep at any moment he chose, wherever he might be. This doubtless saved him. On his train journeys he carried two or three secretaries with him, and when he had these all nicely filled up, so that it would take them an hour to transcribe the work, he would lean against the corner of the seat, and in an instant he would be asleep. If you went in then, one of the men would hold up his hand and point at Sir Alfred, and you softly backed out, to wait till later. To me there was always something pathetic in it. One solitary man, sleeping like a child, and this relentless system of steamers, plowing through all the waters of the world and depending on him to keep them going. When the secretaries had finished, they would touch his arm, he would sit up, reach for the eternal cigar, light it, and say, "We 'll take those," pointing to a new bundle of letters, and they would proceed.

His attention to detail was beyond conception and almost beyond belief.

A year or two later I was to speak again in St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The late Lord Derby was to take the chair, and Sir Alfred was coming down from London to say a few words. I traveled across country from South Shields the night before, changing trains several times, and got into Liverpool at five o'clock in the morning. I tried for a few hours' sleep, but it was no use. At 6:30 the first telegram arrived from Sir Alfred: "Think it would be a good idea if you met Lady Derby at—" etc., and half an hour later another: "Tell Captain Graham of the 'Journal of Commerce' that I would like—" etc., and they continued to come whenever he thought of anything that seemed new and useful.

The St. George's Hall affair was a triumphant success, if vast herds of the proletariat count for anything, and Sir Alfred spoke, I think, five sentences.

"Going up to town on the eight o'clock train in the morning. Join you at Edgehill," he said after we had finished. So in the morning I boarded the train, with three of his secretaries, and at Edgehill—the same Edgehill where Charles fought the battle—Sir Alfred climbed aboard.

"Seen the morning papers?" He piled them in my lap. He lighted a new cigar, and pointed at a bundle of letters in the rack overhead. A secretary handed them down. The first one was something about the West India mail service. After he 'd answered it, he said: "Wire Chamberlain: 'Don't you think it would be a good idea to have the *Port Royal* call at —— on Tuesdays? People of that district are—' " etc. "Wire Campbell: 'Could you not make connections with—' " etc. "Wire Mender: 'How many tons—' " etc. The letter had suggested questions to the Colonial Office, to Canada, and to Jamaica, and he wished to talk with them all at once.

The second letter was a blue-tinted envelop, unopened. He eyed it suspiciously,

smelled it, sniffing powerfully, then tore off the envelop and handed it to me.

"Smell that!" It was heavily scented.

Dear Mr. Jones: [He was Sir Alfred then, anyway.] You will remember my poor husband, what a trouble he was to us when he was alive. Now that he is gone, we are having a difficult time to get along. Just at present we are especially hard pressed. Could you possibly let us have two pounds till Tuesday, when I should be glad to repay you? Very sincerely—

"Hm! Great trouble to her husband when he was alive. Knew him very well. Very fine fellow. Scents her letter, too. Not a penny!"

Dear Madam: Very sorry to hear you are having a hard time. Hope things may turn out better for you in the near future. I remember your husband very well. Very fine man indeed. I am sorry we have so many calls on us at present that it is quite impossible to respond to them all as we should like. Perhaps at some future time things may be better. Regretting that I cannot be of any more practical service to you at present, I am, etc.

"Great trouble to her husband, poor fellow! Very fine fellow indeed." That this was not typical of Sir Alfred's charity many people know.

The next thing that came to his hand was the "Canadian Trade Review," in the wrapper. Why the paper should be in his mail at all, and why in the wrapper, I had no idea. He opened it and turned over each page. Suddenly:

Dear Lewis: [Lewis was a nephew and an assistant] On page 374, Canadian Trade Review enclosed, there is a picture of the new Sun Life Building in Toronto. Note the corner windows. Corner windows are good. Give that to our architect and tell him to have our new offices built that way.

And so it went. Everything was grist that came to that amazing mill. At stations telegrams came in. He received them without comment and without change of expression. Always urbane, always speaking swiftly, with each phrase having a definitive end, never hurried. His memory could be called faultless. His judgment seemed to me to be absolute. And never while I knew him can I recollect seeing him hesitate for one visible instant over a decision. The question was asked, the answer came, and that was all. He was busy at something else. He had to be.

What his ambition may have been I have no idea, and I imagine no one had, perhaps least of all himself. In Liverpool one night, at a dinner of the Liverpool Ship-brokers Benevolent Association, at which he was present, Ian Maclaren, who was speaking, accused him of wishing to absorb the balance of the shipping of the world. A voice said, "Why only the shipping?" Sir Alfred's comment was a brief smile. A lady who had just smashed a bottle of champagne over the stem of one of his ships, after the ship had reached the water turned to me and said, "Did you ever see that Sir Alfred was always in a dream?" This is perhaps the most persistent impression after years—his eyes suddenly coming back out of the distance, and as suddenly becoming expressionless again.

One night, a good while after the times referred to above, I was at his chambers in Northumberland Avenue, London, when he came in from somewhere in the North. It was ten o'clock, a desolate sort of night, and he was alone, with the exception of one man. As he took off his coat, he straightened up with what seemed to me a little weariness, as if, perhaps, he might be shifting the load from one shoulder to the other. But even if it were so, it was the only sign I ever remember. In an instant he had pressed a button, which produced a young man, and was walking about the room dictating telegrams. Probably it is nearer the truth to suppose that he had no load, no more sense of his moral responsibility than the chess-player at the board. To me these men, like Napoleon Bonaparte, are inconceivable. It must all be purely for the love of the game. He

had everything because he was willing to give up everything.

There have been other men, perhaps, who have had nominal personal control over larger interests than Sir Alfred Jones, but no man I ever heard of who chose to run so many things in the world himself out of his own head.

In December, 1909, when the news of his death went round the world, the regret was general among the thousands who knew him, and the sorrow was sincere with those who knew him well. Some of the greatest powers in the kingdom came forward to take over his blithely borne responsibilities.

On the Trail of the Dullard

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Boy Who Goes Wrong," "The Mind of the Child," etc.

ONCE upon a time, not many years ago, a distinguished French psychologist paid a visit to a Parisian public school. It was accounted an excellent school, and its principal beamed with pardonable pride when the visiting psychologist, Dr. Alfred Binet, explained that he would like to see the pupils at work. Forthwith his desire was granted, and for a time he attentively followed the exercises of a class of forty children. He said little by way of comment, however, until, toward the close of the lesson-hour, he abruptly inquired:

"Which of these pupils do you consider the most intelligent?"

"That boy yonder," the teacher replied, nodding toward a pleasant-faced youngster who was diligently reading his book.

"And, pray, how old is he?"

"He is twelve."

"That, I suppose, is the average age for the class?"

"Well, no; I should say that they are on the average ten years old."

"What, then, is this twelve-year-old boy doing among them? If he is so bright, why is he lingering among these little ones? My dear sir," the psychologist continued, while the principal stood in abashed silence, "would it not be nearer the mark to call him a backward instead of a bright child? And would it not be well to search for the cause of his backwardness and try to remedy it? Assuredly this boy should constitute for you a delicate problem that insistently demands solution."

This, I say, happened not many years ago. For that matter, incidents quite like it occasionally happen even to-day, testifying impressively to the inability of some teachers to appreciate the presence, let alone the significance, of the laggard in the school-room. But in the brief period that has elapsed since Alfred Binet began his epoch-making investigations in the schools of Paris there has undoubtedly been a genuine and wide-spread awakening in respect to the tremendously important problem raised by the backward child. Especially is this true of our own land. Nowhere else, perhaps, have more diligent efforts been made to ascertain the extent and causes of backwardness among the school-going population, and nowhere else is greater activity being displayed in the beneficial task of transforming the backward child as far as possible into the normal one.

Certainly, too, it must regretfully be added, there is abundant reason for this

activity. Researches conducted in the last ten years by American school authorities and by independent investigators have revealed an appalling state of affairs. Dr. Oliver P. Cornman, a district superintendent of the Philadelphia schools, making a statistical survey of five city school systems, found 21.6 per cent. of Boston school-children a year or more behind the normal grade for their age; 30 per cent. behind grade in New York; 37.1 per cent. behind grade in Philadelphia; 47.5 per cent. behind grade in Camden, New Jersey; and 49.6 per cent. behind grade in Kansas City. Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, acting in behalf of the Russell Sage Foundation, investigated fifteen New York City public schools, having twenty thousand pupils, and found a degree of retardation ranging from 10.9 to 36.6 per cent. Scrutiny of the school reports of more than thirty other cities revealed an average retardation of 33.7 per cent. Taking this as a fair average for the whole country, we have a total of between six and seven million American school-children who are a year and more behind grade.

To be sure, this does not mean that all these children are intellectually deficient, for the term "retarded" is by no means synonymous with "dullard." Irregular attendance owing to illness or truancy accounts for not a little retardation. The education of a good many children is deliberately postponed by their parents, and as a result they are necessarily behind grade for some time after they enter school. In the case of many others, especially in cities like New York and Boston, where there is a large foreign-born element in the population, ignorance of the English language is a sufficient cause for temporary retardation. The personal inefficiency of teachers is also a factor to be reckoned with. Many a child becomes a "repeater" simply because he has had a poor teacher.

Nevertheless, when every possible allowance is conceded, the results of the investigations by Mr. Ayres, Superintendent Cornman, and their co-workers make a deplorable showing. It is a showing, however, with one distinctly redeeming feature. Readers of my previous article, "The Boy who Goes Wrong," will remember it was there pointed out that the proportion of juvenile delinquents who are "born bad," and for whom no remedial measures will avail, is exceedingly small. There is reason for saying precisely the same thing with regard to the retarded child.

He may be dull, stupid, to all appearance hopelessly defective, but the researches of the last decade, the fruits of the mind-developing experiments that have gone apace with the discovery of the extent to which backwardness prevails, leave no doubt that in nearly every case the child who is a true dullard may be brought almost, if not fully, to normal intellectual activity, provided he is taken in hand at an early day. In fact, even those most pessimistically inclined admit that, at an outside estimate, not more than 2 per cent. of backward children are backward because of incurable defects of the brain. The majority of present-day authorities put the figure as low as 1 per cent., and my own belief is that even this is too high a proportion.

Undoubtedly, and especially since the invention of psychological tests to determine the mental state of dullards, many children have been erroneously pronounced feeble-minded when their backwardness is in reality due to remediable causes. The trouble is not with the tests so much as with the inexperience of those who apply them, some of the tests being seemingly so easy of application that in many instances they have been utilized by teachers and others having little or no training in clinical psychology. This is particularly true concerning the application of the much-talked-about Binet-Simon method of mental diagnosis, invented by Dr. Alfred Binet and his colleague in scientific child study, Professor T. Simon.

The Binet-Simon method is certainly simple enough, and, rightly used, is of great value. It was formulated by putting to hundreds of children, ranging in

age from three to thirteen, a series of questions and commands of increasing difficulty, noting the results obtained, and selecting as "norms" for each age the questions and commands to which the majority of the children of that age were able to respond correctly. Thus it furnishes a convenient means for determining with considerable accuracy the degree of mental retardation of any particular child. Experience has shown, though, that its fixed standard, by which children are pronounced "mentally defective" if they fall three years behind the norm for their age, is not always an infallible guide. When the method is applied by the untrained investigator the result is sometimes absurd.

For instance, in one American city 49.7 per cent. of six hundred retarded children tested by the Binet-Simon method were reported as being "feeble-minded," while 80 per cent. of three hundred children in the special classes of another city school system were similarly stigmatized. On such a basis we should have, among the six million retarded children in our schools, from three to nearly five million who are feeble-minded. Even if the Binet-Simon testing is done by an expert, there is always the danger of an incorrect diagnosis, with resultant serious injustice to the child tested, unless the indications drawn from the testing are verified by careful investigation in the psychological laboratory. One or two cases from the experience of a well-known clinical psychologist, Professor J. E. Wallace Wallin of St. Louis, may well be cited to illustrate and emphasize this important truth.

There was once brought to Professor Wallin an attractive girl of seventeen who was studying—or, rather, attempting to study—Latin, history, algebra, and English in the tenth grade of a private school. Her teacher complained that she could remember little or nothing of what was taught her, that her attention flagged easily, and that in other ways she did not seem to be of normal mentality. In fact, tested by the Binet-Simon method, she graded only eleven and a half years old.

Had the psychological inquiry into her condition stopped there, she would have been declared a fit subject for institutional care, according to the Binet-Simon rating. But Dr. Wallin insisted on additional and different testings, and presently made the significant discovery that her trouble lay not in any structural brain defect, but in a functional weakness of the nervous system that caused her to become fatigued at the least mental exertion. She was, in short, a "psychasthenic," and needed only proper treatment by a skilled neurologist to be put into condition to profit from her lessons as her schoolmates did.

So, too, with a man of twenty-eight, who, tested by the Binet-Simon system, displayed the mentality of a boy of twelve. Had he been in the hands of an investigator who knew no more of the technic of psychological examination than the Binet-Simon scale, he would unhesitatingly have been classified as feeble-minded. But, as Professor Wallin said in discussing the case:

> He did not impress me at all as being feeble-minded. His appearance, speech, and conduct suggested the polished and cultured gentleman. I put him through approximately thirty sets of mental tests [other than twenty-five individual Binet tests] and thirty moral tests. These tests demonstrated that there was a considerable difference in the strength of his different mental traits. Some traits were on the twelve-year plane, some on the fifteen-year, some on the sixteen-year, and some on the adult plane. In some mental tests he did as well as college men. He passed correctly practically all of the moral tests.
>
> His, in short, was indeed a case showing more or less deficiency in respect to various mental traits. But, contrary to the Binet rating, the man was not feeble-minded. It eventually developed that a sexual complex was at the root of his trouble.

Far more misleading, of course, is dependence on unaided observation as a guide in determining the true mental state of a child. Yet since the beginning of scientific investigation into the causes of backward-

ness, cases have continually been coming to light in which teachers and even parents have mistakenly identified curable dullness with incurable feeble-mindedness, and have abandoned all effort at intellectual development. Sometimes, consequently, a condition closely resembling outright idiocy results from sheer neglect, as in one particularly striking case reported by Dr. Arthur Holmes of Pennsylvania State College.

In this case the daughter of a well-to-do professional man failed to show normal mental growth in infancy, and was mistakenly assumed by her sorrowing father to be weak-minded. Left to her own devices, on the theory that it would be useless to try to mend the work of Providence, she remained until the age of eight in a state of seeming imbecility. She could not read or write, could not speak more than three words, and spent most of her time gibbering in a corner. Then, as good fortune would have it, she came under the observation of an expert investigator of mental conditions, and was subjected for a year to careful training. At the end of that time she "could speak in simple sentences, answer ordinary questions intelligently, read in a primer, write a few words, and conduct herself in the manner of a little lady."

In other words, she had been taken in hand in time to save her from a life of incompetency, misery, and mental darkness. Is it not reasonable to infer, in the light of this and similar cases on record, that our institutions for the feeble-minded would be far less crowded than they are to-day had regenerative measures been likewise applied to their inmates in early childhood? Indeed, with Professor Lightner Witmer, dean of American clinical psychologists, I am prepared to affirm:

> I believe that a child may be feeble-minded in one environment—for example, in his own home—and may cease to exhibit feeble-mindedness when placed in a different environment. I also agree with those modern students of insanity who assert that the development of some forms of insanity may be averted by a proper course of discipline and training. Analogously I contend that because a child of sixteen or twenty presents a hopeless case of feeble-mindedness, this is no evidence that proper treatment, instituted at an earlier age, might not have determined an entirely different course of development.

Also, as in the case of the congenital criminal, mental backwardness has again and again been found to depend on comparatively slight physical defects—defects of eye, ear, mouth, nose, throat, teeth—the correction of which often results in a spontaneous and remarkable intellectual awakening. Mr. Ayres, who has made an exhaustive statistical study of this element in retardation, finds that it alone accounts for about 9 per cent. of the laggards in our schools, and clinical psychologists are disposed to put the percentage still higher. On the other hand, their experience with retarded children has led them to the important conclusion that, helpful as spectacles, the ear syringe, and the surgeon's knife may be, "after-treatment" in the way of careful individual training often is indispensable, if only for the reason that while handicapped by the physical defect the child may have acquired faulty mental habits which need to be corrected before education by ordinary school-room methods can count for much.

This means, manifestly, that many agencies must coöperate in the regeneration of the curable dullard. How many are sometimes involved may perhaps be sufficiently indicated by detailing a single case from Professor Witmer's extensive experience, the case of an eleven-year-old boy who was brought to the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania with a history of five wasted years in school.

Any suspicion that he might belong to the ranks of the truly feeble-minded was dissipated by the results of the thorough mental testing through which Professor Witmer put him. This showed not only that he was naturally intelligent, but also that he was of an affectionate, generous,

and thoughtful disposition. When, however, a physical examination was made, ample reason for his dullness was discovered, for it was found that he was suffering from adenoids, enlarged tonsils, weakness of vision, and dental trouble, his teeth being decayed and unclean, with tartar pushing back the gums, which were inflamed and swollen. In addition, he was stoop-shouldered, had an irregular heart action, and showed signs of being poorly nourished.

"Before anything can be done to improve your boy's mental state," it was explained to his mother, "his physical condition will have to be attended to. He should be put under treatment without delay."

Then began a distressful period for the hapless youngster. First of all, a throat specialist operated on him for the removal of the adenoids and the hypertrophied tonsils. After this he was sent to the eye clinic, where he was fitted with glasses. Next he was taken to the dental clinic, where his teeth were filled and cleaned. All the while a trained social worker kept in touch with his parents to make sure that he would receive the hygienic care which had hitherto been obviously lacking. In the meantime he was allowed to return to school, from which, after the beginning of the summer vacation, he was transferred to a special school for backward boys. Here he remained most of the summer, being given individual attention with regard to his mental and his physical needs.

It was noticed that at first he was inclined to be quick-tempered and disorderly; but under the tactful handling he received he soon settled down. From being puny and delicate, he became an active, vigorous boy, excelling in the swimming-pool and the gymnasium. At his books he also made such progress that, on returning to regular school in the autumn, he was promoted through two grades in less than six months, being then only one grade behind normal, and giving every promise of catching up with the boys of his own age in another six months.

Altogether, the services of half a dozen specialists in psychology, medicine, and education and the expenditure of much time, effort, and money had been required to get this boy straightened out. Nor is his by any means an uncommon case. Moreover, like the case of the gibbering girl of eight, it illustrates another point in connection with the problem of retardation which cannot be too strongly emphasized—the part played by parental ignorance and thoughtlessness in swelling the army of those retarded.

Had the parents of this boy appreciated the close relationship between bodily health and the health of the mind, had they taken alarm at the first signs of malnutrition and sought the advice of a competent physician, instituting developmental measures in accordance with his counsel, their son might not have become an educational "lame duck," and all the tedious and costly restorative work of later years would then have been avoided. To be sure, it must immediately be added that maintenance of his physical health would not of itself have inevitably operated as a guarantee against retardation.

For, quite conceivably, he might have been surrounded by an intellectually deadening home environment, receiving from his parents neither proper disciplining nor encouragement and stimulus to mental activity in early childhood, with the result that when the time came for him to go to school he would display little capability for, or interest in, the tasks of the classroom. So frequently is this actually the case that students of retardation are inclining more and more to rate faulty home training as perhaps the chief cause of backwardness. Thus we find one keen observer, Professor P. E. Davidson, declaring in an address at an educational convention in California:

> Parental neglect as a cause, resulting in emotional and volitional disorder, is emphasized in our cases. Learning in school is conditioned largely by what Witmer calls "pedagogical rapport," wherein a deference to the prestige of the teacher and the

school, and a sensitiveness to its rewards and punishments, are such as rapidly to produce a habit of voluntary effort or active attention. Confirmed wilfulness at home and undisciplined impulsiveness must undoubtedly figure in the matter of learning. If the child's organic habit, after five or six years of poor home training, makes avoidance of the painfulness of effort the usual thing, we may be sure the teacher in the first grade will have unusual difficulty in inducing a disciplined attention, and a bad beginning on this account may establish a backwardness which later may not be overcome without the individual attention that is impossible in the teaching of large classes.

Professor G. W. A. Luckey, head professor of education in the University of Nebraska, listing the causes of retardation, puts at the foot of the list, "bad inheritance, unredeemable defects, physical and mental," and at the very top, "ignorance and indifference on the part of parents." Most investigators would undoubtedly evaluate these contrasting causes in precisely the same way. The inference, needless to say, is that we can never hope to bring about an appreciable diminution in the number of those retarded until parents are more fully enlightened as to their duties and responsibilities. And it is therefore good to find that a nation-wide campaign of enlightenment is well under way, together with an ever-increasing extension of agencies for the work of rescuing the retarded and fitting them to achieve success in the school and in the world.

Five years ago there were in all the United States only three "clearing-houses for retarded children." These were the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, established by Professor Witmer in 1896; a civic psychological clinic, opened in 1909, in connection with the schools of Los Angeles; and the psychological clinic of Clark University, established in the same year as a department of that university's splendid Children's Institute. To-day, as part of the regular activities of universities and normal schools, there are psychological clinics in California (2), Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Massachusetts (2), Michigan, Minnesota, New York (2), Ohio (2), Pennsylvania (2), and Washington.

Four States, Indiana, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, have psychological clinics in operation as adjuncts of hospitals. California, Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania have similar clinics in direct connection with the public-school system. Ohio has one connected with a vocational guidance bureau, and in Connecticut, Illinois, and Massachusetts psychological clinics are also in operation for the special purpose of aiding in the proper disposition of cases brought before the juvenile courts.

Even more rapid has been the development of ear, eye, throat, and dental clinics for the needs of school-children. As an outgrowth, too, of the discoveries of the last few years there has been a wide-spread movement in the direction of establishing special schools and classes in which the retarded may receive the care necessary to enable them to make up for lost time, or, when this is out of the question, to equip them for as happy and useful a life as is possible under their exceptional mental limitations. Unquestionably a splendid beginning has been made in the warfare against retardation—a beginning not surpassed by similar effort in any foreign land, and certain to prove of tremendous value to the American nation.

Statue of Joan of Arc, Riverside Drive, New York, by Anna Vaughn Hyatt

Miss Hyatt's Statue of Joan of Arc

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Author of "American Masters of Sculpture," etc.

MANY of the difficulties that usually confront the sculptor of an equestrian statue in this country were escaped by Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt in the case of her Joan of Arc. In the first place, it is safe to say that the "Joan of Arc Statue Committee," of which Mr. J. Sanford Saltus was president, gave her complete liberty to solve the problem in accordance with her own ideas of artistic fitness. There were no restrictions, as in the case of a memorial to some modern general, imposed by a committee chiefly intent on securing a good likeness of the general, correctness of uniform and accoutrements, characteristics of the rider's seat in the saddle, and method of handling the horse. Moreover, the horse itself would not be of the modern type, with stringy legs that, when the statue is shown on a pedestal, offer the contrast of spidery lines and large intervals of empty spaces, a condition antagonistic to the monumental impressiveness that a sculptor aims to secure in a colossal equestrian statue.

The horse could be of that heavy build which the weight of armor demanded in the fifteenth century. The armor itself involved qualities of picturesqueness and also that unusualness of character which is an aid to special distinction, while the subject in its entirety was one of peculiarly poignant interest. So far the luck was with Miss Hyatt; for the use to which she has turned it the credit is hers alone. She has earned for herself the distinction of creating one of the few really monumental, impressive, and expressive equestrian statues of modern times. It is an extra distinction that this triumph is a woman's. I can recall no other instance of a woman sculptor being intrusted with a commission so important. Yet Miss Hyatt possesses qualities, both as sculptor and woman, that justified a presumption of her peculiar fitness for this particular work.

The work involved two very different requirements: a thorough knowledge of equine sculpture and a capacity to realize the spirit of the Maid. Other women, notably Rosa Bonheur and Marie Diéterle, have handled the animal subject in a large and impressive way. They spent a great part of their lives in an intimate association with their subjects. Miss Hyatt also knows horses, and though hitherto her statues of them had been small in scale, they were distinguished by an unmistakable freedom and bigness of design and by the grasp of construction and character that only intimate knowledge and sympathy can attain. To one familiar with her previous work it will be no surprise that she has given this horse of the Joan statue the qualities of big form and vigorous movement. But she has done more: she has given it a truly monumental quality and a grandeur and magnificence of expression.

In the first place, the disposition of the legs not only achieves a free and forceful action, but also a relation between them and the open spaces that at once increases the vitality of the action and secures a rich and resolute design. Secondly, the modeling of the legs and body, neck and head, is magnificently adjusted to the scale of the whole. It is big and simple, treated in massy planes, each one of which seems to swell to a muscular energy beneath it. Nowhere is the surface empty of interest; on the contrary, it everywhere stimulates to a high degree the tactile sensation. Furthermore, the expedient of raising the ground in front gives the body of the horse a lift upward that terminates in the arch of the neck as the head is drawn back to the swelling throat by the pressure of the curb. Yet "terminates" is not the word, for, studying the action of the animal, one discovers that the flowing line of the back, after rearing up through the neck, returns

upon itself through the head, and starts another curve of movement at the throat. It simulates, in fact, the rise of a wave to its crest, with the resultant burst and recoil. Moreover, throughout the form may be discerned lesser actions and reactions of flow, which, were they diagramed, would present an interlace of responsive and contrasted planes and curves. Herein is the final secret of the capacity of this horse to stir one's feeling highly. It is not only largely and vigorously constructed, but movement courses through the bulk in continuous rhythms.

Thus it has both dignity of design and fine expressional value. It serves as a foundation of magnificent physical power to the frail, slender figure of the Maid, while to the tense melody of the theme, as represented in the latter, it operates through the vibrations of its rhythms like a harmonic counterpoint.

It is in the figure that the interest of the statue reaches its highest significance. Hitherto the famous treatments of this theme in sculpture have been by men, notably by the French sculptors Emmanuel Frémiet and Paul Dubois. History depicts Joan, the peasant girl, as a seer of visions, the recipient of spiritual exaltations. She was only a little over seventeen years old when she began her victory by raising the siege of Orléans. A girl so young, consumed with religious ecstasy, would likely be frail in physique, all her energy the product of an intense, flamelike soul. But see how Frémiet imagined her! He gave his Joan the build of a robust peasant, with an opulent bosom beneath the cuirass, so that the swell of the latter forms an emphatic spot in the design, detracting from the expression of the head. Nor in the head is there any suggestion of spiritual possession. It is not searching heavenward for guidance; it faces forward, contributing its share to a studiedly heroic pose not devoid of spectacular bravado.

Dubois's conception, on the other hand, preserves the girlish frailty of the figure, and gives it a flowerlike animation, but uninspired by spiritual intensity. Its gestures are almost gay, as of a girl consciously enjoying the surprise of a new experience. The net expression is spirited, but very far from spiritual.

Returning to Miss Hyatt's conception, it is worth while to recall the fact that she is of New England ancestry, born and bred in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She may well have inherited or imbibed something of that residuum of Puritan faith and discipline which flamed into the transcendentalism of Emerson and others—that tendency to vision life against a spiritual horizon. Added to her womanly intuition of the Maid's character there may well have been—indeed, as one studies her statue one feels there must have been—a specially sympathetic insight into the spiritual qualities that distinguished her heroine. The note of her Maid is that of spiritual possession, a rapture of soul, whereby self-consciousness is caught up in complete surrender to divine intimations, the world of the flesh being forgotten in the realities of spiritual revelation. To note only one gesture of the figure: the Maid is not brandishing her sword, as in the Dubois statue, with galliard irrelevance. She holds it above her head, fixing her gaze intently on the guard, where the quillons form with the blade and handle a cross, the symbol of her faith. Hers is the "sword of the spirit," and, as it is carried, becomes the climax of the figure's tense expression. Beginning with the straining upward, as of some frail tendril growth toward the light, the expression blossoms into concentrated fervor in the face, and then, mounting through the sword-blade, passes up and onward into the vast goal of all spiritual intensity, the infinite.

Under the spell that this figure exerts upon my imagination, and will exert, I believe, on the imagination of most thoughtful people who study it sympathetically, this statue has a spiritual significance that is lacking in the others. Nor does it fall short of them in monumental impressiveness and general decorative design. Indeed, to my feeling, Miss Hyatt's composition is distinctly finer. Horse and

rider unite in a more effective ensemble; the masses of the design are nobler and also more expressive, the physical force of the animal being related with a fuller meaning of contrast to the delicate lines and chastely simple masses of the figure. And the latter has a poignancy of expression that is extremely touching. It is lifted to an eminence in which it seems to be sacredly aloof.

It is interesting to note that the armor was modeled from a suit owned by Dr. Bashford Dean, which is at present in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. It is a product of Italian craftsmanship, of pure Gothic design of the fifteenth century, the finest period of the armorer's art, when consummate skill was united to a choice feeling for simplicity of lines and the intrinsic beauty of hammered surfaces.

The Every-day Profanity of Our Best People

By BURGES JOHNSON

Author of "The Well of English and the Bucket," etc.

SWEARING is not generally a matter of morals. It is a question of good taste, if you like, or propriety and good form, and usually it is a question of education. Taking the name of Deity "in vain" violates one of the commandments; but vain use of a word or phrase that is utterly meaningless to its user does not come within this description. Seldom, in fact, does one who utters an oath have the real meaning of the phrase in his thought.

"Ah," says Mrs. Rollo Merton, "but you have hit upon the very meaning of 'in vain.' It is the careless or ignorant use of such terms that constitutes profanity." If she is right, then we must grant that the commandment has been broken by "Zounds!" which is a corruption of "God's wounds," "Ods-bodikins!" which originally was "God's body!" "Dear me!" which is really "Dio mio," and "Oh my!" "Goodness gracious!" "Mercy!" "Gee!" and all the other long-established evasions and abbreviations which never indicate in these days that the speaker has their origin in mind. No; let us assume that this every-day profanity of good people indicates not a laxity of morals, not even low ethical standards, but a totally different and much more superficial ailment, which may be called a disease of the vocabulary.

"The Encyclopædia Britannica," which makes no real distinction between "oaths" and "swearing" and "profanity," says epigrammatically, if one may accuse the "Britannica" of epigrams, that oaths are "promises made under non-human penalty or sanction." As a definition for an oath in a legal sense this might be adequate, but it covers less than a third of the field. Every-day profanity, as it is commonly understood, naturally falls into three great divisions: the asseverative, "So help me!" the denunciatory, "Devil take him!" and the interjectional, "Zounds!" All of these groups have representation in the casual swear-words of our best people.

Let us consider, in low tones if you like, asseverative profanity. The very spelling of the word *answer* indicates the commonplaceness of an assertion supported by an oath: *an-swer*, to swear in opposition to; to take oath in support of your own statement. Did you go to church last Sunday? If you were an English cockney, you might answer, "I did, s' help me!" If you

were an Irishman, you would say, "I did, begorra!" You yourself may say, "I did, indeed." If, to quote the "Britannica," you call upon non-human witnesses in support of your statement, is there not a hint of confession that your word needs sustaining, and that perhaps human witnesses might fail you? Consider the evident consciousness of one's own integrity that lies in the simple phrase "I did."

"It comes to pass oft," says Sir Toby Belch, "that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than very proof itself would have earned it."

Of denunciatory expletives one must speak even more softly. Great and worthy oaths there have been in this group, many that have won a place for themselves in history. Washington facing the traitor Lee, Farragut facing the torpedoes, spoke words so well-timed and obviously so sincere that they are enshrined in a somewhat dilute form, we suspect, even in our school-books. And yet it is this group that has, if one may so express it, the lowest social position. Denunciation requires an object; it implies an animate one, and therefore means swearing *at* somebody or something. If at somebody, it involves rudeness and "bad form"; at something, it involves also futility, absurdity, or a confession of inadequacy. The every-day oaths of this class are often only cheap substitutes for deeds; it is easier to drat a situation than to face it out.

It is the third group, the interjectional oaths, that largely provides profanity for our best people. This division covers a field of expression so broad and so vaguely defined that a hasty definition might be viewed as offensive personal criticism by the gentlest reader. "Jove!" "Gee whiz!" "Jiminy crickets!" "Oh my!" "Oh dear!" "Gosh!" "I 'll be dinged!" "Shiver my timbers!" "Gracious!" "Goodness!" "Peste!" "Carramba!" "Donner und Blitzen!"—all were once asseverative or denunciatory, but time has rubbed away their keen points and biting edges, just as waves and sand in time render harmless a bit of glass on the sea-shore. "Thunder and lightning!" says the German, and some remote and devout ancestor shivers in the grave at this carelessly profane reference to the weapons of almighty Thor.

Most of our own commonplace exclamations might be traced back to an earlier day when the vigor of their youth was still within them. Imagine two old Romans standing upon the deck of a ship gazing upon the eruption of Vesuvius. They watch in awe-struck silence, until one of them gasps, "I swear by Father Jove that never before have I beheld such wonders!" And the other echoes, "Oh Gemini, Heavenly Twins, gaze down into my heart, for I have no words to paint the glory of this spectacle!" Centuries later the inheritors of some of their classic speech gaze upon Vesuvius, and one says, "Jove! what a sight!" and the other echoes, "Jiminy! ain't it grand!"

Gone are the echoing oaths of a day when swearing was an art. Those swash-buckling phrases went with swash-buckling deeds. "By the bones of Saint Michael! I will spit thee to thy cringing gizzard!" There was a mouth-filling and classic threat for you! In these days, when automatic revolvers have replaced fencing-swords, there is n't time to say it. Gone are the cloud-splitting denunciations of militant churchmen, and if we fling out what is left of the sounding phrases of some theological curse, it is as a boy might take from his pocket a stingless hornet for the effect that it produces in the school-room, until in time both hornet and effect become worn out.

Gone are all the fine old oaths; but why are they gone? Their parts may all be found in the dictionary. Might not you and I put them together again? Only as we might reconstruct the mammoth; he will stand here bravely in his cold bones, but he will not trumpet for us.

It was a pathetic end to which the old oaths came. They were done to death, and their descendants inherited a weakened frame and vitiated blood, and can never do the sturdy work their fathers did.

Working our strong words to death, or

at least working them into decrepitude, is a crime not confined to any age. Our forefathers accomplished it in their time. "Zounds!" and "Ods-bodikins!" we have already referred to. "Aye, Marry," is another. "Yes, by Mary," was its meaning in its vigorous youth; then it declined into merely a mild form of emphasis, and then, like "Zounds" and "Gramercy,"—God's mercy,—died altogether. More humiliating still was the fall of that stately oath "By our Lady!" for instead of death when death was welcome, it survives as a British vulgarism that for some whimsical reason is considered unworthy a place in reputable society's vocabulary.

Current speech of to-day in most walks of society does not include many mouth-filling oaths to take the place of the old. It is a politer age or one certainly of softer expression. But we are still doing words and phrases to death, and the sin is of course committed against those that must do the heavy work. They are broken down, while those that must do the delicate work have their edges dulled and their points blunted. "God's mercy!" became finally one meaningless word and ceased to profane the name of Deity; "Perfec'ly elegant" becomes at times a single word, and it profanes our beloved mother tongue. It and its like constitute the profanity of school-girls of our day. What have we left of "Splendid!" "Mighty!" "Gorgeous!" "Awful!" "Horrible!" "Indeed!" and many more?

Observe the display type of a yellow newspaper. Those are the oaths of journalism. Can you recall their gradual growth until they reached the heyday of their vigor? Once important news appeared in letters an inch high, then they were two inches, then three inches, then they overran the page. If I speak to you always at the top of my voice, what shall I do when I feel the need of shouting? Display type that is so large one cannot read it at a glance has surely lost its virtue. Nothing is left for the editor but red ink. Soon, too, he finds that he is printing the entire outside page in red, and that too has lost its value.

But there is a recourse that has not occurred to the editor of the yellow journal. He might revert to the smallest type in the shop for his scare-heads, centering them in a white space at the top of the sheet, and you and I, seeing such a display on the news-stands, would cry out "Heavens!" or "Jiminy Christmas!" or whatever was our custom, "look at the 'New York Screech'! See that unusual type! Something enormous must have happened."

Did you go to church last Sunday? "I did, begorra!" "I did, s' help me!" "I did." The unusualness of a simple assertion nowadays gives it a force greater than can be gained by all the expletives in the dictionary.

I would save our strong words, oaths or not, if I could. Some may have worn out; some are soiled and thrown in the gutter. Some, in equally hard straits, have not a wide enough circle of acquaintance to be readily used or readily understood. What a humiliating spectacle is the word *damn!* Once a powerful invective, conveying all the righteous anger of the church, now a miserable subterfuge of the playwright if he needs a laugh in the midst of a tense situation; now a commonplace that a French translator of English idiom found he could render only by the word *tres.*

Educators who have investigated the matter tell us that the average speaking vocabulary of a grammar-school graduate contains fewer than one thousand words. This does not mean that all of the nouns with which he is acquainted through his history or geography do not bring the number up to a greater total, but that the words which he actually uses in conversation range from five hundred to one thousand. With vocabularies such as these no wonder that young men in their days of enthusiasm and desire for emphasis grope vainly throughout their own equipment for forcible expressions, and then gather soiled discards from the gutter. No wonder "Perfectly lovely" and "Just elegant" are worked to the extent that they are, and are spread so thin over so broad a field that in time they mean nothing at all.

Poor oaths! Once denunciations and

appeals to Heaven, some of them have reached the lowest depth, and are substitutes for conversation, taking rank with "Well, well!" "Do tell!" "I want to know!" and the like. And what greater profanation of our tongue is there than these? "Well, well!" was once one of the amenities of speech, a courtesy of conversation. "What you have said is well; now hear my view," was what it implied. But now it is a stop-gap, one of several such substitutes for thought; as though in our conversational barter you offer me your idea and I return payment with a draft on a bank where I have no account, half hoping that before you discover the deception the cash will come to me.

The conclusion of the matter is this: I do not argue for the destruction, but for the conservation of profanity of all kinds, both old and new. I would say to a young man, "My son, you may have two *damns* for conversational use between now and Easter," and if I had control over his vocabulary, I feel confident of this result: that as each emotional crisis appeared, and he started to squander one of his treasures, he would pause and say to himself, "No, there may be a greater crisis to-morrow," and he would search through his vocabulary for some effective adjective or adverb that would serve the moment's purpose. It is probable that when Easter came the two words would still be at his disposal. With a free conscience I could then say to him: "Go forth, young man, and spend them; spend them riotously. You have earned the right, and, after all, the better the day the better the deed."

To you, gentle reader, I would not assume to apply such a restriction. I would set a task far more difficult. There is a word that once possessed a vigor and a power that is altogether lost: "Verily, verily"—"In truth, in truth." Now it is *very*, and though it still means *in truth*, it has become so weakened by usage that it conveys no force whatever. You meet me on the street and say, "It is a very fine day." What do you mean? Probably you mean, "How do you do?" What you have said is simply a salutation. But if you should say to me, "It is a fine day," you probably mean that it is a fine day. That little word *very* has been so weakened, so frayed at the edges, that it harms rather than helps its companions. So, gentle reader, I would say to you, if I had arbitrary power over your speech, "This week I will allow you only two *veries*"; and though for a time such restraint may make you self-conscious, yet it will force you to grope about for musty treasures in the storehouse of your memory, and furbish up old adjectives and adverbs, even drive you now and again to a careful appraisal of your best slang; and when this temporary self-consciousness shall pass, not only your vigor of speech, but your exactitude and clarity of thought, will be the better for it. That is a gain that will be worth all the sacrifice.

Jewels

By SARA TEASDALE

IF I should see your eyes again,
I know how far their look would go—
Back to a morning in the park
With sapphire shadows on the snow.

Or back to oak-trees in the spring
When you unloosed my hair and kissed
The head that lay against your knees
In the leaf-shadow's amethyst.

And, oh, another shining place
We would remember—how the dun
Wild mountain held us on its crest
One diamond morning white with sun.

But I will turn my eyes from you
As women turn to put away
The jewels they have worn at night
And cannot wear in sober day.

CURRENT COMMENT

Labor and Preparedness

IN a recent number of THE CENTURY the author of "The Working-man in War-time" pointed out that the disaffection and revolt of organized labor in England had already "weakened England's position in the war by a grave restriction in the normal output of mines and factories." And he predicted that if labor's "patriotic attitude, its willingness to send its men to the armies that must be recruited, should turn into indifference and aversion, it may prevent the ultimate victory toward which England looks."

In America such indifference and aversion have already come. The United Mine-workers of America, for instance, has four hundred thousand members in the United States and Canada. Its constitution provides that "members of the Boy Scout Movement shall not be eligible for membership" in the union, and membership in the militia is similarly tabooed, although, for obvious reasons, the constitution does not publicly provide against it.

Why does this "aversion and indifference" to military service exist among the coal-miners of America? A committee of the last (the 63d) Congress investigated the recent strike of the United Mine-workers in Colorado. Concerning the conduct of the militia in that strike the committee reported:

> It seemed the militia was on the side of the (mine) operators in this controversy, and the evidence seems conclusively to prove such to have been the case. . . . Defenseless women and children did not escape the brutality of some of the members of this military organization. . . . Some of the militiamen seized the opportunity, while clothed with the authority of the state, to engage in various lawless acts. . . . In other instances the acts were of an immoral kind and of such a nature as to be unfit for publication in this report.

The final report of the National Commission on Industrial Relations contains a section headed "Denial of Justice." It begins:

> No testimony presented to the Commission has left a deeper impression than the evidence that there exists among the workers an almost universal conviction that they, both as individuals and as a class, are denied justice in the enactment, adjudication and administration of the law, that the very instruments of democracy are often used to oppress them and to place obstacles in the way of their movement toward economic, industrial and political freedom and justice.

The militia is one of the most powerful of those instruments of democracy for the administration of the law. And the report of the commission gives a mass of evidence, collected from all parts of the country, to show that, as in Colorado, the business interests that are in control of state governments have used the military powers of the States to break strikes and oppress the strikers, in many cases, as the report says, by suspending "the entire system of civil government" and setting up "in its place a military despotism under so-called martial law."

The English working-man is open in his "determination not to endure conscription, though the country is split in the process or the war is won or lost," says the author of "The Working-man in War-time." The American unionist is equally determined in his opposition to our whole campaign of military preparedness, for he is afraid that the increased military power will be used to defeat him in his struggle for industrial liberty. The success of Germany in the war has admittedly been due in large part to the loyalty and efficiency of the German working-man, who has been protected from industrial exploitation in times of peace by wise laws wisely administered. It seems obvious that such laws will have to be passed in this country, and so administered, as the first step in any campaign of preparedness here.

An Actress on Strike

MARTHA HEDMAN will not act. She has a whole play to herself and a crowded house to act it to, but she never will. She has rather an unexciting life of it, that is very true, during the two and a half hours that it takes "The Boomerang" to spin itself out on the Belasco stage; still, it has its own little surprises and thrills for her if for few else. But you never will know them from her, for she will not act them.

She is in love with a man, and has been for weeks and months, but unless you have happened to overhear one or two people talk about it, you never will know. And when she puts on a gorgeous ball-dress, after having lived for weeks in her nurse's costume, she never steals a look at the man she secretly loves to see if he is impressed.

All this is as it should be. She is a woman of gentle birth fallen upon hard days, and it is necessary for her to take to nursing for a living. She brings her breeding into her new life. She is the gentlewoman throughout.

Of course this is saying nothing unusual on the face of it, for it is said of all good actresses and actors that they live their parts. Still, there is a difference. They live their parts by way of acting them. Martha Hedman acts hers only by living it, and that is all the acting you get from her. There is little acting in life.

There are as many ways to act a part as there are to live a life. Ten different people, given the same opportunities, bred in like surroundings, will live ten different lives. Miss Hedman might have lived her life in "The Boomerang" intensely, but she has chosen instead to live it beautifully. This is how she escapes being a mere type; for it belongs to the ideal woman to make life beautiful. Among actresses she is the solitary little forget-me-not against a bank of voluptuous roses.

She does not know a single girlish trick or woman's artifice; she is above them all. She is God's woman, the ideal woman. She is as serene and as warming in all her goings and comings as a May morning, and as bright as it; for her beautiful person goes with her. But this she cannot help.

Her hair is never dressed for the stage. It gleams in a careless mass from under the white cap. You know it is a real woman's head of hair. Neither is her voice attuned to audiences. It never rises above the life scale. The accent is thoughtful and definite, and every word carries weight and conviction to the person addressed and to those that overhear.

When she puts her "Hello" and "Yes" and "Is that so?" and "Really" into the transmitter, in forwarding or receiving messages in the interest of her employer, you not only get the feel of the person at the other end of the wire, but you can almost overhear the words coming in return, and to a certain degree you sense the quality of the voice. It borrows of the sweetness and charm of the voice you hear with your actual ear.

"The play is light, very light, but it is entertaining, and Miss Hedman is awfully sweet," is the verdict of past audiences of "The Boomerang," but it is the merest inarticulate verdict. The truth is that while the play yields you your two or three dollars' worth of entertainment, Martha Hedman treats you to something that is not of the market. She brings something that is composing, soothing, and healing to the jaded soul of the tired business man and the satiated pleasure-seeker. She creeps in upon them softly and imperceptibly, suffusing them with a peace and a warmth the source of which they know not. This much they know, though: they have had their money's worth in the play, and that is all-sufficient; but they would not tire of seeing Miss Hedman again and again.

And all this because Martha Hedman would not act.

What Mr. Roosevelt Said about Belgium

HERE is the full text of the passage from the "Outlook" for September 23, 1914, quoted in part by Mr. Creel in his article, "Can Wilson Win?" in this number of the magazine.

A deputation of Belgians has arrived in this country to invoke our assistance in the time of their dreadful need. What action our Government can or will take I know not. It has been announced that no action can be taken that will interfere with our entire neutrality. It is certainly eminently desirable that we should remain entirely neutral, and nothing but urgent need would warrant breaking our neutrality and taking sides one way or the other. Our first duty is to hold ourselves ready to do whatever the changing circumstances demand in order to protect our own interests in the present and in the future; although, for my own part, I desire to add to this statement the proviso that under no circumstances must we do anything dishonorable, especially towards unoffending weaker nations. Neutrality may be of prime necessity in order to preserve our own interests, to maintain peace in so much of the world as is not affected by the war, and to conserve our influence for helping toward the re-establishment of general peace when the time comes; for if any outside Power is able at such time to be the medium for bringing peace, it is more likely to be the United States than any other. But we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians in the present. We can maintain our neutrality only by refusal to do anything to aid unoffending weak Powers which are dragged into the gulf of bloodshed and misery through no fault of their own. Of course it would be folly to jump into the gulf ourselves to no good purpose; and very probably nothing that we could have done would have helped Belgium. We have not the smallest responsibility for what has befallen her, and I am sure that the sympathy of this country for the suffering of the men, women, and children of Belgium is very real. Nevertheless, this sympathy is compatible with full acknowledgment of the unwisdom of our uttering a single word of official protest unless we are prepared to make that protest effective; and only the clearest and most urgent National duty would ever justify us in deviating from our rule of neutrality and non-interference. But it is a grim comment on the professional pacificist theories as hitherto developed that our duty to preserve peace for ourselves may necessarily mean the abandonment of all effective effort to secure peace for other unoffending nations which through no fault of their own are dragged into the war.

Our "Shorter Still" Stories

Specially edited by STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE public of to-day urgently demands shorter and shorter stories. The only thing to do is to meet this demand at the source and check it. Any of the stories below, if left to soak overnight in a barrel of rain-water, will swell to the dimensions of a dollar-fifty novel.

I

Our Irreducible Detective-story

Hanged by a Hair: or, a Murder Mystery Minimized

THE mystery had now reached its climax. First, the man had been undoubtedly murdered; secondly, it was absolutely certain that no conceivable person had done it. It was therefore time to call in the great detective.

He gave one searching glance at the corpse. In a moment he whipped out a microscope.

"Ha! ha!" he said as he picked a hair off the lapel of the dead man's coat. "The mystery is now solved."

He held up the hair.

"Listen!" he said. "We have only to find the man who lost this hair, and the criminal is in our hands."

The inexorable chain of logic was complete.

The detective set himself to the search.

For four days and nights he moved, unobserved, through the streets of New York, scanning closely every face he passed, looking for a man who had lost a hair.

On the fifth day he discovered a man disguised as a tourist, his head enveloped in a steamer cap that reached below his ears. The man was about to go on board the *Gloritania*.

The detective followed him on board.

"Arrest him!" he said, and then drawing himself to his full height, he brandished aloft the hair.

"This is his," said the great detective. "It proves his guilt."

"Remove his hat!" said the ship's captain, sternly.

They did so.

The man was entirely bald.

"Ha!" said the great detective without a moment of hesitation. "He has committed not *one* murder, but about a million."

II

Our Compressed Old English Novel

Swearword, the Unpronounceable

Chapter One and Only

"ODS-BODIKINS!" exclaimed Swearword, the Saxon, wiping his mailed brow with his iron hand, "a fair morn withal! Methinks 't wert lithlier to rest me in yon green glade than to foray me forth in yon fray. Wert it not?"

But there happened to be a real Anglo-Saxon standing by.

"Where, in Heaven's name," he said in sudden passion, "did you get that line of English?"

"Churl," said Swearword, "it is Anglo-Saxon."

"You 're a liar!" shouted the Saxon. "It is not. It is Harvard College, Sophomore Year, Option No. 6."

Swearword, now in like fury, threw his

haubeck, his baldric, and his needlework on the grass.

"Lay on!" said Swearword.

"Have at you!" cried the Saxon.

They laid on and had at one another.

Swearword was killed.

Thus luckily the whole story was cut off on the first page and ended.

III

Our Interminable Novel

From the Cradle to the Grave: or, a Thousand Pages for a Dollar

THIS story was sent to us still wet from the pens of that gifted group of modern writers, Messrs. —— but, no, we must not mention their names. As it reached us, the story contained two hundred and fifty thousand words; but by a marvelous feat of condensation our staff has reduced it, without the slightest loss, to a hundred and six words.

Chapters 1 to 100

EDWARD ENDLESS lived during his youth
in Maine,
in New Hampshire,
in Vermont,
in Massachusetts,
in Rhode Island,
in Connecticut.

Chapters 101 to 1000

THEN the lure of the city lured him. His fate took him to New York, to Chicago, and to Philadelphia.

In Chicago he lived
in a boarding-house on Lasalle Avenue,
then he boarded
in a living house on Michigan Avenue.

In New York he
had a room in an eating-house on Forty-first Street,
and then
ate in a rooming-house on Forty-second Street.

In Philadelphia he
used to sleep on Chestnut Street,
and then
slept on Maple Street.

During all this time women were calling on him. He knew and came to be friends with
Margaret Jones,
Elizabeth Smith,
Arabella Thompson,
Jane Williams,
Maud Taylor.

And he also got to know pretty well
Louise Quelquechose,
Antoinette Alphabette,
and Estelle Etcetera.

And during this same time art began to call him,
Pictures began to appeal to him,
Statues beckoned to him,
Music maddened him,
and any form of recitation or elocution drove him beside himself.

Chapters 1001 to 10,000

THEN one day he married Margaret Jones.

As soon as he had married her he was disillusioned.

He now hated her.

Then he lived with Elizabeth Smith.

He had no sooner sat down with her than

He hated her.

Half mad, he took his things over to Arabella Thompson's flat to live with her.

The moment she opened the door of the apartment he loathed her.

He saw her as she was.

Driven sane with despair, he then—

Our staff here cut the story off. There are hundreds and hundreds of pages after this. They show Edward Endless grappling in the fight for clean politics. The last hundred pages deal with religion. Edward finds it after a big fight, but no one reads these pages. There are no women in them. Our staff cut them out and merely show at the end

Edward purified,
Uplifted,
Transluted.

The whole story is perhaps the biggest thing ever done on this continent. Perhaps!

Something-on-the-Hudson

Drawing by CHARLES HUARD

Verse by W. R. Benét

TO Something-on-the-Hudson
In spring the golfers go
As soon as blow the buds on
The bough, and April's glow
Makes inroads on the snow.

And every eye-glass flickers
With lust of medal-play,
And every brassy bickers
In every bag that day
To dig the divots gay.

From telephones and tickers
The knighthood of the links
In Norfolk suits and knickers
Flood forth to bet the drinks
And poise on bunkered brinks,

At Something-on-the-Hudson,
Where curses loud begin,
While cowses chew their cuds on
The fine imported whin—
And putts run round the tin!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

The Princess Marie-José of Belgium

From a miniature painted from life by Alyn Williams

THE CENTURY

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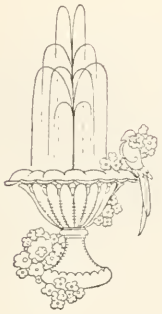

A Lost City of the Andes

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," etc.

Photographs by the author

TO the traveler of to-day the pleasure is seldom vouchsafed of visiting really new territory, and much more rare the joy of being one of the first few of modern men to tread the streets of an entire city unrivaled in location and unknown to history. Such, however, is the privilege of those who come up to Cuzco in these days with the time and disregard of roughing it necessary to visit Machu Picchu.

This mysterious white granite city of the Incas or their predecessors was unknown to civilized man and the world until Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale visited the site in 1911, to come back a year later in charge of an expedition to clear it of the rampant jungle growth and the oblivion of ages. Here was uncovered what are perhaps the most splendid pre-Columbian ruins in the Western Hemisphere, most splendid because in addition to being the finest besides Cuzco, itself discovered since the conquest, they have not suffered from treasure-hunters or become confused with Spanish building.

I had planned to travel to Machu Picchu alone and afoot. The account of the find had overtaken me in Lima, and the entire four-hundred-mile tramp across Peru to the ancient City of the Sun had been made more attractive by the anticipation of visiting a spot that not only promised extraordinary interest in itself, but had the added attraction of being difficult of access. On the day of my arrival in Cuzco, however, it was my good fortune to meet Professor R—— of our Middle West, and thereby to change for a bit the means of transportation that had brought me down the long crest of the Andes from far-off Bogotá.

Martinelli of Cuzco, who volunteered to accompany us, owned a coast horse and a wise gray *macho,* leaving the prefect of the department to obey the telegraphic orders of the president of the republic only to the extent of furnishing another animal tall enough to keep the professor's feet off the ground. This was not so easy as it may sound, for the professor had finally halted in his physical rise in the

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world only about midway between six and seven feet, and the horses of the Andes are rarely spoken of without tacking on the Spanish diminutive *ito*.

With already more than a year among the people of the Andes, I was by no means so surprised as the professor when, upon descending in full road regalia to the cobbled street at six, we found no sign of the horse that the prefect had solemnly promised to have standing saddled at our hotel door at five. Some things come to him who waits long enough even in Peru, however, and by the time the third round of anecdotes was ended there broke the street vista and drifted down upon us a Peruvian soldier in full accoutrement on a black mule, leading as sorry and decrepit-looking a *chusco* as even I had ever seen among these shaggy ponies that masquerade under the name of horse along the Andes. The soldier dismounted. The professor stood gazing abstractedly down upon the animal, no doubt drawing a mental picture of himself in the rôle of Quixote, with the added touch of dragging his toes on the ground over 150 miles of Andine trails. With a snort and a speed which showed that his four years in that Indiana institution unfortunately most favored by the youth of Cuzco permitted to top off their education in the United States had not been entirely misspent, Martinelli was off toward the prefecture. By the time another half-hour had drifted languidly into the past he reappeared, followed by a second soldier and a fine coast horse from the corral of the officers of the garrison.

"The stream, which snatched impotently at us as we passed"

"How did you manage it?" I asked, in admiration.

"I raised hell," said Martinelli, tightening the girth of his own animal.

"What Peru most needs," mused the professor, who has the happy faculty of now and then giving his professorial vocabulary a furlough, "is about ten thousand of you young fellows educated abroad to come home here and raise hell."

Plainly the professor was beginning to get a real mental grasp of South America.

Before eight we had transferred the government saddle from the wreck of a *chusco* to the real horse, and were clattering away over the cobblestones of the City of the Incas, the soldier on his sorrowful little black mule bringing up a funereal rear. This was doing very well indeed. To get off on the same day planned, at any hour whatever, is no small feat in the Andes. Such of Cuzco as had already lifted its frowzy head from the pillow gazed hazy-eyed out upon us as we wound and clashed our stony way up out of the city by that stair-like road down which I had ended my walk across Peru a week before. The morning light fell weirdly upon the City of the Sun below when we came to the notch in the hills where all Indians pause before this last view of the sacred capital of their ancestors to murmur, with bared heads, "O Cuzco, great city, I bid thee adieu!"

As we jogged on in the sunny October morning across the bare, colorful, cool hills of Cuzco toward the lofty pampa beyond, I turned to ask the soldier behind:

"Cómo te llamas?"

"Tomas," he replied with a military salute—"Tomas Cobino, sargento de la Gendarmeria Nacional."

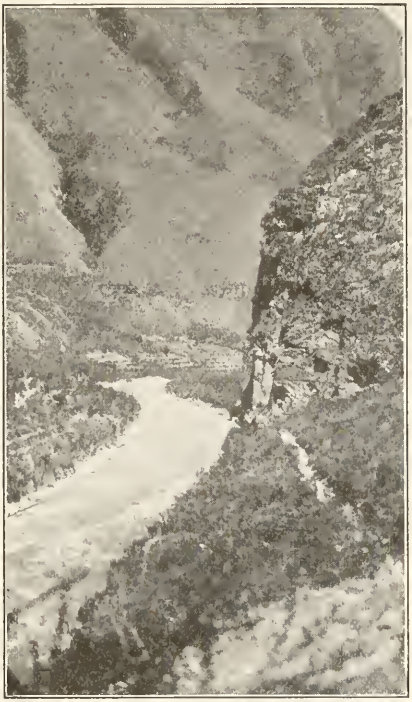
"Can you be that same Tomas who was with the Americans in Machu Picchu?"

"*Si, señor,* I attended *los yanquis* three months in their treasure-hunts."

The means has not yet been found of convincing the people of the sierra that any digging about old ruins can have any real motive other than that of seeking the traditional treasures of the Incas.

A few miles out the road was in the throes of "repair" by a large gang of Indians, under the command of the *alguaciles,* or constables, of the neighboring hamlets, standing haughtily by, firmly grasping their silver-mounted staves of office. They looked not at all unlike men from Mars commanded by sixteenth-century pirates. At first many mule-trains passed us, the leaders wearing about their necks long jangling bells with wooden clappers. The Cuzco Indian, in his dark skin, bare legs, and black-and-red *montera,* sneaked noiselessly by with the air of a whipped cur, fawningly removing his flat hat and murmuring an abject "*Amripusma.*" The greeting sounded Quichua, but is merely what becomes of the Spanish "*Ave Maria purissima*" in the mouth of the aboriginal. The professor showed astonishment to find both sexes removing their hats in salutation, but Martinelli and I had long since learned to expect it.

A few miles out, our trail left the road and swung to the right. Away over our left shoulders lay that splendid Plain of Anta, rich with cattle and historical memories of the conquistadores. The distant bleat of sheep on a hillside now and then drew the eye to a bedraggled little Indian shepherdess, armed with her sling, spinning incessantly, unconsciously the crude yarn on her cruder spindle of quinoa-stalk run through a potato as she edged cautiously away well out of our reach. These lonely guardians of the flocks are not infrequently pursued with impunity by native travelers. In this treeless region the doors of the Indians' dismal mud huts were of stiff, sun-dried, hairy cowhides. As the world rose higher, even these miserable dwellings died out, and only the bleak, brown uplands of the Andes spread about us on every hand.



"On the opposite side of the impetuous stream were scores of ancient terraces"

In mid-morning we topped a great bare height, from the chilly summit of which the white-crested central Cordilleras of the Andes stretched like some mighty wall across the entire horizon, the snow-peaks and glaciers thrusting their hoary heads through the banks of clouds less white. Another bleak hour, and a vast Andine valley, like those that had grown familiar to me, yet were always beautiful, opened out before us, in its lap the town of Maras, tinted with the pale red of its aged tile roofs. The great rolling, reddish-brown basin was surrounded by age-wrinkled mountain-sides that were specked with little shadowed valleys and perpendicular *chacras,* or tiny Indian farms, hung on their flanks like small paintings on inclined walls. We halted for dinner with the *gobernador,* and for *chala,* as the

"We came out on the edge of things"

Incas called dried corn-stalks with half-matured ears, for our animals, and to admire the far-reaching view and the cut-stone doorways of mud houses sculptured with bastard Incaic-Christian designs.

We went on again over the high, brown, barren world, the wind-swept summit of each succeeding land-wave bringing again above the horizon the great snow-crested wall that each time seemed near, yet all the jogging day through appeared not a yard nearer. At three we came suddenly to a vast split in the earth into which we began to go down and ever down by acute zigzags and stony *cuestas,* or slopes, that grew so steep we had to dismount and lead our animals. Soon there lay spread out before and below us the magnificent cañon of the Urubamba, which, rising near Titicaca, flows under many names to add its bit to the giant Amazon. Spring plowing was in progress on the valley floor, walled by mountains stretching away beyond the reach of eye in each direction. Over this rampart the sun still peered when we reached the level of the river at last and, taking the road from up the valley, jogged easily along it to Ollantay-tambo.

We rode to the bare, mud-hutted plaza past splendid cut-stone walls of what had once been palaces little inferior to those of Cuzco. The local "authority" bowed over our paper from the prefect and turned the *gobernacion* over to us for the night. It was an all but windowless second-story room on the unfurnished plaza, with a springy earth floor laid on poles. Into it shrinking and unwashed *alguaciles* lugged our baggage and a rheumatic table and bench without once releasing their staves of office. Here, the egg supply of Ollantay-tambo vastly reduced, we spread our saddle blankets and lay down with our heads to the walls, for the slope of the floor was such that to stretch along them would have been to bring up before morning in a tangled confusion in the middle of the room.

With the other half of the seventy-five miles from Cuzco to Mandorpampa before us, we were off betimes in the soft early-summer morning, tinged with coolness from off the half-hidden, snow-clad mountains above as we rode northeast into the sunrise down the right bank of the Urubamba. Gradually, as the morning warmed, the great blue-white glaciers of Piri and its neighbors shook off their night wraps of clouds until above us they stood forth in all their unveiled beauty. The valley narrowed to a cañon, and that to a

"As we rode northeast into the sunrise"

gorge, with bare mountain walls standing precipitously more than a thousand feet above on each side, while below the river hurried noisily between its rock faces. On the inaccessible bank on the opposite side of the impetuous stream were scores of ancient terraces where a bygone race had prepared for cultivation every available inch of the mountain-slope.

Hourly it grew more perfect summer, and ever more magnificent vistas broke unexpectedly upon us, contrasting with the bleak, bare, wind-swept heights of the day before. The old trail from Cuzco to the tropical *montaña* climbed sulkily away up a side *quebrada,* or ravine, toward the dreary uplands. This new road to Santa Ana had made accessible for the first time in modern days this marvelous cañon of the Urubamba. It was nowhere steep. We went down by frequent little stony descents, with no corresponding rises, half aware now and then of standing in our stirrups as the animal dropped from under us, the conscious self gazing at the enthralling scene about and above us. A condor sailing majestically on motionless wings above the mountain wall looked like a sparrow, mingled with the light clouds that flecked the transparent sky of the plateau above.

We met frequent pack-trains bound upward out of the tropics with cargoes of the fiery native *aguardiente,* in leather skins inside cloth-wrapped wooden frames, or long cylindrical packages of coca-leaves such as the drivers were chewing. The meetings were sometimes at points where we had to take care not to be pushed over the impending precipice into the river; for though our right of way gave us the mountain-side, the pack-animals, shy of the roaring stream below, tried to crowd in between us and the wall despite the threatening cries and whistling of their *arrieros.*

At eleven we stopped for breakfast. Then deeper and ever deeper we descended into the fastnesses of the Andes, with the vegetation becoming markedly tropical. The solid granite precipices, rising sheer thousands of feet from the foaming rapids to the clouds, remained at the same height, but the river cañon continued to descend, and gave us the curious effect of seeming to see the mountains that shut us in rising ever higher into the sky. The approach of the vast tropical lowlands was heralded by single trees, then by whole forests climbing the lower flanks of the mountains, then clothing the tops of the ridges and the lower mountains, in

delightful contrast to the dreary treelessness of the upper heights. Jungle shrubs and undergrowth sprang up about us. Moss and tropical herbage took to draping the moist rocks and boulders until even the perpendicular face of the mountain beside and above us clothed itself in lush-green vegetation. The song of the jungle rose on all sides, the rampant vegetation clutched playfully at us along the way. Ferns, the first I had seen in months, appeared, and quickly grew to their gigantic tropical forms. Orchids were plentiful, and other flowers of brilliant colors. A soft wind blew caressingly, and upon us fell that lazy, contented mood that always follows a descent from the cold, nerve-straining *páramo*.

The cañon of the Urubamba had shrunk to a resounding gorge of sharp V-shape, with virtually no room left for cultivation, so that even the hardy *andenes*, or cultivated shelves, of the Incas were crowded out of existence, and only the imperious river forced its way through the mountains, permitting the narrow road to follow on the precarious foothold blasted for it along one of the towering granite walls. We began to meet yellow, fever-eyed walking skeletons straggling languidly up from the tropical valleys. These increased until all the few travelers were sallow-skinned and hollow-eyed and of a hopeless cast of countenance.

Toward four the beautiful, jagged peak of Huaina Picchu came into sight down the winding cañon, puffs of white clouds hovering about it, and we knew we were approaching our goal. But things moved now with tropical languor. In places the road became a stony stairway down which we must pick our way step by step; in places it was pieced together with slivers of rock to keep it from falling sheer into the angry stream. The mountain squeezed the trail to the extreme edge, so that an unwary horseman, gazing at the riches of nature about him, was not infrequently rapped on the head by jagged points of rock left by the dynamite of the trail-builders. Tropical birds of beautiful plumage flitted in and out of the impenetrable undergrowth. The pungent, death-suggesting, yet enticing, smells of the tropics filled our nostrils. The sun abandoned us early, and left us with the sense of being down in some great well dreamily wondering whether we should ever again reach the great broad world above.

Dusk was falling when the road wandered out upon a bit of flat meadow squeezed between the mountain wall and the now calmer river, facing the breakneck slopes of Huaina Picchu. This was Mandorpampa. A grass-thatched hut on poles served as *tambo*, or inn. As we hung our *alforjas*, or saddle-bags, over the unhewn beams an unattractive half-breed, scented with fire-water, appeared from his adjoining hut. He it was who had first guided *los Americanos* to the then jungle-hidden Machu Picchu. He had long known of the ruins, as had other natives, but had never considered them extensive or important. Indeed, he seemed still to have a distinctly low opinion of them as *"cosas de los Gentiles"* ("things of the Gentiles"), not to be compared with the Cathedral of Cuzco, with its tin saints and tinseled virgins. He promised to climb to them with us in the morning for a consideration, and we prepared to pass the heavy, humming tropical night.

The humid darkness was showing signs of fading when I woke the professor from a night during which, by his own testimony, he had not slept a wink. The cause was not lack of comfort, for the professor is an experienced man of the woods, but a great mental anguish. An insect had stung him on a knuckle. Now, the professor had just come from his investigations among the victims of that dread disease of the Andes known at *uta*, from the Quichua word to rot, which, beginning in just such an insect bite, eats away the sufferer's flesh until he is hurried at breakneck speed into the grave. Naturally he wanted our earnest examination and experienced opinion by first morning light whether we should, after all, climb to Machu Picchu or hurry back to Cuzco to call a conference of the medical wiseacres. I examined the bite solici-

tously. There was no doubt that it was only the preliminary nibble of the myriad insects that would have fallen upon us in earnest and tattooed us into the strange patterns I had already often worn had we descended another five thousand feet into the real tropics. But one cannot put things thus cruelly and crudely to one weighed down by the intangible dread of the subtle, pest-infested tropics from which no man is free upon his first descent into them. But having between us convinced the professor that he would in all probability outlive the day, by fog-bound six we were off.

"Scores of stairways"

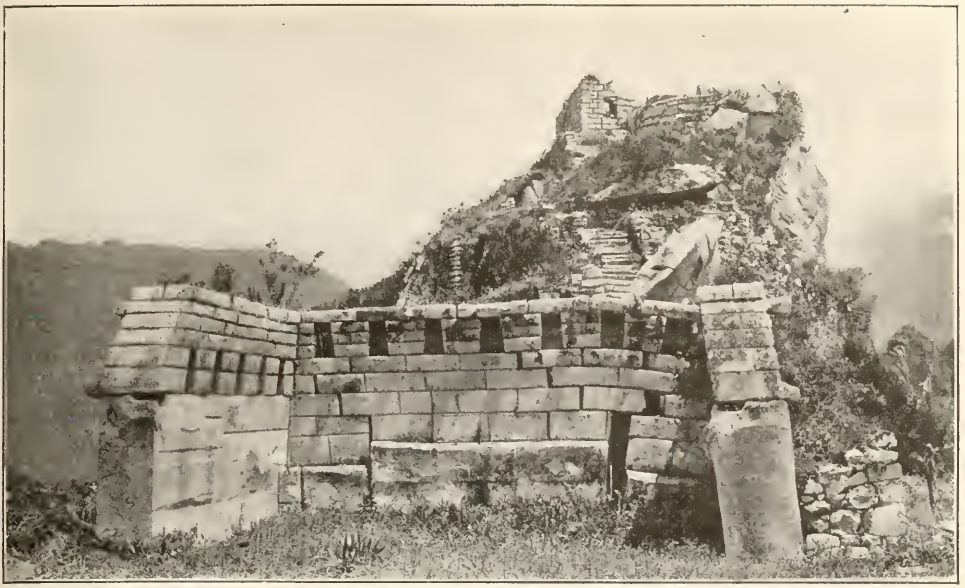
The lover of ardent waters had concluded that he could not possibly get his various activities in shape to accompany us before eight, and we concluded to hobble along without his historical assistance. We paid him two sols to keep the animals well fed and, lest the matter slip his mind, left Tomas with him as a perpetual reminder. This left us well burdened with our "beds" and the supplies necessary to pass the night, for I would not hear to the plan of paying the place only a flying visit. Being the only one in Andine training, I volunteered to carry the surplus and, bowed under a bulky sixty-five pounds held by a llama-hair rope across my chest, like any Indian *cargador,* led the way back along the road, planning to boast forever after of being the equal of any aboriginal burden-bearer of the Andes. Barely had I reconciled myself to the perpendicular climb in store for us under such a load, however, when we came upon a gang of Indians, each with a coca cud in his cheek, chopping the boulder-imbedded roadway higher back under the edge of the cliff for flood-time. The foreman offered us carriers. None of his men was large; beside the professor the impassive fellows approached dwarfishness, and I uttered a protest when Martinelli carelessly waved a thumb at by no means the largest. But my fancied equality to the human freight-trains of the Andes oozed away as suddenly as the rotundity of a pricked wine-skin. When the Indian had swung upon his back the burden I had been staggering under on a level roadway, Martinelli nonchalantly tossed his twenty-five pounds on top of it. A bit farther on that unfeeling savage paused at one of the pole-and-leaf shelters of the workmen under the edge of the impending cliff and added a pair of blankets, a coca-bag, and several other personal odds and ends, then waltzed away as lightly as a prairie chicken under its tail-feathers, faster than we cared to follow.

Perhaps two miles back a hidden path plunged swiftly down through the wet, clinging jungle to the sapling bridge that hung precariously from rock to boulder across the river. Beyond the stream, which snatched impotently at us as we passed, sagging, a perpendicular mountain-side, dense with jungle, stared impassively down upon us. But when we had tripped some distance over the rocks and jagged boulders tumbled along the edge of the savage torrent, a hole in the undergrowth like the lair of some wild animal proved to be the beginning of a trail now overgrown almost to nothing.

"The white gray granite of Machu Picchu"

The first mile up was through the densest wet jungle. This, according to native report, was notorious for its venomous snakes, particularly a little ten-inch *vibora*. Gradually the jungle gave way to a lighter stunted growth in which the sun blazed down mercilessly. Up the all but sheer face of this the trail sweated in sharp zigzags. Dry-tongued with thirst, we came, after more than an hour above the river, to a patch of shade on an almost level shelf of the mountain. In it grew a "Spanish tomato," shaped like a huge strawberry, of a double acidity that throttled our thirst for the moment. Somewhat higher we found ourselves mounting ancient agricultural terraces. These were walls of rough stone head high that sustained level spaces of like width. Far from being under cultivation, the rich, black soil of these artificial mountain shelves nourished an all but impassable tangle of new jungle growth, and the trunks of great trees that had been felled and charred over cut us off in many directions. By working our way laboriously back and forth and gradually mounting several terraces, now by a canted tree-trunk, now by the four projecting stones set stair-like in the faces of the walls by which the prehistoric husbandmen mounted and descended, we found a terrace along which we could tear our way, and came out at last, nearly two hours up, on the sheer edge of it. Machu Picchu lay before us.

My first impression was tinged with disappointment. Aside from the general experience of finding a long-heralded scene striking in inverse ratio to the length of time the imagination has fed upon it, my mental picture of a city seemed to call for sky-scrapers crowded over a vast area that could be bound closely together only by a rapid-transit system. Measured by these subconscious standards, the town the Incas or their predecessors had left here in the beautiful fastnesses of the Urubamba was small. At least it had been our good fortune to catch the first sight of it from a splendid point of vantage. Well below us and across a considerable gully, the abandoned city lay spread out in all its white granite brilliancy under the gorgeous Andine sunshine; and if all the town could not be included in a view from this point or any other, that view included all the finer buildings and left out chiefly the extensive *andenes* and the third-class houses of



The chief temple, with the stone altar

those who lived on and worked them. Though roofless, it was a complete city in so fine a state of preservation that the beholder felt like one of the old Spanish conquistadores in those enviable years when there were still new worlds to discover. On a gigantic scale its site was that of an ancient feudal castle. A mountain ridge defended by Nature in one of her most solitary moods and including within its confines the steeple-pointed peak of Huaina Picchu fell away on every side by tremendous precipices into the fearful void of the Urubamba, a sheer unbroken two thousand feet to the thread-like river that makes a three-fourths circle around it; while beyond, pregnant with the mystery of impassable jungle and of a bygone race, lay a wonderful wilderness of Andine ranges, shaggy with dense forest, pitched and tumbled and fading away in the blue-black of unfathomable distance.

Machu Picchu was indeed a city of refuge. There is no need of Incaic lore and the furrowed brow of the archæologist to be certain of that. Only men scared beyond the functioning of goose-flesh could have scurried away into this most inaccessible nook of the Andes and scrambled up these appalling cliffs to escape their pursuers, only men to whom labor was as nothing compared with the fear of bodily violence would have toiled a century fitting together these gigantic rocks and boulders rather than sally forth to take their chances against the slings or poisoned arrows of their enemies. The slinking, hare-hearted Cuzco Indian of to-day may easily be their lineal descendant.

Effectively defended by nature though they were, these champions of precaution left no loopholes. In the gully between where we sat and the city they had thrown two massive stone walls from one sheer precipice to another. Outside this were most of the agricultural terraces, for within the city proper was scant space for cultivation, and in case of attack the peasants no doubt abandoned their fields and raced to town. Between these two walls lay a dry moat, deep and wide, while at the city gate the wall was constructed on the "salient" system of Sacsahuaman and so many of the pre-Columbian ruins down the crest of the Andes, so that while a besieger was gently knocking for admittance a member of the goose-flesh clan could stroll out on the wall above and drop a boulder on his astonished head.

Nor was that all. In every least crevice or foothold that the champion trapeze performer or tight-rope artist of the pursuing tribes could by any stretch of the trembling imagination have squirmed his way the defenders built little patches of rock wall in places only he will believe possible who has climbed to see, and on the tip-top of the neighboring heights, on Machu Picchu mountain, on the steeple-point of Huaina Picchu, in every crow's-nest the most athletic Indian could hope to reach, were stone watch-towers, sometimes invisible, from which certainly the sentinels had some telegraphic means of passing word down to the cautious city. There were no adventurers among the builders of Machu Picchu. They took no chances.

When we had drunk in this comprehensive view of the lost city, we descended by projecting terrace stones and jungled zigzags and finally by a great stone stairway to the dry moat and through it, then by a graded approach in at the city gate, always tearing our way through thick undergrowth. For though the explorers had cleared away the dense tropical forest that had hidden the city from civilized man since historical time began, the rampant vegetation was striving quickly to conceal it again, as if jealous of its beauty or guardian of its secret. Being far more determined in its efforts than the apathetic Peruvian Government, it bade fair to succeed. A deserving-politician care-taker had been appointed some time before by the Government, but he was caring for both Machu Picchu and Ollantay-tambo by living in Cuzco on his salary.

The fancied disappointment of the first view had worn completely away. As the mind adapted itself to pre-Columbian standards, the city assumed its true aspect, that of a delicate work of art of intensive construction. Here in this eagle's-nest of the Andes, cut off from the rest of the world, had lived an artistic and adaptable people with a capacity for concentration of effort and a high grade of efficiency now lost among the Peruvians. Virtually all the stonework of the better part of the city was of the very best "Inca" style in plan, cut, and fit. Nothing I had seen in all the length of the Andes, from Cañar in the far north, could surpass these walls, rivaled only by those of Cuzco, and even those of the City of the Sun cannot match the charming uniform color of this white-gray granite, approaching in beauty to pure marble.

Details are best left to photography. Like the ruins of Cuzco, these are confined exclusively to walls. The Inca civilization seems to have been of that utilitarian turn of mind that gave its attention chiefly to the practical, with the result that there is not to-day a statue to be seen in the length and breadth of Peruvian ruins, and the grass-thatched roofs beyond which these unrivaled stone-cutters did not advance may have fallen in centuries before Pizarro first herded his pigs among the foot-hills of Estremadura. But as walls they are unsurpassed. Stones fitted with so tireless a nicety that without mortar they stand to-day, except where the roots of trees have crowded in between them, illustrations of that time-worn phrase in all Peruvian chronicles from Garcilaso to Squier, "so that a knife-blade cannot be inserted between them." Marble-white walls there were so splendidly symmetrical that time after time the enraptured eye stole along them as over a beloved form. Like all Inca architecture, everything—walls, doors, niches—decreased in size toward the top, here at about the same angle as the slope of the precipitous cliffs, carrying the mind back to Karnak and the ruins of the Nile. Every possible ground boulder or rock ledge and mountain platform was made full use of, and the eye at times hardly detects where the building of nature leaves off and the planning of man begins.

Hidden away from the iconoclastic, gold-thirsting Spaniards, and so far distant from the dwellings of his effete descendants of to-day that transportation of the blocks for their own botching is impossible, Machu Picchu has escaped the common fate of the other pre-Columbian ruins of the Andes and remains a city intact, like Pompeii, as genuine as when

its inhabitants abandoned it. But for the missing roof, scores of buildings are as well preserved as on the day their dwellers departed. Rough stone gables stand everywhere peaked above the general level, sometimes bearing still the stump of a great tree the roots of which had curled and twined in among the stones wherever a handful of soil was to be found to feed upon. The ruins seemed to sprout flowers and trees. The task of *los Americanos* had been no sinecure. They had felled an entire tropical forest and in places had dug away several feet of soil to present at last the entire city, with its alinement of streets, baths, temples, palaces, and blocks of dwellings. But much care had been necessary. Many a stump must be left just where it grew, for even to attempt its removal would frequently have brought down half the structure it grew in. The finest ruins of the Western Hemisphere, the mystery of this city of the unpeopled wilderness, trebles its fascination. How could such a place escape all mention by the old chroniclers who so gloried in endless descriptions of all that the foraging Spaniards discovered in this new world? How long centuries have passed during which Ollantay-tambo has been generally accepted as the last monument of importance in the valley of the Urubamba?

View from the *intihuatana*, or sun-dial

The town centers about the main plaza, with its splendid wrought-stone temple backed by the "priests' dwelling" and the sacred hill piled up behind it. Here, too, is the temple of the three windows, so unusual a feature of prehistoric Peruvian architecture that the chief of the excavators connects it with the ancient tradition of the three brothers who came out of as many windows to found the empire of the Incas; *"Al principio del mundo,"* as Garcilaso has it. Certainly if this is the original Tampu Tocco from which came the founders of the empire, they improved little in their building in the long years between Machu Picchu and the construction of Cuzco. Its sponsor considers the city a thousand years old. Yet though the virile simplicity of its construction is untouched with the beginning of that ornateness that marks decadence in all civilizations, there is something of delicacy and artistic splendor even amid a curious mixture of the crude and primitive, that does not seem to fit an older and less-developed people than the builders of Cuzco.

The long, solid walls are broken, as often in Inca structures, by niches large and small, with cylindrical projecting stones alternating between them. These have been fancied, among other things, as wardrobes and hooks for clothing, but the habits of their descendants suggest that the builders were content to hang their garments on the floor. Houses of more than one room are rare. The ancient Peruvians were evidently as indifferent to lack of privacy as those of to-day. Along the walls are stone couches as comfortable as those of sun-baked mud that the weary traveler is fortunate to find in the better-class houses of the interior to this day. They probably had as little furniture as their descendants, and the host of long ago no doubt greeted his guest with the selfsame *"Tome asiento"* ("Be seated") and a wave of the hand toward a six-inch block of wood or a sharp corner of stone. They lived apparently more thickly than in any modern tenement-house, and the problem of increase of population must

"On the main plaza, in the striking temple of the three windows"

have been acute. Every square foot of ground was utilized, and long rows of windowed rough-stone houses stand steeply one above the other on the swift precipices of the city.

For all its ups and downs, and it was next to impossible to go somewhere else in Machu Picchu without climbing or descending, intercommunication was amply provided for. Scores of stairways of all lengths and sizes, often laboriously cut out of a single ground boulder, lead everywhere. Mrs. Tocco had no difficulty in dropping in on Mrs. Huasi simply because she lived in another group or up over her head. Tunnels, too, were common to this ingenious race of stone-cutters, and fat men must have been as rare as among the Indians of to-day or distinctly limited in their movements. No nation under blockade ever made more intensive use of its agricultural possibilities. Within a radius of several miles not a possible foot of ground escaped cultivation. The terraces on the north side of the mountain, half agricultural, half defensive, drop away swiftly as long as there is a suggestion of foothold, and those on the west of the sacred plaza and below the *intihuatana,* or sun-dial, go down so vertiginously hand over hand that there could have been no dizzy heads among the husbandmen of long ago. It was easy for the peasant of those days to do away with his enemy; he had only to reach down from his own field and push his rival off his three-foot farm into bottomless oblivion.

I pushed on toward the outskirts. The social inequalities of to-day were as native to the civilization of this lost race. The houses grew less and less like the cut-stone palaces as one left the center, and on the edges of town hung mere cobblestone hovels little better than the miserable dens of the Indians of to-day. All about them now was rampant cane jungle. Here, as everywhere in the vicinity, on the slopes, from the interstices between the rocks, even on the thatched roof of last year's shelter of the workmen, grew big yellow calabashes, like Gipsy pumpkins. Then there were wild green corn and self-sown potatoes, bushes of ripe *ají,* the beloved peppers of the Incas, in deep reds and greens. These were probably the chief products of the olden times, constantly threatened with suffocation by the rampant tropical vegetation, and the ruler of this aery probably lived chiefly on corn

"Spring plowing was in progress"

and frozen potatoes, like the modern Andine Indian.

The Incas, using the word broadly, showed an extraordinary liking for building on spots where they had an unbroken outlook over all the surrounding world. Lovers of nature, perhaps, though the apparent complete indifference of their descendants to its charms and moods makes this debatable, they were above all practical fellows, moved less by esthetic reasons than by an overwhelming dislike to being wakened from the afternoon siesta by a well-aimed boulder. Yet had their only quest been unrivaled situations, that of Machu Picchu could scarcely have been improved upon. Mere words and pictures give faint idea of the unique charm of the place. The earth offers few such views as that from the *intihuatana* at the top of the town. Literally at my feet the world dropped away sheer to the Urubamba, like a copper thread all but encircling the spot. The altitude of the city is put at 8500 feet and that of the river 6500, yet it is surprising how clearly, if hushed, the roar of the river comes unbrokenly up the two thousand sheer feet to the invulnerable city. Utterly unpeopled, the visible world is one tumbled mass of gigantic forest-clad mountains rolling away to inaccessible distance-blue ranges rising afar off to snow-capped crests mingled with the sky; not the haggard and sterile Andes of elsewhere, but softened forms so densely wooded that nowhere is a spot of earth visible. Swing round the circle, and on the other side the gaze falls as precipitously into the Urubamba. Three great blue ranges rise one behind the other, growing from blue to purple farther off, the central Cordilleras shutting off all the world beyond, seemingly near at hand, yet only a week of hard travel would attain it. In another direction the rolling ranges, faded to purple, die enticingly away one behind another into the great *montaña* and the region of the Amazon, while masses of pure white clouds come majestically up out of Brazil beyond. One regrets having to return as he came, always a misfortune, and the eye falls again to the hoarse thread of river below, winding away into mystery, to break through the central range beyond where the eye loses it and on away. But the chief hardship of travel is renunciation.

Martinelli was inclined to sleep in the sacred cave under the splendid circular

tower, but to this the professor objected, and they compromised on the long stone bench above. When they were settled, I piled my bedding on the back of Rumiñaui, and drove him away into the humid, black, viper-teeming darkness. He was sailing under sealed orders and tore his way fearfully through the undergrowth that clutched at him with a thousand unseen fingers, down through the jungle-grown heart of the town, and knee-deep across the sacred plaza, the three great windows staring all but invisible at us in the night. On I pursued the trembling wretch into the three-sided "high temple," the most imposing structure of Machu Picchu, and bade him three times pile his load up on the high altar before he would believe his ears. Then he turned tail and fled so suddenly that he forgot even the customary obsequious leave-taking.

Above, below, and all about me the night was droning its mysterious pagan chant. The distant roar of the Urubamba came up distinctly. In the sky above a myriad stars shone forth with that unusual brightness of upper heights. The rest was blackness. I cleared a few plants and parasites from the altar and the niches above. It was an immense cut stone fourteen feet long and five high, but a bare three feet wide, and a long drop for an uneasy sleeper. I rolled out saddle blanket and ponchos to form the bed of so many an Andine night, then unconsciously, in an instant, I solved the niche problem that has been harassing Peruvian antiquarians for centuries. Nothing simpler. The bygone race broke the long surface of their walls with these half-openings neither as a setting for their idols nor their guards, but as convenient places in which to lay their leggings, hobnailed boots, and tin watches for the night. I am not the only one who will be glad to have the problem solved at last.

It would have been easy for the high priest to have dropped in on me during the night, especially as the temple is without roof, even if he could not have arranged for me a dance of his private *ñustas*. But I slept the night through monotonously undisturbed. Long wilderness travel seems to develop in the nostrils a power to scent the dawn. I had finished dressing when the night began to pale along its eastern rim, and striding away through the dew-dripping jungle and down the great central stone stairway, I came to the professor and Martinelli huddled together end to end on their roofless stone couch, snoringly oblivious to the fact that the daylight in which no true traveler sleeps had come. The opportunity for correction was too precious to lose. Close beside them I drew my revolver and fired a roaring 38-calibre shot into the rosy dawn overhead. Mere words are powerless to picture the pair as they exploded forth from their coverings with the rampant hair and fist-like eyes of Puritans suddenly fallen upon by a band of Indians in the good old days when Puritans were fair prey. It was the climax of what to them had been a sad night. Barely had the professor recalled that the reputed little circular "snake windows" were in the very building beside them and scrunched down into his sleeping-bag, head and all, when the Indian came to give a long and dolorous Quichua tale of the tribes of *víboras* that had their nests in the interstices of the wall beside and above them. So that all the bitter night through the professor lay (or more exactly curved) within his six-foot sleeping-bag on the outer edge of the stone divan as far as possible from the viperous wall, yet ever in fear of taking the awful two-foot drop to the reptilian ground beneath; and all the night through things kept dropping down upon them from the wall above. To my unromantic mind these were bits of twigs and leaves, yet in the silence of the subtle tropical night small wonder that each was a possible sudden death to the sufferer within the sleeping-bag, assuring himself a thousand times that no viper could bite through it, yet lacking faith in his own assurance. The most anguishing moment of all was that in which there dropped squarely upon him, with a soft reptile-like thud, something that proved by daylight that he had hung carelessly in

the Incaic niche above one of his woolen socks.

The descent was harder than the climb, though quicker. For so slippery was the wet trail at that angle that whenever our heels failed to bite into the soil we sat down emphatically on the backs of our necks some feet farther down the slope, to fetch it a resounding wallop with the rest of the body. There is talk of some day building an electric line from Cuzco and a funicular up to the ruins, with perhaps a tourist hotel among them, but fortunately talk does not easily breed action in Peru. For perhaps the chief charm of Machu Picchu is inherent in the difficulties of reaching it. A scene once made accessible to fat middle-aged ladies is ready to be marked off the traveler's itinerary and turned over to the gentle mercies of the tourist. We ended the descent without broken bones, and finding the precarious connection with the outer world still sagging between the roaring boulders, climbed the wet steep bank beyond, where, strangely enough, Tomas was waiting as he had been ordered with the four animals, their heads turned toward Cuzco.

They Both Needed It

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

"I'M going up to camp, Kathy," said Ivor.

His wife turned quickly in her place. Her small, sober face confronted him inimically.

"I can't put it off any longer," said Ivor.

"I suppose not," agreed Kathy, quiveringly; but her big, dark eyes pleaded, an old, old mother plea.

"You don't imagine I *like* to?" asked Ivor in an injured tone.

"And that 's the very reason why you 'll overdo it," broke out Kathy, "and I 'll be waiting here at home, *and hating you.*" The words flamed out at him.

"Good heavens, Kathy!" said Ivor, "don't you know your own boy well enough to know that he 'd hate me himself if I were fool enough to be soft with him about this?"

"Are you going to—*kill*—him—just because he is n't a coward?"

"Not quite," said Ivor. He grinned irrepressibly. "Don't you worry about Roddy. He 'll come up smiling. Here, are n't you going to tell me good-by?"

She shook her head speechlessly, moving away. He detained her firmly.

"Why, Kathy, that boy 's the best thing I 've got—next to his mother. Can't you trust me to hurt him when I must?"

She pushed him away, her tears streaming.

"Hell!" muttered Ivor softly as she ran sobbing from the room. He went to the sideboard and poured himself a stiff drink.

He repeated both ejaculation and potation several times during his drive to Nelson's store, where he left the cutter. He was feeling very sad and firm about Roddy by the time he began to climb the trail to camp. It was quite dark and snowing heavily when he reached the cabin and pushed at the shed door. Only the dim glow from a bed of coals lighted the inner room. He stood, hand on knob, peering through the gloom.

Roddy rose hastily from a low seat by the hearth. Even in the dimness Ivor caught a flare of expression which made him say to himself, "Darn if I don't believe the kid 's *glad* I 've come."

"Why don't you fix up your fire?" he asked curtly. "What do you mean by letting it go out on you this weather?"

"I did n't notice," stammered Roddy. He stooped, throwing on logs and saying:

"I 'll get you some supper."

"Had mine at Nelson's," said Ivor.

He had consciously to harden his voice. He concluded not to make conversation. He drew up a home-made arm-chair of hickory, settled himself comfortably, and lighted a cigar. Roddy returned to his seat on the box in the corner. Ivor smoked and considered him thoughtfully. His boast to Kathy was, he reflected, justifiable; for while Roddy appeared under pale and troubled conviction of sin, there was nothing in face or bearing which invited Ivor to be soft with him. He neither sought nor avoided his father's eyes. He merely waited in quiet, submissive readiness for Ivor's next move.

"If you 'll hunt me out some blankets I 'll turn in," said Ivor, breaking a long hour's silence. He added, watching the boy with a cruelly intimate scrutiny, "I 'm going to want you up pretty early in the morning."

"All right, sir," said Roddy, quietly.

Ivor continued to observe him as he moved about, taking blankets from a locker. There seemed a shortage of pillows. He carried his own over to Ivor's cot.

"I 'll turn in too, then," he said to Ivor, adding timidly, "Good night, Father."

Ivor nodded. It was some time before he lay down. He slept brokenly, and rose in the darkness of early morning to waken Roddy.

Roddy had not slept much during his week of waiting for he knew not what. What he was to get had been the least and pleasantest of his conjectures, which had included prison or long exile from home, perhaps. In his relief at knowing exactly what to expect and when to expect it he had fallen into deep and dreamless slumber. There was much of the little fellow in the sleeping aspect of the big boy. Roddy's dark head was snuggled in the relaxed curve of his elbow. His dark lashes brushed a cheek which had scarcely lost the soft curve of young boyhood.

"Damn!" muttered Ivor, bitterly hating what he had to do. He dropped a deliberately heavy hand on the boy's shoulder.

Roddy's eyes opened vaguely. He smiled at Ivor the least bit, and closed them again, plainly feeling himself to be at home in bed.

Ivor shook him awake. Roddy's eyes came open to stay, comprehension in them. He sat up.

"In just a moment, Father," he said.

Ivor went back to the fire and stood there waiting.

"All right, Father," said Roddy presently from where he had gone to kneel.

Ivor stood over him for a pausing moment, flinging out the whip.

"Ready?" he asked.

Roddy lifted his eyes.

"He wants it," thought Ivor. A fierce thrill of exultation in the boy's mood ran through him.

It was during his second five-minute intermission that Roddy got to his feet and went to stand by the cabin window. It swung on hinges high up in the wall, and he opened it, letting the snow-laden wind blow on his face. He drew a deep breath, tasting its purity and coldness. A movement across the room attracted his attention, and he glanced around in time to see Ivor thrusting a flask back into his pocket. Roddy took another deep breath of the pure, cold air. A gust of wind tore apart the snow-cloud, and for a moment the white peak across the valley stood revealed. Steps closed in on him. He shut the window and knelt almost automatically, his vision filled with the vast, bleak sweep of the peak. Ivor's touch on his shoulder gave him a moment of strange surprise.

"Put up your arms!" ordered Ivor in a thick, slightly uncertain voice.

As Roddy obeyed he thought, "He 's trying to break me."

Roddy still wanted it, but his traitorous fingers began to long to reach back, to get

"'Son,' said Ivor, 'what made you do it?'"

themselves on the whip, to tear it from his father's grasp. Suddenly his hands, held with scrupulous steadiness above his stoically erect young head, flung toward each other and gripped, each snatching the other back.

A sharp quiver ran over Ivor's face. Roddy had been mistaken about one thing. Ivor's actual intention toward him had been the one of ascertaining the precise measure of his big boy's grip on himself. There he had meant to stop. When he finally stayed his hand he remained by Roddy, studying his profile, hard drawn against the light. It gasped, slightly bent, the profile of the spent runner.

"Son," said Ivor, "what made you do it?"

Roddy's straining arms relaxed. He turned, letting them fall to the near-by table.

"What made you?" repeated Ivor.

Roddy seemed not to hear. Just in front of him lay a tiny drift of snow which had blown in through a crevice in the window-frame and lodged on the table. Toward this his clenched hands stole forth from his pit of burning. As they touched that purity, that coldness, a long shudder seized Roddy. He lurched forward and lay with his head between his arms, his palms pressed to the snow.

Ivor stood over Roddy looking troubled and somewhat alarmed. Presently he touched his fingers to the culprit's racing pulse, felt for his hammering heart, wiped the icy sweat from his temples, bent at length, speaking to him anxiously.

At that Roddy stirred, lifted his head, gazed at Ivor blankly.

"All right?" asked Ivor. His voice shook a little.

"Sure," muttered Roddy, bringing out the single word with some difficulty. His blank gaze became aware. He gave Ivor a faint, twisted smile of reassurance.

"Roddy," said Ivor again, "what made you do it?"

Roddy did not answer. A dark flush so all-enveloping that it obscured the marks of his penalty crept over his face and clung.

Half sitting on the edge of the table, Ivor continued:

"Forgery 's a mighty ugly thing, Roddy."

He kept coiling and uncoiling the whip as he spoke, his eyes on Roddy's shamed and bent head.

"I can't understand your doing a thing like that, you 've always been so straight with me."

"I was fool drunk," said Roddy, bitterly. He did not look up.

"But you knew you did it?"

"Oh, I knew I did it all right; it was just that I did n't give a damn. I was n't excusing myself, Father. I ought to be—*killed.*"

Ivor's look of perplexity held.

"But even drunk you must have had some reason. Now, you don't gamble, and if you needed money for any legitimate use you knew you 'd only to ask for it; I 've never been short with my boys. Was it—here, look at me, Roderick."

With an obvious effort Roddy obeyed. He had grown white again.

"Had it anything to do with a girl?" asked Ivor, with an odd, apologetic sort of hesitation.

A look of relief flicked into Roddy's face. He shook his head indifferently. Ivor saw that the question meant nothing to him.

"Then some one took advantage of your being drunk, and used you to try and get money out of me," guessed Ivor, not unexpectedly.

Roddy was mute, his face impassive.

"I think I 'll ask you whom you were running with, Roddy, when you did that."

Roddy raised sudden eyes to Ivor's.

"I 'm paying," he said.

"And you 've paid about all you can stand. Do you want to pay more than you can stand?"

Apparently Roddy took this under consideration. Shades of varying emotion came and went in his face. Finally it grew stubborn beneath Ivor's eyes.

"You are my boy," said Ivor. "It was my name and my money you made so free with. It seems to me that I 've the right

to ask you anything I like in connection with the affair."

Roddy was silent.

"Come," said Ivor, "don't be a fool *now*. You 're not drunk *now*."

Roddy shook his head. His face took on a dreadful patience.

"Give you one more chance," said Ivor. He stood up.

Roddy was a big, strong, brave boy, and he was seventeen; but he controlled a tremor at this movement of Ivor's.

"Croy 's not worth it," said Ivor, suddenly.

Roddy had controlled the tremor; but he could not control the flick of color which confirmed Ivor in his suspicion.

"Good guess, eh?" said Ivor, throwing the whip to the floor. "You can go dress now."

Roddy's color deepened painfully. He bit his lip as he stumbled to his feet. Ivor put out a steadying hand.

"Not quite fair," he went on, using his natural manner to the boy for the first time, "but it was the only way I 'd ever have had it out of you, you stubborn ass. Can you manage alone?"

Roddy nodded. He went over to his cot and finished dressing with dogged movements which completely ignored whatever pain he endured. He pulled on a heavy white sweater last, picked up his cap, and stood as if pondering over something.

Roddy was a splendidly handsome lad, and his head was set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth. Ivor looked at him wistfully. Their eyes met. Roddy's were wistful, too. Ivor took a step toward his son.

"Roddy," he said, "I 'd sure like to have one decent boy."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile, turned and took down a pail from a shelf by the door.

"Oh, I 'll get water," said Ivor, reaching for his coat.

"Why?" asked Roddy over his shoulder. He went on out.

Left alone, Ivor chuckled as he drew out his flask. It was empty, to his disappointment, and he flung it from the window into the vacancy beyond the drop of the hilltop. Turning, his eye fell on the whip. He stooped, and sent that after the flask. A curtain of snow blotted it out as it descended through space. Ivor felt easier in his mind as he returned to the fire. He gave the embers a kick and consulted his watch. It was nearly eight, but the morning light still came dimly through the snow whirl. The storm was increasing. If the weather held, they might not be able to get down the mountain at all that day. He heard Roddy coming back with fresh water, and stamping the snow from his feet in the outer shed.

"Some blizzard," said Roddy, entering almost gaily. "Had a regular time getting down to the spring."

He got an ax from the corner and went out again. Ivor heard the true, ringing blows which proclaimed Roddy the natural-born woodsman. In an incredibly short time he returned with a snowy armful of oak logs, and replenished the fire.

"Need help?" asked Ivor.

"Oh, nothing much to do," said Roddy, carelessly.

He moved about expertly, slicing bacon and mixing corn-meal, and soon had breakfast under way. He then drew the table close to the fire, spread a newspaper for cloth, and placed covers of camping-kit ware which he produced from a rude corner cupboard.

"I 'll have a wash-up," said Ivor, going out.

The shed was a dark little cave of winds. Fine snow particles sifted in everywhere through the shrunk boarding, and Ivor did not linger over his ablutions, but hurried back to the warm room of logs.

He found breakfast ready. The firelight played pleasantly on the blue enamel of the dishes, and the food odors were enticing. Ivor wanted his drink; but the coffee was good, and the bread baked as every Southern boy knows how to bake corn-cake. He made an excellent meal,

glancing now and then with a pang of compunction at Roddy, who drank his coffee feverishly, but made no pretense of hunger. After breakfast he sat back, smoking, and watching Roddy clear away the things. The storm increased. Ivor frowned, and again consulted his watch.

Roddy, having exhausted occupations, sat on the side of his cot eying Ivor's repressed, but evident, discontent. Ivor said, catching him at it:

"I admit right now that one night up here this time of year is about my limit."

"It 's some blizzard," said Roddy.

"But it 's not far to Nelson's."

"We 'd get lost sure. I 've a fair sense of direction, but I should n't trust to it in this snow smother."

"He wants a drink," thought Roddy. He looked down reflectively at his clasped hands, then rose and went to the corner cupboard.

Ivor watched him with a faint flicker of hope; but Roddy had not included anything in the nature of something to drink in the supplies purchased at the small store at Nelson's. He took out merely a handful of tiny articles which he ran over carefully, shifting them from one hand to the other.

"Play you a game?" he said, looking at Ivor.

Ivor returned the look questioningly.

Roddy pushed the table back near the window, turned its newspaper cover, and revealed a checker-board square printed on the reverse side. On this he emptied the small objects from his cupped hand. They disclosed themselves as chessmen not unskilfully whittled out.

"Been working out games with these," he said. "I could n't"—he glanced at his father courageously—"mull over my sins every minute of the time, and I was rather glad to come across this old Sunday paper in a locker."

Ivor drew his chair around, and examined the chessmen with amused interest.

"You are a resourceful chap, Roddy," he murmured, setting them up. He lost the first game.

"You 've got me outclassed," he grumbled, "practising up here by yourself all week."

"I think we play a pretty even game, Father," answered Roddy in a serious tone. He tried an opening he had figured out for himself, and won the next game in half a dozen moves.

Ivor sat up, chagrined. "Show me how you did that," he demanded. Roddy showed him.

"You don't get me that easy again, my son," muttered Ivor, vexed at his own stupidity. He beat Roddy three times running.

"Guess I 'm not a back number yet," he bragged, getting up to investigate the weather. He returned, reporting it worse than ever, and began lining up the pieces again.

Roddy, his arms folded on the table, sat gazing into the snow whirl, through which the black arm of a pine was visible at irregular intervals. Ivor glanced at him from time to time. Roddy could not quite make himself look as if he had been having a pleasant time of it, but his youth and good looks and hard boy's pride very nearly enabled him to accomplish this feat. Even to Ivor's prying eyes he merely appeared subdued and a trifle pale.

"It 's not so bad up here, after all," said Ivor at last.

Roddy came out of his trance and looked about him. Red glow and warmth enveloped them.

" 'The tumultuous privacy of storm,' " quoted Roddy. His eyes smiled across the table at Ivor, crinkling at the corners.

Ivor's face lighted, looked a question.

" 'Snowbound,' you know."

"Lord, yes—in my old reader! None of the new fellows can touch the old ones."

"They were pretty sincere old fellows," said Roddy, musingly.

"Maybe that 's why—well, are you tired of losing?"

They played again, and Ivor in his interest failed to remark the passing of time until Roddy swept the pieces together instead of setting them up, saying that it must be dinner-time.

"'Oh,' said Kathy, quaintly, 'I reckon I could *stand* it, Rod'rick'"

Ivor pulled out his watch. "Four," he called as Roddy went out with the ax. He heard Roddy pulling a log in on the earthen floor of the shed, heard the blows of the ax begin, cease, begin again irregularly. After a moment of hesitation Ivor opened the door and crossed to the boy.

"I 'll do that," he said.

If Roddy had the impulse again to ask why, he repressed it. He gave up the ax in silence.

"You can be rustling up some dinner," said Ivor, not meeting his eyes.

Roddy nodded, and went within. He explored the loft and discovered a few apples and butternuts to add to their menu. He also discovered a flask of whisky left there, he conjectured, by Croy during the autumn. Roddy considered over this find for some time. He did not want it for himself, and he liked his father best without it; but he knew very well that Ivor was uncomfortable without his accustomed drink, and that one pint of whisky more or less could make small difference in the case of a steady drinker. Apparently it resolved itself into a question of Roddy's preferences. He carried the flask down with the apples and nuts and placed it on a shelf in the cupboard.

When Ivor brought in the logs, which it had taken him a good while to chop, dinner was on the table, and Roddy was down on the floor by the hearth cracking nuts. He glanced up to say:

"By the way, Father, I found a bottle of moonshine in the loft. It 's on the shelf there."

Ivor threw down the logs, and stood looking at Roddy, whose eyes had returned to his task. Across the shoulder of Roddy's old silk shirt a slow stain crept as he bent. Ivor's face contracted. He still felt that next to the last straw had not been too extreme a payment to exact from Roddy's penitence; yet he conceived a sudden and illogical grudge against the whisky which had enabled him to harden his heart and play the brute. But even while he felt this resentment he craved the stuff, and his eye sought the open cupboard. Instead of going to it, however, he drew up his chair to the table. Roddy joined him with the nuts, and Ivor was relieved when he ate his dinner with some show of hunger. After the meal Ivor again glanced longingly at the cupboard, and again took it out in looking.

Roddy, after an inquiry, replaced the chessmen on the board. It had grown dark, and he brought out candles from the cupboard. He had a good store of these, and lighted four, placing two on each side. They played again, and about nine Ivor said:

"The last time I looked out it seemed to be clearing up. Play you three more games, and then we 'd better turn in. We 'll want to be off early in the morning."

"Play you for the championship," said Roddy. "We 're even now."

"Very well," agreed Ivor, rather absently. Roddy intercepted his glance as it wandered toward the cupboard.

"I 'll have a night-cap presently," said Ivor, meeting his eye.

Roddy nodded, moving his pawn.

Roddy sat over this game with an apparently disproportionate earnestness. A determination born of the strange fact that Ivor still held off from the whisky possessed Roddy. His dark brows knitted themselves. He was thinking:

"If I win two out of the three, I 'll say it to him."

Roddy vowed this to himself, and he was so afraid he would play his best that out of sheer self-disgust he did play his best. He won the first game, and Ivor said again:

"You 've got me outclassed with all this solitary practice of yours."

But Roddy said again seriously:

"No; I think we play an even game, Father."

Ivor won now, and Roddy's brows knit more pronouncedly. His eyes pondered brilliantly beneath them. His lips became a firm, scarlet bow. The tiny upward curves at the corners grew straight and unsmiling. He wished so much to be beaten that he played a little better than his previous best.

"Your game," said Ivor at last. He whistled away his chagrin, an eye on the cupboard door.

"Father," said Roddy. His voice was beseeching.

Ivor's glance deserted the cupboard door to fix itself on Roddy's face.

"Yes," he said in a puzzled tone.

"You said this morning that you 'd like to have a decent boy," said Roddy.

Ivor smiled. He thought he knew what was coming.

"Well," said Roddy, and his heart pounded so that Ivor heard it, "I 'd like to have a different sort of father."

Ivor sat erect. He was as angry, as wounded, as outraged, as if Roddy had drawn back and struck him a blow in the face.

"Damn you!" he cried, "what do you mean by that?"

Roddy turned white, but he was game to finish what he had started.

"When I was five years old, Father, I took my first drink from the whisky left in the bottom of your glass—and you gave it to me."

Ivor took refuge in silence, in a bitter, steady stare. Roddy still did not look at him.

"I guess it 's mainly on account of the drinking that our family stands for such a lot of unpleasant things, Father. We get away with them because you have land, money, political influence; but if you did n't have these, we 'd be thought no more of than the Worths are. What are we but the product of the damned stuff they sell us?" He looked at Ivor now, his eyes lighted in his quivering face. "What is our name but a synonym for dissipation of all sorts, for petty lawbreaking when it suits our convenience, for a back-number effort to lord it over our neighbors, as if we were feudal barons, you know? Why, I 've heard Croy curse old Sonneborne for asking him to settle for a saddle Croy had been using for a year. Croy asked Sonneborne how the hell he dared dun an Ivor?"

Still Ivor did not speak, and again Roddy went on:

"That 's pretty raw stuff, Father, and we get away with it because you have land, money, political influence, and we know we can get away with it. What does that turn us into? Just bullies," said Roddy, answering himself—"just common neighborhood bullies. Knock a fellow down if we 're drunk enough and don't like the style of his hat," continued Roddy, referring to a past exploit of Croydon's; "run up bills and pay when we get ready—don't they know we are good for a few paltry dollars, damn 'em?" Roddy quoted another stepbrother, Breck.

A dull red had crept into Ivor's cheek. He wished now that he had taken his drink. Lacking the whisky's prompting, no adequate rebuttal of Roddy's statements occurred to him. He resorted to an obvious personality.

"You say we are synonyms for many sorry things," he remarked in an ironic tone, "but I think you forgot the sorriest."

Roddy's eyes fell. A flame of shame wrapped him.

"No," he said huskily, "I did n't forget."

"Not through, are you?" jeered Ivor.

Roddy, that dark flush still overspreading him, began to push the queer little chessmen about. When he spoke again it was hesitatingly and very slowly:

"I know you can drink more than most, Father, and show it less; but you are bound to show it some, and I 've hardly ever had the chance before to-day to find out what you really were like—without the whisky."

Ivor looked at him, waiting.

Visibly Roddy would have let it go at that.

"Say it," ordered Ivor with a savage change of manner.

"And it 's been a red-letter day for me," said Roddy, a hard little quiver in his voice. "I 've been a dishonorable cur, and I 've had as much as I could take of what I deserved, yet I 've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

The last words came almost inaudibly.

He jumped up and stood by the fire, his back to the room, his head bent.

"Your place to say all this?" said Ivor. His voice trembled with rage.

"No," said Roddy, facing him, "I know that I 'm an insolent hound—Father." His voice shook on the last word. He turned back to the fire.

"Get to bed!" said Ivor, with an oath.

Roddy obeyed in silence. As he stooped for his sleeping-garments Ivor's sullen glance rested by accident on the momently bared shoulders. He drew his breath inward with a sharp whistling sound, and his devils of anger departed from him. He recalled in what temper the boy had taken that. He remembered that he had put himself aside all day, that he had been a cheerful companion. Ivor had had a good time with him.

He dragged his chair around to the hearth. The candles guttered out. The failing fire made ghosts in the room. Ivor sat on among them, his fists propping his chin, facing the facts in the case with that inward vision which does not veil or distort. Truth accused Ivor. She even justified herself in using a man's own son as spokesman. It was the little thing which got under Ivor's skin most: "I 've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

It was past midnight when he glanced over his shoulder. Roddy lay prone, his dark head taken between his arms. Small need for Ivor to ask if he waked.

"Roddy," said Ivor.

"Yes, Father," said Roddy, humbly. He sat up, clasping his knees, his eyes on Ivor.

Ivor bent to throw on a log before he continued:

"Croy skipped out to his uncle Croydon's ranch the day I packed you off up here. He 's left debts everywhere. He bluffed a loan out of old Sonneborne to get away on."

Each word was a question. Roddy was able to answer:

"I did n't know Croy meant to go away, Father, or that he was deeper in debt than usual."

"So," said Ivor. "Now I 'm going to do some more guessing, Roddy. I 'm going to guess that it was Croy who saw to it that you were good and drunk, Croy who had that check so handy, Croy who put you up to devilment you 'd never have thought of, left to yourself." He hurried on, not looking at Roddy: "And he must have been drunker than you were to expect to get away with any such fool trick as that with Sheppard. Croy was n't worth taking that licking for, kid. He 's not worth shooting. He 's been a stray from the first. He belongs away back, when he could have led his gang looting and have terrorized a countryside. No room for him now, so he 's a crooked bully."

Roddy's head went down in his arms on his knees. Croy had always had Roddy's love. He had won it carelessly when Roddy was a little fellow, and had kept it, still carelessly, despite much, Roddy's heart being a fool for loyalty. Croy had got him in dreadful trouble, but Croy had been drinking fearfully hard, and was, Roddy supposed now, driven desperate by duns. Roddy's heart thrust that aside. What it broke over was the little thing—the fact that Croy could go off like that without a word to him.

Ivor kept stealing glances. Presently he crossed the room, and sat on the side of the cot, putting a careful arm around Roddy, and getting hold of his tense hands.

"No use fretting over Croy," said Ivor.

"I know," muttered Roddy. His head came up. He tried to speak. It sank in his arms again. He shook with sudden and rending sobs.

Ivor's arm forgot to be careful. He bent low.

"Here, stop that! Croy 's not worth it, I tell you."

"It 's not—Croy—now."

"Oh, it 's not?" Ivor bent lower.

"Forgive you? Sure. What you think I 'm doing now?" He stood up, patted Roddy's arm, said, "You just get to sleep if you can," and returned to his chair by the fire.

Roddy sat on motionless, clasping his knees, striving to get some real hold on himself; but he was so shaken, so torn, so tired, that he found it difficult. The dim, warm room became a prison in which he could scarcely draw breath. He visioned the white, cold, keen-aired world outside with a craving which finally drove him to ask:

"Do you mind if I get up, Father?"

"Oh," said Ivor, absently, "I 'm not running you now, Roddy."

He mused by the fire, listening vaguely to the movements behind him until Roddy came over to the hearth, getting into his coat and saying:

"Thought I 'd like a fresh drink of water."

"Should n't mind having one myself," said Ivor, rousing and glancing up. Roddy reddened. Ivor smiled.

Roddy went out the front door, plunging knee-high in the drift. The icy air bathed him, renewed him. The descent to the spring was steep and over rocks. He made it in a breathlessly connected series of leaps through a noon-bright moonlight.

The spring was a pool of ink within overhanging hillocks of snow. Behind Roddy the uneven paper-white rise was sketched thickly with charcoal marks of pine stems. Above him winged black branches bore fantastic burdens of snow. Before him the forest broke, and midway in the vast triangular space thus opening out was the apparition of the white peak across the valley. In its gleaming vestures gaped wounds as black as space.

Every boy in a coal country knows something of mines. Roddy stood, his eyes on the mouths of the mines opposite, a vivid scrap of mine vocabulary springing to mind.

"Run of mine," mused Roddy to himself, "run of mine."

His imagination lighted the phrase as the moonlight lighted the opposing face of the mountain. For an output of coal he beheld an output of humanity, streaming ceaselessly. Life dug. Did Death sift? wondered Roddy. For one atom of that endlessly rushing stream to judge another atom—Roddy's eyes went past the peak to the splendid sky. Shining resolves trooped into his heart. He felt that his father had been extraordinarily forbearing and kind, and he thought that it was a big thing just to be alive with the job of making a decent man out of himself stretching before him.

He stooped and swung up a miraculous pail of silver from the pool of ink. He took as long as he could to break the path round to the shed door. Once he broke into a clear whistle.

Ivor, standing by the fire, heard it and looked relieved.

"What do you say to getting along down to Nelson's?" he asked as Roddy entered. "The dogs know us, and we could get the cutter out without disturbing the family. We could be home for breakfast. How 's that?"

"I could n't be suited better," said Roddy. He whistled again as he moved about making ready to get off. He stood still at length, merely glancing around to see whether he had neglected anything. His eye fell on the chessmen, and he gathered them together, replacing them on the cupboard shelf, where the bottle of moonshine still offered itself untouched. He turned to find Ivor's eyes resting on him thoughtfully.

"Better leave that here," said Ivor. "Some one stumbling on this place in bad weather might find it useful." He went on out, and Roddy heard him plunging ahead down the path. When Roddy fastened up and strode after, Ivor was silhouetted starkly in the moonlight. Ten paces from the cabin Roddy succumbed to temptation, bent, straightened, flung a snow-ball clean and hard. It spun Ivor's soft felt down the mountain-side, and filled his coat-collar with snow.

"I 'll get you for that," he shouted, breaking for Roddy.

They tussled together, and Roddy, helpless with laughter, went down in a drift. Ivor scrubbed his face for him.

"That 'll teach you," panted Ivor, letting him up.

Roddy, breathless, bareheaded, still chuckling, ran for Ivor's hat. Ivor stood digging the snow out of his collar and grinning, pure joy of fatherhood in his heart as he watched Roddy swinging back up the slope. Roddy, snapped back to normal, laughter lingering in his face, moonlight and mischief in his eyes, head set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth, was a sight to make a sonless man go hang himself with envy.

"You darn—*beautiful*—kid, you," muttered Ivor.

"Eh?" asked Roddy, catching a word as he came up.

"Why, I said," Ivor assured him, "that if ever I caught you drinking again, Roddy Ivor, I *would* wear my arm out on you."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile. His subdued look returned. He tramped silently by Ivor's side until they reached Nelson's. Now that the pressing account between his father and himself had been settled, another matter arose to harry him. As he helped harness he looked across the horses at Ivor.

"Who knows?" he blurted.

Ivor's eyes twinkled. He busied himself for some moments before he replied:

"No one but Sheppard, and I told him—" He paused as if it were a game and Roddy's turn.

"That you 'd—" Roddy stopped, coloring.

"Why, yes," said Ivor, humorously grave, "I did—something like that."

Neither spoke again for some time. Roddy drove, looking straight ahead. Ivor smoked cigar after cigar, musingly. As they came within sight of the house Ivor turned in his seat.

"One time when bullying was excusable, eh?" he asked. He glanced at Roddy, his warm, brown eyes whimsical and interrogative in the red morning light.

For the first time Roddy's face begged off.

"Oh, well," said Ivor.

When Roddy returned from taking the cutter to the stables he found his father waiting for him on the back porch, and they went in together.

"Guess mama 's not down yet," said Ivor. He led the way up-stairs and peeped into a room.

"Well, Kathy," he called, flinging the door open, "I 've brought back your boy alive, you see."

Roddy's mother, seated in a low chair by the hearth combing her hair, looked quickly around. Her eyes ran past Ivor. That look of hers drew Roddy to his knees by her side, drew his arms around her, drew his head to the hollow of her shoulder. After a brief period of relaxation such as even a seventeen-year-old boy might with honor take in his own mother's arms, Roddy straightened, and faced her with eyes that were Truth's own home.

"Mama," he said, "I 'm going to be a decent fellow from now on. I sha'n't ever give you and father any more trouble."

He got to his feet and marched out, valiant, attended almost visibly by the shining resolves, minding his own business so exclusively that he would not even glance out of the corner of his eye at Ivor standing over by a window.

As the door shut behind Roddy, Ivor turned and regarded Kathy. With youth out of the room, she looked astoundingly young. Kathy, her long, black hair spread web-like and fan-wise from the top of her small head to her knees, where her white fingers pulled it taut, studied Ivor's look with big, inscrutable, dark eyes. He had a funny subdued expression for which she was trying to account. She smiled suddenly.

"What you looking at me like that for?" demanded Ivor.

"Why," said Kathy, "you look exactly as if you 'd been having—one—too, Rod'rick." She opened her arms to him.

"Honey," asked Ivor, coming to them shamefacedly, "how 'd you like to have *two* good boys?"

"Oh," said Kathy, quaintly, "I reckon I could *stand* it, Rod'rick."

The tapestried eland forest

The Plains of Panda

Paradise of Big Game and the Big Game Hunter

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

Author of "Home," "John Bogardus," etc.

Photographs by the author

HE Plains of Panda are scarcely over a hundred miles from Lorenzo ques as the crow flies, but the easiest to reach them is to take ship to the of Inhambane and strike inland due It was so that I and a kindred , the doctor, came upon them only days' ride from the sea, and found ting us our outfit and a hundred s," from among whom we were to our carriers. In Africa every negro, ever his age, is a boy to the whites.

'e were traveling in comfort and look- orward to bringing in many trophies; consequence, when we actually turned backs on civilization our belongings strung along on the heads of sixty ers, not including trackers, gun-bear- ers, horse-boys, personal servants, and the guides picked up and dropped at each shooting locality. For this native army we carried food for two days. The administrator of the district, who accompanied us, and aided us most generously in handling the blacks and in a dozen other ways, had with him his own staff.

I believe that to every intelligent big-game shot occasionally come moments when he has disturbing qualms as to the ethics of killing. How can a man love game and still kill it? That is a question that plunges down to elementals, and, like all the fundamental queries that are eternally argued and never settled, it is nicely balanced. In one scale lie all the refinements of civilization: the qualities of

mercy, justice, fair play, regard for the value of all life, and last, but not least in power, the fastidiousness that revolts from blood, suffering, and anything ugly.

The other scale is burdened with things sensuous in the least objectionable meaning of that distorted term. The desire to conquer is ten thousand years older than the training to let live. Ninety-nine boys out of a hundred feel a never-to-be-forgotten surge of the blood at knocking over their first sparrow with a pebble from a catapult, and yet almost every one of the ninety-nine would sense nothing but horror at killing the same sparrow were it caged. Why? Because in one case he feels like a sportsman and a victor and in the other he knows that he is a murderer.

Whether you believe in killing or not, here is the evolution of the sportsman in a single sentence: the child with a slingshot who to the tracking instinct that gets him near enough to the sparrow to shoot at it adds the skill to hit it; the boy who scorns to pot a sitting rabbit; the youth who gets his duck and partridge on the wing; the man who matches his silence, skill, and endurance against caribou, moose, and bear, mountain goat, ibex, and all the dozen ox-sized antelopes of Africa until he passes into the smallest graduate school in the world and faces the great triumvirate of sport, lion, buffalo, and elephant. Here at least we are on grounds above all quibbling, for it 's fair play and no favor at last, and the stakes are a life for a life.

But to get back to plain mutton, no sportsman on the Plains of Panda two years ago had any occasion for qualms. The whole district was in the throes of famine. Kraals were being deserted, men, women, and children were either dying the slow death of starvation or eking out their waning strength with roots, berries, and the oil sucked from semi-poisonous nuts. It was impossible for us to carry more than two days' food for our bearers. To keep them comfortably fed, our guns had to supply an average of a ton of meat for every shooting-day. This responsibility of supplying the camp with rations worries the sportsman more than any other. Every day, before he can look for trophy heads, spare the immature, or pay the tribute of courtesy to sex, he must kill for the pot.

There are so-called paradises of sport where there is no problem, because a man can sit in the door of his tent and shoot enough to supply his daily needs, but the Plains of Panda are not in that class. They harbor in well-defined districts water-buck, sable, wildebeest, reedbuck, eland, koodoo, bushbuck, zebra, inyala, and elephant, not to mention lion, leopard, and hyena; but for one and all you must travel, search, track, and stalk. Blank days are few, but on at least one occasion for each of us we covered over thirty miles, and returned dead-beat at evening to the meager consolation of not having to clean rifles.

WATER-BUCK

Early morning and mist, but I started long before sunrise on that first day, hungry only for the sight of game. The dew hung heavy on the grass, and weighed it down. My mule, lop-eared and sleepy-eyed, padded along the narrow clay path, her nose almost touching the back of the boy in front. There was a chill in the air that pierced a heavy tweed jacket as though it were cheese-cloth and made the half-naked Kafirs shrivel even as they walked.

Dawn came; the gray mist turned white. The boys, so far sensed only with nose and ears, slowly grew into sight. The local guide headed the line; next to him came the tracker Madada, carrying the chosen rifle for the day. The horse-boy followed him as closely as I and the mule followed the horse-boy. The mule's tail switched the shins of Edie, my Swahili servant, who was not only cook, wash-boy, valet, lightning tent-erecter, and interpreter in four dialects, but also as steady and fearless a gun-bearer as ever stood by and watched a white man get rattled. He carried my second gun, and behind him marched the bearer of a little canvas bag half full of loose cartridges,

The sable

and carrying as well two water-bottles and the tiny pocket kodak with which were made all the field illustrations for this article. Behind him trailed eight ordinary porters, looking pessimistic, who were to bring in the spoils, if any.

We marched for an hour that seemed like three, and the mist still held; then the sound of a breaking twig pierced the silence. Natives and mule stopped in their tracks. There was a swish of grass, and a form like a ghost, a mere dark blur in the mist, crossed our path in a fast walk and faded from sight. It happened so quickly that Madada's arm was still raised in an effort to pass me the gun when I realized that I had seen my first water-buck.

"Piva!" whispered Edie. "Water-buck, Master!"

I dismounted, and took the rifle from Madada, already stripping for the day's work. Naked but for a shoe-string around his waist and a bangle, he crept forward to the spoor, and I after him. In another moment we were alone with silence out there in the mist. The mule and the boys we left behind seemed suddenly part of yesterday. Madada's gleaming body crept forward swiftly, but cautiously. He stooped low to see the spoor, but occasionally stood erect, and strove to pierce the mist with his eyes and ears and nose.

A faint breeze passed over us and twisted the mist into wisps. The next second there came a snort, a plunge, and a rush. We heard much, but we saw nothing. Madada's body relaxed. I sighed, handed him the gun, turned to go back to the *safari,* and bumped into the mule.

The same breeze that had carried our taint to the game bestirred itself and swept off the mist. The sun blazed out, and I gazed on the first of the Plains of Panda; for they are not one, but many, divided from one another by long ridges, low spurs, and slightly arching hills, occasionally thickly forested.

Twenty yards away, on the brim of a rise, was a tree. Madada crawled to it, peeked into the valley beyond from its cover, turned, and grinned. In a moment I was beside him, in another I was gazing upon so calm a pastoral scene that it was hard to believe it was not some meadow

far away home. A herd of half a dozen water-buck were taking their ease at the edge of a vast pan of short-cropped grass fringed with spear-like reeds, parched brown. Three lay on a knoll peacefully chewing their cuds; two grazed, heads down; the sixth stood apart. He was the bull, and had caught a whiff of tainted air.

He stood a quarter of a mile away, and beyond our tree was no possible cover. We withdrew cautiously, and started on a long detour. Half an hour later, using a fringe of reeds for a blind, we drew near—so near that I could see the noble poise of the bull's head as he still gazed away to the spot where he had last sensed danger. I leveled my rifle.

A snort from an unseen cow so near us that it made me jump, then a plunge, a scurry, with Madada imploring, "Shoot, *baas!*" the pull of the trigger, the report of the rifle, all happening in a single second of time. I had aimed for the shoulder of the bull and missed. I had seen the bullet strike far beyond, throwing up a puff of dust; but the bull did not run.

We rushed forward out of the screen of reeds into the open. Again I fired, again the puff of dust far beyond; but the bull sank to his knees.

"*Chahile! Chahile stalecka!*" yelled Madada. "Hit and hard hit!" He stood, puzzled, for it is by the ear, and almost never by the eye, that the native passes verdict on a shot.

The five cows had scattered, and were galloping awkwardly in various directions, one of them bearing to the left in a half-circle well within range. Twice the rifle spoke, and twice came back the long *whing* of the bullet that travels on unchecked. Once more I shot, now with the last cartridge in the chamber, and from the far, still distance came back a faint *phut*.

"*Chahile!*" yelled Madada, this time with no doubt, and I turned to find the cartridge-boy at my elbow dancing a weird step, but holding toward me a fresh load.

It took only a moment to photograph the fallen bull and give him his *coup de grâce*. Then the mystery of those first two shots was explained: they had passed through his neck as though it were nothing, and followed out their range to the ground.

Madada was already cruising for the blood spoor of the wounded cow. As I mounted the mule he found it, and a moment later we were off with diminished forces on the long stern-chase. Here came a test of sportsmanship, the following of blood spoor after a chance shot through long hours of a blazing day, through heat, hunger, thirst, and weariness. If the tracker is strong and greedy, he will tell you that the blood is clotted or that it flows with a pulse and a spurt, and that the game is just beyond the next rise; if he is tired, he sighs, lags, and tells you it 's blood from the stomach or just a flesh wound, and that the game will not stop this side the temperate zone. This is the moment when the sportsman needs a little knowledge of his own and the courage to back it.

On this occasion Madada was fresh and eager. He swept forward with a swift, sure stride, scarcely pausing now and then to snatch up a blood-laden blade of grass. Presently he stopped under a shady tree and squatted. I called for Edie and explanation. Edie interpreted, "Cow go by-by just now," which, being reinterpreted, meant that the wounded game would soon lie down to rest, and would stiffen beyond the power of a sudden rise and a long run.

I dismounted, ate a biscuit, drank the last of the water, and sat down, my back to the trunk of the tree. All about me the boys sprawled, faces down, and slept. I picked up a twig and broke it absently in little pieces. Beyond the rim of shade the hot day glared on the vast parched undulations of the plain. The solitude and the stillness were immense, unbroken by a single spiral of smoke. The mind, freed from the caging thought of any fixed habitation, roved, soared, and settled. Before glazed, half-closed eyes passed the panorama of the day in minute detail up to this pause, this anticlimax looking forward still breathlessly to the epic's final period.

A koodoo cow

It is to such moments as these that the sportsman owes his enduring gratitude, for they engrave on the mind an ineffaceable memory so clear-cut that years after he cannot only relive the hours at will, but can bring to the senses of any kindred spirit the feel of the air, the set of wind and clouds, the smell of dry leaves and dust, the freshening of the spoor, the hot odor of sign, the breathless pause, the shot, and the plunging rush of hard-hit game.

SABLE

Amid the imposing array of major antelopes to which shall be given the title of king? The mild-eyed eland is the largest, but he is as stupid and as gentle as a sleepy ox despite his bulk. If courage were all, one might pick the bushbuck, the only one of the whole class that will attack a man for the fun of the thing; but he is so small that he marks the border-line between major and minor. For sheer majesty, pride of bearing, and rareness, the inyala is unrivaled; but he is monogamous and shy, two serious defects in an Eastern potentate. The wildebeest cannot be spared from his rôle as buffoon of the court, the reedbuck is too intimately associated with the camp larder, the hartbeest is an idiot, the roan a mere poor relative of the sable, the water-buck too cowlike, and the koodoo too gentle and cautious for the glorious trophy that adorns his small head.

There remains the sable antelope, known to the native of the east coast of Africa as the pala-pala. The sable is as big as a good-sized steer, he is noble in appearance and well armed, presents himself boldly to the public view, counts his wives by the dozen, and has a high vindictive courage once he is wounded. He is more stolid, more established, than the inyala, and almost as swift, almost as handsome. Alone among the antelopes he has a belligerent eye. I take off my hat to him and crown him.

It is the ambition of every trophy-hunter to meet a lone sable bull. The idea is that such bulls are bound to be fully matured. They are scarred warriors too old longer to hold unchallenged sway in the herd, and who have wandered off alone to ruminate over past battles, their triumphant rise, and sickening fall. But I learned that the lone sable is often a dis-

appointment. My friend the doctor secured one veteran whose mask was so marred and horns were so old and corroded that the head was worthless as a trophy. I met two on different days and felled them, only to find that they were relatively young, and wandering alone merely through pique or a love-affair gone wrong.

But the lasting lure of the chase lies in the fact that one literally never knows one's luck. One is seldom "led up" to his finest trophies. It was so with me. On a keen, clear morning I was out for meat. The pot was empty, and the guns were out with orders to kill anything, male or female, from a pig up.

Just as the sun arose we startled a herd of sable, heard them rush away unseen, sighed, and grimly settled down to running up the spoor.

For three weary hours we followed the wide trail of the big herd. Madada never slackened his pace, the mule ambled doggedly and almost slept from the monotony, the boys padded along behind, occasionally scraping the sweat from their brows and switching it off their fingers. The sun was very hot.

A tracker is like a dog, useless when he is too eager. Madada was very hungry and had never in his life heard the old saw about more haste, less speed. He swept around a sparsely wooded point and suddenly stopped, stunned at the magnitude of his stupidity, powerless even to go through the motions of handing me the gun.

The eye is quick, about a million times quicker than the pen. What I saw was this: in a big saucer of flattened grass thirty sable antelopes lying down, packed side by side so closely that their brilliant black-and-white markings were like the stripes of a single rug. Their arching horns seemed all to point one way, like a forest of black reeds bent double by the wind. Then the whole rug rose as by a single impulse, shot forward, and swept suddenly from sight, snatched from vision as quickly, as miraculously, as the magic carpet of Arabian lore.

I turned on Madada and raised clenched fists on high.

"*Gashly!*" I yelled. "How often have I told you, '*Gashly!*' Slow! Slow! You animal! You numskull! Tracker? You ought to go to your kraal and help the women pound corn!"

Madada could not blush, for he was as black as a pickled walnut, but his six feet of glistening bronze stood very tense under the grinning jeers of the rest of the boys. It was useless to follow the frightened herd at once, so we called a halt. During the siesta I had time to realize that the tracker had some excuse. There had been nothing in the spoor to show that the sables were about to lie down. They must have doubled on their own track.

When we started again I abandoned the mule and carried my gun. I was taking no more risks. To Madada this was an added reproof that put him more than ever on the alert. We put mile after mile behind us at a steady swing, but approached every bit of screening cover with the utmost caution. What was our chagrin to hear the low whistle that means "Game in sight" come from one of the boys in the rear.

At the signal every one squatted as suddenly as though one wire controlled the underpinning of the lot of us. Sheltered by the two-foot grass of the plain, an excited porter crawled to the front of the line on his belly. He whispered to the tracker. Madada's head rose slowly, turned, and slowly sank. He tapped his rump, a signal for me to follow, and crawled first to one distant tree and then to another.

From the cover of the tree I gazed out in a direction at right angles to the spoor we had been following for hours. Far away across an open plain a dark mass was slowly moving. It was a troop of grazing sables. Two big trees stood between us and the herd, and there was no other cover save the sparse grass. Have you ever gone three hundred yards without raising any part of your body two feet from the ground? Try it.

When I reached the second tree I

A young bull sable found wandering alone, though still in full vigor

thought the palms of my hands must be bleeding, but they were n't; they only felt like it. I lay still for a moment, and looked around. Far back stood the lonely mule, lazily feeding. There was no sign of the boys. Then I stood up. Over two hundred and fifty yards away the sable still browsed peacefully. It was long range for a near-sighted man, but there was no help for it. I raised the rifle, slipped it through a crotch of the tree, aimed it.

Just as I was about to pull the trigger an agonized whisper sounded in my ear:

"Ikona, baas! Not that one. The bull. The big bull!" I shifted the rifle one beast to the left. *"Ya, baas!"* gasped Madada. *"Mculo staleka!* He 's a whale!"

"Ping!" went the rifle, and I thought I had missed, but Madada knew better. *"Chahile!"* he yelled, and plunged forward at a dead run.

The sables were sweeping across the plain in the tornado rush that is one of the finest sights known to man. They ran in a compact mass, but gradually a single bull began to fall behind, and suddenly swerved from the common course. It was for this moment that Madada was tearing ahead, to mark the point of divergence and save time in getting promptly on the blood spoor.

He found it and waited for me. We took up the trail, which almost immediately led us to a region dotted with clumps of trees. From one and then another we flushed the sable without the chance of a shot; then we came upon him. Mortally wounded, he hurled himself forward in one last desperate rush, clawing for every inch of life before he fell to two shots at the shoulder and bit the dust.

His was a head! No mere trophy this, but a gem. Girth, length, symmetry, vigor were there, coupled with a size that, while not a record, was still well into the class for honorable mention. I dared not leave the prize behind, though fifteen miles divided me from camp, a bath, a drink, and lunch, dinner, and supper in one. An hour later, the local guide and another boy carrying the head strung on a pole, the indispensable Edie, the mule, and I struck out for home, leaving the rest of the company to bring in the meat, no light load for six men.

The sun sank to level rays; a sudden chill filtered through the balmy air. I put

on my thick tweed jacket and buttoned it up, filled my pipe and lighted it. Before me bobbed the boys carrying the swaying trophy. The down-curving sweep of the splendid horns brushed the grass. Behind me Edie crooned a monotonous Swahili song. It was the one sound that could not mar the evening hour; by it one took the measure of the illimitable silence.

WILDEBEEST

Who can pass over the Plains of Panda and say no word for the wildebeest, the buffoon of all horned animals? Not I. In Panda he generally runs in herds of from thirty to forty head, but occasionally breaks away to feed or roam alone. At first sight a troop of him looks like a herd of bison in the old days on our own prairies, for he is high at the shoulder, hangs at the head, and peters off at the flanks; but on nearer view one sees that he is only a sickly caricature.

He does the funniest things without the slightest provocation, teeters like a see-saw, waves his hind legs in a Highland fling, and makes a pinwheel of his tail, which is a cross between that of a mule and a horse. Even when he is wounded he occasionally stops in his flight to go through his ludicrous repertory.

One afternoon, armed with a shot-gun, I was out for guinea-fowl with which to pamper overfed appetites. Edie followed, carrying a tiny high-powered .22-caliber rifle, apparently a boudoir toy. "Master," he whispered, "look!"

Over two hundred yards away stood a lone wildebeest staring at us with silly curiosity. We were in the middle of an open plain, and between us and the bull was a single tree. Instinctively I put the tree in the way of his line of vision, and turned on Edie. He held out the little rifle with a glitter in his eye and said he was hungry. I yielded to temptation, took the rifle, and we walked rapidly toward the wildebeest, but always keeping the tree in line. The chances were nine out of ten that he could not tear himself away before he saw what came out from behind that tree.

I stepped out from ambush and threw up the little rifle, as light as a plaything. The wildebeest stood almost facing me at 120 yards, squatting to grip the ground for his first plunge. I aimed for the shoulder, fired, missed by an inch, but lost nothing, for the tiny bullet caught his hip-bone and crushed it to a pulp. He sank to the ground in his tracks.

THE FOREST

The mild-eyed eland loves the forest, its cathedral trees, long vistas, and tapestried mosses, and I felt grateful for his choice of haunts when one morning I abandoned the mule and took up the spoor of a mighty bull. It was like following the footprints of a big horse with split hoofs.

The trail led us due west hour after hour, up and down dale, with never a stop. The eland was not feeding that day; he evidently had an appointment. We never caught up with him, never even freshened his spoor, which was only two hours old when we found it; but just as the back of the day was breaking we flushed a covey of the weirdest animals I had ever seen. At the first glimpse they looked like imitation camels. One galloped awkwardly into range, and instinctively I stopped it with a bullet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Koodoo cow," replied Edie, his mouth watering. I blushed with shame, looked into the koodoo's wondering eyes, and felt pity.

LION

I know the chagrin that a reader feels at following a hunt that does not lead to a kill, but I cannot skip my lone experience with lion without leaving certain valuable psychological observations to weigh indefinitely on my chest.

I went out one morning determined to wipe out the stain of having killed a koodoo cow without knowing it by bringing in the head of a koodoo bull, a trophy unexcelled for sheer beauty. With an eye to rapid and silent manœuvering I had with me only Madada, the local guide, the horse-boy, and two carriers. We took

Madada seated on the rump of the elephant

only one gun, my favorite, a single-barreled .318 express, one shot in the chamber, five more in the magazine.

At about eight oclock in the morning, as we were traveling in sparsely wooded country, Madada suddenly stopped, examined a faint cross spoor, stood up, and grinned.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Lion," said Madada and started on.

"Wait a minute," I called and dismounted.

"How many and when did they pass?"

"Three," said Madada. "A male and two females. They passed two hours ago." He showed me the time by the sun.

Lions in Panda seldom travel in daylight. If these had passed at six o'clock, they were making for cover in which to lie through the day. I motioned to Madada to take up the spoor. He stared at me, and I stared at him. I do not know what he was thinking, but I was remembering that only three days before this same Madada had implored me not to photograph a wounded wildebeest, and when I persisted, had thrown my gun at me and run.

As soon as he saw that I was not bluffing he grinned and set to work. I followed close on his heels; the mule and the four boys trailed after. In twenty minutes we came to the edge of a dense thicket that looked from where we stood as though it might be two miles in circumference.

Now comes the psychology, and we flush two vital truths. If, in the calm of the camp, any one had said that I would crawl into that thicket on my belly, with a single-barreled rifle, no supporting gun, and a handful of naked natives absolutely unarmed, I would have resented it just as one always resents being described as an idiot. Here are the truths: courage gets a man into a hole; he does not need it to help him out, for, once in, its work is done. In other words, fear is entirely anticipatory and is generally a symptom of indigestion.

At the edge of the thicket the spoor grew clearer. I motioned to Madada to fall behind. But it was not only my blood that was up. He gave me one pitying look, dropped the last vestige of a garment he had on, and, stark naked and with

empty hands, writhed his way on all fours into the bush. I followed slowly and painfully, for he had not put me to the test by offering to carry the gun. By the time we had gone five yards I had lost my hat, but I did not miss it even though the sun was already high. Rarely did one of its rays penetrate to the floor of the thicket, so densely were its contorted growths intertwined.

Madada often had to wait for me, but he did not waste such moments. I can see him now, crouched like some runner on his marks, as immobile as any bronze, but straining eyes, ears, and nose to their utmost range. Half an hour passed. We had covered only a hundred yards, but even so I had had no time, no inclination, to think. One can't think while one's pulse is racing. Suddenly, when we were in a veritable tunnel, I saw Madada shrink into himself and begin to crawl backward. With a lump in my throat, hands, arms, and legs trembling, but by no means paralyzed, I crawled by him, looked out, and saw—nothing.

He showed me where they had lain, the three of them, the male and the two lionesses. It was only a bare ten paces from where he had sighted them. I slowly realized that ten paces was the maximum range to be expected in this matted growth, and tried to take the lead, this time with no question of Madada's steadfastness, but despairing of a shot if I were not the first to spy the quarry. But Madada had small faith in my knowledge of woodcraft, of the little things that tell more than the mere spoor.

He glided on. Half an hour passed. Then in bush so thick that there was no chance of passing he again shrank into himself and suddenly lay flat. No mistaking that signal. I slid headlong over his naked body. I heard a faint, catlike padding of feet, the swish of a bent twig returning to rest. Gun-butt to cheek, I looked up, saw the lean, hind quarters of a lion moving at right angles to me not fifteen feet away. I guessed at where his shoulder would be, aimed, and fired.

The *"Whoomph!"* that came in answer was so deep, so reverberant, so awe-demanding that it brought me back to the verge of sanity. A tiny thin voice in the rear of consciousness cried out:

"What are you doing, you fool, you trifling fool! What are you playing with?" Then Madada whispered soundlessly in my ear:

"Chahile! Wounded!" and grinned.

We waited a breathless moment. All was silence. We went to the spot where the lion had been. Before hitting him the soft-nosed bullet had bored its way through the dead center of a two-inch tree. The lion had been merely scratched by the spent ball.

From the moment of the shot he traveled alone. Six times in six hours of that memorable day we came upon his bed, but he was not receiving callers. Every time, before composing himself for a nap, he would turn down-wind far enough to smell us before we got to the front door, thus giving himself time to clear. We never saw him again.

A thousand times, with cold sweat on my brow, I have wondered what would have happened if that shot of folly "into the brown" had gone one inch to the left or one inch to the right. The doctor says:

"I would n't worry—now. Even if it had, you would never have known;—you would n't have had time. Think it out."

And I answer him:

"Well, it was worth while. Six hours made up of unforgetable minutes, each one of them carrying a year's emotion and laughing under the load."

ELEPHANT

For many reasons the chase of the elephant stands at the apex of sport. As a man-killer in open combat he ranks with the lion and the African buffalo. He is the only beast that fears no other. While he will almost invariably run from the scent of man, he is as invariably ready to attack on the slightest provocation. Fear does not exist for him. His overwhelming bulk, power, speed, and intelligence make him supreme beyond the range of rivalry.

Local guide, tracker, and Edie (in the middle) holding tusks freshly chopped out

As though this were not enough to establish his preëminence, he alone carries a trophy which is one of the staple products of the industrial world. The value of ivory rises; it never fluctuates. Nor is this all. In the mind of the East the elephant is intimately associated with dignity, pomp, pageantry, and kingship; but in the mind of the native African he *is* king—a king in his own right.

In this regard let it be affirmed that no elephant born in Africa has ever docilely paced a hippodromed stage, trundled a circus wagon, or taken children for a ride in the park. Those sleep-walking cattle known to the American public as elephants come from India, and are mere bastard cousins to the king. You may have seen the African elephant in captivity, but never in subjection. Chain him to the floor behind iron bars, and after ten years he is still quick to throw muck in the face of the man that jeers at him.

We arrived in elephant country late in the afternoon. Immediately the local chief and all the huntsmen in the district, young and old, were called in for a conference. There is no space here to describe the interminable powwow that followed, a ceremony familiar to every African sportsman. In the end runners were sent out, and we settled down to wait a night, a day, a week, if necessary, for news of fresh bull spoor.

It came the next morning, but very late. I had got out on the wrong side of bed and felt pessimistic; it seemed foolish to start after elephant at nine o'clock in the day. The doctor, always patient when I was impatient, tried to soothe me. He suggested that we shoot together for a change, not because either of us was unwilling to stand up to elephant alone, but because the long rides home day after day, with no one to talk to, were absolute boredom to him.

We came to the spoor the runners had marked, and after one glance at it the experts declared with disgust that the tracks were those of two cows and a youngster of undetermined sex. It was the last straw. We raged at the runners, cursed them for taking us for greenhorns, raved at each other and at the universe in general, quarreled with the healthy sledgehammer remarks of old friends, and sepa-

rated for the day. The doctor won the toss, and picked his direction. I waited for a few minutes, and then followed his trail to reach a point where I could cross a swamp which barred my way to the south.

We had gone scarcely fifty paces when Madada stopped, and began to study a spoor of elephant. The spoor crossed the doctor's trail, and as his tracker had twice the experience of mine, I was sure we were wasting time. I told Madada to go on, that if his betters had left the spoor, it was because it was a cow's. He paid no attention save to raise his bare shoulders just to show he was listening. He wandered thoughtfully along the spoor, occasionally measuring a print with his two feet set heel to toe. Finally he turned, and motioned to me to follow.

"It is the spoor of a full-grown bull," he affirmed, and no argument of mine could move him from that stand.

No hunting requires more care and attention to detail than the tracking of elephant. Endless are the things to be taken into account and from two points of view. The native wants elephant meat at any price; the white man wants ivory, and incidentally knows that the fine for killing a cow is four hundred dollars. In following a herd it is the duty of the tracker to put his employer within range of sight and smell; once there, it is up to the white man to pick his bull and manœuver for one of the three possible killing shots, no easy task in thick forest where it takes five minutes to move a yard.

I have met elephant in varying circumstances and run the full gamut of sensations that attend the chase, but on the day in Panda of which I am writing the thrills were all anticipatory to the actual kill. But I did not know while I was feeling them that they were a false alarm. All I knew was that I was presumably on the track of a solitary bull, probably a belligerent rogue elephant, and every advance on the spoor keyed me to a finer edge.

There is no spoor like the spoor of elephant to lead you up and up by steady gradations to an inevitable climax. It is tracking in the terms of an epic, with crash and thunder at the end and man hurling the thunderbolt of Jove from the double mouth of an express-rifle.

Follow the spoor with Madada's eyes. First just the footprints, mighty, wrinkled splotches in the sand, over four feet in circumference, leading away from the swamp-land in a steady, winding ascent through open forest. Then the black mark that two hours ago was a puddle. It was too dry to mean anything beyond assurance that the spoor was of to-day. Next came a sign, like a large loaf of bread made of straw. Madada broke it open with his toe. Big black beetles scurried out of it; but it, too, meant little, for it was already cold.

We came upon a broken branch and farther on a half-chewed twig. This was better; the elephant was not in a hurry; he was taking time to feed. An hour passed. Again a puddle-mark; but this time there was still a moist gleam on its surface. Madada smiled, his pace grew tense, eager, but slackened in speed. Again a sign. Into it he thrust his toes. It was still warm. He told me so with a grin and wide eyes.

The open forest died away; there was a clearing, and beyond it a vast sea of matted saplings rarely over twelve feet high. Here and there rose the dome of a big tree. This was the elephant bush, a growth quite different from the lion thicket, absolutely impenetrable except in the wake of the ponderous beast that had gone before, but open to the sky. The scattered big trees that arose in it were the shelters under one of which the elephant would pass the heat of the day. Once in that bush, there were no cross-cuts. To find the right tree, one must plod in the steps of one's prey.

I dismounted and left the mule behind. The day was terrifically hot. In the midst of the sapling forest there was never a sign of shade. Madada carried the double-barreled elephant gun, a weight of eleven pounds, though it was only a .450. I followed him, erect, for all the wire-like vines that matted the small trees together

had been snapped by the elephant as he plowed unconsciously along. Edie, as silent as a ghost, was at my back, carrying the second gun. Sweat dripped from my bare forearms, held up to ward off swinging branches, dropped from my eyebrows, and trickled down my neck from under the aching rim of my soft hat. My mouth felt dry, full of cotton, but I dared not spit.

Madada stopped at a fresh sign; it was still steaming faintly. A stillness that seemed to transcend the absolute invested his naked body. It was an active stillness. It beat in on the brain. The rise and fall of my chest became a noise. A faint wisp of moving air touched our sweating cheeks. With it came an odor—an odor that had traveled to us from far away. Madada's quivering nostrils dilated to huge proportions. It was the smell of elephant.

We moved on, carrying silence with us as though it were a cloak. The spoor began to wander in short turns; it made a circle, unfailing signal that the elephant was about to stop in the shade for the midday rest. Madada stretched to his full height, looking for the domes of big trees. There were several in sight. Then a ghost of thunder troubled the stillness, a sound that just spent itself and died as it reached the ear. Madada read it: it was the rumbling in the stomach of the elephant.

Instinctively I half reached out for the gun, but Madada raised a restraining hand and smiled. Cautiously he advanced on the spoor. For twenty minutes we meandered; our pace was that of a snail. The domes of three trees loomed up before us, two to the right, one a hundred yards to the left. The spoor gave a turn, headed toward the two trees. Madada stopped; his shoulders drooped; his whole body seemed to wilt. On those two trees we could not move undiscovered, for the wind was wrong.

There is no helplessness like the helplessness of such a moment. How make a detour in bush so thick that if you hurled yourself headlong into it, you would scarcely bury the half of your body? There were two courses to follow. Either wait in the broiling sun for a change of wind, running every moment the risk that a puff of air might carry a taint to the game, or walk on and take equal risks of quite another kind. I decided on the latter.

We had gone only twenty paces when in the twitching muscles of Madada's body I visualized a sudden change as from a dirge to a pæan of joy. He cast one glad look over his shoulder. The spoor had taken a sudden turn, and was bending away toward the lone tree on the left. The wind was for us, after all. I needed no one to tell me so, for an odor hung in the air like a heavy cloud—the odor that whispers, "Elephant!" whether you 've ever smelled it before or not.

Madada stole on along the winding alley. His head was up; his eyes seemed fixed to the front, yet never did his silent feet fall on a twig or a crackling leaf. Where he stepped I stepped. So close was I upon him that when he suddenly stopped, our bodies touched in a soft collision. He turned his face. His mouth was open in a mighty, silent laugh. He lay his head on his hand. I read the gesture. The elephant was lying down, asleep.

Astounding news, for I had been taught with a million others that elephants never lie down. But no time, this, for academic speculation, and I took the big gun. Edie glided to my side. One step forward, and I passed the curtain of brush. Before me, its head not ten paces away, lay a mountain of flesh.

My rifle was up for the shot, but I paused. I was in a ludicrous quandary. There are only three recognized killing shots for elephant, the heart, the temple, and the crown of the brow. For either of the first two I would have to toss a rope in the air and climb it; for the third I would have to plow ten feet into impenetrable bush.

I decided to wake the elephant. A generous, but ignorant, sportsman might have done this by tossing a stick at him, and never lived to tell the tale, for a startled elephant invariably charges in the direction in which he happens to be headed. I

woke him with a shock equal to two tons of falling brick—a shot from the double-barreled .450 parallel to his right tusk. He raised his head in apparent mild surprise. I planted a bullet in his left temple. He lay down again, dead. In the language of Broadway, but literally, he never knew what hit him.

A week later, in the club at Lorenzo Marques, "Do elephants lie down?" became the question of the day. The head of the Sabie Reserve, the greatest authority on the habits of South African game, was appealed to. Major Hamilton replied, "Elephants never lie down." I found myself going bankrupt in paying for drinks every time any one said "Elephant." Then came the welcome book of James Sutherland, the professional hunter who counts the elephants he has slain by hundreds, whose amazing total three years ago was just short of the half-century mark. In six pages he says that there is still an idiotic legend that elephants do not lie down; that he has seen at least twenty taking their ease, and that they both lie down and get up as easily as cats.

Sitting here, half-way between the grind of Broadway and the whir of Fifth Avenue, I try to realize that the Plains of Panda are ten thousand miles away, and cannot. I hear only the rumbling in the bellies of elephant, a sound as of some cathedral organ gone wrong. The haze of cigarette smoke hanging gray-blue on the bastard mahogany-trees, the solitudes of vast unpeopled plains, the tonal painting of the distant temba-forest against the setting sun, the swift death of a day of days, crowd to my mind and bear it far away. To kill or not to kill; let others wage the long polemic. For myself, I only know that my barbarism has given me wings.

New Dreams for Old

By CALE YOUNG RICE

IS there no voice in the world to come crying,
"New dreams for old!
New for old!"
Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary, and cold.
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.
Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:
Only for new dreams!
New for old!

For I am here, half-way of my journey,
Here with the old!
All so old!
And the best heart with death is at tourney,
If naught new it is told.
Will there no voice, then, come, or a vision,
Come with the beauty
That ever blows
Out of the lands that are called Elysian?
I must have new dreams!
New for old!

Veiled Island

By MARJORY MORTEN

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

I LOOK back now at those curious days of my visit with Caroline as if I had been out of the picture, watching the others framed by their common interest, living and functioning independently on different strata of intelligence, speaking the same dialect while thinking in a language foreign to each other, and yet, in defiance of all accepted precepts, building out of their varying qualities a remarkably comfortable domicile to house them all.

When I left, Caroline said that although I had not done much work, she hoped I had stored away mental notes for future pictures, and that possibly I might even be able to make little portrait sketches of them all from memory. But despite the fact that I 'm a painter, busy with surfaces,—or perhaps because I am for that reason familiar with the masks people wear,—I preferred to trust my ears rather than my eyes, and I was taking away three thumb-sketch talks to add to my collection of what I call my auricular portraits. Sometimes a single phrase, casually dropped, is as definite a clue to individuality as a finger-print; and here I had had on three successive days fragmentary, but significant, glimpses of the three of them, Caroline, her Millicent, and Caroline and Millicent's Arnold. I had almost forgotten Jetur Gates; but I had him, too, without any words at all. The three glimpses were characteristic to the point of caricature, and the first one was Millicent.

The day after my arrival, taking my sketch-box, I had climbed a little hill topping the island, and there, with nothing on earth to distract me but sea and sky, I had felt no inclination to paint. I preferred to lie flat on my back in the heather under a sky lumpy with clouds, and mauve-blue, like the inside of a mussel-shell.

Middle age hates to be caught napping,

and I opened my eyes briskly at the *chuck-chuck* of a motor-boat. That would be Millicent coming back from the mainland with the mail. I lay watching the little boat bounce across the bay,—an old sail-boat fitted with a one-cylinder motor,—a noisy, unpleasant little tub I had found it when Millicent fetched me from the train. She was running the thing herself and as she turned in, abruptly skirting the shore below me, I wondered indifferently enough what large, dark object she had in the stern of the boat. She appeared to be leaning against it, and black across her green coat was something that suggested an encircling arm.

It was indeed an arm, I realized sharply. Millicent was carrying a passenger, was, in fact, kissing him. A remarkably deliberate kiss it seemed as I watched them disappear around an elbow of the island. They had not even at that distance the look of two people who had lost their heads. The boat was not veering from its course, and there was about them an air of watchfulness, caution, and alertness. They had not, of course, bargained for the protective coloring of my heather-brown figure on the hilltop. Millicent had left me knitting in the veranda with her mother.

Now, your onlooker, in the presence of the lawbreaker, maintains a distinctly violable and elastic sense of responsibility. His righteous reactions are for the most part caused by discomfort or anger. Poaching is only a heinous offense when our own preserves are threatened, and a stolen kiss outrages us when it makes us either jealous or fearful. This was no concern of mine, and it was really not the kiss itself that so greatly astonished me as the fact that there was a young man at all. Caroline spent her summers on her fog-shrouded island, cut off from the world to the point of insulation, that she might literally keep young Millicent under her wing; and in the light of Caroline's complacency nothing certainly that Milly might do could surprise me so much as what she herself was.

I had been totally unprepared for this girl who had met me at the station the day before. This lean and agile young person, wearing a poisonous-looking, mineral-green jersey, her brown head tied up in a striped handkerchief, was indeed a surprising offshoot of my reactionary Caroline. She had bold eyes, discreet lids, and a very charming, deferential manner. Carrie clearly was responsible for the manner and for nothing else, and I wondered with an unexpected twinge of curiosity what incongruous mating had produced this strange child. I remembered Caroline's marriage, sudden and unheralded, her prolonged honeymoon abroad. I had not been in touch with her at the time, had never seen her husband, and had not heard of his tragic death in Florence until long afterward, when Carrie brought the baby home and established herself in a small, ugly, and exceptionally comfortable house in Yonkers.

We had known each other, Carrie and I, at boarding-school in our early teens, and she had for all these years tenaciously held the thin thread of our friendship. She had not the gift of making friends,—that requires a touch of prodigality,—but she fastened upon those with whom she rubbed elbows on the way. Children she had played with, girls she had known at school, her husband's friends and family connections, her own relatives and their intimates—all these were grist to her mill.

In much the same fashion she had acquired her views of life. She had never definitely formed an opinion for herself, but she had treasured the ideas imposed upon her in malleable years. These she kept, if not intact, at any rate in a remarkable state of preservation, and as she never listened to anything that threatened the integrity of this collection, she had in her stock virtually all of the Victorian principles that have survived the weaning of feminism. Despite the rough-and-tumble tossing that passes nowadays for conversation, Caroline was rarely hit. She had the safeguard of perfect complacency. She presented to the world a smooth, egg-like surface, and few are curious or hardy

"'I was scared for a minute, Miss Cutter. I thought you might tell mother. But you 're not the sort of person who tells things for the joy of telling, and you 're too wise, are n't you, to think it would do any good? So it 's all right'"

enough to break such a shell and take the consequences. Such was Caroline.

I had not seen her child for years. Now, confronted with Millicent, the minx, I groped confusedly for certain bland phrases in my friend's letter inviting me to visit.

. . . I am, you know, an old-fashioned mother. . . . Milly's life has been very sheltered—her winters at Miss Apthorpe's admirable school, her summers here quite alone with me . . . seems happy with her books and wholesome outdoor life. Arnold Blake comes often for the week-end—much

older, of course, but such a *sound* man . . . not wealthy, but very comfortably off. . . . I shall, if all goes well, gladly give my little girl into his keeping.

A decided discrepancy here! And I realized that instead of the relaxing glimpses of old-fashioned domesticity that I expected, I had fallen into a prickly bed of small intrigue. It 's a curious fact that flagrant acts are apt to pass unchallenged. If I had seen the girl walking demurely on the beach with her young man I should have frankly questioned her; but even with the advantage of my eminent maturity I could not say, "Millicent, I saw you kissing a strange person at three o'clock this afternoon."

I determined to stay where I was on the hilltop until tea-time; then Milly would be sent to fetch me. She would find me facing the bay, with my horn-rimmed spectacles on my nose, and if the astonishing creature chose to think me blind, she would also find me dumb as far as her doings were concerned.

Play of cloud and cloud-shadow and the amiable twittering of sandpipers engrossed me until Millicent's voice shrilled:

"O-h-h, Miss Cutter! Oh, *there* you are! I 've been looking for you everywhere. Tea 's ready." Charmingly windblown, confidently smiling, she faced me. "Been here all afternoon?"

I nodded.

"Been napping or painting or admiring the view?"

"Mostly that—admiring the view."

"See anything interesting?"

"Well—yes."

At that her smile widened, her lids narrowed, and she gave me for one long moment a searching look at once anxious and bold. In that moment she considered flight, defiance, evasion, while I continued to eye her placidly over the top of my spectacles. Then she sighed, relaxed, and dropped cross-legged in the sand beside me.

"I was scared for a minute, Miss Cutter. I thought you might tell mother. But you 're not the sort of person who tells things for the joy of telling, and you 're too wise, are n't you, to think it would do any good? So it 's all right."

"Oh, is it?"

"Well, I mean I 'll tell you about it. It did n't occur to me to-day that you might be on this side of the island. That boy in the boat with me was Jetur Gates; his father is captain of the life-saving crew. I think you saw him last night when he brought the crabs?"

"Oh!"

"That 'oh' of yours, Miss Cutter, holds all the accumulated prejudice of the ages. If I 'd said he was Percival Holloway, who had come down to write about crustaceans, you would n't be shocked."

"Keep to the point," I interrupted dryly. "What is it you 're going to tell me? I know what you 're doing: you 're flirting with some one who brings the crabs, and who, nevertheless, may be an extremely nice boy, and you are virtually engaged to Arnold Blake. Can you by any chance tell me what you *are?*"

"I 'm not a silly girl, and I 'm not a blind tool of nature, Miss Cutter. I 've got a free mind and I use it. We go in for all the new ideas at school—genetics, eugenics, and everything."

"Well, this is hardly—"

"No, it 's not eugenics," she broke in blithely; "but I mean we know what every one is doing and thinking nowadays, and Miss Apthorpe is a feminist—"

"And what do you mean by feminism, Millicent?"

"Oh, well, it amounts to getting out of our coops and scratching about to see what we can find. We 're all so fed up with doing what we 've been told to do—you know we are. Naturally we 'll get into scrapes and follow blind alleys sometimes, because we have n't got any maps. But that 's the way maps are made, is n't it? There 'll be squealers who 'll run back home shrieking: 'Lock the door quick! I nearly got my head bitten off by a monster!' And of course mothers and aunts will gnash; but that 's got to be. Look at history. All the people who 've done anything on their own have made their fami-

"'Tell me something about your life abroad with Herbert Oglesby,' I urged, watching a bubble of rose madder break and spread and shiver as it met and merged . . into a splash of cobalt blue. 'You were very happy together?'"

lies miserable. Jeánne d'Arc's mother probably threatened to lock her up and send for the parish priest."

I said at that:

"O Millicent, where 's your sense of humor? You 're a silly child, nibbling at food hardly fit for grown-ups, and whether it gives you a bad pain, or you happen in some way to thrive on it, is n't going to matter to any one."

"Well, it matters to me," Milly replied, with a reluctant grin. "I 'm an individualist, I am."

"You think," I ventured after a pause, "that because you are, as you say, an individualist, that you must work out a new code of morality?"

"Ellen Key says—"

I interrupted crossly:

"If you pick bits here and there from books, you can find anything you like."

"Well, don't we all do that, even with

the Bible? Every sect and cult chooses the parts that justify its beliefs. You probably like the Book of Job; mother 's keen on St. Paul; I like the Songs of Solomon. I think it 's the most beautiful love-poem in the world. We can get from books only what we 're keyed to get."

"Have you ever tried to discuss these things with your mother?" I asked, fully aware of the futility of my question.

Millicent threw up her hands.

"Mother? My blessed mother! Why, she 's on the other side of the wall altogether. She 's in the garden; I 'm on the highroad. I listen to what she says, but it does n't fit *me*. She said the other day, 'Remember, dear, that no nice girl ever kisses a man unless she 's engaged to him.' And when I insisted, 'But, Mama, how is one to know whether one wants to be engaged unless—' she said: 'How crude innocence is, dear child! You will learn to love after marriage, not before.' Now, I ask you, Miss Cutter, what can a girl do but dope it out her own way when she 's got a darling mother like that?"

"But, Millicent," I protested, with one despairing glance over the dunes in the direction of the cottage where Caroline sat at her knitting in a rocking-chair, "has n't your dear mother ever for one moment recognized the charming little viper she has nourished for eighteen years?"

Milly's habitual small smile widened.

"Oh, no, Miss Cutter. Mother 's perfectly safe. She sees only what she expects to see; she 's closed to other things. We 're all like that, I think, unless we consciously keep ourselves pried open. Perception is like a wound that wants to heal—you keep yours open, don't you, dear Miss Cutter? It must hurt sometimes, does n't it?"

"There must also be a great deal of deliberate deceit on your part," I returned sharply.

Milly sighed.

"Mother 's unfortunately the sort of person one tells big lies to while being very honest about small things; the big lies are n't called for very often because she 's usually intent on details. If I tell her that I 've been in swimming and got my hair wet and saw a black snake on the beach, it naturally does n't occur to her to ask if any one kissed me."

There was in her tone no flavor of her usual deference. She conveyed, together with an affectionate impatience, an air of understanding that made it difficult for me not to feel like a fellow-conspirator. It was with a distinct sense of guilt that I murmured:

"Tell me about Jetur Gates."

Millicent began briskly:

"Well, we used to go swimming together—you know, I said good-by to him to-day; we 're not to see each other any more. I 'd go in alone below here, and Jetur would row over in his bathing-suit and meet me. Have you ever kissed anybody under water, Miss Cutter? It 's amusing. We 'd dive, and then come up and tread water, and sink again and open our eyes. I shall always remember Jetur as he looked then, green and wavery. It was delicious to be with somebody who did n't add ism to any words. He has very wonderful eyes: they look as if he 'd never read anything in his life. Do look at his eyes particularly when you see him, Miss Cutter."

"What about Arnold's eyes?"

"Oh, he has the usual cooked-looking eye when his glasses are off, but I like him immensely."

"Milly, what, exactly, have you been up to?"

"Well, don't you see, I wanted to find out how important sex attraction was for me—how large a part it would play in my life. Now I know that it does n't weigh nearly as heavily for me as other things. Suppose I had married without knowing anything,—you understand one could n't flirt with Arnold,—I might have let men make love to me out of curiosity. As it is, I shall be altogether too busy with other affairs."

"And you 're determined to marry Arnold?"

"Of course. He 's just right for me. You would n't want me to marry Jetur

Gates, I hope? Mother certainly would n't."

I had not till then thought at all of Jetur Gates's side of the question. It occurred to me that he had some bitter hours ahead. I suggested to Milly that she seemed to be ignoring his feelings entirely. She gave me a round look.

"You don't think he wants me to marry him! Why, what would he do with me? What should I do with him? You don't understand at all, Miss Cutter."

At that I got to my feet, feeling age in every joint, shouldered my easel, and observed that it was long past the tea-hour.

THE next day, driven under cover by a vicious east wind, Caroline and I sat together in a sheltered corner of the veranda. Carrie, quaintly corseted, and enveloped in a spotted silk gown that shrouded her plump figure as a tea-cozy shrouds a tea-pot, was busy with a stocking-bag. Her neat and clumsy clothing always makes me feel vaguely indecent. My frocks are frankly designed with a view to enhancing my meager charms; Caroline is a unique survival of the day when bodice and petticoat, skirt and shawl, layer on layer, were a practical denial of beauty of form within.

It was impossible to be idle in Carrie's house. I sat balancing a drawing-block on my knee, splashing in gouache a sketch of yellow dune spotted with candleberry-bushes. From time to time my friend looked up from her stocking and eyed my drawing apprehensively. My only dissipation—and it is just that—is an effort to outdo the raw colorists of the moment.

"You don't care for the new art, Caroline?"

"Modern paintings are so untidy, my dear!" came Caroline's flat, placid voice. "No smooth edges. They 're so flyaway and loud, and they never seem twice alike when I look at them. They upset me. Is that what you 're trying to do—upset people?"

Then Millicent, dressed for a swim, bounced out of the door, banging the screen behind her.

"Of course that 's it, Mama, and I like to be upset and surprised. Art should n't pat you on the back, should it, Miss Cutter? And I always think when I look at these new men's pictures that they were surprised, too, when they painted them. I like that."

She nodded sharp approval of my sketch, kissed the top of her mother's head, and ran down the path and over the edge of the bluff, pulling over her ears as she ran a rubber cap of the poisonous green she affected.

"Carrie," I said abruptly, clipping my words in an effort to detach her attention from the silk-covered darning-egg in her lap—"Carrie, where did this new generation come from? Is it just a reaction or is it really a new species? It seems as different from the past generation as man is from ape. I have an uneasy feeling that there 's a missing link somehow between the two."

Caroline shirred her lips. Pale, wrinkled lips they are, blurred in outline, but when she shirrs them, pulls them in as if an invisible string were tightened, they become formidably prim.

"I don't know what you mean by a missing link; but I do not at all approve of young people's ways nowadays. My friends think that I have been too strict with Millicent. It was for her own good. Obedience seems to be a dead letter with most mothers, but Millicent has never disobeyed me in her life."

"Oh!"

With a feeling almost of panic I sought to change the subject. Perhaps it was well that Carrie found no fault in her girl; it would indeed have taken a heavier hand than hers to blunt the edge of Millicent's precocity.

"Tell me something about your life abroad with Herbert Oglesby," I urged, watching a bubble of rose madder break and spread and shiver as it met and merged into a splash of cobalt blue. "You were very happy together?"

Carrie fumbled her darning-egg. It was the first hint of uneasiness I had caught.

"Well, he was a wonderful man,—you 've seen his portrait,—very handsome! And he adored me. But, you see, I never somehow felt as if we were *married;* it seemed all the time as if I were doing something scandalous, we flew about so and ate at such queer hours, and never asked prices or remembered the time. I used to beg Herbert to come home and settle down; but he always shivered, and said that made him think of rich, hot gravy settling into cold mutton fat. It did n't last long, you know—eleven months. Poor Herbert! I met him here the summer before we married. It was foggier than usual that year, I remember, but he loved the fog—he named the place Veiled Island. He said that all women were lovely in the fog, especially American women, whose outlines are too sharp. But I knew I looked my worst, because my hair would n't stay in curl for even an hour."

"Is Millicent like her father?"

"She *looks* like him, has just his coloring; but in character and disposition she is like me, I think."

This silenced me for some moments. Then I brought out with seeming irrelevance:

"Caroline, are you an anti-suffragist?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed! I have attended one or two of their meetings; but they seem so unwomanly, so combative, though I 'm sure they mean well, and I really have n't time for *anything* outside of my home."

I had a glimmer of admiration for Caroline at that moment. Here was, by the grace of God, a clubless woman, here was a hint of force; for it takes a prodigious amount of will power nowadays to keep out of clubs and off committees.

Most of us take the line of least resistance in joining organizations, not so much deliberately seeking an outlet for energy as allowing ourselves to be swept along by the collective activity of the moment. I had then in my eye a grotesque image of Caroline holding fast to a dead log caught in the middle of a lively stream, her wide petticoats ballooning about her, making the best of her uncertain footing, deaf to the rush of rapids on every side. And I came back to tell her through the screen-door, after I had washed my dear brushes, that she was indeed unique; but she was already hurrying down the steps, carrying a large woolen shawl in which to wrap Millicent after her swim.

The next day Arnold Blake arrived, bearing the week-end quota of magazines and sweets, and we sat down to dinner that evening with the informal gaiety of a family party. I am not a portrait-painter, and I have no feeling for genre, but I wanted then to make a study of this little group in the candle-light. Arnold, at my left, sleek, well groomed, his figure held forcibly in trim, his scant dark hair etched precisely on the top of his head; genial, bland, fond of his food, exacting about his tobacco, with an affable and appraising, albeit somewhat weary, eye for woman, kind, and in his smooth face the amusing combination of shrewdness and stupidity so common in American business men.

Millicent, across the table, charming in a simple, but rather wonderful, little dress that glittered with the subdued iridescence of a beetle's back. She has not the kind of beauty that leaves the eye free to follow its inward vision; she arrests you, piques you, bothers your eye. You look away, thinking her lips too red, her eyebrows too agile; but you look back again and again, finding always fresh sources of pleasant irritation.

The physical sophistication of our young girls offends me more than their sophisticated minds. They even rather horribly seem aware of their youth as an asset. Millicent's clothes and gestures revealed a shrewd consciousness of every seductive point, and the most décolleté extreme could not so much have shocked me as did the demure way she contrived by turned-up hair and turned-down collar to show the golden nape of her thin neck. And between these two, like the blind mother of a pair of changelings, sat Caroline, in her spotted gown, smiling vaguely,

"The physical sophistication of our young girls offends me more than their sophisticated minds. They even rather horribly seem aware of their youth as an asset"

following the orderly progress of the meal with the detached, half-anxious look of the conscientious housewife.

I saw that each of them was amply protected from the other by selfishness, and I realized then that selfish people can be very happy together. It 's the combination of selfish and unselfish that is disastrous. Selfishness is quite another matter, though the distinction is n't often recognized.

Milly would have no romantic regrets for Jetur Gates. Jetur himself would turn with relief to the relaxing ties of his own kind. Arnold's complacency was inviolable, and Caroline would remain forever sealed.

THE next morning I found myself alone with Arnold in the boat-house. We had been watching Millicent make some rather spectacular dives, and as she ran up the steps to the house to dress, enchantingly slim and agile in her swimming-tunic, Arnold had sent after her a look of such proprietary pride that my gorge rose. All morning I had longed to disturb his satisfaction; now I 'd got him for the moment at my mercy.

"She 's a charming creature, is n't she?" I said.

"An adorable child," he returned, looking at me absently, the image of Millicent still before his eyes.

I remembered Milly's saying: "Arnold would n't want to marry me if I were twenty-eight instead of eighteen. His sort of man likes girls. They are n't awfully keen about women; they 're afraid of 'em."

"What is it exactly that attracts men of your age and type to girls like Millicent?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," he said. He gave me a glance, a look that carried a distinct appeal.

"We 're rather trying, are n't we, Mr. Blake—we outspoken spinsters?"

"You 're awfully clever," he assured me, smiling. "The world 's full of clever women nowadays."

"You don't really like us, do you?"

"I give you credit for great sincerity and determination."

"And sincerity is n't seductive? We 're in a graceless state, you see: we 've outgrown our ancient charms, and no new ones have been allotted to us. But who knows, perhaps before long men will think courage and candor lovable qualities, who knows?"

His blandness gave place to a look of tedium politely borne; so I returned to Millicent.

"Are you aware that this young girl of ours has an uncannily active brain, and that she is full of half-baked and rather dangerous notions?"

"Oh, she reads a lot—picks things up, I dare say; but I think she wears her opinions loosely for decorative effect—a sort of wreath of them without roots or stems. She 'll discard 'em fast enough if I tell her they 're not becoming."

He seemed rather pleased at the way he had put this, and I observed with some irritation:

"There 's, after all, nothing so distasteful to men as a woman with deep-rooted convictions."

"Well, Millicent 's too young to have any, and she 's very plastic," he declared, springing to his feet at the sound of the luncheon-gong.

"Plastic! You 've got an interesting time ahead of you molding Milly!"

But he had for me as we climbed the steps to the bluff only a brisk and almost truculent assurance that very shortly the beastly fog would drive us all back to town.

One more incident marked that day. We were sitting in the veranda in the late afternoon waiting for tea and watching Millicent.

In the self-toned pattern of the landscape, gray sand, gray sea, gray screen of mist, the patch of green grass before the cottage lay like a bright carpet, and with a view to an appreciative audience and an instinctive eye for effect, Milly chose this spot for her playground.

There every day after her swim she sat cross-legged, drying her hair; there when the sun shone she sprawled, petting a reluctant kitten; and there that day she tossed a red rubber ball, throwing it high and catching it with charming artlessness. I wanted to paint her so—arms upstretched, thin back arched. Then out of the fog came Jetur Gates, carrying a string of striped bass, bareheaded, brown-throated, tall and straight, and grave with the gravity of self-conscious youth. Caroline called out, speaking with the exaggerated kindliness she reserved for her inferiors:

"Oh, Jetur, may we have one? How nice! Will you leave it on the back porch?"

Jetur turned in at the kitchen path, smiling a little, reddening a little.

"A handsome string of fish," said Caroline, settling back in her chair.

"Say, rather, a handsome chap," Arnold boomed resonantly.

Carrie shirred her lips.

"Why, he 's a very nice, well-mannered boy. I never think of people of that class being handsome."

"No, I suppose women don't," he assented easily; "but the rule does n't work both ways. Kings admire beggar maids and that sort of thing."

Millicent paused, with head thrown back and arms flung wide, in the lovely pose of Nausicaa playing at ball.

"There is n't any rule that does n't work both ways," she said.

They smiled indulgently at that. I smiled, too.

I left the next day, and Arnold and Millicent took me to the train. After we had made our good-bys through the car-window, I heard Milly say:

"Don't let 's come down here after we 're married, Arnold, please. I 've finished with it, really."

Gallipoli

The Adventures of a Survivor

By A. JOHN GALLISHAW

Lance-corporal of the First Newfoundland Regiment

MR. GALLISHAW is a Newfoundlander by birth, and was for a time private secretary to two members of the Canadian cabinet. When the call for colonial troops went out in the autumn of 1914, he was a special student at Harvard, but gave up his course there to join the First Newfoundland Regiment. When the training period in Scotland was over, Mr. Gallishaw was dismayed to hear that instead of accompanying his friends to the Mediterranean, he was to remain in London and keep the records of the regiment for the War Office. The record-keeper is always selected from among the members of a regiment, and Mr. Gallishaw was better educated for the task than any other man in it.

This appointment being galling to an able-bodied young man who had enlisted to fight, not to do clerical work in London, when the time came for the regiment to embark, Mr. Gallishaw obtained permission to see it off, and, picking up a passable-looking kit, smuggled himself aboard the transport. The stewards, not knowing that he did not belong on board, gave him tickets for a state-room and for meals, and he remained in hiding in his state-room, his presence known to all the men, but unknown to the officers, until the boat had left Malta and there was no chance for him to be put off until they reached the Dardanelles. Then coming out of concealment, he was pardoned and reinstated.

He went through three months of the terrible Gallipoli fighting, and is now back at Harvard again, discharged on account of wounds received in active service. The following is his own story of that disastrous campaign in which the men from Newfoundland greatly distinguished themselves.—THE EDITOR.

HUSKY, steel-muscled lumbermen; brawny, calloused-handed fishermen; loose-jointed, easy-swinging trappers; athletes from the city foot-ball and hockey teams; and gawky, long-armed farmers joined the First Newfoundland Regiment at the outbreak of war. A rigid medical examination sorted out the best of them, and ten months of bayonet-fighting, physical drill, and twenty-mile route marches over Scottish hills had molded these into trim, erect, bronzed soldiers. They were garrisoning Edinburgh Castle when word came of the landing of the Australians and New-Zealanders at Gallipoli. At Ypres the Canadians had just then recaptured their guns and made for themselves a deathless name.

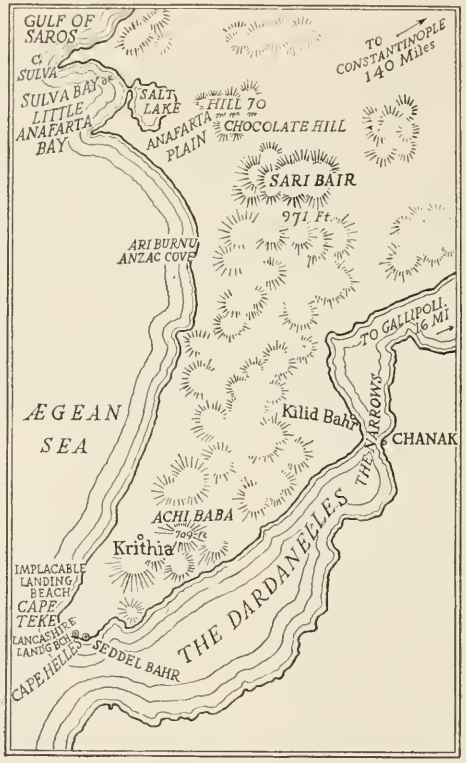
So the Newfoundlanders felt that as colonials they had been overlooked. They were not militaristic and hated the ordinary routine of army life, but they wanted to do their share. That was the spirit all through the regiment. It was the spirit that possessed them on the long-waited-for day at Aldershot when Kitchener himself pronounced them "just the men I want for the Dardanelles." That day at Aldershot every man was given a chance to go back to Newfoundland. They had enlisted for one year only, and any man that wished to could demand to be sent home at the end of the year; and when Kitchener reviewed them ten months of that year had gone.

With the chance to go home in his grasp, every man of the first battalion re-enlisted for the duration of war. And it is on record, to their eternal honor, that during the week preceding their departure from Aldershot breaches of discipline were unknown, for over their heads hung

the fear that they would be punished by being kept back from active service. To break a rule that week carried with it the suspicion of cowardice. This was the more remarkable because many of the men were fishermen, trappers, hunters, and lumbermen who until their enlistment had said "Sir" to no man, and who gloried in the reputation given them by one inspecting officer as "the most undisciplined lot he had ever seen." From the day the Canadians left Salisbury Plain to take their places in the trenches in Flanders the Newfoundlanders were obsessed by one idea: they had to get to the front.

So it was with eleven hundred of such eager spirits that I lined up, on a Sunday evening early in August of last year, on the deck of the troop-ship in Mudros Harbor, which is the center of the historic island of Lemnos, about fifty miles from Gallipoli. Around us lay all sorts of ships, from ocean leviathans to tiny launches and row-boats. There were gray-and-black-painted troopers, their rails lined with soldiers; immense four-funneled men-of-war; and brightly lighted, white hospital-ships, with their red crosses outlined in electric lights. The landing-officer left us in a little motor-boat. We watched him glide slowly shoreward, where we could faintly discern through the dusk the white of the tents that were the headquarters for the people at Lemnos; to the right of the tents we could see the hospital for wounded Australians and New-Zealanders. A French battle-ship dipped its flag as it passed, and our boys sang "The Marseillaise."

A mail that had come that day was being sorted. While we waited, each man was served with his "iron ration." This consisted of a one-pound tin of pressed corned beef,—the much-hated and much-maligned "bully beef,"—a bag of biscuits, and a small tin that held two tubes of Oxo, with tea and sugar in specially constructed air- and damp-proof envelops. This was an emergency ration, to be kept in case of direst need, and to be used only to ward off actual starvation. After that we were given our ammunition, two hundred and fifty rounds to each man.



The Gallipoli peninsula

Landing on the west coast, the British struggled for months to gain Achi Baba, Sari Bair, and the other heights commanding the Dardanelles. The Newfoundlanders were intrenched near the foot of Hill 70

But what brought home to me most the seriousness of our venture was the solitary sheet of letter-paper, with its envelop, that was given to every man to be used for a parting letter home. For some poor chaps it was indeed the last letter. Then we went over the side and aboard the destroyer that was to take us to Suvla Bay.

The night had been well chosen for a surprise landing. There was no moon, but after a little while the stars came out. Away on the port bow we could see the dusky outline of land, and once, when we were about half-way, an airship soared phantomlike out of the night, poised over us a short time, then ducked out of sight. At first the word ran along the line that

The landing at Anzac

it was a hostile airship, but a few inquiries soon reassured us.

Suddenly we changed our direction. We were near Cape Hellas, which is the lowest point of the peninsula of Gallipoli. Under Sir Ian Hamilton's scheme it was here that a decoy-party of French and British troops were to be landed to draw the Turks from Anzac. Simultaneously an overwhelming British force was to land at Suvla Bay and Anzac to make a surprise attack on the Turks' right flank. Presently we were going up-shore past the wrecked steamer *River Clyde*, the famous "Ship of Troy" from the side of which the Australians had issued after the ship had been beached on the shore hitherto nameless, but now known as Anzac. Australian New Zealand Army Corps those five letters stand for; but to those of us who have been on Gallipoli they stand for a great deal more: they represent the achievement of the impossible. They are a glorious record of sacrifice, reckless devotion, and unselfish courage; to put each letter there cost the men from Australasia ten thousand of their best soldiers.

And so we edged our way along, fearing mines or, even more disastrous than mines, discovery by the enemy. From the Australasians over at Anzac we could hear desultory rifle-fire. Once we heard the boom of some big guns that seemed almost alongside the ship. Four hours it took us to go fifty miles in a destroyer that could make thirty-two knots easily. By one o'clock the stars had disappeared, and for perhaps three quarters of an hour we nosed our way through pitch darkness. Gradually we slowed down until we had almost stopped. Something scraped along our side. Somebody said it was a floating mine, but it turned out to be a buoy that had been put there by the navy to mark the channel.

Out of the gloom directly in front some one hailed, and our people answered.

"Who have you on board?" we heard a casual English voice say, and then came the reply from our colonel:

"Newfoundlanders." There was to me something very reassuring about that cool, self-contained voice out of the night. It made me feel that we were being expected and looked after.

"Move up those boats," I heard the English voice say, and from right under our bow a naval launch with a middy in charge swerved alongside. In a little

while it, with its string of boats, was securely fastened.

Just before we went into the boats the adjutant passed me.

"Well," he said, "you 've got your wish. In a few minutes you 'll be ashore. Let me know how you like it when you 're there a little while."

"Yes, sir," I said. But I never had a chance to tell him. The first shrapnel-shell fired at the Newfoundlanders burst near him, and he had scarcely landed when he was taken off the peninsula, seriously wounded.

In a short time we had all filed into the boats. There was no noise, no excitement; just now and then a whispered command. I was in a tug with about twenty others who formed the rear-guard. The wind had freshened considerably, and was now blowing so hard that our unwieldy tug dared not risk a landing. We came in near enough to watch the other boats. About twenty yards from shore they grounded. We could see the boys jump over the side and wade ashore. Through the half-darkness we could barely distinguish them forming up on the beach. Soon they were lost to sight.

During the Turkish summer dawn comes early. We transhipped from our tug to a lighter. When it grounded on the beach day was just breaking. Daylight disclosed a steeply sloping beach, scarred with ravines. The place where we landed ran between sheer cliffs. A short distance up the hill we could see our battalion digging themselves in. To the left I could see the boats of another battalion. Even as I watched, the enemy's artillery located them. It was the first shell I had ever heard. It came over the hill close to me, screeching through the air like an express-train going over a bridge at night. Just above the boat I was watching it exploded. A few of the soldiers slipped quietly from their seats to the bottom of the boat. At first I did not realize that any one had been hit. There was no sign of anything having happened out of the ordinary, no confusion. As soon as the boat touched the beach the wounded men were carried by their mates up the hill to a temporary dressing-station.

The first shell was the beginning of a bombardment. Beachy Bill, a battery that we were to become better acquainted with, was in excellent shape. Every few minutes a shell burst close to us. Shrapnel-bullets and fragments of shell-casing forced us to huddle under the baggage for protection. A little to the left some Australians were severely punished. Shell after shell burst among them. A regiment of Sikh troops, mule-drivers, and transport-men were caught half-way up the beach. Above the din of falling shrapnel and the shriek of flying shells rose the piercing scream of wounded mules. The Newfoundlanders did not escape. That morning Beachy Bill's gunners played no favorites. On all sides the shrapnel came in a shower. Less often, a cloud of thick, black smoke and a hole twenty feet deep showed the landing-place of a high-explosive shell. The most amazing thing was the coolness of the men. The Newfoundlanders might have been practising trench-digging in camp in Scotland. When a man was hit some one gave him first aid, directed the stretcher-bearers where to find him, and coolly resumed digging. In two hours our position had become untenable. We had been subjected to a merciless and devastating shelling, and our first experience of war had cost us sixty-five men. In a new and safer position we dug ourselves in.

No move could be made in daylight. That evening we received our ration of rum, and under cover of darkness moved in open order across the Salt Lake for about a mile, then through three miles of knee-high, prickly underbrush, to where our division was intrenched. Our orders were to reinforce the Irish. The Irish sadly needed reinforcing. Some of them had been on the peninsula for months. Many of them are still there. From the beach to the firing-line is not over four miles, but it is a ghastly four miles of graveyard. Everywhere along the route are small, rude wooden crosses, mute rec-

The shore at Gallipoli, showing the general character of the country

ord of advances. Where the crosses are thickest there the fighting was fiercest, and where the fighting was fiercest there were the Irish. On every cross, besides a man's name and the date of his death, is the name of his regiment. No other regiments have so many crosses as the Dublins and the Munsters. And where the shrapnel flew so fast that bodies mangled beyond hope of identity were buried in a common grave, there also are the Dublins and Munsters; and the cross over them reads "In Memory of Unknown Comrades."

The line on the left was held by the Twenty-ninth Division; the Dublins, the Munsters, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the Newfoundlanders made up the 88th Brigade. The Newfoundlanders were reinforcements. From the very first days of the Gallipoli campaign the other three regiments had formed part of what General Sir Ian Hamilton in his report calls the "incomparable Twenty-ninth Division." When the first landing was made, this division, with the New-Zealanders, penetrated to the top of a hill that commanded the Narrows. For forty-eight hours the result was in doubt. The British attacked with bayonet and bombs, were driven back, and repeatedly re-attacked. The New-Zealanders finally succeeded in reaching the top, followed by the 88th Brigade. The Irish fought on the tracks of a railroad that leads into Constantinople. At the end of forty-eight hours of attacks and counter-attacks the position was considered secure. The worn-out soldiers were relieved and went into dug-outs. Then the relieving troops were attacked by an overwhelming hostile force, and the hill was lost. A battery placed on that hill could have shelled the Narrows and opened to our ships the way to Constantinople. The hill was never retaken. When reinforcements came up it was too late. The reinforcements lost their way. In his report General Hamilton attributes our defeat to "fatal inertia." Just how fatal was that inertia is known only to those who formed some of the burial-parties.

After the first forty-eight hours we settled down to regular trench warfare. The routine was four days in the trenches, eight days in rest dug-outs, four in the trenches again, and so forth, although two or three months later our ranks were so depleted that we stayed in eight days and rested only four. We had expected four days' rest after our first trip to the firing-line, but at the end of two days came

word of a determined advance of the enemy. We arrived just in time to beat it off. Our trenches, instead of being at the top, were at the foot of the hill that meant so much to us.

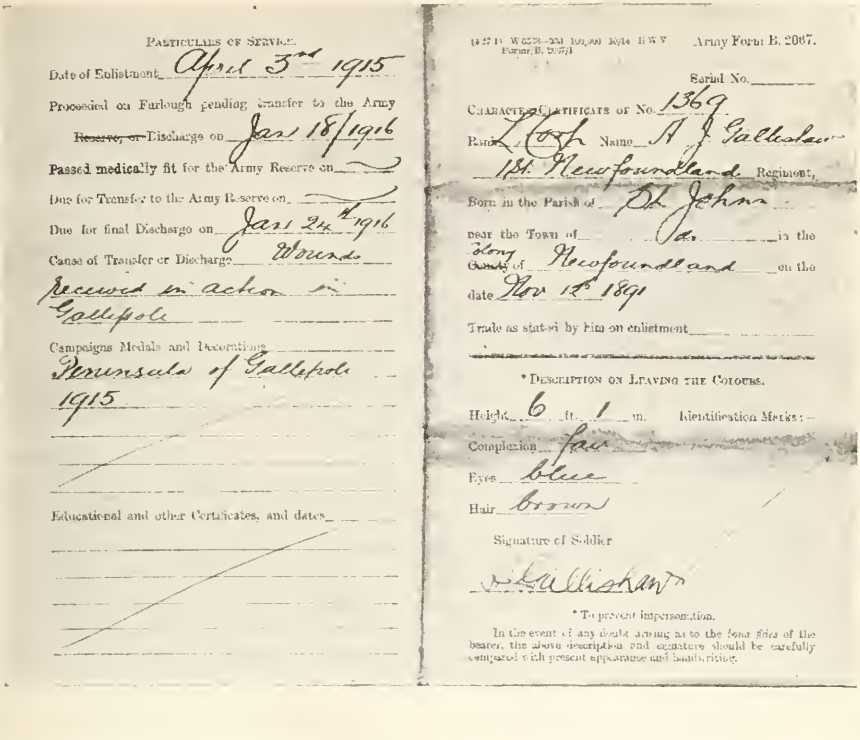
The ground here was a series of four or five hogback ridges about a hundred yards apart. Behind these towered the hill that was our objective. From the nearest ridge, about seven hundred yards in front of us, the Turks had all that day constantly issued in mass formation. During that attack we were repaid for the havoc wrought by Beachy Bill. As soon as the Turks topped the crest they were subjected to a demoralizing rain of shell from the navy and the artillery. Against the hazy blue of the sky-line we could see the dark mass clearly silhouetted. Every few seconds, when a shell landed in the middle of the approaching columns, the sides of the column would bulge outward for an instant, then close in again. Meanwhile every man in our trenches stood on the firing-platform, head and shoulders above the parapet, with fixed bayonet and loaded rifle, waiting for the order to begin firing. Still the Turks came on, big, black, bewhiskered six-footers, reforming ranks and filling up their gaps with fresh men. Now they were only six hundred yards away, but still there was no order to open fire. It was uncanny. At five hundred yards our fire was still withheld. When the order came, "At four hundred yards, rapid fire," everybody was tingling with excitement. Still the Turks came on, magnificently determined. But it was too desperate a venture. The chances against them were too great, our artillery and machine-gun fire too destructively accurate. Some few Turks reached almost to our trenches, only to be stopped by rifle-bullets. "Allah! Allah!" yelled the Turks as they came on. A sweating, grimly happy machine-gun sergeant between orders was shouting to the Turkish army in general, "'T is not a damn' bit of good to yell to Allah now." Our artillery opened huge gaps in their lines; our machine-guns piled them dead in the ranks where they stood. Our own casualties were very slight, but of the waves of Turks that surged over the crest all that day only a mere shattered remnant ever straggled back to their own lines.

That was the last big attack the Turks made. From that time on it was virtually two armies in a state of siege. Every night at dark we stood to arms for an hour. Every man fixed his bayonet and prepared to repulse any attack of the enemy. After that sentry groups were formed, three reliefs of two men each. Two men stood with their heads over the parapet watching for any movement in the no-man's-land between the lines. That accounts for the surprisingly large number of men one sees wounded in the head.

At daylight every morning came "Stand to arms" again. Then day duties began. In the daytime, by using a periscope, an arrangement of double mirrors, a sentry can keep his head below the parapet while he watches the ground in front. Sometimes a bullet struck one of the mirrors, and the splintered glass blinded the sentry. It was a common thing to see a man go to hospital with his face badly lacerated by periscope glass.

Ordinarily a man is much safer on the firing-line than in the rest dug-outs. Trenches are so constructed that even if a shell drops right in the traverse where men are, only half a dozen or so suffer. In open or slightly protected ground where the dug-outs are the burst of a shrapnel-shell covers an area twenty-five by two hundred yards in extent.

A shell can be heard coming. Experts claim to identify the caliber of a gun by the sound the shell makes. Few live long enough to become such experts. In Gallipoli the average length of life was three weeks. In dug-outs we always ate our meals, such as they were, to the accompaniment of "Turkish Delight," the Newfoundlanders' name for shrapnel. We had become accustomed to rifle-bullets. When you hear the *zing* of a spent bullet or the sharp crack of an explosive you know it has passed you. The one that hits you you never hear. At first we dodged at



PARTICULARS OF SERVICE.

Date of Enlistment April 3rd 1915

Proceeded on Furlough pending transfer to the Army Reserve, or Discharge on Jan 18/1916

Passed medically fit for the Army Reserve on ——

Due for Transfer to the Army Reserve on ——

Due for final Discharge on Jan 24th 1916

Cause of Transfer or Discharge Wounds

Received in action in Gallipoli

Campaigns Medals and Decorations

Peninsula of Gallipoli 1915

Educational and other Certificates, and dates

(437) Wt. W6228—230 100,000 8/14 H W V Army Form B. 2067.
Forms, E. (1917)

Serial No. ——

CHARACTER CERTIFICATE of No. 1369

Rank L Corpl Name A J Gallishaw

1st Newfoundland Regiment,

Born in the Parish of St Johns

near the Town of —— in the

County of Newfoundland on the

date Nov 12th 1891

Trade as stated by Him on enlistment ——

* DESCRIPTION ON LEAVING THE COLOURS.

Height 6 ft. 1 in. Identification Marks:—

Complexion fair

Eyes blue

Hair brown

Signature of Soldier

A J Gallishaw

* To prevent impersonation.

In the event of any doubt arising as to the *bona fides* of the bearer, the above description and signature should be carefully compared with present appearance and handwriting.

The Character here given is based on continuous records of the holder's conduct and employment throughout his military career.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that No. 1369 Rank L Corpl Name A J Gallishaw

has served with the Colours in the 1st Newfoundland Regt for 301 Days ~~years~~

Military Character Very Good

Character awarded in accordance with King's Reg's.

A good man in civil or military occupation

NEWFOUNDLAND CONTINGENT

Signature H A Pennewell

Date Jan 24th 1916 Commanding ——

If further particulars as to his character and record of service are required within three years of above date, apply to who he is registered for civil employment,

afterwards to the Officer in Charge of Records Capt H A Pennewell 58 Victoria St London S.W.

* This space is intended to be filled in by any organization who has registered the man's name and is prepared to supply further information.

The character-certificate given a British soldier upon his discharge

the sound of a passing bullet, but soon we came actually to believe the superstition that a bullet would not hit a man unless it had on it his regimental number and his name. Then, too, a bullet leaves a clean wound, and a man hit by it drops out quietly. The shrapnel makes nasty, jagged, hideous wounds, the horrible recollection of which lingers for days. It is little wonder that we preferred the firing-line.

Most of our work was done at night. When we wished to advance our line, we sent forward a platoon of men the desired distance. Every man carried with him three empty sand-bags and his intrenching-tool. Temporary protection is secured at short notice by having every man dig a hole in the ground that is large and deep enough to allow him to lie flat in it. The intrenching-tool is a miniature pickax, one end of which resembles a large-bladed hoe with a sharpened and tempered edge. The pick end is used to loosen hard material and to break up large lumps; the other end is used as a shovel to throw up the dirt. When used in this fashion the wooden handle is laid aside, the pick end becomes a handle, and the intrenching-tool is used in the same manner as a trowel.

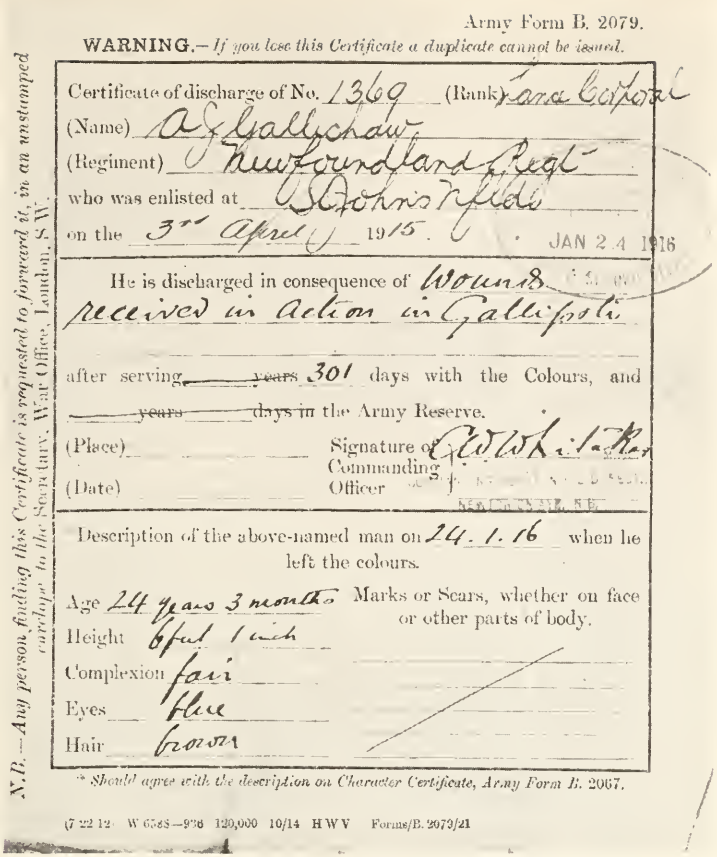
Lying on our stomachs, our rifles close at hand, we dug furiously. First we loosened up enough earth in front of our heads to fill a sand-bag. This sand-bag we placed beside our heads on the side nearest the enemy. Out in no-man's-land, with bullets and machine-gun balls pattering about us, we did fast work. As soon as we had filled the second and third sand-bags we placed them on top of the first. In Gallipoli every other military necessity was subordinated to concealment. Often we could complete a trench and occupy it before the enemy knew of it.

Sometimes while we were digging the Turks surprised us by sending up star-shells. They burst like rockets high overhead. Everything was outlined in a strange, uncanny way that gave the effect of stage-fire. At first when a man saw a star-shell he dropped flat on his face; but after a good many men had been riddled by bullets, we saw our mistake. The sudden blinding glare makes it impossible to identify objects before the light fades. Star-shells show only movement. The first stir between the lines becomes the target for both sides. So after that, even when a man was standing upright, he simply stood still.

Every afternoon from just behind our lines an aëroplane buzzed up. At the tremendous height it looked like an immense blue-bottle fly. At first the enemy's aëroplanes came out to meet ours, but a few encounters with our men soon convinced them of the futility of this. After that they relied on their artillery. In the air all around the tiny speck we could see white puffs of smoke where their shrapnel was exploding. Sometimes those puffs were perilously close to it; at such times our hearts were in our mouths. Everybody in the trench craned his neck to see. When our aëroplane manœuvered clear you could hear a sigh of relief run along the trench.

One of our air-men, Samson, captured a German Taube that he used for daily reconnaissance. Every day we watched him hover over the Turkish lines, circle clear of their bursting shrapnel, and return to our artillery with his report. One day we watched two hostile planes chase him back right to our trench. When they came near us we opened rapid fire that forced them to turn; but before Samson reached his landing-place at Salt Lake we could see that he was in trouble; one of the wings of the machine was drooping badly. We watched him land in safety, saw him jump out of his seat, and walk about ten yards to a waiting motor-ambulance. The ambulance had just turned when a shell hit the aëroplane. A second shell blew it to pieces.

But Samson had completed his mission. About half an hour later the navy in the bay and our artillery began a bombardment. From our trenches, looking through ravines, we could see the men-of-war lined up pouring broadsides over our heads into the Turkish lines. From our



Army Form B. 2079.

WARNING.—*If you lose this Certificate a duplicate cannot be issued.*

Certificate of discharge of No. 1369 (Rank) Lance Corporal
(Name) A. J. Gallychaw
(Regiment) 1st Newfoundland Regt
who was enlisted at St Johns Nfld
on the 3rd April 1915.

JAN 24 1916

He is discharged in consequence of Wounds received in Action in Gallipoli
after serving ~~years~~ 301 days with the Colours, and
~~years~~ ~~days~~ in the Army Reserve.
(Place)
(Date)
Signature of Commanding Officer

Description of the above-named man on 24. 1. 16 when he left the colours.

Age 24 years 3 months
Height 6 feet 1 inch
Complexion fair
Eyes blue
Hair brown

Marks or Scars, whether on face or other parts of body.

* *Should agree with the description on Character Certificate, Army Form B. 2067.*

N.B.—*Any person finding this Certificate is requested to forward it, in an unstamped cover, to the Secretary, War Office, London, S.W.*

(7 22 12 W 6588—936 120,000 10/14 HWV Forms/B. 2079/21

Corporal Gallishaw's certificate of discharge

position in the valley we watched our shells demolish the enemy's front-line trenches on the hill well to our left. Through field-glasses we could see the communication-trenches choked with fleeing Turks. Some of our artillery concentrated on the support-trenches, preventing reinforcements from coming up. A mule-train of supplies was caught in the curtain of fire. The Turks, caught between two fires, could not escape. In a few minutes all that was left of the scientifically constructed intrenchments was a conglomerate heap of sand-bags, equipments, and machine-guns; and on top of it all lay the mangled bodies of men and mules.

All through the bombardment we had hoped for the order to go over the parapet, but for the Worcesters on our left was reserved the distinction of making the charge. High explosives cleared the way for their advance, and cheering and yelling they went over the parapet. The Turks in the front-line trenches, completely demoralized, fled to the rear. A few, too weak or too sorely wounded to run, surrendered.

Prisoners taken in this engagement told us that the Turkish rank and file heartily hated their German officers. One prisoner said that he had been an officer, but since the outbreak of this war had been replaced by a German. At present the Turks are officered entirely by Germans.

With the monotony varied occasionally by some local engagement like this we dragged through the hot, fly-pestered days and cold, drafty, vermin-infested nights

of September and early October. By the middle of October disease and scarcity of water had depleted our ranks; instead of having four days on the firing-line and eight days' rest, we were holding the firing-line eight days and resting only four. In my platoon, of the six non-commissioned officers who started with us, only two corporals were left, I and one other. For a week after he had been ordered by the doctor to leave the peninsula the other chap hung on, pluckily determined not to leave me alone, although staying meant keeping awake nearly all night. By this time dysentery and enteric had taken toll of more men than bullets. These diseases became epidemic until the clearing-stations and the beaches were choked with sick. The time we should have been sleeping was spent in digging, but still the men worked uncomplainingly. Some, too game to quit, would not report to the doctor, working on courageously until they dropped, although down in the bay beckoned the Red Cross of the hospital-ship, with its assurance of safety, rest, and cleanliness. By sickness and snipers' bullets we lost thirty men a day. Every day the sun poured down relentlessly, adding to the torment of parched throats and tongues. Every night, doubly cold in comparison with the day's burning heat, found us chilled and shivering.

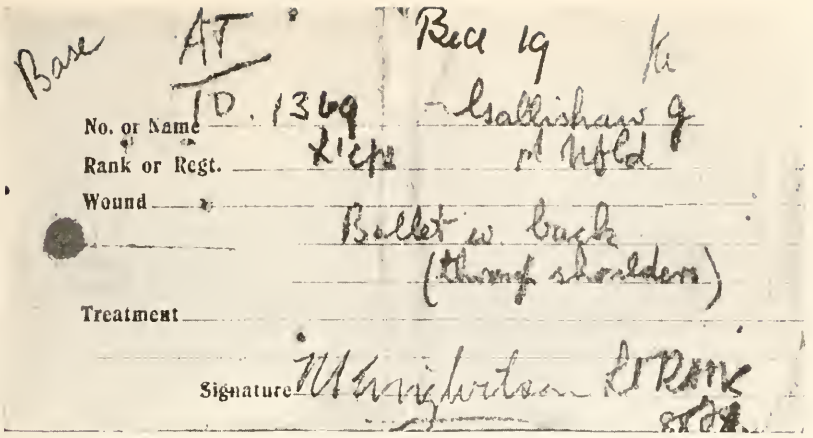
Nobody in the front-line trenches or on the shell-swept area behind ever expected to leave the peninsula alive. Their one hope was to get off wounded. Every night men leaving the trenches to bring up rations from the beach shook hands with their comrades. From every ration party of twenty men we always counted on losing two. Those who were wounded were looked on as lucky. The best thing we could wish a man was a "cushy wound," one that would not prove fatal. But no one wanted to quit. Every day rumors flew through the trenches that in four days all the Turks would surrender. Men dying from dysentery and enteric lingered to see it, but the surrender never materialized.

We knew that in the particular section of trench held by us an advance was hopeless. Still, we thought that some other parts of the line might advance. There was always faith in the invincible Australasians. Early in October had come the news of the British advance at Loos. The report that reached us said that the enemy on the entire Western front had begun to retreat. The Australians, catching the Turks napping, took two lines of trenches.

By the time I left, the sordid monotony had begun to tell on the men. Every day officers were besieged with requests for permission to go out between the lines to locate snipers. When men were wanted for night patrol every one volunteered. Ration parties, which had formerly been a dread, were now an eagerly sought variation. Any change was welcome. The thought of being killed had lost its fear. Daily intercourse with death had robbed it of its horror. One chap had his leg blown off from standing on a bomb. Later, in hospital, he told me that he felt satisfied. He had always wondered what would happen if a man stood on a bomb; now he knew. It illustrates how the men hated the deadly sameness. Anything was better than waiting in the trenches, better than being killed without a chance to struggle.

The men our regiment lost, although they gladly fought a hopeless fight, have not died in vain; the foremost advance on the Suvla Bay front, Donnelly's Post on Caribou Ridge, was made by Newfoundlanders. It is called Donnelly's Post because it is here that Lieutenant Donnelly won his military cross. The hitherto nameless ridge from which the Turkish machine-guns poured their concentrated death into our trenches stands as a monument to the initiative of the Newfoundlanders. It is now Caribou Ridge as a recognition of the men who wear the deer's-head badge.

From Caribou Ridge the Turks could enfilade parts of our firing-line. For weeks they had continued to pick off our men one by one. You could almost tell when your turn was coming. I know, be-



Corporal Gallishaw's wounded tag. Every seriously wounded soldier is tagged so that the doctors may know how he is hurt without disturbing him

cause from Caribou Ridge came the bullet that sent me off the peninsula. The machine-guns on Caribou Ridge not only swept parts of our trench, but commanded all of the intervening ground. Several attempts had been made to rush those guns. All had failed, held up by the murderous machine-gun fire. Under cover of darkness, Lieutenant Donnelly, with only eight men, surprised the Turks in the post that now bears his name. The captured machine-gun he used to repulse constantly launched bomb and rifle attacks.

Just at dusk one evening Donnelly stole out to Caribou Ridge and surprised the Turks. All night the Turks strove to recover their lost ground. Darkness was the Newfoundlanders' ally. When reinforcements arrived, Donnelly's eight men were reduced to two. Dawn showed the havoc wrought by the gallant little group. The ground in front of the post was a shambles of piled-up Turkish corpses. But daylight showed something more to the credit of the Newfoundlanders than the mere taking of the ridge. It showed one of Donnelly's men, Jack Hynes, who had crawled away from his companion to a point about two hundred yards to the left. From here he had all alone kept up through the whole night a rapid fire on the enemy's flank that duped them into believing that we had men there in force. It showed Hynes purposely falling back over exposed ground to draw the enemy's attention from Sergeant Greene, who was coolly making trip after trip between the ridge and our lines, carrying a wounded man in his arms every time until all our wounded were in safety. Hynes and Greene were each given a distinguished-conduct medal. None was ever more nobly earned.

One Saturday morning near the end of October, the brigade major passed through our lines. Before we took over the trench the occupants of the firing-line threw their refuse over the parapet into the short underbrush. Since coming in we had made a dump for it. I was sent out with five men to remove the rubbish from the underbrush to the dump, and this despite the fact that a short distance to our right we had just lost two men sent over the parapet in broad daylight to pick up some cans.

About nine in the morning we started. It was about half-an-hour's work. There was no cover for men standing. The small bushes hid men lying or sitting. Every little while I gave the men a rest, making them sit in the shelter of the underbrush. We had almost finished when the snipers somewhere on our left began to bang at us. I ordered the men to cover, and was just pointing out a likely place to young Hynes when I felt a dull thud in the left shoulder-blade and a sharp pain

in my chest. Then came a drowsy, languid feeling, and I sank down first on my knees, then my head dropped over on my chest, and down I went like a Mohammedan saying his prayers. Connecting the hit in the back with the pain in my chest, I concluded that I was done for, and can distinctly remember thinking quite calmly that I was indeed fortunate to be conscious long enough to tell them what to do about my will and so forth. I tried to say, "I 'm hit," and must have succeeded, because immediately I heard my henchman Hynes yell with a frenzied oath: "The corporal 's struck! Can't you see the corporal 's struck?" and heard him curse the Turk. Then I heard the others say, "We must get him in out of this." After that I was quite clear-headed, and when three or four of the finest boys that ever stepped risked their lives to come out over the parapet under fire, I was able to tell them how to lift me, and when the stretcher-bearers arrived to give me first aid I was conscious enough to tell them where to look for the wound. Also I became angry at the crowd who gathered around to watch the dressing and make remarks about the amount of blood. I asked them if they thought it was a nickel-show. This when I felt almost certain I was dying. I don't remember even feeling relieved when they told me the bullet had not gone through my heart.

That night I was put on board a hospital-ship, and a few days later I was in hospital at Alexandria.

THE night the First Newfoundland Regiment landed in Suvla Bay there were about eleven hundred of us. In December, when the British forces evacuated Gallipoli, to the remnant of our regiment fell the honor of fighting the rear-guard action. This is the highest recognition a regiment can receive; for the duty of the rear-guard in a retreat is to keep the enemy from reaching the main body of troops, even if this means annihilation for itself. At Lemnos island the next day, when the roll was called, of the eleven hundred men who landed when I did, only one hundred and seventy-one answered "Here."

Mr. Gallishaw in uniform

In the Home Stretch

By ROBERT FROST

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

SHE stood against the kitchen sink, and looked
Over the sink out through a dusty window
At weeds the water from the sink made tall.
She wore her cape; her hat was in her hand.
Behind her was confusion in the room,
Of chairs turned upside down to sit like people
In other chairs, and something, come to look,
For every room a house has—parlor, bedroom,
And dining-room—thrown pell-mell in the kitchen.
And now and then a smudged, infernal face
Looked in a door behind her and addressed
Her back. She always answered without turning.

"Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?"

"Put it on top of something that 's on top
Of something else," she laughed. "Oh, put it where
You can to-night, and go. It 's almost dark;
You must be getting started back to town."
Another blackened face thrust in and looked
And smiled, and when she did not turn, spoke gently,
"What are you seeing out the window, *lady?*"

"Never was I beladied so before.
Would evidence of having been called lady
More than so many times make me a lady
In common law, I wonder."
"But I ask,
What are you seeing out the window, lady?"

"What I 'll be seeing more of in the years
To come as here I stand and go the round
Of many plates with towels many times."

"And what is that? You only put me off."

"Rank weeds that love the water from the dish-pan
More than some women like the dish-pan, Joe;
A little stretch of mowing-field for you;
Not much of that until I come to woods
That end all. And it 's scarce enough to call
A view."
"And yet you think you like it, dear?"

"That 's what you 're so concerned to know! You hope
I like it. Bang goes something big away
Off there up-stairs. The very tread of men
As great as those is shattering to the frame
Of such a little house. Once left alone,
You and I, dear, will go with softer steps
Up and down stairs and through the rooms, and none
But sudden winds that snatch them from our hands
Will ever slam the doors."
"I think you see
More than you like to own to out that window."

"No; for beside the things I tell you of,
I only see the years. They come and go
In alternation with the weeds, the field,
The wood."
"What kind of years?"
"Why, latter years—
Different from early years."
"I see them, too.

"'Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?'"

You did n't count them?"

"No, the further off
So ran together that I did n't try to.
It can scarce be that they would be in number
We 'd care to know, for we are not young now.
And bang goes something else away off there.
It sounds as if it were the men gone down,
And every crash meant one less to return
To lighted city streets we, too, have known,
But now are giving up for country darkness."

"Come from that window where you see too much for me,
And take a livelier view of things from here.
They 're going. Watch this husky swarming up
Over the wheel into the sky-high seat,
Lighting his pipe now, squinting down his nose
At the flame burning downward as he sucks it."

"See how it makes his nose-side bright, a proof
How dark it 's getting. Can you tell what time
It is by that? Or by the moon? The new moon!
What shoulder did I see her over? Neither.
A wire she is of silver, as new as we
To everything. Her light won't last us long.

It 's something, though, to know we 're going to have her
Night after night and stronger every night
To see us through our first two weeks. But, Joe,
The stove! Before they go! Knock on the window;
Ask them to help you get it on its feet.
We stand here dreaming. Hurry! Call them back!"

"They 're not gone yet."
"We 've got to have the stove,
Whatever else we want for. And a light.
Have we a piece of candle if the lamp
And oil are buried out of reach?"
Again
The house was full of trampling, and the dark,
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall,
To which they set it true by eye; and then
Came up the jointed stovepipe in their hands,
So much too light and airy for their strength
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.
"A fit!" said one and banged a stovepipe shoulder.
"It 's good luck when you move in to begin
With good luck with your stovepipe. Never mind,
It 's not so bad in the country, settled down,
When people 're getting on in life. You 'll like it."

Joe said: "You big boys ought to find a farm,
And make good farmers, and leave other fellows
The city work to do. There 's not enough
For everybody as it is in there."

'God!" one said wildly, and, when no one spoke:
"Say that to Jimmy here. He needs a farm."
But Jimmy only made his jaw recede
Fool-like, and rolled his eyes as if to say
He saw himself a farmer. Then there was a French boy
Who said with seriousness that made them laugh,
"Ma friend, you ain't know what it is you 're ask."
He doffed his cap, and held it with both hands
Across his chest to make as 't were a speech,
"We 're giving you our chances on de farm."
And then they all turned to with deafening boots
And put each other bodily out of the house.

"Good-by to them! We puzzle them. They think—
I don't know what they think we see in what
They leave us to. That pasture slope that seems
The back some farm presents us; and your woods
To northward from your window at the sink,

Waiting to steal a step on us whenever
We drop our eyes or turn to other things,
As in the game 'Ten-step' the children play."

"Good boys they seemed, and let them love the city.
All they could say was 'God!' when you proposed
Their coming out and making useful farmers."

"Did they make something lonesome go through you?
It would take more than them to sicken you—
Us of our bargain. But they left us so
As to our fate, like fools past reasoning with.
They almost shook *me*."

"It 's all so much
What we have always wanted, I confess
Its seeming bad for a moment makes it seem
Even worse still, and so on down, down, down.
It 's nothing; it 's their leaving us at dusk.
I never bore it well when people went.
The first night after guests have gone, the house
Seems haunted or exposed. I always take
A personal interest in the locking up
At bedtime; but the strangeness soon wears off."

He fetched a dingy lantern from behind
A door. "There 's that we did n't lose! And these!"
Some matches he unpocketed. "For food—
The meals we 've had no one can take from us.
I wish that everything on earth were just
As certain as the meals we 've had. I wish
The meals we have n't had were, anyway.
What have you you know where to lay your hands on?"

"The bread we bought in passing at the store.
There 's butter somewhere, too."

"Let 's rend the bread.
I 'll light the fire for company for you;
You 'll not have any other company
Till Ed begins to get out on a Sunday
To look us over and give us his idea
Of what wants pruning, shingling, breaking up.
He 'll know what he would do if he were we,
And all at once. He 'll plan for us and plan
To help us, but he 'll take it out in planning.
Well, you can set the table with the loaf.
Let 's see you find your loaf. I 'll light the fire.
I like chairs occupying other chairs
Not offering a lady—"

"There again, Joe!

You 're tired."

"I 'm drunk-nonsensical tired out;
Don't mind a word I say. It 's a day's work
To empty one house of all household goods
And fill another with 'em fifteen miles away,
Although you do no more than dump them down."

"Dumped down in paradise we are and happy."

"It 's all so much what I have always wanted,
I can't believe it 's what you wanted, too."

"Should n't you like to know?"

"I 'd like to know
If it is what you wanted, then how much
You wanted it for me."

"A troubled conscience!
You don't want me to tell if *I* don't know."

"I don't want to find out what can't be known.
But who first said the word to come?"

"'It would take me forever to recite
All that 's not new in where we find ourselves'"

"My dear,
It 's who first thought the thought. You 're searching, Joe,
For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.
Ends and beginnings—there are no such things.
There are only middles."
"What is this?"
"This life?
Our sitting here by lantern-light together
Amid the wreckage of a former home?
You won't deny the lantern is n't new.
The stove is not, and you are not to me,
Nor I to you."
"Perhaps you never were?"

"It would take me forever to recite
All that 's not new in where we find ourselves.
New is a word for fools in towns who think
Style upon style in dress, and thought at last
Must get somewhere. I 've heard you say as much.
No, this is no beginning."
"Then an end?"

"End is a gloomy word."
"Is it too late
To drag you out for just a good-night call
On the old peach-trees on the knoll to grope
By starlight in the grass for a last peach
The neighbors may not have taken as their right
When the house was n't lived in? I 've been looking:
I doubt if they have left us many grapes.
Before we set ourselves to right the house,
The first thing in the morning, out we go
And go the round of apple, cherry, peach,
Pine, alder, pasture, mowing, well, and brook.
All of a farm it is."
"I know this much:
I 'm going to put you in your bed, if first
I have to make you build it. Come, the light."

When there was no more lantern in the kitchen,
Out got the fire through crannies in the stove
And danced in yellow wrigglers on the ceiling,
As much at home as if they 'd always danced there.

Burney's Laugh

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "The Friends," etc.

AFTER breakfast was a good time. Throughout the day there was no moment when his vitality rose to such heights as it did during the first puffs of that early cigar. He would stroll out then into the conservatory, and the bright color of the azaleas would produce in him a strange excitement. His senses would seem sharpened, and he would move quickly between the flowers, and would discuss minor details of their culture with Benyon, the gardener. Then he would stroll through the great spaces of his reception-rooms with his head bent forward. The huge Ming pot on its ebony stand would seem to him companionable and splendid, the Majolica placques which he had bought at Padua would glow serenely. He would go up and feast his eyes on the Chinese lacquer cabinet on its finely wrought gilt base, and his lips would quiver with a tense enjoyment as he lingered by the little carved Japanese ivories in the recess. Above all, he liked to stand near the wall and gaze at the Vandyke above the fireplace. It looked well in the early morning light, dignified and impressive.

All these things were his. He had fought for them in the arena of the commercial world. He had bought them in the teeth of opposition. And they expressed *him,* his sense of taste, his courage, his power, his relentless tenacity, the qualities that had raised him above his fellows to the position he held. The contemplation of them produced in him a curious, vibrant exhilaration. Especially was this so in the morning when he rose from the breakfast-table and lighted his first cigar.

The great hall, too, satisfied his quivering senses. The walnut paneling shone serenely, and brass and pewter bore evidence that the silent staff whom his housekeeper controlled had done their work efficiently. It was early, barely nine o'clock, but he knew that in the library Crevace and Dilgerson, his private secretaries, would be fidgeting with papers and expecting him. He would keep them waiting another ten minutes while he gratified this clamorous proprietary sense. He would linger in the drawing-room, with its long, gray panels and splendid damask hangings, and touch caressingly the little groups of statuary. The unpolished satinwood furniture appealed to some special esthetic appetite. It was an idea of his own. It seemed at once graceful and distinguished.

He seemed to have so little time during the rest of the day to feel these things. And if he had the time, the satisfaction did not seem the same, for this was the hour when he felt most virile.

In the library the exultation that he had derived from these esthetic pleasures would gradually diminish. It is true that Dilgerson had prepared the rough draft of his amendment to the new Peasant Allotment Bill, and it was an amendment that he was intensely interested in, for if it passed, it might lead to the overthrow of Chattisworth, and that would be a very desirable thing; but nevertheless his interests would flag.

He had a fleeting vision of a great triumph in the House, and himself the central figure. He settled down to discuss the details with Dilgerson. Dilgerson was a very remarkable person. He had a genius for putting his finger on the vital spot of a bill, and he had, moreover, an unfathomable memory. But gradually the discussion of involved financial details with Dilgerson would tire him. He would get restless and say:

"Yes, yes. All right, Dilgerson; put it your own way."

He turned aside to the table where Crevace, coughing nervously, was preparing some sixty-odd letters for him to sign. A

charming young man Crevace, with gentle manners and a great fund of concentration. He was the second son of Emma, Countess of Waddes. He had not the great ability of Dilgerson, but he was conscientious, untiring, and very useful.

He discussed the letters and a few social matters with Crevace, while Dilgerson prepared the despatch-case for the cabinet meeting at twelve o'clock.

At half-past eleven a maid entered and brought him a raw egg beaten up with a little neat brandy, in accordance with custom.

He told her that Hervieu, the chauffeur, need not come for him. He would walk over to Downing Street with Mr. Dilgerson. As a matter of fact, there was still one or two points upon which he was not quite clear about the rights of rural committees. Dilgerson had made a special study of these questions. It was a great temptation to rely more and more on Dilgerson.

He enjoyed a cabinet meeting. He felt more at home there than in the House. He liked the mixture of formality and urbanity with which the most important affairs were discussed. He liked to sit there and watch the faces of his fellow-ministers. They were clever, hard-headed men —men who, like himself, had climbed and climbed and climbed. They shared in common certain broad political principles, but he did not know what was at the back of any one of their minds. It amused him to listen to Brodray elaborating his theories about the Peasant Allotment Bill, and enunciating commendable altruistic principles. He knew Brodray well. He was a good fellow, but he did not really believe what he was saying. He had another ax to grind, and he was using the Peasant Allotment Bill as a medium. The divagations of "procedure" were absorbing. It was on the broad back of "procedure" that the interests of all were struggling to find a place. It was the old parliamentary hand who stood the best chance of finding a corner for his wares, the man who knew the ropes. He, too, had certain ambitions.

It seemed strange to look back on. He had been in political affairs longer than he dared contemplate—two distinct decades. He had seen much happen. He had seen youth and ambition ground to powder in the parliamentary machine. He had seen careers cut short by death or violent social scandal. Some men were very foolish—foolish and lacking in moral fiber. That must be it. Moral fiber, the strength not to overstep the bounds, to keep passion and prejudice in restraint, like hounds upon a leash, until their veins became dried and atrophied, and they lacked the desire to race before the wind.

He had done that. And now he sat there in the somber room, among the rustling papers, and the greatest minister of them all was speaking to him, asking his opinion, and listening attentively to his answers. He forced himself to a tense concentration on the issue. He spoke quietly, but well. He remembered all the points that the excellent Dilgerson had coached him in. He was aware of the room listening to him attentively. He knew they held the opinion that he was safe, that he would do the best thing in the interest of the party.

O'Bayne spoke after that, floridly, with wild dashes of Celtic fun; and they listened to him, and were amused, but not impressed. O'Bayne, too, had an ax to grind, but he showed his hand too consciously. He did not know the ropes.

As the meeting broke up, Brodray came up to him and said:

"Oh, by the way, you know I 'm dining with you to-night. May I bring my young nephew with me? He 's a sub, in town on a few days' leave."

Of course he smiled and said it would be delightful. What else was it possible to say?

As a matter of fact, he would rather not have had the young sub. He had arranged a small bachelors' dinner,—just eight of them,—and he flattered himself that he had arranged it rather skilfully. There was to be Brodray; and Nielson, the director of the biggest agricultural instrument works in the country; Lanyon,

the K. C.; Lord Bowel of the Board of Trade; Tippins, a big landowner from the North; Sir Andrew Griggs, the greatest living authority on the land laws (he had also written a book on "artificial manures"); and Sir Gregory Caste, director of the Museum of Applied Arts.

The latter he felt would perhaps be a little out of it with the rest, but he would help to emphasize his own aspect of social life, its irreproachable taste, and patronage of the arts. It would be a very eclectic dinner-party, and one in which the fusion of the agricultural interests might tend to produce certain opinions and information of use in conducting the Peasant Allotment Bill, and a red-faced young sub dumped into the middle of it would be neither appropriate nor desirable. There was, however, nothing to be done. He and Brodray had always been great friends; that is to say, they had always worked hand in hand.

He rested in the afternoon, for, as the years advanced, he found this more and more essential. There were the strictest instructions left that in no circumstances was he to be disturbed till half-past four. In the meanwhile the egregious Dilgerson would cope with his affairs.

At half-past four he rose, bathed his face, and, after drinking a cup of tea, rejoined his secretaries in the library. In his absence many matters had developed. There was a further accumulation of correspondence, and a neat type-written list of telephone-messages and applications for appointments. There was no flurry about Dilgerson; everything was in order, and the papers arranged with methodical precision.

He lighted his second cigar of the day and sat down. The graceful head of Crevace was inclined over the papers, and the suave voice of Dilgerson was saying:

"I see, sir, that Chattisworth has been speaking up in Gaysfield. Our agent has written; he thinks it might be advisable for you to go up north and explain to your constituents our attitude toward the bill. They must not be—er—neglected for long in these restless times."

Yes, there was something satisfying in this. The sense of power, or, rather, the sense of being within the power focus, the person who understood, who knew what power meant, and yet was great enough to live outside it. Strange why to-day he should be so introspective, why things should appear so abstract! He had a curious feeling as though everything were slipping away, or as though he were seeing himself and his setting from a distance.

He gazed at Dilgerson, with his square chin and his neat mustache, deftly stowing papers into a file while he spoke. He momentarily envied Dilgerson, with his singular grip on life. He was so intense, so sure.

"Yes, yes," he said after a time, "we 'd better go up there, Dilgerson. As you say, they get restless. You might draft me a rough summary of Chattisworth's points. Let me know what you would suggest—precedents, historical parallels, and so on. It is true; they soon get restless."

A feeling of apathy came to him after a time, and he left his secretaries and strolled out into the Mall. A fine rain was drifting from the south, and the tops of the winter trees seemed like a band of gauze veiling the buildings of Whitehall. He went into St. James's Park, and watched the pale lights from the government buildings. Some soldiers passed him, and a policeman touched his hat.

Usually these things moved him with a strange delight. They were the instruments of power, the symbols of the world he believed in. But to-night the vision of them only filled him with an unaccountable melancholy. He suddenly remembered a day when he had strolled here with his wife twenty-five years ago.

He passed his hand across his brow and tried to brush back a certain memory; but it would not be denied. It was a gray day like this. She had made some remark, something sentimental and entirely meretricious. He remembered vividly that he had chided her at the time. One must not think like that; one must restrain and control these emotional impulses. They are retrograde, destroying. He had succeeded,

risen to the position he held, because he had always been master of himself.

After his wife's death it had been easier to do this. His two daughters had married well, one to the Bishop of St. Lubin, and the other to Viscount Chesslebeach, a venerable, but well-informed, gentleman who had been loyal to the party. His son was now in India, holding a position of considerable responsibility. He was free—free to live and struggle for his great ambitions. He was fortunate in that respect; in fact, he had always been fortunate.

He made his way back across the muddy pathway of the Mall imbued with a sudden uncontrollable desire for light and warmth.

Gales met him in the hall and relieved him of his coat. There was an undeniable sense of comfort and security about Gales. He glanced furtively at the ponderous figure of his head-man, who had been with him now longer than he could remember. He muttered something about the inclemency of the weather, and it soothed him to note the ingratiating acquiescence of the servant, as though by addressing him he had conferred a great benefit upon him. He heard the heavy breathing of Gales as he bustled away with his hat and coat, and then he warmed his hands by the fire, and strolled up-stairs to dress.

As he entered his bedroom an indefinable feeling of dreariness came over him again. It was very silent there, and the well-modulated lights above the dressing-table revealed his gleaming silver brushes and the solid properties of the mahogany bed. He looked at the fire and lighted a cigarette, a very unusual habit for him. Then he went into his dressing-room, and noted his clothes all neatly laid out for him and the brass can of hot water wrapped in the folds of a rough towel. The door, half open, revealed the silver rails and taps in the bath-room, and a very low hum of sound suggested a distant power-station or the well-oiled machinery of a lift. It was all wonderfully ordered, wonderfully coördinated.

He strolled from one room to the other on the thick-pile carpet, trying to thrust back the waves of dejection that threatened to envelop him.

At last he threw his cigarette away, and, disrobing himself, washed and dressed.

He felt better then, a little more alert and interested. He turned down the light and went down-stairs. He felt suddenly curiously nervous and apprehensive about the dinner-party. He went into the dining-room and found Gales instructing a new butler in the subtleties of his profession. The table was laid for nine, and indeed looked worthy of Gales and of himself. There was a certain austerity and distinction about the three bowls of red tulips that were placed at intervals along it, and the old silver and the Nuremburg glasses and the cunning arrangements of concealed lights emphasized his own sure taste and discrimination. Nevertheless, he felt nervous. He fussed about the table, and took the champagne-bottles from their ice beds to satisfy himself that Gales had brought up the right year. He fidgeted with one of the type-written menu-cards, and told Gales that on a previous occasion Fouchet had overdone the chopped olives in the Hollandaise. He must speak to him. He was not sure that Fouchet was not going off. His eyesight was failing, or he was becoming careless. The straw potatoes served with the pheasant had been cut too thick, and the savories were apt to be too dry. Gales listened to these criticisms with a lugubrious sympathy, and, bowing, left the room to convey them to the chef.

After that he retired to the small Japanese room on the ground floor. When he had a bachelor party he preferred to receive his guests there. There was something about the black walls and the grotesquely carved fireplace and the heavily timbered ceiling, also carved, and painted dark red, that appealed to his sense of appropriateness in a man's dinner-party. It was essentially a man's room, a little foreboding and bizarre. It symbolized also his appreciation of a race who were above all things clever, clever and patient, industrious, esthetic, with some quality that ex-

cited the mystic tendencies of the cultivated Westerner.

He had not long to wait before two of his guests arrived, Sir Gregory Caste and Lanyon the K. C. They had met in the cloak-room, and, having previously made each other's acquaintance at an hotel at Baden-Baden, were discussing the medical values of rival Bavarian springs. It was a subject on which he himself was no mean authority. The conversation had not progressed far before Lord Bowel was shown in. He was a very big man, with a heavy dome of a head, large, pathetic eyes, and a thick, gray beard. He shook hands solemnly without any gleam of welcome, and immediately gave an account of an incurable disease from which his sister was suffering.

Tippins then arrived, a square-headed North-countryman, who did not speak all the evening except in self-defense, and he was followed by Sir Andrew Griggs and Nielson. Sir Andrew was well into the eighties, and Nielson was a thin, keen-faced man with very thick glasses. There was a considerable interval before Brodray arrived with his nephew. They were at least ten minutes late, and Brodray was very profuse with apologies.

It was curious that the young man was almost precisely as he had pictured him. He was just a red-faced boy in khaki. He fancied that Brodray introduced him as "Lieutenant Burney," but he was not sure. It was, in any case, some such name, something ordinary and insignificant.

They then all adjourned to the dining-room without breaking the general level of their conversation, and sat down.

On his right he had Lord Bowel, and on his left Sir Andrew Griggs. Brodray faced him, with Sir Gregory Caste on his right and his nephew on the left. Lanyon sat next to the lieutenant and Nielson and Tippins occupied the intervening spaces. He had thought this arrangement out with considerable care.

It was not until the sherry and caviar had fulfilled their destiny that Lord Bowel managed to complete the full description of his sister's disease. He spoke very slowly and laboriously, and moved his beard with a curious rotary movement as he masticated his food.

Sir Andrew Griggs then managed to break into the conversation with a dissertation on the horrors of being ill in a foreign hotel. He had once been suddenly seized with a serious internal trouble and had had to undergo an operation in an hotel in Zermatt. It was very trying, and the hotel people were very unreasonable.

Brodray sang the praises of a new American osteopathist during the removal of the soup-plates, and the salmon found the director of the National Museum of Applied Arts dilating upon the virtues of grape-fruit as a breakfast food.

The host was in no hurry. He knew that the course of events would be bound to draw the conversation into channels connected with matters that were of moment to the construction of the Peasant Allotment Bill.

What more natural than that the virtues of grape-fruit should lead to the virtues of fresh air and exercise, and then obviously to horse-flesh. At the first glass of champagne the company was already in the country. Horses and dogs! Ah, how difficult to eliminate them from the conversation of a party of representative Englishmen!

Lord Bowel was the first to express his views upon the bill. The conversation led to it quite naturally at the arrival of the pheasant. They were better cooked to-night, and the potatoes were thinner, more refined.

He watched the curious movement of Lord Bowel's beard as he bit the pheasant and said in his sepulchral voice:

"The Groynes amendment will, in my opinion, inflict a grave injustice on the agricultural classes. You may remember that in Gangway's Rural Housings Bill, in eighteen-ninety-five, Lord Pennefy, who was then on the treasury bench, said—"

The ball had started. He had a curious feeling that he wished Dilgerson were there. Dilgerson had such a remarkable memory. He particularly wanted to get

Lanyon's views. Lanyon had a great reputation among the people he knew. Unfortunately, he was not a good party man. They said of him that he had a mind like a double-edged sword. He was keen, analytical, and recondite, and he did not mind whom he struck. The lawyer was intently listening to Lord Bowel. His skin was dry and cracked into a thousand little crevices, his cheek-bones stood out, and his cold, abstract eyes were gazing through his rimless pince-nez at his empty glass, for he did not drink.

Lord Bowel dwelt at great length on the bill's unfortunate attitude toward the agricultural laborer, and at even greater length on the probable result of that attitude upon the agricultural laborer at the polls. When he mentioned the party he sank his voice to a lower key, and spoke almost humanly.

The pheasants had disappeared, and little quails in aspic had quivered tremulously in the center of large plates, surrounded by a vegetable salad the secret of which he himself had discovered when living in Vienna, before Lanyon entered the arena with a cryptic utterance, quoting from an Act of James II. He spoke harshly and incisively, like a judge arraigning a criminal. It was very interesting, for the host became aware that as Lanyon proceeded he was not speaking from conviction. He had heard that Lanyon had ambitions of a certain legal position. The bill would not affect it one way or the other, but his reputation as a dialectician must be established beyond question. He had his game to play, too.

Nielson broke in, and seemed to the host to agree with Lord Bowel in an almost extravagant manner. He, too, spoke feelingly when the party was the theme. It was said that Lord Bowel was the power behind the chief. He certainly exerted a great influence in the selection of office-holders. Men whose political reputation was not made invariably agreed with Lord Bowel, in any case before his face.

The game pursued its normal course; the even tenor of the men's voices sounded one long drone of abstract, passionless sound. Under the influence of the good wine and the solemn procession of cunningly arranged foods, they sank into a detached unity of expression. They looked at one another tolerantly, listening for signs and omens, and measuring the value of one another's remarks. There was no enthusiasm, no passion, nothing to belie the suave and cultivated accents of their voices. They seemed, perhaps, unreal to one another, merely a segregation of ideas meeting in a mirage, without prejudice or bias or any great desire for personal expression.

It was as the savory was being removed that young Burney laughed. The host did not catch what it was that made him laugh, neither did he ever know. It was probably some mildly humorous remark of Tippins. But it came crashing through the room like the reel of pipes in a desert. It was not a boisterously loud laugh, but it was loud enough to rise above the general din. It was the quality of it that seemed to rend the air like an electric thrill. It was clear, mellow, vibrant, and amazingly free. It rang out with an unrestrained vibrato of enjoyment. It hung in the air and satisfied its purpose; it seemed to lash the walls of the room and hurl its message defiantly at the ceiling. It could not be subdued, and it could never be forgotten. It was an amazing laugh. It was like the wind on the moors or the crash of great, high waves breaking on a rock, something that had been imprisoned and suddenly breaks free and rides serenely to its end.

And the saintly Cybeline—

It was curious. Why, immediately he heard the young man's laugh, did this line occur to him? Gales was standing by the sideboard looking flustered and perturbed. People did not laugh in the presence of Gales. He had a faculty of discouraging any flippant digressions from the dignity of politics or dinner. Lanyon was looking in the young man's direction, his keen eyes surveying the wine-glasses set there.

Old Sir Andrew looked at him also and smiled dimly; but, surprisingly enough, the others hardly seemed to have noticed the laugh.

Lord Bowel was saying:

"If, therefore, we are prepared to accept this crisis which the opposition, with a singular lack of insight, in my opinion, seem disposed to precipitate upon the country, we shall be—er—lacking in loyalty not only to the—er—Constitution, but to ourselves, and I said to the chief on Wednesday—"

And the saintly Cybeline—

What on earth did it mean? What was Lord Bowel talking about? Why did the young man's laugh still seem to be ringing round the room? He looked at him; the boy was talking animatedly to Brodray and grinning; he thought he caught something about "we did n't sleep under cover for a fortnight." He had not been drinking, certainly not to excess. No one had had sherry except the silent Tippins. He might have had three glasses of champagne. It certainly did n't account for the laugh; besides, it was not that sort of laugh.

There was something, something something,
  And the something will entwine,
And the something, something, something
  With the saintly Cybeline.

A shadowy vision glimmered past the finger-bowl in front of him. He remembered now: it was in Frodsee's room at Magdalen. There was a tall chap, with curly, dark hair sitting on Frodsee's table, swinging his legs. He was in "shorts," and his bare knees and stockings were splashed with mud. Frodsee himself was standing by the window declaiming his ridiculous jingle. And there was a third boy there who was laughing uncontrollably.

With the saintly Cybeline.

He wished he could remember the rest of the words. The sun was streaming through the window, and the young willows were whispering above the river. The jingle finished, and they all laughed, and one laugh rang out above the rest. Strange that it should all come rushing back to him at that moment—the free ring of his own laughter across the years! He had something then, he could n't think what it was—something that he had since lost.

"Even if in the end we have to sacrifice some of these minor principles, I am inclined to think, sir, that the broader issues will be better served. The interests of the party are interdependent—"

Nielson was speaking, nervously twisting the cigar in his mouth.

He made a desperate plunge to find his place in the flow of this desultory discussion. He mumbled some inchoate remark upon the land laws. It was not in any way germane to what had just been said, and he knew it; only he wanted them to draw him back among them, to protect him from the flood of perverse memories that strove to increase his melancholy.

But the memory of that laugh unnerved him. He could not concentrate. He longed once more for Dilgerson, or for some power that would give him a grip upon his concrete existence. He rose from the table, and led his guests back into the Japanese room. He lighted a cigar and, contrary to his custom, he indulged in a liqueur. His guests formed themselves into little groups, and he hovered between them, afraid to remain with either long in case they should discover his horror, that in that hour, all through a boy's laugh, he had lost the power to concentrate.

Perhaps something in his manner conveyed itself to his guests, for they broke up early, first old Griggs, then Nielson, then Brodray and the boy. He shook the boy's hand, but made no comment.

Lanyon took his departure alone, and Tippins followed. Lord Bowel seemed the only one disposed to remain. He sank back in an easy-chair and talked interminably, unaware of any psychologic change in the atmosphere of the room. He found a patient listener in Gregory Caste, to

whom the discussions of a government official were as balm.

The host moved restlessly, blinking at his two remaining guests. Sometimes he would sit furtively on the edge of a chair and listen and nod his head and say: "Yes, yes; I quite agree. Yes; that is so."

Then he would rise and walk to the fireplace and move some object an inch or two from the position in which it was placed and then move it back again. He drank a glass of lemon-water, a row of which were placed on a silver tray by the wall, and smoked another cigarette. Then the instinct of common courtesy prompted him once more to join his two remaining guests. He looked closely at Lord Bowel's heavy cheeks, and a curious feeling of disgust came over him. The voice of the board of trade official boomed on luxuriously about the arts of Eastern people, about ceramics, about the diseases of bees, the iniquity of licensing restrictions, the influence of Chaldean teaching on modern theology, on the best hotel in Paris, on the vacillating character of the principal leaders of the opposition. There seemed no end to the variety of theme, and no break in the dull monotony of voice.

It must have been well after midnight that Lord Bowel suddenly sighed heavily and rose. He took his host's hand and said gloomily:

"It has been a most delightful evening."

He watched the two men pass out into the hall, and saw Gales come ponderously forward and help them with their coats. Then he drew back and looked into the fire. He pressed his hand to his brow. He had not a headache, but he felt peculiarly exhausted, as though he had been through some great strain. In the fire he saw again the nodding heads of willows and the young clouds scudding before the wind. He started. He could not understand; he could have sworn that at that moment he again heard some one laugh. He looked round to convince himself that he was alone in the room. He shivered and stood up. He was not well. He was getting old. A time comes to all men—anyway, he had not been a failure. He had succeeded, in fact, beyond his wildest dreams. His name was known to every one in England. His features even graced the pages of the satiric journals. He was the "safe" man of the party. One paper had nicknamed him "Trumps," the safest card in the pack. It was something to have achieved this, even if he had sacrificed things, impulses, convictions, passions, the fierce joy of expressing his primitive self. Perhaps in the process he had lost something.

Ah, God! He wished the young man had not laughed.

There was a gentle tap on the door, and Gales came in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," he murmured softly.

"It 's all right. I 'm going to bed."

He rose weakly from the chair and went up-stairs. Once more in the bedroom, the silence tormented him. The furniture seemed no longer his own, no longer an expression of himself, but a cold, frigid statement of dead conformity. He touched the bed, and then walked up and down. What could he do? He had no power to combat the strange terrors of remorse that flooded him. He sat there silently waiting for the mood to pass. He knew that if he struggled it *would* pass. He would be himself again. It was all so foolish, so unworthy of him. He kept saying that to himself, but underneath it all something else seemed stirring—something that went to the roots of his being and shook him violently.

He waited there a long time till the house seemed given over to the embraces of the night, then he stealthily crept down-stairs again. It was all in darkness. He turned on the light in the hall and dining-room. He wandered to his accustomed chair at the dining-table and huddled into it. He struggled to piece together the memories of days of freedom and splendor when he had sacrificed nothing, when life was an open book.

He visualized little incidents of his childhood and school-days, but they seemed trivial and without significance or humor.

Ah, God! if he could laugh!

He started suddenly at the sound of some one moving in the hall. He knew instinctively it would be Gales. He jumped up. He did not want his loyal retainer to think him a fool. It would be the most terrible thing of all to appear ridiculous to Gales. He walked round the room, nervously peering at the floor.

Gales blinked at him. He was in a dressing-gown, and he mumbled:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

He glanced at Gales, but said nothing. He continued searching the floor. Gales advanced into the room and coughed and looked at him curiously. He had never known Gales to look at him before in quite that way. He felt suddenly angry with the servant and wanted to get rid of him, but at the same time he was self-conscious and afraid. He was aware of the level tones of Gales's voice murmuring:

"Excuse me, sir, may I help you? Have you lost anything? Can I—"

The horror came home to him with increased violence as he glanced at the puffy cheeks of the butler. He felt that he could not endure him for another moment. He almost ran to the door, calling out in a harsh voice as he did so:

"Yes, yes; I 've lost something."

He brushed past the butler, his cheeks hot and dry, and his eyes blazing with an unforgiving anger. He did not turn again, but hurried away like an animal that is ashamed to be seen, and ran whimpering up-stairs to his bedroom.

Toys

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SHE loves the flowers, the wind that bends the fir;
When the spring comes she dances; and her mirth
Comes always when the water laughs to her.
She holds the little daily sweets of earth
On high, and pleasures in them; words that sing,
Clear music, lovely faces—all delight.
We others pass, use-dulled, unnoticing,
The sunrise and the sunset, day and night.

Yet somehow all her woven joys endure,
Too perfect, too well-shapen, to have rayed
Light-heartedly on her. Oh, I am sure
That once upon a time we do not know
God took away from her—once long ago—
All life's real, rugged things, too sharp for joys,
And—for she looked at Him still unafraid—
He laid within her hands instead these toys.

Oh, on the gentle day when she goes hence
I hope that for her gay obedience
He has reward for her: that when she dies
He will not send her straight to paradise.
She knows enough of paradisal mirth.
Oh, surely He will give her back the earth,
And all its living that He made her miss,
Locked close to life by its most burning kiss,
Clutching decisions, terror-haunted breath,
Great grief, great raptures, passion, birth, and death.

Sir Douglas Haig

Sir Douglas Haig

By A. G. GARDINER

Author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," etc.

THERE is a story which is popular in English circles to the effect that Mr. Asquith, during one of his visits to France, observed to a distinguished French general that it was remarkable that the war had not thrown up any great commander, and that the general genially replied, "No; nor any great statesman." The story is of course an invention. Mr. Asquith is brusk, but never gauche; direct, but not clumsy. Nor is it his habit to indulge in large and unfortified generalizations on subjects about which his knowledge is vague and necessarily incomplete. No one knows better than he does that it is impossible in the midst of the war to form any just estimate of personal values. We must wait for the end of the trial before we give our verdict. Any departure from that sound maxim is likely to suffer the fate of Jeffrey's "This will never do," on Wordsworth. The one conspicuous departure from that maxim during the war has served to illustrate the danger of erecting statues to what one may call interim heroes. It is not without significance that it is in Germany and nowhere else that the popular mind has

betrayed this weakness, and already the colossal wooden statue of Hindenburg has become a European jest.

But though Mr. Asquith may be acquitted of responsibility for the story, the remark attributed to him undoubtedly represents the prevalent feeling in regard to the war. There is no military figure that has emerged from the vast welter to a decisive and unchallengeable preëminence. Many men have caught the limelight momentarily, and in each case the world has been ready to cry, "This is he." But almost before the acclamation was uttered he has faded into the background. For one brief month Kluck overshadowed all other names, but in a military sense he perished at the Marne and has hardly been heard of since. The kaiser's military prestige ended with the failure of the attack at Ypres, and Moltke was offered as a sacrifice for that failure. Hindenburg's great, but quite episodic, achievement at Tannenberg made him for six months the outstanding figure of the war, but the long and futile struggle on the Dwina has quenched his glory, and those who look to Germany for the military hero of the war are now studying the campaigns of Mackensen and the politico-military strategy of Falkenhayn. The Russian reputations have been equally fleeting. Ruzsky had an hour of splendor at Lemberg, then suffered eclipse; emerged again on the Dwina, and now seems to have finally vanished from the stage. The Grand Duke Nicholas rose like a colossus on the crest of the Carpathians, and sank from sight in the heart of Russia, to reappear ultimately out of the Caucasus with the dazzling triumph of Erzerum. The most static reputation of the war has been that of General Joffre. It has been singularly free both from sensation and from the swift alternations which have marked other personal valuations. In the judgment of the world he stands very much as he stood in the autumn of 1914—a stout-hearted, phlegmatic, cautious soldier; silent, remorseless; representing not the brilliant, imaginative tradition of French generalship, but the modern conception of war as a vast piece of engineering to be achieved by processes as practical as those of a plumber. He may in the end emerge as the supreme military figure of the war, but judgment is in suspense, and all that can be said is that he has neither advanced nor retreated in the estimate of contemporary criticism.

The challenge to his claim so far has certainly not come from the British army. The appointment of Sir Douglas Haig to the command of the British forces in France and Flanders is the confession that England is still seeking for a man equal to the occasion. The achievements of British generalship have so far been undeniably disappointing. There were two outstanding figures in active service at the beginning of the war, Lord Kitchener and Sir John French. Their reputations were very dissimilar in character. That of Lord Kitchener was the reputation of the organizer of war, that of Sir John French was the reputation of the brilliant commander in the field. Lord Kitchener's successes were founded on the slow and patient processes of the engineer, a railway driven through the desert, a system of block-houses constructed on the veldt. Sir John French's successes were the daring exploits by which he relieved Kimberley and cut off Cronje's retreat at Koodoosrand Drift, and the more definitely strategic skill with which for three months he held a much superior force in check at Colesberg. From the point of view of experience it might have been assumed that the British started with an indisputable advantage in the matter of generalship. At the outbreak of the war there were only two countries which had had large and recent acquaintance with actual warfare. In the case of Russia that experience had served only to discover the incapacity of its generals. No reputation survived the Russo-Japanese War, and the only general engaged in that war who was given a considerable command in August, 1914, General Rennenkampf, promptly disappeared as the result of two disastrous failures.

The case was otherwise with the Brit-

ish. Their officers had seen fighting in many fields, and had had victory in all of them. But it may be doubted whether their experience of war was not a loss rather than a gain. It tended to make them shape their methods according to the teaching of that experience, and to assume that the European War was only different in scale from that in which they had learned their lessons. But it was not a difference of scale only or even chiefly; it was a difference of character. It was a warfare that had no points of similarity to the rounding up of dervishes in the desert or of Boer farmers on the veldt. It is not without significance that it was in the first three months, while the war in the West was in a fluid state, that the British achieved their really striking successes; that is to say, it was while the operations bore some resemblance to those with which our army had been familiar in the past that it proved its decisive superiority. This was no doubt due largely to the fact that the original army, though small, consisted of the most-seasoned soldiers in Europe; but it was due also to the fact that the demands on our generalship were demands with which that generalship was familiar. It is probable that history will find in the part which the little British army played in the retreat to the Marne the most momentous single fact of the war. The kaiser, for military, political, and personal considerations alike, flung the spear-head of his army at the British. The attack failed despite its overwhelming mass and impetus, and it failed not only because of the hard stuff of which the British army was composed, but because in that phase of the struggle Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien were greater masters of the craft of war than the generals opposed to them. That wonderful apprenticeship at Colesberg, which General French and General Haig had served together, the one as commander, the other as chief of staff, had prepared them perfectly for such an emergency as this, and it is no extravagant claim to say that it played a governing part in saving the liberties of Europe in the moment of supreme crisis. And hardly less momentous and triumphant was the inspiration of Sir John French which led him to transfer his army from the Aisne to Flanders in the nick of time, and that daring which permitted him to spread out his line so thin that, as one may say, one could see the rents in it. The risk was as great as any ever taken by a general in the field; but it saved Calais and much more than Calais. Few know how narrow the margin was, how near at the end of the ten-days' struggle before Ypres the power of resistance had approached exhaustion, how in that supreme moment the dauntless courage of General French inspired men and officers alike to "hold on" until the surging tide of the German attack fell back shattered and despairing.

If the story of 1915 fell tragically below the high-water mark of the first battle of Ypres, it was because the war had assumed a character with which British generalship was unfamiliar, called for an equipment which the Germans had foreseen and the British had not, demanded methods which had been studied by the German general staff and ignored by British military thought. Criticism on this phase of the war is a delicate task. It is difficult to disentangle the causes of failure and distribute their burden to the right shoulders. Who was it who was responsible for the belated appreciation of the fact that in trench warfare shrapnel was no match for high-explosive shells? British generalship cannot be blamed for the deficiency of guns and equipment in the early stages of the war. That was the natural consequence of the fact that Germany had prepared for the war and the British had not conceived of the possibility of fighting on the Continent with an army of Continental magnitude. But there was clearly a most disastrous failure to understand the lessons of the trench warfare. While the destructive power of the German high-explosive shells was apparent day by day, British military thought, dominated by the memories of the South African War, still obstinately

clung to its faith in shrapnel, and it was not until the intervention of the politicians both in England and France that the importance of the big gun and the explosive shell was thoroughly seized. The prevailing opinion is that in the conflict on the subject which is generally supposed to have taken place between Sir John French and Lord Kitchener it was the latter whose belief in shrapnel survived quite decisive evidence to the contrary. But these and similar points of controversy cannot be decided in the present obscure state of knowledge on the subject.

And without that knowledge it is impossible to say how far the failures of 1915 are attributable to General French. The two great events of that period, Neuve Chapelle and Loos, were very similar in their broad features. They were successful beyond all expectations in their first phase and broke down completely in their second phase. Inadequate artillery preparation was undoubtedly a main cause of failure at Neuve Chapelle, but in the case of Loos the causes were more complex and more sinister. The attack, successful to a quite unexpected degree, outran its power of consolidating itself, and its supports were not only hopelessly in the rear, but were delayed by the chaotic condition of the roads. The long and unexplained interval between the British attack, which began at six in the morning, and the French attack on the right, which did not begin until noon, was also a contributory cause of the failure. It was obvious after Loos that a change in the command would be made. Sir John French's success in all the phases of mobile warfare had been indisputable, but in the static warfare of the trenches and the organization of an attack on a wide intrenched front he could not escape criticism, and his retirement was a matter of course.

If the appointment of Sir Douglas Haig was also a matter of course, the fact cannot be said to be due to any conclusive evidence that he was the man for so onerous a task. The utmost that could be claimed for him was that of the men in the running, he alone had survived as a thinkable substitute. Sir Ian Hamilton's reputation had been eclipsed by the tragic episode of the Dardanelles, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whose handling of the Second Army Corps in the retreat to the Marne had been the most brilliant feature of that great incident, had been removed to a home command as the result of a collision of temperament as well as of opinion with his chief. Sir William Robertson, the chief of the general staff, and in many ways the most interesting figure in the army, was felt to be more adapted to the work of initiating the strategy of the war than to executive command in the field. He had risen from the ranks by sheer force of intellect to the position of head of the Staff College at Camberley, an achievement the magnitude of which can be appreciated only by those who understand the enormous part which social considerations play in the British army. It has been suggested that his origin stood in the way of his selection for the supreme command, and it is probable that he would have had to meet a considerable amount of prejudice that would have made his task difficult. No one who has moved among the higher ranks of the army will doubt that. But I do not think that this consideration was really the cause of the choice not falling on him. His career had been almost exclusively associated with the thinking branch of the army, and even in the South African War he had played little or no part in the field. His removal to the position of head of the general staff in London was the obviously right application of his genius to the purposes of the war, and no one appreciated the importance of that fact more than Sir Douglas Haig. "This war," he has said, "will be won in London by those whose thinking is the spring of our action here." There were several men who had come into prominence among the younger officers, most conspicuously General John Gough, a man of really brilliant parts who was widely spoken of as "the brain of the army," but who was unfortunately killed at Neuve Chapelle.

But there was no one who really chal-

Sir Douglas Haig and General Joffre leaving headquarters in northern France

lenged the claim of Sir Douglas Haig as the successor to Sir John French. There was, it was true, a suspicion that he was something of a favorite of fortune, and his career had certainly been one of unusual advancement. He had been exceptionally late in entering the army, for he had not only taken a public-school course, but had then gone to Oxford, and it was not until 1885 that he joined the 7th Hussars. His career as a soldier was threatened at the outset by the refusal of the medical board to admit him to the Staff College on the ground that he was color-blind; but this decision was overruled by the Duke of Cambridge, then commander-in-chief, who, having investigated the case, nominated him personally for admission.

Thenceforward his path was one of uninterrupted success. He first saw active service in the Nile Expedition, and was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartum, receiving his brevet majority, and in the South African War he was General French's right-hand man, serving as his chief of staff in the series of minor, but brilliant, operations about Colesberg which prepared the way for Lord Roberts's advance, continuing his association with General French in the work of the cavalry division when that advance began, and becoming ultimately deputy-assistant

adjutant-general. But it was with the close of the South African War that his pace of advancement became noticeable. He went to the War Office as director of military training, was then appointed chief of the general staff in India, and in 1911, while still well under fifty, was brought home to fill the coveted Aldershot command. There was an undercurrent of complaint in the service at this rapid progress. "It is questionable," said one critic, "whether the plan of switching officers about from one important appointment to another long before their allotted time in posts has expired is advantageous to the military machine." There were not wanting suggestions that court influences were at work in his favor, suggestions which had their root in the fact that he had married the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, who had been maid of honor to Queen Alexandra. No one with any knowledge of English public life will suppose that the fact was a hindrance to Sir Douglas.

But personal contact with him and a study of his career will at least disabuse the mind of the idea that his progress has been a matter of mere social fortune. The impression he creates is singularly unlike the traditional conception of the man of war. I have seen him described as "a rough-hewn soldier," who, like Kléber, makes you feel brave to look at him. If you meet him with that picture in your mind you have a shock of surprise. It is true that his bearing is gallant and soldierly, and that he conveys the sense of a man entirely master of himself and of his task. He is one of the youngest generals in the British army, but he is young-looking even for his years. This suggestion of youth is due not only to the rapid movements of the stalwart frame, but more definitely to the smooth, untroubled face. In profile it slants forward from the retreating brow to the adventurous nose and the big, strong chin. Seen in front, the face is square and massive, the mouth broad and decisive, the blue-gray eyes are calm and direct. But in his manner, speech, and habit of mind there is no trace of the "rough-hewn soldier." He is as remote as anything that can be imagined from suggesting the hard, merciless features of the typical Prussian, Mackensen or Falkenhayn, for example. Despite his uniform, he suggests Oxford more than the barrack-room, and one feels that he would be charming and reassuring by the bedside whether as the rector or the doctor. He irradiates a certain atmosphere of what I may call benevolent alertness. His mingled gravity and gentleness set the note of bearing and conversation. One cannot doubt the will power imaged in the firm mouth and the thrust of the bold chin, but still less can one resist the frankness and courtesy of the direct, but kindly, glance. He wins one's confidence by the obvious sincerity and candor of his speech, is tolerant of a contrary opinion, and listens with respect to anything that deserves respect. But overemphasis, cock-sureness, dogmatism have short shrift from him. It is not that he rebukes them by word, but that he makes them seem false and crude by contrast with his own serene and governed manner. He is like the skilful horseman who rules his steed not by the whip and the spur, but by the subtle authority of a superior will conveyed through hints that are at once gentle and indisputable. In the midst of his staff his mastery is obvious without being demonstrative. It has the art of evoking the maximum of thought and directing it into the right channels without surrendering any element of respect. It is the art of the judge who encourages the counsel to enlighten him, but preserves his right of judgment.

This impression, of course, is of Sir Douglas in the normal surroundings of his headquarters. I am told that you will have an impression of another sort on the field of action. Here around the table the placid eye and the quiet, assured manner are the key-notes of the man, and it is hard to associate with him the idea of any fierce passion, certainly not the meaner passions of revenge or fear. But in action that formidable chin, as it were, takes the helm, and the fundamental masterfulness

of the man, which wears so polite a mask in ordinary circumstances, comes into action stripped of all disguise. The bedside manner has vanished before the fierce breath of the battle-field. He is not, I am informed, so easy to live with in those circumstances.

This genius for action has been emphasized throughout the war. Behind the scenes there has been much whispering, certainly exaggerated, of the conflict between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French as to the merits of officers. This man, it was suggested, was a favorite of Sir John, that man a favorite of Lord Kitchener. All wars produce this sort of suspicious gossip. Doubtless there is truth in it in the sense that two men will never have quite the same estimates of their subordinates. There is no doubt that the high opinion which Sir John French had of Sir Douglas as the result of their coöperation in South Africa became strengthened as the war proceeded. Other men won passing praises in his despatches, but his admiration for the qualities of Sir Douglas remained the most constant theme. In the retreat from Mons it was "the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night" that won his praise. At the Aisne on September 14, 1914, "The action of the First Corps on this day, under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was of so skilful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river." In the first battle of Ypres the chief honors of victory were again awarded to Sir Douglas: "Throughout this trying period, Sir Douglas Haig, aided by his divisional commanders and his brigade commanders, held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable service they have

The past and present leaders of the British army, Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig

rendered." When the first forward move was attempted at Neuve Chapelle the First Army Corps was moved southward for the task, and it was Sir Douglas to whom was again committed the executive command in the field. It was an ill-fated venture despite the apparent, but superficial and costly, success, but its failure must be attributed mainly to the then apparently unrealized insufficiency of our artillery preparation. Sir John declared that in this engagement "the energy and vigor with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power." Finally, at Loos, Sir Douglas was again in command of the attack. I have reason to know something of the measure of his confidence in the result of that attack, something also of the extraordinary completeness of the preparation, of the minuteness of the knowledge of the enemy's line, of the groundwork of careful study upon which that confidence was built. I can conceive something also of his disappointment at the limited achievement. It left not merely Lille, but La Bassée still in the hands of the enemy, and the enemy line only dented with a new salient of questionable value. The main cause of the failure was the fact which has governed the whole story of the siege-warfare—the overwhelming advantage which the defense has over the attack. On the Aisne, at Ypres, on the Yser, at Souchez, in Champagne, at Verdun the story has always been the same, and at the time of writing it would almost seem that the forecast of Bloch had been absolutely fulfilled and that in modern trench war, where the foes were reasonably matched, a decision could not be reached on the battle-field. But there were circumstances in connection with Loos which gravely reflected on the leadership, especially on the divisional staff work and the organization. The early success of the movement exceeded all expectations, and I am told that wireless messages of the Germans ordering the evacuation of La Bassée and Lens were intercepted. But the very success was disastrous. The advance outran its power of control, and the fatal confusion in the rear prevented the blow from being driven home. It was the latter fact which was the decisive element of failure, and with that element Sir Douglas Haig was not concerned.

When the change in the supreme command was made he was, so far as the public estimate of the possibilities was concerned, the obvious and indeed the only choice. But it was felt to be still an experiment. His record had been one of conspicuous success within certain limits. It had revealed in him many of the qualities of great generalship, caution in preparing his stroke, ingenuity in extricating himself from difficulties, constancy of mind, a temperament of instructed confidence, power of commanding the affections as well as the obedience of subordinates, resolution and impetus in action. There was no other personality in high command for whom the possession of so many of the essentials could be claimed. But it had to be seen in his case, as in the case of General French, whether his various accomplishments included the larger qualities called for in the command of an army of unprecedented magnitude, engaged in a war far remote in character from that with which his chief successes had been won. He went out to Flanders eighteen months ago in command of an army corps: he is to-day in command of an army of not fewer than a million men, probably of not far short of a million and a half men. In this great task the faculties that he revealed in the retreat from Mons, at the Aisne, at Ypres, and at Neuve Chapelle will be valuable, and the experience he gained in those fields will be even more valuable.

But with all this there remains to be proved whether he possesses that large synthesis of war which the occasion demands, the power of piercing through the encumbering perplexities of a vast field of operations to the central fact, the imaginative insight into the purposes of the enemy, the coördination of the myriad parts of his system to the needs of one clearly apprehended purpose. This can

be discovered only by events, and with these events impending it would be foolish to forecast its future. He has had many successes and no real failure. He possesses beyond doubt all the calculable parts of generalship, in temper, mind, and character. He possesses them, so far as one can judge, in that balance and equipoise without which their worth is negligible. But whether he fuses them with the spark of genius remains to be proved. I should hesitate to say that he does. I should expect to find that extreme competence rather than great original power is his total quality, and that while he might be relied on to make no blunders that careful knowledge, a cautious temper, and a discriminating judgment could avoid, he would not display those incalculable inspirations which are the mark of great genius. But in the absence of superlative genius he is the best that the British army has to offer.

And that fact brings me to what should be the real test of his fitness for the task. Will he have the courage to go to the root of the evil in that army? Will he, defiant of hoary tradition, sweep out inefficiency wherever he finds it, and give brains their chance in this great struggle? The relative failure of the British army has not been due to the failure of the material of which it is composed. There is no better material in Europe. But the officering has been lamentably inadequate. The reason is apparent. The army before the war was a small machine, a trifle in relation to the total of the nation. It drew its officers from a narrow class of society. They were not merely quantitively, but also qualitatively, unrepresentative of the nation. They were a social caste, trained in a tradition of grotesque conservatism and exclusiveness. In the crack regiments no man could hold a commission who was not a man of fortune. The war came, and suddenly the army expanded from a hundred and fifty thousand to a million, two millions, three millions, four millions. The struggle developed phases of warfare which had not only not been studied, but not even seriously considered—the aërial conflict, the use of weapons hitherto undreamed of, the application of science to the necessities of war, and so on. But with all this expansion in size and change in requirement, the control remained the same. Hundreds and thousands of brilliant young men from the professions, the universities, the business world entered the army. The very cream of the nation is in the trenches, but at the top all is as before. "Buggins' turn," to use Lord Fisher's phrase, still governs the army. Buggins may be a fool, may be known to be a fool, but he has grown old in the service; he is popular with the mess, he has strong social connections, it would be a scandal not to give him his turn. The story of the Dardanelles reeked with this disease of Buggins. The story of France and Flanders is not much better. Men may be proved incompetent, but they do not disappear. They are not cashiered; they are even promoted. The railways are controlled by soldiers, the air service is largely run by men who do not fly; nowhere does the mere professional give place to the expert, or the decorated antiquity to the man of brains. It is as though a body of parish councilors have suddenly been called upon to administer an empire in the midst of an earthquake, and are imperiling that empire by their insistence on their professional precedence. The question that men are asking in connection with Sir Douglas Haig is whether he is a big enough man to attack this disease and to bring to the army the service of the best brains at his command, regardless of whether they are the brains of Buggins or of Buggins's coachman. I doubt whether he is the man for that heroic work; but I am certain that his success depends upon the ruthlessness with which he uses the surgeon's knife in what is notoriously the diseased tissue of the British army.

Neighbors

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "In Our Town," etc.

YOU say to your wife, coming back from seeing Uncle Zenas and Aunt Polly safely on their train:

"Well, I guess they had a pretty good time."

"Aw my! Indeed they did. Aunt Polly enjoyed every minute of her visit. So she told me, and so did Uncle Zenas. Salt of the earth, both of them."

"They 'll have something to talk about when they get back home."

"Last 'em the rest of their lives."

"I only hope it won't make them discontented with Bloomfield Center."

To which your wife responds with that funny little short laugh women have,—"Ha-a-a-a-a!"—which means, "Don't you fool yourself."

They did have a grand good time as far as you were able to give it to them. They took in Grant's Tomb; and Fifth Avenue, where the bigbugs live; and the Statue of Liberty,—"Well, ma'am," said Uncle Zenas, looking up reproachfully when he had reached earth again, "next time I 'll write instid o' comin' to see you"; and Ellis Island, where the ignorant foreigners come in; and the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and the ditto Tower; and the ditto Opera; and the bridges; and the subway; and the East Side—all the things they came to see, and more also that you were too tuckered to take 'em to, but which they sallied out for on their own hook, and got back alive the same day, to the surprise of all. But if you think that they consider life in New York superior to life in Bloomfield Center, why, you 're mighty much mistaken.

He waited till the train got clear out of the station, and then he said, Uncle Zenas did:

"Well, sir, I would n't *live* in New York, not if you was to *give* it to me."

And Aunt Polly answered:

"No; nor me."

And that 's a blessed good thing. If they were going back to Bloomfield Center all out of conceit with it, and they expecting to spend the remainder of their days there, it would be terrible. Not that such a thing would be possible. It is mercifully provided that when folks get to be the age of Aunt Polly and Uncle Zenas it is virtually impossible to make them discontented with anything they 've been used to all their lives.

Aunt Polly thought housekeeping arrangements in your apartment were just too cute: no trotting up and down stairs; no running out to the pump in all weathers; not even to have to think to put the dish-water on; no ashes to take up, and no lamps to clean. But that 's just it; it was *too* cute. She could never reconcile it with her conscience to have her work as easy as all that. It 'd be too much like play, which softens the moral fiber to a kind of jell.

Uncle Zenas did say something, you recollect, about the wicked waste of buying everything by dribs and drabs, running out for every little handful instead of keeping it down cellar; but what really horrified them they never opened their heads about till they got home.

He was going to, but Aunt Polly caught his eye, and gave him that look which forty-seven years of married life have taught him means: "Danger! Keep still!" You see, she 'd already made one break herself. You remember when she looked out upon the white clothes fluttering from the roof of an apartment-house, and said so innocently, "The woman that lives there has put out a washing every day I been here." Well, she did n't want Zenas laughed at, even in secret.

He was as near as anything to blatting it right out that day he saw a black-and-purple streamer floating from the bell-handle of one of the few remaining "pri-

vate" houses across the way. "Who is it 's dead over yan there?" he asked. "Must be a grown person; it 'd be a white one if it was a child. Sick long?"

You did n't know.

You did n't know? Did n't you know who lived there or what their name was or how many in family or anything at all about them? Well, did n't you expect to go over and see if there was n't something you could do?

He saw the smile you did your best to hide as you thought how embarrassing it would be to all concerned if you did make bold to step across and offer your services. He saw that it had n't even occurred to you to do that. You did n't care *that* about your neighbors, whether they lived or died, no more than if it was a dog. He opened his mouth to say what kind of a way that was to live, and Aunt Polly gave him that look, and he shut it again, but with an expression round it that said as plain as words, "Well, that ain't human."

Perhaps it had n't struck you in that light before, but *is* it human not to know or care what the man in the third flat west works at; and how much he gets; whether this is his first or second wife, and if she 's his second, is the first one dead or divorced; and where did they use to live at before they came to New York? Uncle Zenas knows by the end of the second day. By the end of the third day Aunt Polly is making doll-clothes for the little girl across the hall, and can give full particulars of all the operations the little girl's ma has had. If Aunt Polly and Uncle Zenas stay more than a week, people you don't know from Adam are greeting them with a cheery, and even affectionate, "How de do?" Only the other day the grocer on the corner surprised you by inquiring after the old gentleman that used to come in the store with you, and asked you to send his best regards next time you wrote. He would himself, only he can't so goot English.

They can be neighbors with your neighbors, it seems, and why can't you? Have you lost something they still have?

When Uncle Zenas looked as if he 'd like to say, "Well, that ain't human," he probably was thinking how it would be if it was for him the black-and-purple streamer floated, and folks in Bloomfield Center as hard-hearted as folks in New York. It 's getting along about the time for him and Aunt Polly to consider such matters. It won't be a great while now before they who have had hold of each other's hands so many years must part, and one be left all alone. He is hoping, Uncle Zenas is, that he will be the first to go. Polly could get along better without him than he without her. A woman can kind o' bear up more under affliction. He 's hoping that when it does come time for him to go that he will fall asleep, say, sitting in the rocking-chair some day after dinner, and—and not wake up. It will be consid'able of a shock, no doubt, to Polly to come in to the sitting-room after she gets the dishes washed and put away, and find him there—no, not there; gone. But, even so, it would be lots easier on her than for him to linger along for weeks and weeks, a bother to himself and everybody, and wear her out, and run up a big doctor's bill. Still, we 're in the hands of the Good Man, and if it is His will that we should lie extended on the bed of pain, why, that 's the way it 'll have to be, that 's all.

It is a satisfaction to Uncle Zenas to know that, in that case, he and Aunt Polly have neighbors, real, human neighbors. They 'll turn in and help, so 's it won't be quite so hard for Polly. They 'll do the feeding, and milk Lady and attend to the milk. They will cut stove-wood, and carry in the water for her. The women-folks will take hold and do up the housework for her, and fetch over things that they have baked. They will all do things which flatly contradict the doctrine of total depravity, "whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." Dave Lumbart will forget his rheumatism and go out and shoot a brace of quail to tempt the sick man's appetite, and Jake Huber will stop in every morning on his way to work and ask Aunt

Polly if there is any errand he can do for her down-street—"W'y, no trouble at all; on'y too glad."

They 'll all be interested to know how he is this morning. Even more comforting than the bodily acts of kindness will be the sympathetic attention they will give to Aunt Polly's narrative of the sick-room, full of the minutest details of every little thing—how along about two o'clock he kind o' roused up and wanted a drink of water. When there is some one to receive the accumulated watchings of the lonesome hours, it takes such a burden off a person! After the doctor says they must n't come in the room where he is, it might distress him, the neighbors will peek in through the partly opened door at him, and talk in whispers and walk about on tiptoe.

They won't be like the folks in New York, not caring whether you live or die, no more 'n if you were a dog. Not as much. Nights the Odd Fellows 'll take turns sitting up with the sick man, so 's Aunt Polly can get her rest. It won't be like there was a hireling about, a trained nurse so bossy and dictatorial, and making Aunt Polly wait on her hand and foot; they will be brothers in F. L. and T., who will give his languid hand the secret grip when they approach his bedside the first time each night.

And when at last, in a manner of speaking, the tired laborer shall put off the overalls of the flesh and go home, when the black-and-purple streamer shall fawn upon the air in graceful curvings, the people across the way will not need the prompting, "Are n't you going to ask if there is n't something you can do?" They won't need to be told; they 're neighbors. They will miss him leading Lady to pasture, and pottering around in his yard.

Uncle Zenas, planning it all out, will reflect with satisfaction that his funeral will be by daylight, in the afternoon. In New York—why, sir, that time Polly and he were in New York visiting Ed and his wife, there was a death across the road, and the funeral was at night! It 's a positive fact. They held the funeral in the evening after supper, so 's the friends and relatives could come to it without losing any time off.

D' you call that human?

II

But talk to Uncle Zenas in a less melting mood, and you will learn that to find Arcadia it is not enough to leave New York and come to Bloomfield Center. They are n't as neighborly even there as they once were. There is not the frank democracy there used to be in his young days. Too much of what he scornfully calls "codfish aristocracy" has come in and split the happy united village into what he calls "clicks." They don't have the good times nowadays like they did when they got up apple-cuttings and corn-huskings, barn-raisings, and all the devices by which what was hard labor for one lone family was turned into a frolic for the whole settlement. Everybody knew everybody, and winter nights a whole parcel of 'em would pile into sleds and come bu'stin' in on some family. Maybe they were getting ready for bed, but the old man 'd get up and put his pants on and take down the fiddle, and they 'd move the chairs and things out and have a dance; stay up till all hours, and get home about time to feed the stock. Ah, dear! they were neighbors in those days!

And, even so, that did n't come up to what he 'd heard tell about of the heroic period of this country, the romantic age, the log-cabin days, when they were all poor and struggling, but happy in their poverty, when the latch-string was always out, and they would share their last pint of corn-meal with the wayfarer, not knowing where the next was to come from, but sure they would make out somehow. Uncle Zenas shakes his head; does n't know what the country 's coming to.

One wonders who could have listened to the old-time circuit-riders when they called not righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Seemingly we have lost something—something very precious.

Yet Aunt Polly knows, if Uncle Zenas does n't, that for every light there has to be a shadow. The very ones who will do

these helpful, kindly acts will be the very ones to watch like hawks for something they can run and tell. Not a chipped plate will escape their notice while they are doing up the housework for her, not a "devil's wig" of fluff under the bed her broom has missed. The woman who will lend her the mourning-bonnet that has gloomed at every funeral on the hill for, lo! these many years will be there with her ear hung out to catch each one of poor Aunt Polly's sobs and sighs, and she will have her say to say, whether Polly "took on" too much to be sincere or so little as to make folks think that, after all, she was kind o' glad to get shut of him.

Uncle Zenas is the salt of the earth,—as salt of the earth goes, you understand,—but during a lifetime residence in Bloomfield Center he has had various dealings with various people in which he has n't always got the worst of it. There have been two or three law-suits and some few horse-trades in which he has n't got the worst of it, strictly speaking. Also, though he was very patient about it, and told them time and time again to keep 'em shut up, there have been neighbors' chickens that got into his garden and never got out alive. And one thing and another, one thing and another. So perhaps it 's just as well the old gentleman does n't know what 's said about him around the grocery stove after he 's gone.

When you have neighbors of the old-time sort, it 's just a lifelong struggle to keep your own affairs to yourself. If there 's anything you 'd just a little rather were not published all abroad, whether it be that you gave your poor old mother an overdose of morphine to hurry her out of the world, or that you have overdrawn your bank-account a dollar eighty, you 've got to watch your every word, and even the expression of your countenance, or they will pick your guilty secret from you bit by bit.

A lifelong struggle and a hopeless one. What they can't find out they guess at, and so wildly sometimes that you are tempted to tell it all; maybe they 'll get it somewhere near straight then.

There are many reasons why people forsake life in Bloomfield Center to choose life in New York, and one of these reasons often is that in New York they think there won't be any neighbors. They 're glad enough *not* to have them. The man who first invented cities was also the man who first asked the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Fellow by the name of Cain.

Only, when you come out of the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station with your telescope banging your legs, you have n't got away from neighbors. It just looks at first as if you had. People across the hall or across the street don't fix up and come to call on you just because you 've moved in near them. Oh, the grocery-boy calls as soon as he sees the van arrive with your goods, and for a while it seems as if he was the only one you 'd ever get acquainted with. You might attend church till you were black in the face, and none of them would ever come a-near, especially if the music and the preaching there were extra fine.

If you happen to have a dog or a child or anything like that to take out for an airing every day, you often do converse with people who have like encumbrances, and who would all swell up and die if once in a while they could n't talk to somebody about them, and brag how they understand what 's said to them almost the same as a person. They have to talk to somebody and tell all that, and it might as well be you. But you had better be careful about neighboring with such; they may be all right, and again they may not.

You go along that way for a long time, all shut up in your shell like a terrapin, and it begins to come to you that being entirely neighborless is n't what it 's cracked up to be. It seems a little lonesome and depressing. People don't pry into everything you do, it 's true, but that 's because they don't care two pins for you one way or the other. Live or die, it 's all one to them. You might struggle along and not a hand be lifted to help you. Worse. You 'd be glad to give some one a helping hand, but you cannot

because you don't know whom to help. It is worse because it really is more blessed to give than to receive. That is n't just preacher talk; it 's so. Uncle Zenas is right; it is n't a human way to live.

That 's what you think.

And just about the time when you begin to be right homesick for Bloomfield Center and the kindly neighbors there who do such good turns for one another—what difference does it make if they do gossip? They don't do it for meanness, but just because there are only the neighbors to talk about. They don't have armfuls of metropolitan dailies, with news of how the Prince of Weissnichtwo has a hard cold, and what Miss Dusenberry had on when she married young Ishkabibble, son of old man Ishkabibble who has the big factory where they make whistles out of pigs' tails, and the official accounts of breakfast-table squabbles brought out in divorce-court proceedings, and who fell out of an aëroplane, and who got run over by an automobile. They have n't anything like that, you know, the poor things, so can you blame them if they gossip?—just about the time you 've half a mind to pick up and go back to Bloomfield Center to live,—you would, only it would look as if you could n't make a go of it in New York,—just about then it dawns upon you that having neighbors and being neighbors is n't like a suit of clothes that you can put on or off just as you feel like it; it 's part of our nature.

In Bloomfield Center they are neighbors who live near each other; in New York we are neighbors who are in the same line of business. However sparsely scattered, all the practitioners of every way to make a living, from fortune-telling to finance, collogue together, and each separate set is a Bloomfield Center in its own right. We do not chop up stovewood for Aunt Polly or ourselves sit up with Uncle Zenas when he 's sick, but we find ways of doing that for which we have to answer sheepishly: "Oh, that 's all right. Don't thank *me*. I 'm only passing it along. When I was up against it, others came to the front for me."

Yes, and in this tangle of agglomerated Bloomfield Centers we talk about our neighbors just as much as ever they dare do in isolated Bloomfield Centers. What? Would you destroy the greatest moral agency invented?

You have heard so often that New York is the habitation of devils and the cage of every unclean bird that it may take you by surprise, as it did me when I was new to the place, to learn that lots and lots of people there are looking for the chance—*looking* for it—to play the good Samaritan to some wayfarer fallen among thieves. The good Samaritan, you recollect, distinctly did not live next door to the man that he was neighbor to. I 'm glad of that. Partly because there cannot be the least suspicion that the good Samaritan's motive was that the man had done or would do just as much for him some day, but mostly because I like to have a story "come out right," and I 'm afraid that if he had lived next door, he would have remembered all the poor fellow's past performances from boyhood, from taking back gates off their hinges, Hallowe'ens, to marrying when he was only getting eight dollars a week. He might have been tempted to say: "What? That worthless cuss? I 'd see him with his tongue hangin' out before I 'd turn my hand to help him! Ah, 'wife and family,' nothin'! He should 'a' thought o' them before."

But where millions of us swarm together, there are so many past performances that there are n't any; infinity equals zero. Walk through Union Square some frosty night and see, stretched out upon the platform of the Cottage, poor shivering wretches trying to sleep, with bare boards for their mattress and wrapping-paper for their blankets. They may have been idle, wasteful, stupid, drunken; they may have been just unlucky,—we don't know,—but we do know that they are human beings just like us. Every one of them was born into the world by a mother's precious groanings, as we were. For every one of them a mother had high ambitions, as ours had for us. For every

one of them—I do not wish to seem to cant—Christ died. He, too, slept out, like them; He had not where to lay His head.

In Bloomfield Center (to take that as a type and figure of the neighborhood of an elder age), when there was "sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity," it was exceptional and not the rule. True, the poor they had always with them, but not the same ones year in, year out. Everybody had a hard time getting started, but got over it; everybody had his hard luck, but it came turn and turn about. So that while the old neighborhood never lacked occasion for its gracious exercise, yet for each one the storm passed over, and the sun came out, and he was able to bear another's burden for a while, as others had helped him bear his. We want to do that. It is our nature to. We should not be here at all to-day if it had not been our nature to, if it were not an instinct with us since long before the day when an expert biologist, looking us over, could say, "Ye-e-e-es, I reckon you can call 'em humans."

But in New York, where the old geographic neighborhood has virtually passed away, and the new industrial neighborhood is not yet fully come, we see plainly enough that there are far too many fallen among thieves, stripped of their raiment of hope and self-respect, wounded in mind and body, and left half dead, for us to be the good Samaritan effectively. If we help two or three this frosty night to get a bed, to-morrow night they will be just as badly off. We like the prospect, "the poor ye have always with you," as little as we liked the prospect of having the Isthmus of Panama always with us. It cost too much to sail 'way round the Horn, and we are asking ourselves, "Is it good for business to have so many who cannot buy even shelter from the night, let alone buy what we have to sell,—*must* sell, indeed, or be as miserable as they?"

He was a good Samaritan that helped the luckless traveler, but, it occurs to us, a better Samaritan he would be that cleared the highway of the robber gang.

So wholesale have been the changes wrought in the lifetime of Uncle Zenas by the almost sudden application of steam, electricity, and gasolene to transportation even more than to industrial processes; so ruthlessly have old-time ways of doing things been hurried to the scrap-heap, that sometimes we 're afraid lest in the bustle and confusion the kindly virtues of an antique world may have been thrown out carelessly, like silver spoons in the dish-water.

During the lifetime of Uncle Zenas—no use denying it—something precious has been lost. As a nation we have gained a mastery over Nature's powers as never in the world before. As a nation we have heaped up wealth as never in the world before. Yet what shall all this profit us if, as a nation, we have lost our soul? If we have lost that high idealism that once made "America" the word of hope to all the world's oppressed? If we have lost that faith in the equality of men for which our fathers offered up their lives?

When Uncle Zenas was a youth there happened what was called "The Great Awakening." A Mighty Power descended upon men, convincing them of righteousness and a judgment to come. When they most feared that they had lost their souls, then they were nearest to the kingdom. They gained a new ideal. By its strength they put an end forever to that wicked and cruel institution, slavery. Yet what we see about us every day, what affronts neighborliness, no less by swollen riches than gaunt poverty, is wickeder and crueler by far than slavery.

The religion of that elder day we 've also lost, it seems. It is hard for us to speak without a smile of Noah's ark, of Jonah and the whale, of Balaam's ass discoursing with her master. But is that child-like faith so necessary that we cannot have a great awakening in our day, which shall give us, as a nation, a new ideal?

Neighborliness should be a religion all could believe in. "And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy?"

The French peasants of St. Pierre and Miquelon

Four photographs taken on the two tiny islands just off the south coast of Newfoundland which belong to France

By Edith S. Watson

DISCOURS

Feminism and Psychology

By GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

Author of "Psychology of the Religious Life," etc.

WHEN the Prince Gotama was asked by his disciple Ananda, "How are we to conduct ourselves, Lord, with regard to womankind?" the great teacher answered, "Do not see them, Ananda."

"But if we should see them," continued the disciple, "what are we to do?"

"Abstain from speech, Ananda."

"But if they should speak to us, Lord, what are we to do?"

"Keep wide awake, Ananda."

There can be no doubt that we of the Western World see womankind; indeed, they even address us, attracting our attention by means more effective than that pea-filled bladder with which in the olden tale the philosopher was aroused from his meditation. Consequently there is clear need of vigilance. But there must be no mere waking of wit to guard cleverly some ancient privilege of men, nor even a stir of sympathy alone, making men readier to be just to women. For there are imponderable things beside justice that are at stake in the present time, and among them is the fine and living contrast between men and women which has gradually and in increasing measure enriched the world.

If I shall have much to say of the difference between women's minds and men's, it is with no intent to deny the deep likeness. The contrast must not be overstated, as though men and women by the returns of science were set wholly upon opposite sides of some mental line. Friendship would disprove so complete an opposition—friendship between men and women like Michelangelo and Colonna, not to speak of the affectionate understanding that exists with the lads and lasses of every village and testifies to their common inner life. Nor is there a work however mannish, from raising cattle in Wyoming and exploring in Africa to the leading of French armies and the governing of Britain or Russia, which women have not well performed; even as men can cook, teach toddlers, sing tenor, write verses, and paint, arts which no prophet in the Garden could possibly have foreseen would belong to any but the daughters of Eve.

But for all the men more womenly than women and the women who have outmanned the men, nature has offered the beginnings of a real contrast between them—like two sketches started with a subtle variation in the ground tone, which the artist can either neglect or encourage until he has two works that are of different treatment and are not mere duplicates upon the one theme. So, as the details pass through the circle of our attention, some may appear of slight moment singly, while all together they will be enough, it would seem, to promise two markedly antithetic and supplemental forms of human character. We may begin, then, with facts that are more physical, which will gradually lead like a schoolmaster to things that are indisputably within the province of the mind.

In addition to the contrast directly connected with the bearing and nurture of young, there is a difference of size and strength and fleetness. It is customary to speak of man as stronger, though this is half true, half false; for although he is stronger of frame and muscle and more active, he is of markedly weaker constitution, less resistant to the enemies of life. And this difference seems native and intrinsic, not due to externals or to the chance arrangements of society; for already in infancy the man-child is more open to the attack of mortal disease: where a hundred girl-babies die in the first year of life, our census shows that there die about one hundred and thirty boys.

In the sense-organs there is a difference closer to what we know of mind, and which is not wholly in accord with the

common thought that women are more sensitive than men. They are more delicate of touch, and can perceive certain tastes, notably sweet, at a low degree that escapes the man, although for salt and sour and bitter, as well as for smell in general, the evidence is not so clear. In Miss Nelson's experiments in California the men were able to hear fainter tones, and for all but one of several pure colors of the spectrum the men, contrary to the popular belief, detected the color at a lower intensity than did the women. But beside this difference in the senses when they are normal, serious defects of eye and ear come far more often to the man and to the man-child. Color-blindness, which is usually innate and is therefore not to be ascribed to the manner in which man lives and works, is about tenfold more frequent among men than among women. Blindness pure and simple is also more frequent among men. Of the number reported totally blind in our country, about 20,000 are male and 15,500 are female. As proof that this great excess of the male blind is not due entirely to the greater danger in men's work, there is a great excess of males among those blind at birth. The most serious defects of hearing also occur oftener among men; for of those reported in our census as totally deaf, the males appear in by far the greater number.

Women's greater ease of remembering is shown by a wide variety of experiments, and only recently this has been verified by more than one investigator in California both for longer and shorter times. This very ease of acquisition perhaps also leads women to prefer the work of memory to that of fresh judgment. Where free choice was offered—a choice between reporting merely what had been learned and applying this to some new and untried point—the men among my students have been readier than the women to add some enterprise of judgment to their recollection; a larger proportion of the men have chosen the task which required thought. This accords with evidence gathered elsewhere that men take more kindly to intellectual games, to sheer and useless pitting of their wits against a problem. Yet it is by no means clear that, given full backing and motive from the other sides of character, the average of woman's intellect is not natively as keen and capable as man's. Her logical mechanism, it would seem, however, is less likely to run by a kind of internal combustion; there is less of thought for thought's sake, to which the science as well as the scholasticism of all ages is in such debt.

The emotions of women are more lively, more lightly on the wing. Mr. Chesterton would have us believe in the coldness of Chloe generally, but he is more wrong than right. She is closer to tears, even closer still to laughter. Her emotions can also take the almost negative and unemotional form of endurance, of fortitude. Oftener in sickness, as runs the evidence gathered from hundreds of physicians in Holland, which others might confirm, the women show bravery and patience. These same physicians also testify that after the death of loved ones the men are sooner comforted. The emotions which woman manifests beyond those of man are therefore not merely those that lie upon the surface and are transitory; they, too, are deep and constant, showing her to possess both in serious and in trivial things something of the character which in whimsy lies in that *Mrs. Battles* whom Elia praised for her lasting attachments and antipathies.

And here we come upon a vital point. It is often asked whether man or woman is the more "social" being. My own opinion is that the clash of answer rests on a double meaning of the word: for man is in one sense more social, since he is adept at organizing human life into corporations, into cities and states; he is interested in groups and in masses. But woman is more social in another sense, since she has more of real sympathy with human beings as persons. And this high trait in women helps to explain their suggestibility, in which they seem in general to outdistance men. Yet the experiments do not give testimony that women always and in every field are the more suggestible.

From a wide range of experiments carried on during several years in the laboratory of the University of California it is apparent that men are occasionally as suggestible as women, and in certain directions are more subject to this influence; but in general the women seem to have more open places in their armor.

I have brought suggestion close to social responsiveness; for may we not regard suggestion, in part at least, as announcing fewer barriers between us and other persons? We imitate, we receive suggestion, from those who command our attention, who loom large and impressive. The male wears some curious insulation on his spirit, cutting him off from more personal currents. Thus Starbuck found that of persons converted to religion there were far more men converted in solitude, while the women were more often influenced in some meeting. This response to the presence of others is nothing cheap; it is not unlike friendliness or even motherhood, attenuated and become universal. For unless men also were responsive in some degree, there would be among them neither morals nor religion.

But man is more the egotist. This he shows at times in petty ways—in readiness to talk about himself, to laugh at his own jokes, to take abundant satisfaction in himself generally; this is a common observation now fortified by solemn statistics. But he also shows it in ways of greater consequence—in high self-confidence and courage and in a measureless talent for command and leadership.

For with the male all persons, except himself and a chosen few, count less, and the impersonal "cause" counts more, and so he is fitted with self-assurance, without which no man can guide. For the great leader is always a contradiction, having weak human ties and yet such strength of bond that he feels what will deeply satisfy men's craving. Lincoln, the tenderhearted, was yet inexorably grim in his prosecution of the war. The one who leads must be detached and yet closely bound to men, social and unsocial at once; and in this double character the male excels.

The differences I have mentioned are mostly inbred, I believe, and not parts of mere convention. They run through body and thought, through instinct and emotion, seeming to be part of that natural provision by which in all higher creatures we have not one sex, but two. Yet nature has found a stout ally in human custom and employment. The very contrast in human work which nature has almost prescribed by producing two kinds of persons, with different physical build, with different relations to children, and a different leaning of instinct and emotion—this contrast has been deepened by the very situation to which it has led; somewhat as two groups of college students, not greatly different as they pass into law and medicine, end with manners and interests molded to opposite forms by their work. The domestic, the maternal problems and surroundings are not those of the chase and the war-path, of commerce and of government.

To this unsought difference others have been added by conscious preference and desire. The contrast between men and women has been accepted, and an intentional accent has been given to the difference already there. Dress, with its sharp and broad distinction, may here serve as a symbol of what has been desired within. Largely to make their contrast more patent than even nature and employment had left it, men and women with us use a style of garment distinct in texture, color, cut, and ornament; as they have also developed customs, like the use of tobacco and perfumes, which only the nonconformists of the opposite sex will adopt.

In like manner women in civilized lands have cultivated their natural and acquired sensitiveness, their appreciation of things beautiful, their affection for children, their reverence. The men have aimed to be manly, to suppress weakness and sentiment, to be followers of cold reason, to value mechanism and organization. Men pride themselves, therefore, upon the style of thought and of expression that befits all organized effort, namely, the argument, the chain of impersonal judg-

ments; but when this fails, then the word of authority, of command. All these are now part of the approved masculine technic. The manly ideal and the womanly ideal have been formed not by men alone, as some charge, but by men and women in concert. Historically women have had as great dread of becoming masculine as men have of becoming effeminate. On neither side has there been sheer compulsion from the other, although each group, in accepting its own ideal, has also supported the other group in its purpose to stand apart.

Such are the things wrought in us by the past: a difference due to nature and endowment; a difference not inborn, although unsought, due to the work and the life, and to the work and the life's own promptings and repressions; a difference, finally, neither inborn nor unsought, but aimed at because men and women wished to be unlike.

But no one with faith in will and in deep desire can permit the past wholly to decide the future and the end. The past may offer, but we shall reject or accept, as the offering seems an encumbrance or a heritage. To-day and to-morrow we must choose afresh, since the destiny we call blind peers through her lids and relents when our word and will are rugged. If women's work and manner of life were to become indistinguishable from men's, if the desire for a contrast in temper and play of mind should be imprisoned and starved by some imperious desire, then the mental difference brought by nature to the girl and the boy could be almost masked, and the world would show beings of different voice, perhaps, and with differing need of razor, but otherwise fairly alike. Nature driven out with a pitchfork, as the proverb says, might steal back, but whimpering and submissive.

Despite such gray forecasts, which only to eyes in darkness can seem golden, we may confidently expect the future to fulfil and not destroy the ancient law that men and women shall stand in contrast; that in their aim to enrich our good old world they shall contribute to the common treasury in different ways. If one might sit by the tripod, yet without the sibyl's madness, this would be the prophecy: there will be a difference between men and women, but no longer confused with inferiority. When the future shall have done its perfect work, there will be no domination, no arrogance of claim, no narrow judging of the one group by the ideal of the other.

The modern movement to enlarge the opportunities of women has already brought us far upon the way to this great end. Many a rigid custom devised to express and support man's sense of his superiority is now seen to be without right and warrant. It was entirely unjust that men should prejudge women's intellectual power and exclude them from the universities. It was unjust that in marriage the control of property and of children should be vested solely in the husband. It was unjust that women should by men be excluded from the great professions. It was unjust that women should be denied by men a legal voice in governing. Man has been the administrator, the wielder of state power, and has used his power tyrannically, blind to the natural claim of his associate. These ancient wrongs will inevitably relax their hold and finally expire. For the corollaries of democracy gradually become clear before our astonished eyes, adding to those older things long seen—that color of skin does not make men subject to sale, and that possessions and ancestry confer no right to rule. And to our country which has committed its fortunes to democracy, this strange idea will destroy the conviction that the privileges of ruling are somehow linked with the marks of the male.

And this enfranchisement, which will at first seem to blur the desirable contrast between men and women, is an almost inevitable step toward its deep attainment. For at its best the contrast must be approved and sought by women in all freedom; especially can there be no constraint by men. If in full liberty women and men should later elect to bound their responsibilities and assign all statecraft to the men, women having obtained the fran-

chise and hung it as a trophy, there would be in the arrangement at least no male injustice. But freedom with its symbols must first be conferred by men, and then will come to the women something far weightier than any attainment of the ballot—to decide in what spirit their freedom will be used; what quality of life they will best choose to express for the common good their special genius.

In the first flush of choosing there is sure to be excess. All manner of social novelties, long coveted, will be seized by the victors,—like Morgan's raiders, seen by the dazed dwellers of the North as they dashed by with their crazy booty: here a horseman with a bird-cage slung at his pommel, there a swarthy trooper in the mid-summer sun with half a dozen skates about his neck. But these absurdities were soon cast upon the roadside; and so we may expect with the women. After the clatter and rush, quiet wisdom will be heard, and urgings more in accord with nature; she, too, will freely select, as men do, those rights that most invite her to their exercise. She has already here and there made free acceptance and refusal. In California women have in numbers entered on the practice of medicine; for it has been found to suit their genius and to contribute to the common good. But not so with law. Here no equal fitness has appeared, and but few women are going to this work.

For wherever life is unconfined and fluid, it is guided in its motion by our endowment. Special ability is searched out and put to congenial work. The industries of men and women, their professions, the parts they are to play in lawmaking and in political administration, will be gradually redistributed after due experiment and according to fitness. For in the end we shall never find side by side great classes with different body and spirit, yet doing identical work; nor shall we find all doing a work that can amply be done by a part. Such an adjustment would run counter to the principle of specialized talent and of divided labor, and would violate all spiritual husbandry.

And the very desire to add to the color and grace of life will second the appeal of thrift. For if women should ever adopt the masculine tone, there would be an impoverished effect. The melody of life would be sung in bass and in attempts at bass, and the last tyranny of the male standard would be worse than the first.

Indeed, prudence will lead the women not to duplicate, but to fill the lacks in a universe all masculine in its aims. For we have only to turn an eye upon this man of ours to see his need of check and supplement. How readily he is diverted from his high and human purpose and becomes absorbed in the machinery of accomplishment! His very detachment, his weak emotional hold on persons, on definite and particular persons other than himself, permits his attention to rest contentedly on cogs instead of flesh and blood. He begins with a purpose to have money, in order that he and his wife and babes may have freedom, and he ends a slave, a dollar-grinder. He begins with a generous wonder at nature and a desire to know her intimately, and he ends with enthusiasm not for nature, but for his own tool and instrument, his scientific method. In his longing to know the truth he finds that he must search and doubt, and his own doubt and searching come to be of higher value to him than the truth itself. He organizes men to worship God, and he worships the organization he has produced. He establishes government to give order and opportunity for the many forms of living; he ends by coveting the functions of government more than the life for which it exists: to be high in the offices of state seems to him the one most glorious of destinies.

Now here is women's opportunity. Perhaps partly by sheer balloting, but mainly by means that are less clumsy,—for by what election can we make men less in love with money or with governing and balloting itself?—the women can walk quietly back and forth through these male delusions and dispel them. The masculine genius for organization, the joy in his own business and activity, which the world cannot spare, need to be supple-

mented by woman's dogged attachment to the outcome, to what the activity is about, to the human end. Women can enrich even our political life most if, even while participating in it, they see how external it really is, and that the ills of our institutions will almost cure themselves if we can once become loyal to the heart of things rather than to its trappings. They will have to guard their own perceptions, lest upon them, too, shall steal the male delusion that by voting and legislating we can actually create the riches of life.

Loyalty to the heart of things need mean no narrowed interest, no opposition to the deeper currents of the present, which would make women attentive to what has long been thought man's work. For fidelity to one's own work requires not blindness, but a clear sight of its relation to surroundings. In a sense women should know man's work better than he knows it himself, should see what he has less time to see—its trend, its human success or failure. Even to advance the personal and familiar life and the life of the child, she must keep an eye on the communal life and urge its proper ordering. She must give constant warning that this private life is threatened by its tools and servants, that it is on the eve of an uprising of the slaves. She must examine with interest all with which he is busied, compelling him better to use his fine energies for the human ends which she appreciates.

One should not praise women into complacency. Although attached to personal life, they have too often heeded its surface rather than its depths. For partly because of women's half-loyalty to what is close to her, are we all like that youth portrayed by Henry James, who, it was finally discovered, went completely out of existence whenever he withdrew to his private room. To correct this unhappy state of spiritual poverty, we need neither a duplication of man's work nor an indifferent detachment from it, but a keen concern and scrutiny, urging in season and out of season the ends to which all that he does should lead.

For the great ends of life are living—to be intelligent, to have good-will toward men, to be sensitive to things beautiful, to have friends, to be reverent. Social reform is only an effort to give opportunity for all to possess these goods. Industry and commerce are only to give aid and setting for this secret life. Government is a huge engine to check here, to ease there, smoothing the way at this point, putting up barriers at that; but the substance, the essential life, is human and personal, and not governmental. And to this human and personal life the women daily may well renew their vows, knowing that man's demon urges him to neglect the more delicate, individual relations and to prefer those that are made institutional and governmental, where men can be dealt with like counters and in the mass.

In few lands is a womanly correction more needed than in America. We are a nation of administrators. We are not preeminent in science or in literature or in creative drama or music, or in the central things of religion. We are eminent, rather, where the male traits find exercise, where rapid action and energy and courage give eminence; as in the building of railways, in heaven-defying business and business-buildings, in organizing newspapers and trusts, in a formidable fleet of battle-ships. We amply represent the masculine, the Roman element in to-day's civilization, which should be supplemented by the Hebrew and the Greek.

The call of such an opportunity can hardly go unheard. The rich distinction long granted by nature, with all the elements since added through ages of contrasted life, cannot remain untreasured and unused. The new rivalry of men and women, now freshened by women's freedom, will surely be inspired by a perception of a difference in genius—a perception that men are rare executives and managers, but in need of spiritual direction, and that women must take their own nature and shape it for this work; that women are better prepared than are men to have faith in what cannot be produced in factories or be reckoned among the indemnities of war, but really is the quickening and secret

principle for which and by which all these are moved. To guard the intangible interests, to take up what man is ready to neglect, to stand in the unfilled place—all this is a work the refinement and difficulty of which can well stir the ambition of women. In freely seeking to employ their special genius in this finer rivalry and supplement, women will bring to our common life an unmatched offering.

Symphonie Pathétique

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

THAT woman with the somber eyes
Had come to write and criticize,
But see her now, with ardent face
Transfigured for a little space,
Leaning far forward in her seat,
Wrapped in the rhythm and the beat—
The volume and the surge of it,
The vigor and the urge of it;
The lovely lilt and swell of it;
The rapture and the knell of it;
The rose and gold, the warmth and glow,
The mauve and gray, the ice and snow,
Trembling, swaying,
Pleading, praying,
Spurning, lashing,
Climbing, crashing,
Titanic rage and tenderness,
To hurt, to heal, to curse, to bless.
And now the year 's at June again,
And now the day 's at noon again!
She settles back, and with a sigh
She puts her stubby pencil by.
She will not try to shape and frame,
To pack sensations in a name,
To harness up the cyclone's march,
To reinforce the rainbow's arch,
Stab Pegasus with iron spur,
Use symbols for a tool
To chisel to a granite word
The subtleties she felt and heard,
Nor wind a web of gossamer
Upon a wooden spool.

The king and his daughter

A Family in Belgium

By MRS. ARTHUR GLEASON

THE finest thing about this royal group is that it is a real family. They are not friendly for reasons of state only; they care for one another. They are simple people, with the affection and the strength of simple natures.

In the eyes of the mother there are tears close to the surface. Her own children are still safe, but the peasant children—she knows of their suffering. We have seen her talk with each little tot of a group of fifty, and send him off with a mother's pat and a sweet tucked in his wee hands. Her interests are without end. She visits

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The crown prince of Belgium

a maternity hospital; she helps to arrange a crèche, named after her daughter Marie José, for the tiniest of her people; she is a frequent caller in the hospital wards, and always with that gift of caring for each individual person, pausing at each cot to hearten those broken ones. From a sobbing, wounded peasant she listens to a story. His wife is being carried to her rest without a coffin because he is unable to make it. That coffin is furnished, and the grief of one peasant is lessened. A certain fever patient needs fresh milk. A liter a day reaches him. This gracious lady dislikes publicity; she does all things quietly and without pomp. Sometimes for a few minutes we sat upon a low stone wall listening to the music of a band playing in her garden. When she was walking there with a friend, she would nod and smile across the way to those passing. One day she came unannounced and on foot to my friend's villa. Could one help loving this king and queen and their three children?

The eldest, Leopold, is tall and fair and sensitive, like his father, and one feels that, like his father, he also would wish for his own life. He joined The Twelfth and went into the trenches with the men. We have seen him on the march and we have seen him on horseback. Once he came running with the crowd to examine one of the aëroplanes that used to float down easily upon the beach.

His father goes about as simply as other soldiers, walking with a companion to visit the hospital and to pin a decoration on a shattered boy before he dies. At the end of the hospital hall lay a boy facing the sea. He smiled as we entered. He was not well enough to smile much, but was he not a boy, and did n't he have a secret hidden under his pillow? The blue ribbon on his shirt glistened to be noticed. True, it was on the chest of only part of a boy,—half of his limbs had been blown away,—but the ribbon was new and the lad so proud.

"May I show it to Madame, Émile?" The quick hand of the nurse reached to the very spot under the pillow; it had found the place before. Émile needed to see the silver star and wreath pendant and to touch it more often than he needed fresh dressings. The tall gentleman had pinned it on the day before. He and the boy had enjoyed a talk together, all about how it had happened.

The figure of the tall gentleman is unmistakable. He is straight and fair, with fine blue eyes that look directly at one while he is speaking. His voice is low. He is so shy that the color comes and goes swiftly in his face. On a misty spring day

sixty men in three lines stood facing the sea in front of a plain brick villa. The officers were dressy, the men groomed beyond recognition, with rifles shining and the Yser mud scraped from their uniforms and boots. They waited the coming of the shy gentleman. Soon he came, in dark uniform, gloves, and cap with several bands of gold braid adding inches to it. I watched him pin on each man a decoration, some blue, some garnet, and noticed with what concern and gentleness he talked with each man, asking questions, listening courteously. He is to his people what he is to his children, a father who cares that they suffer. There on the lonely beach of the last strip of his land he paid tribute to his soldiers individually, as man to man.

Photograph by Henri Manuel The queen of Belgium

The president of France, with his minister of war and a large group of officers, made an inspection of the front and a visit to our hospital one day. In their look around, the doctors and the president, busily talking, had a way of hastening on ahead, going through doorways first, but the tall, shy gentleman followed, always alone. He is the most lonely figure in all that country. Only a simple nature can be so careless of his own dignity. And not only by that prominence is he a leader; he is a soldier-comrade with his people, and always a man.

"'Do you believe he can do a miracle?' 'Well, it would be some fun to see what he would do if he did n't'"

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–X

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

Dylks, having promised his followers that he would perform a miracle to prove to unbelievers that he was God, appears at the house of Nancy Billings and asks her to return to him and share his divinity. She scornfully refuses, but pleads with him to spare her niece, who has become one of his most devoted followers. He answers lightly and evasively, and she sends him away, shamed by the thought that for even a moment she could have supposed him capable of a right action.

XI

THE woman stood watching the man as long as she could see him, and long after, with her left hand lifted to the jamb of the door, higher than her head. Then from the distance, where he passed from sight over the brow of the hill, the figure of another man appeared, and slowly made its way down to the cabin. As she knew while he was still far off, it was Matthew Braile, who, as long as he sat in the seat of the scorner, with his chair tilted against the wall, seemed a strong middle-aged man; but when he descended from his habitual place, with the crook of his stick, worn smooth by use, in his hard palm, one saw that he was elderly, and stiff almost to lameness. He carried himself with a forward droop, and his gaze bent ponderingly on the ground, as if he were not meaning to look her way, and would pass without seeing her.

"Squire Braile!" she called to him, and as he straightened himself and turned round toward her, she besought him, "Do you believe there 's any God?"

"Oh!" he answered, and he smiled at the challenge from the somewhat lonely elevation which he knew the thoughts of his neighbors kept, aloof from the sordid levels of politics and business. "Why, Nancy, have n't we got one right here in Leatherwood?"

"That 's what makes me think there ain't any, Squire Braile. If you 're not in too much of a hurry, I wish you 'd stop and talk to me a minute. I 'm in trouble."

"Most women are: or men, for the mat-

ter of that. What is it, Nancy? I 'm rather stronger on law than gospel; but if I can be any help, why, you know your Joey 's an old friend of mine, and I 'll be glad to help you."

He came toward her, where she had stepped from the threshold and sat crouched on the hewn log, and stood looking down at her.

"You may think it 's pretty strange, my asking *you* for help. Won't you set? I can't let you come inside because the baby 's just got to sleep."

"Well," he assented, "if you 're not afraid to be seen with such an infidel in the full light of day," he jested, confronting her from the log where he sank beside her. "What would Brother Gillespie say?"

She ignored his kindly mockery, and again she began:

"What makes you believe there 's a God? You don't believe in the Bible?"

"Not altogether, Nancy."

"Do you believe in the Bible God?"

"As much as the Bible 'll let me."

"Then, do you believe in the miracles?"

"What are you after, Nancy Billings?"

"If you saw a miracle, would you believe it?"

"That would depend on who did it. Now, I want you to let *me* do a little of the catechizing. I 've liked you and Laban ever since you came to Leatherwood, and you know how your Joey has all but brought my boy back to me. Well, do *you* believe in God?"

"No!"

"Why don't you?"

"A God that would let Joseph Dylks claim to be Him, and let them poor fools kneel down to him and worship him? Would an all-wise and all-powerful God do that?"

"What makes you say all-powerful? Have n't you seen time and time again when good did n't prevail against evil, and don't you suppose He 'd have helped it if He could? And why do you call Him all-wise? Is it because men are no-wise? That would n't prove it, would it? And about the miracles, what does a miracle prove? Does it prove that the person who does it is of God, or just that faith is stronger than reason in those who think it 's happened?"

"But sin—do you think there 's such a thing?" Nancy pursued.

"There you are, catechizing *me* again! Yes, I think there 's sin, because I 've known it in myself, if I have n't in others."

"And what is it—sin?"

"Well, Nancy, it seems to vary according to the time and place, but I should say it was going against what you knew was right at the time being."

"And do you always know?"

"Always!" the old man answered solemnly. "I never was mistaken in my life, whether I went for or against it, and I 've done both."

The woman drew a hapless sigh.

"Yes, I reckon it 's so."

Braile was putting out his stick to help himself in rising after the silence she let follow. She came from it, and reached a staying hand toward him.

"And supposin'—supposin'—there was a woman—that there was a woman, and her husband left her, and he kept away years and years, till she thought he was dead, and she married somebody else, and then he come back, would it be a sin for her to keep on with the other one when she knowed the first one was alive?"

"I reckon that 's what would be called a sin, Nancy. Not that I 'd be very quick to condemn her—"

"And supposin' that the first one had n't claimed her yet, and she 'd made the other one leave her, and then the first one come and wanted her to join him in the wickedest thing that ever was, and she was n't as strong as she had been, and she felt to need the protection-like of the other one, would it be a sin for her to take him back?"

Braile made again as if to rise.

"I reckon you 'd better talk to Mis' Braile about a thing like that. You see, a man—"

She stayed him again with a beseeching gesture.

"Squire Braile, do you believe that God is good?"

"Ah, now, I 'm more at home in a question like that. You might say that if He lets evil prevail, it 's either because He can't help it or because He don't care, or even because He thinks it 's best for mankind to let them have their swing when they choose to do evil. I incline to think that 's my idea. He 's made man, we 'll say—made him in His own image, and He 's put him here in a world of his own, to do the best or the worst with it. The way I look at it, He does n't want to keep interfering with man, but lets him play the fool or play the devil just as he 's a mind to. But every now and then He sends him word. If we 're going to take what the Book says, He sent him the Word made flesh once, and I reckon He sends him the Word made spirit whenever there 's a human creature comes into the world all-loving and all-unselfish—like your Joey or—my—my Jimmy—" The old man's voice died in his throat, and the woman laid her hand on his knee. He trembled to his feet now. "When I think of such spirits coming into this world, I 'm not afraid of all the devils out of hell Dylksing round."

He walked on down the road, and Nancy went indoors and went about her household work. She cleaned the dishes and trimmed the hearth; she spun the flax which tufted her wheel; then she took the rags of some garments past repair, and in the afternoon shadow of her threshold she cut them into ribbons and sewed them end to end and wound them into balls for weaving into carpets.

People, as the evening drew on, went by, singly, in twos, or in groups, silent for the most part, but some talking seriously. These looked at Nancy without speaking, but some asked, "Ain't you goin' to the miracle?" and she shook her head for answer.

She had brushed her hair and put it up neatly after her indoors work was done, but she was in what she would have called her every-day clothes, and the passers had on their Sunday clothes; the girls wore their newest plaids of linsey-woolsey, and the young men wore tall beaver hats and long high-collared coats, with tight pantaloons, which some pretenders to the latest fashions had strapped under their boots. They had on their Sunday faces, too; some severe, some sly, some simple and kind, but all with an effect of condition for whatever might be going to happen. They went as the people of Leatherwood went to the Temple on the Sabbaths before their meetings had been turned from the orderly worship of the Most High to the riot of emotions raised by the strange man who proclaimed himself God. In their expectations of the sign which he had promised to give them, both those who believed and those who denied him found themselves in a sort of truce. They were as if remanded to the peace of the time before the difference which had rent the community into warring fragments. In this truce brothers were speaking who had not spoken since they accepted or refused the new god; families walked together in the harmony which he had lately counseled; children honored their believing or disbelieving parents; fathers and mothers ceased to abhor their children as limbs of Satan, according to their faith or unfaith. "Let everybody come to the sign," he had exhorted them when he promised them the miracle, "just as if they had never seen or heard me before, and let His creatures judge their Creator with love for one another in their hearts."

In all there was an air of release, and the young people looked as if they were going to the one of the social gatherings they would have called a frolic, after the backwoods use. Nancy heard a girl titter in response to her companion's daring whisper, "Wonder if Mis' Hingston 's going to pass round the apples and cider." They walked in couples, openly or demurely glad of being together for the time; and as if the miracle before them were the wonder of coming home through the woods with their arms around each other, whether the miracle of the seamless raiment was wrought or not.

It was their elders who were more

singly set upon the fulfilment of the sign, and who went with a more passionate expectation in the doubt or the faith which differenced them. The children were more bent upon the affair of the evening than the young girls and the young men; they had been privileged in being allowed to go with their fathers and mothers when they had not been punished in being left at home, and they subdued themselves as they could to the terms of keeping step beside them with the bare feet that felt winged and ached to fly. Old and young, they passed Nancy's cabin thinly or at intervals; they glanced kindly or unkindly askance at her when they did not question her, and very possibly they read in her sitting there boldly aloof from them a defiance of the question which had begun to gather about her in the common mind since Laban had left her for his work at the Cross Roads, with none of those Saturday night returns which had at first been expected. It was known that Laban was of the same opposition to Dylks as Nancy and her brother, and it could not be that Dylks had caused the break between her and Laban, which no one would have noticed if it had been an effect of religion. It could only be that Laban had left her, or that her temper had driven him away.

With the last came a crowd of boys, whose lagging she understood when her own boy jumped down from the cabin door beside her.

"Did I scare you, Mother?" he asked at her start.

"No; I was expecting you, and you always come in at the back. You 'll want your supper, I 'll be bound. What made you so late, and all out of breath, so?"

"I been running. We just got the last of the tobacco in this evening, and Mis' Hingston made me stay and eat with Benny; she said she 'd excuse me to you. I just left the other boys up over the hill, and run through the woods to get here in time and ask you."

"To ask me what, Joey dear?" She put her arms fondly round the boy's knees, and pulled him down to her.

"The boys said you let me go to the Temple all I want to; but I told them the miracle was different, and I 'd have to ask you first. I told Mis' Hingston, and I told the boys. Me 'n' Benny got them to come round. Kin I, Mother? Mis' Hingston thought maybe—maybe—you might come yourself. But I told her I did n't believe you would."

"No, I won't go, Joey. What makes *you* want to go?"

"Oh, I don't know. All the boys are goin'. And I never seen a miracle yet."

"Do you believe he can do a miracle?" she asked.

"Well, it would be some fun to see what he would do if he did n't. I 'd like to hear what he 'd say."

"And what would you think if he did do it? That he was—God?"

"Oh, *no,* Mother! He could n't be, Mr. Dylks could n't. I ain't ever thought for a minute that he was *that.*"

"And if he failed—if he tried, and put himself to shame before everybody, how would you feel?"

"Well, Mother, nobody as't him to." Nancy was silent for so long that the boy said discouragedly, "But if you don't want me to go—"

Her face hardened from the pity of her inward vision of the man's humiliation, as if his own son had judged him justly.

"Yes, you can go, Joey. But be careful, be careful! And don't stay too late. And if anything happens—"

"Oh, surely, Mother, nothing will *happen,*" he exulted, and he broke from her hold and ran down the road where the group of boys had waited for him, and as he ran he leaped into the air, and called to them, "She 's let me! she 's let me!" and the boys leaped up in response, and called back, "Hurrah! hurrah!" and when he had come up with them, they all tried to get their arms round him, and trod on his heels and toes in pushing one another from him.

In the August twilight, which now began to pale the hot sunset glow, as if she had waited to come alone in her pride or in her shame, the woman who was bear-

ing the body of the miracle to the place where the wonder was to be wrought came last of all to pass Nancy where she sat at her door. She was that strong believer who in her utter trust, when she heard that cloth would be needed for the seamless raiment of his miracle, had offered to provide it; and now, neither in pride nor in shame, but in defiance of her unbelieving husband, she was bearing away from her house the bolt of linsey-woolsey, newly home from the weaver, which was to have been cut into the winter's clothing of her children. She had spun the threads herself, and dyed them, and they had become as if they were of her own flesh and blood. She carried the bolt wrapped about with her shawl, bearing it tenderly in her arms, as if it were indeed her flesh and blood, her babe, which she was going to lay upon an altar of sacrifice.

XII

THE crowd at Hingston's mill grew with the arrival of the unbelievers as well as the believers in Dylks. They came from all sides, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, and the groups came disputing as often as agreeing among themselves. When a group was altogether believing they exchanged defiances with a party of those religious outcasts, the Hounds, disturbers of camp-meetings and baptisms, and notorious mockers now of the Leatherwood god in his services at the Temple. But the invitation given to see the promised miracle had been *to all;* the Hounds had felt in it the tenor of a challenge, and they had accepted it defiantly. They jeered at the believers as these arrived, sometimes hailing them by name; they neighed and whinnied, and shouted, "Salvation!" and in the intervals of silence they burst out with the first lines of the believers' hymn.

Those were those who mocked: "I am God Almighty," "The Father and the Son are one, and I am both of 'em put together," and "O Dylks, save us!" "Don't leave us, Dylks!" "Make the devil jump, Joseph! Make him rattle his scales for us!" "Fetch on your miracle!" The believing women turned away; some of the younger tittered hysterically at a droll profanation of their idol's name, and then one of the ruffians applauded. "That 's right, sisters! We like to have you enjoy yourselves. Promised to let anybody in particular see you home tonight?" The girls tried to control themselves, and laughed the more, and the Hound called, "Say, girls, let 's have a dance—a dance before the Lord."

Jane Gillespie had come with her father in the family pride which forbade them to reject each other publicly. The girl stood a little apart from her father, and near her hung, wistfully, fearfully, the young farmer whom the neighborhood gossip had assigned her for an acceptable, if not accepted, lover. She looked steadfastly away from Hughey Blake, with her head lifted and her cheeks coldly flushed under the flame of her vivid hair: she was taller than the other girls, and showed above the young man.

"Say, Hughey," one of the Hounds spoke across the space they had left between them and the decent unbelievers, "can't you gimme a light? Reach up!" He held out a cigar, in the joke of kindling it at the girl's hair.

Hughey Blake turned, and his helpless retort, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," redoubled the joy of the Hounds. The girl glanced quickly at him, with what meaning he could not have made out, and it might have been fear of her which kept him hesitating whether to cross over and fall upon his tormentor. He looked at her as if for a sign, but she made as if she had heard nothing; then while he still hesitated, a slender, sinewy young fellow came down the open ground, with a soft jolt in his gait like that of a rangy young horse. He wore high boots, with his trousers pushed carelessly into their tops, and, for a sign of week-day indifference to the occasion, a checked shirt of the sort called hickory; he struck up the brim of his platted straw hat in front with one hand, and with the other on his hip stood a figure of backwoods bravery such as has descended to the romance of later times

from the reality of the Indian-fighting pioneers.

"You fellows keep still!" he called out. "If you don't, I 'll make you."

Retorts of varied sense and nonsense came from the Hounds, but without malice in their note. One voice answered:

"I 'd like to see you try, Jim Redfield!"

The other jolted closer toward the line of the Hounds, and leaned over.

"Did I hear somebody speak?" he asked.

"I reckon not, Jim," the voice of his challenger returned. "Come to join the band?"

"I did n't come to worry helpless women," Redfield said.

"That 's right, Jim. There 's where we 're with you. D' you reckon Apostle Hingston 'll let us in to see the miracle if we 'll keep the believers straight while the Almighty is at it?"

"I can't say for Mr. Hingston," Redfield returned; "but if I was in his place, I 'd want to keep my jug out of sight when you fellows were on duty."

Redfield passed the Gillespies as he lounged back to his place with a covert glance at the girl, who made no sign of seeing her champion.

The woman who was bringing the body of the miracle came round the corner of the mill, and showed herself in the open space with the bolt of cloth borne carefully in her arms.

"Why, it 's a baby!" came from that merriest of the Hounds whom Redfield had turned from an enemy into a troublesome friend of the believers. "Reckon the women 'll have something to say to that if he tries to turn e'er a baby into seamless raiment." The fellow got the laugh he had tried for, and when Redfield looked toward him again he said: "All right, Jim. I 'm keepin' 'em quiet the best I can. But the elect *will* make a noise sometimes."

The woman with her bundle passed through the open door of the house behind the mill. The public entrance was at the front, where by day the bags of grain were lifted by rope and tackle to the upper story, and the farmers who brought them climbed up by the inner stairways. The believers had expected that they were to come in by way of the dwelling, but now the burly figure of the miller, with the light of a candle behind it, showed black in the doorway, and he spoke up in his friendly voice:

"Neighbors, we want you all to go round to the front of the mill and come in there. The miracle is going to be done on the bolting-cloth floor, where there will be room for all that wants to see. We don't mean to keep anybody out, whether they believe or don't believe. The only thing we want is for you all to be quiet, and not make trouble. And now come in as quick as you can, so you can be sure we have n't had time to do anything to the cloth that the seamless raiment is going to be made out of."

"Hounds and everybody?" called that gayest voice among the outcasts.

"Hounds and everybody," the miller humorously assented, and his black bulk melted into the dark as the candle disappeared within.

The dim light from tin lanterns threw the pattern of their perforations on the walls and roofs of the interior, and showed the tracery of the floury cobwebs. The people could scarcely see their way to the stairs by the glimmer, and there was more talking, with nervous laughter, than there had been outside. One of the Hounds called out, "I don't want any of you girls to kiss *me!*" and gave the relief of indignation to the hysterical emotion of the believers; the more serious of the unbelievers found escape in their helpless laughter from their tense expectation of triumph in the failure of the promised miracle.

The wide space on the bolting-cloth floor, before the bins, mounded high with new wheat, and the rows of millstones, motionless under their empty hoppers, was lighted by candles in tin sconces, but these were so few that they shone only on the foremost faces and left those behind a gleam of eyes or teeth. The familiar machinery had put on a gruesome strangeness, which had its final touch from the roll lying on the table like something dead.

"'It 's *my* cloth! I spun it, I wove it, every thread! It 's all we 've got for our clothes this winter!'"

A table had been set in front of the barrels under the bolting-cloths, and the muslin funnels, empty of flour, hung down into the barrels with the effect of colossal legs standing in them. The air of the hot night was close within; a damp odor from the water flowing under the motionless mill-wheels seemed to cool it, but did not; the perspiration shone on the faces where the light fell on them.

The miller and his family had places in the front line of the spectators, and with them was the woman who had given the cloth for the miracle, and who stood staring at the stuff, which she had known so intimately in every thread and fiber, with an air of estrangement.

When the stumbling feet of the last arrivals ceased on the stairs, the miller stood out, facing the crowd, and told them that he expected the Good Old Man now any minute, together with the Apostle Paul, whom they all knew by his earthly name as their neighbor Mr. Enraghty. He asked them to be as still as they could, and especially after the Good Old Man came to be perfectly silent; not to whisper, and not to move if they could help it. There was nothing, though, he said, to hinder the believers from joining in their favorite hymn, and at once the wailing of it began to fill the place. When it ended, the deep-drawn breath of some wearied expectant made itself heard with the shifting of tired feet easing themselves. The minutes grew into an hour, with no sign of Dylks or Enraghty, and the miller was again forced to ask the patience of his neighbors. But there began to be murmurs from the unbelievers and more articulate protests from the Hounds. Some children, whom the believers had brought with them to see the divine power manifest itself, whimpered, and were suffered to lie down at the feet of their fathers and mothers and forget their disappointment in sleep. A babe, too young to be left at home, woke and cried, and was suckled to rest again, with ironical applause from the Hounds.

At the end of two hours of waiting, relieved with pleas and promises from the miller, there was no word from Dylks and no token of his bodily presence. With the scoffing of the unbelievers, the prayers of the faithful rose. "Come soon, O Lord!" "Send thy power!" "Remember thy Little Flock!" Upon these at last broke falteringly, stragglingly, a familiar voice, the voice of Abel Reverdy, kindly and uncouth as himself, and expressive, like his presence, of an impartial interest in the feelings of both the faithful and the unfaithful. He was there in the company of his wife, who held a steadfast place among the believers, while Abel ranged freely from one party to the other, and could not well have known himself of either, though friendly with both. He was of a sort of disapproving friendship even with the Hounds, and now his voice said in impartial suggestion:

"Why not somebody go and fetch him?"

"Good for you, Abel!" came from the Hound who was oftenest spokesman for the others. "Why don't you go yourself, Abel?"

Other voices applauded, and Abel was beginning to share a general confidence in his fitness for the mission when his wife spoke up:

"'Deed and 'deed, I can tell you he ain't a-goun' to do no such a thing, not if we stay here all night, murricle or no murricle. I ain't a-goun' to have him put his head into the Lion of Judah's mouth, and have it bit off, like as not. I can't tell from one minute to another whether he 's a believer or not, and if anybody is to go for the Good Old Man, it 's got to be a studdy believer, and not a turncoat of many colors like Abel."

If Sally had satisfied her need of chastising her husband for his variableness, and found a comfort in her scriptural language not qualified by its wandering application, Abel loyally accepted her open criticism.

"That 's so, Sally; I ain't the one to send. I misdoubted it myself, or I 'd 'a' gone without sayin' nothun' in the first place. But, as Sally says," he addressed the crowd, "it ought to be a believer."

"Then why not Sally?" a scorner sug-

gested. She did not refuse, and there was a whispering between her and those next her in debate of the question. But it was closed by the loud, austere voice of one of the believing matrons in the apostolic mandate, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." The text was not closely apt; it was not a precept obeyed in the revivals of any of the sects in Leatherwood; it was especially ignored in the meetings of the Dylks believers: but its proclamation now satisfied the yearning always rife in them to affiliate their dispensation with the scriptural tradition.

"Well, that settles it, Sister Coombs," Sally promptly assented; "I was n't a-goun' to, anyway, and I ain't a-goun' to now, if I stay here all night, or the Good Old Man don't ever come."

"Why not Jim Redfield?" a Hound demanded, and the miller tried to be stern in calling out, "No trifling!" but lost effect by gently adding, "friends." The unbelievers laughed, but the miller's retreat from the bold stand he had taken was covered by Redfield's threat that if those fellows kept on he would give them something to laugh about.

As he stepped into the neutral space between the friends and enemies of Dylks, he had a sort of double fearfulness for the women, because he was not only not of their faith, but because he was of no religious set in a community where every one but an open infidel like Matthew Braile was of some profession. He came to the Baptist services with his mother, but he had not been baptized, and he was not seen at the house-to-house prayer-meetings, where the young people came with the old, or at the frolics, where dancing was forbidden, but not kissing in their games or in their walks home through the woods. He was not supposed to be in love with any one, and he lived alone on a rich bottom-land farm with his mother, in a house which his father had built where his grandfather's log cabin had stood. He was of a tradition which held him closer to the wilderness than most of the people of Leatherwood; in the two generations before him the Redfields had won and held their lands against the Indians, and had fought them in the duels from tree to tree which the pioneers taught the savages, or learned from them, risking their lives and scalps in the same chances. He was of the sort of standing which old family gives even where all families are new, and he was now making his way politically in spite of his irreligion; he meant to go to the legislature, eventually, and in a leisurely sort he was reading law, and reciting his Blackstone to Matthew Braile. As he came and went from the old infidel's house he was apt to stop at the tavern porch, where the few citizens who could detach their minds from the things of another world gave them in cloudy conjecture to the political affairs of this, or to scrutiny of the real motives actuating the occasional travelers who apparently arrived for a meal's victuals or a night's lodging. With these Redfield had scarcely a social tie, but he could talk with them almost to the point of haranguing them, for they were men; at the store, where his mother's errands sometimes took him, he shrank from the women as timid as they when they dismounted from their saddles or wagons, and slipped in with their butter and eggs, and passed out again deeply obscured in their sunbonnets.

They were mostly women past the time of life when men look at them curiously, but once Redfield was startled by meeting a young girl as he was trying to go out, and began losing himself with her in that hopeless encounter of people who try to give way to each other and keep passing to the same side at once. Her face and her red hair burned one fire, but at last she stopped stone-still and let him go by, with a sort of angry challenge in her blue eyes. He knew that it was Jane Gillespie without knowing her to speak with, as he would have said, and he knew that against her father's will she was one of the followers of Dylks. The idolatry was not yet open and scandalous, but since then he had heard his mother denouncing her as a worthless hussy with the other women who had worshiped Dylks in that frenzy

at the Temple. He walked up and down, passing near where she stood with her father and Hughey Blake, and lost his breath at each approach and caught it again at each remove. It so vividly seemed that he must speak to her, though he did not know what he wished to say, that it was as if he really had done so when he heard one of the Hounds saying:

"Well, and what are you goin' to do about it, Jim?"

Then he heard himself boasting:

"I 'm going after Dylks myself, and if he 'll come peaceably and do his miracle, I 'll take him for my god; and if he won't, God have mercy on him!"

He was answering his jeering questioner in his words, but his eyes were on the girl; her own eyes were lowered after a glance at her father and Hughey Blake, and his vow remained in his ears a foolish vaunt. While he stood unable to return to his place, a voice, which no one knew, came from the darkness outside.

"Behold," it said, "I am the presence of the Most High, and I come to you with my peace. The miracle that ye wait to see has been wrought already, unseen of you. The cloth before you has been touched by my power, and turned into the seamless garment which ye seek as a sign. But it shall not be shown to you now. Ye shall see it seven days and seven nights hence on the eighth night at the Temple. Till then have patience, have faith! Thus saith the Lord."

The voice died from the medley of scriptural phrase, and a shiver of awe passed over those who had heard. One of the believing women called out, "Praise ye the Lord!" Then a yell of mockery broke from the Hounds, and some one shouted, "Let 's have a look!" and the crowd rushed upon the roll of cloth which lay on the table, where the woman who had brought it in her arms had put it, and had stood patiently, anxiously, trustfully waiting.

She spread her arms out over it with a piteous gesture, like a mother trying to keep her child from harm.

"Oh, don't! oh, don't!" she implored. "It 's *my* cloth! I spun it, I wove it, every thread! It 's all we 've got for our clothes this winter! Don't touch it! don't tear it!"

Her prayer was like a signal for its denial. One of the Hounds pushed her away and caught the cloth up.

"We won't hurt it, Sister Bladen. We just want to see what a seamless garment looks like, anyway. Maybe it 'll fit some of us. Here, boys, take a hold!"

He held by the outer edge of the cloth, and flung the bolt, unfurling itself toward his fellows over the heads of the believing men who had crowded forward to save it from the desecration, while the woman tried to seize it from him, beseeching, imploring:

"Oh, don't hurt it, Bill Murray! Oh, be careful! Don't let it drop! Oh, don't! don't! don't!"

"We can't do it any hurt, Sister Bladen, if it 's got a miracle inside of it," one of the ruffians mocked. "*You* tell her we won't hurt it, Jim Redfield! She 'll trust *you!*"

The women believers were sobbing; the men gathered themselves for a struggle with the surprise sprung upon them, but held back as if in a superstitious hope of help from the god whom the women seemed not to trust in his failure of them.

"Here, you fellows," Redfield shouted over the tossing heads before him, "what do you want to spoil her cloth for?"

His look and voice had their effect with the angry, pushing, shuffling, elbowing, wailing, weeping crowd, in a pause like the arrest of curiosity.

"Let go that cloth, Bill," he said, not with authority, but in a tone of good-fellowship.

The miller interposed with his friendly voice, and it seemed as if the unbelievers would give way in pity of the poor woman who had brought the cloth. Suddenly the bolt of stuff, which Murray had conditionally yielded, was twitched from Redfield in boisterous fun, and then in the frenzy more of mischief than of malice it was seized by the Hounds, and torn into shreds. "Find the seamless raiment!"

they yelled to one another. The unbelievers stood aside; the believers did nothing, in a palsy of amaze; the poor woman, to whom her toil and pride in it had hallowed the stuff, sank down, staying herself on her hands from the floor, in hapless despair. Her moaning and sobbing filled the place after the tumult of destruction had been stricken silent.

"Oh, I don't care for the miracle," she kept lamenting, "but what are my children going to wear this winter? Oh, what will *he* say to me!" It was her husband she meant.

(To be continued)

Edinburgh

Capital of a National Reminiscence

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Author of "The Imperial Impulse," etc.

Illustrations by Joseph Pennell

"BEAUTIFUL as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting." So Robert Louis Stevenson characterized his Edinburgh. And she is not interesting so much for what she is as for that she has done. For Edinburgh is no longer the capital of the regnant Scot. She is rather a dream city, whose splendor, phantom-like, stalks among the outrageously bourgeois villas that have engulfed her New Town and the business blocks that are ruthlessly, but inevitably, replacing the historic squalor and splendor of the Old Town.

Let us review briefly the march of Edinburgh. It is reminiscent of a nation that, man for man and glen for glen, has done more for robust thinking and manly daring, for colonial and business enterprise, for empire-building and world-making, than any other nation.

Her first background is that of feudalism. And such a feudalism! Even the Romans refused to subdue it, and left the Northern clans to fight out their own feuds in their wilderness of glens and mountains. Nowhere else was the clan spirit so exacting, so jealous, so swift at receiving insult and giving reprisal. It was a turbulent school of the world's greatest game—the game of give and take.

Edinburgh became the capital of this unruly spirit. For such a capital nature had prepared the palisade. Castle Hill rises sheer above the plain, its vistas broken by the Pentlands and the Grampians. This rugged fortress is approachable only from one side. Down this slope stretches the road to Holyrood, a mile distant. This road was early named the High Street (its lower end the Canongate), and for a thousand years its mile from castle to monastery was Edinburgh—

A thousand years of war, and love, and hate.

A backbone of rock lifting itself above marshes and morasses; one street lined successively with huts, houses, and mansions, a castle at one end, a monastery at the other, a market and a toll-booth between; and blindly pushing out on each side of the highway numerous abortive, blind alleyways, tumbling down the steep hillside, where the poor dwelt. All the while the castle dominated the street.

To understand the first Edinburgh we must not forget that it was war-made and that its fighting spirit was its principal legacy to the Edinburgh that followed. It was the age of Northern romance and chivalry, smocked in tartan instead of cloth of gold.

Then came the age of the Covenant, the struggle between mysticism and romance, between the gallant and daring Stuarts and a people of tough fiber and inflamed conscience. In every dark corner of the Old Town still lurk the shadows of that stern and bloody time, and from every wynd you may hear the echoes of the giant voice of Knox. Kirkcaldy and Montrose and Argyll are merely symbols of the day's impartial martyrdom and the turbulence of the era of change.

From Flodden Field (1513) to the last of her civil wars, over two hundred years later, Edinburgh knew neither repose nor security. Ninety years later, James VI of Scotland became James I of England, and the capital lost its court and the nation its Stone of Scone. This blow was soon followed by the revolution of Cromwell and his invasion of Scotland; then the heartless persecution of the Covenanters; the turmoils of the Restoration; the Revolution of 1688; the union of Parliaments in Westminster (1707); the pitiful collapse of Scottish imperialism in the Darien scheme, wherein a nation, now stripped of prince, parliament, and court, attempted a pathetic restoration of power; finally the civil wars of 1715 and 1745.

This continuous procession of calamities and ruinous circumstances, of adventure and tragedy, terminated in the most romantic episode in this romantic city's career. Out of the Highlands came a fairy prince with a picturesque band of clansmen, to dwell once more in the palace of his fathers, to revive the days of chivalry and of revelry for a brief hour. And when Bonnie Prince Charlie, on that dim October evening in 1745, marched out of the city on his way to Carlisle, his pipes, slowly fading in the distance, sounded the dirge of romantic Edinburgh. The heroic age was done. The Reformation substituted a religious for a clan motive for fighting; the ancient foundations were dissolved; sovereignty sat at Westminster, where a foreign king, on an English throne, held his scepter over the entire stretch from the Tweed to the outer isles.

Meanwhile, this spirited city had prepared herself for the most unique renaissance in modern history. This capital of the most vindictive clansmen and the most dogmatic polemists prepared itself to become the capital of learning. Leith is the open door to the Eastern world. This world would not come to Edinburgh as it came to Paris. So Edinburgh would go to the world, and create for itself a cosmopolis of its own.

"Poverty, ill luck, enterprise, and constant revolution" had been her lot. Enterprise now began to stimulate foreign adventure. Her great enmity was with England, her great friendship with France. The bonds between the Gael and the Gaul were strong. Early the Scot began to sojourn in France. In 1313 we find a "Scotland Street" in Paris because of the large number of Scottish students living there. A few years later David, Bishop of Moray, founded a Scotch college in Paris. Dieppe, Orléans, and other French towns had Scottish quarters. Charles VI, who enlisted whole regiments of Scotsmen, forerunners of the famous "Scottish Guards," said, "I cannot go anywhere without finding before my beard a Scotchman, dead or alive." Even a Scotch-French dialect arose, a barbarous and incongruous mixture of broad Northern vowels and sonorous Southern nasals. Highland dances became the rage in Paris, and it was considered noble to boast of one's Scotch blood. Even Colbert and Sully, the distinguished statesmen, made a pretense to this distinction.

Beyond Paris, the Scottish student pushed to other universities, especially to Padua, which for centuries was Europe's leading seat of learning. Here, as elsewhere, the Scots established a prodigious reputation for disputation. The champion was James Crichton, known as "the Ad-

John Knox's house

mirable," who arrived at Padua in 1581. His fame had preceded him, and he was received at a formal reception by the professors and, in token of his appreciation of their welcome, the Scotch polemist held there and then a disputation with them six hours in length.

While the Scotch scholar was a-gleaning in Eastern schools, that other Scotchman, even more generally known, the Scotch trader, was not idle. He penetrated to Russia, was busy in Germany, Flanders, Italy, Spain, and France.

Wandering trader and wandering scholar returned to their native land, and thus was Europe brought to Edinburgh. The town, responding to commerce and learning, gradually changed. Several of its princes and princesses were sent to Paris for training in the arts and artifices of royalty. They were completely spoiled, but they brought to their Northern capital a breath of Parisian extravagance.

Now old Edinburgh was in its splendor. The homes on High Street became mansions or apartment-rookeries, ten and twelve stories high. Unlike our modern flats, these houses were balconied and gabled, and presented a pleasing appearance. In the numberless wynds lived the lesser folk, the poor in wretched hovels, the better-class families crowded into

a few rooms. But every citizen was determined to live within calling distance of that one street. Back of the town, especially on Canongate, flourished beautiful gardens; graceful trees framed the landscape; shrubberies outlined velvety lawns and bowling-greens; where the Bank of Scotland and other great buildings now stand was an open space lined with trees through which one caught glimpses of the Firth of Forth and the crenate hills of Fife. Some of the old mansions remain to-day. Enter with me and see the ruins of ancient plaster-work and woodwork. Carvings and moldings of delicate skill, paneled doors and graceful fireplaces, are reminiscent of Parisian handicraft. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, said of this period that "Edinburgh more resembled Paris than London."

A mile, then, let us say, of the grand boulevards, where seventy thousand people crowded themselves into stuffy rooms, garrets, and cellars—a mile surrounded with the most glorious prospects nature ever unrolled for pent-up city folk to contemplate; a mile teeming with life, unsewered, unventilated, unswept, but not unsung.

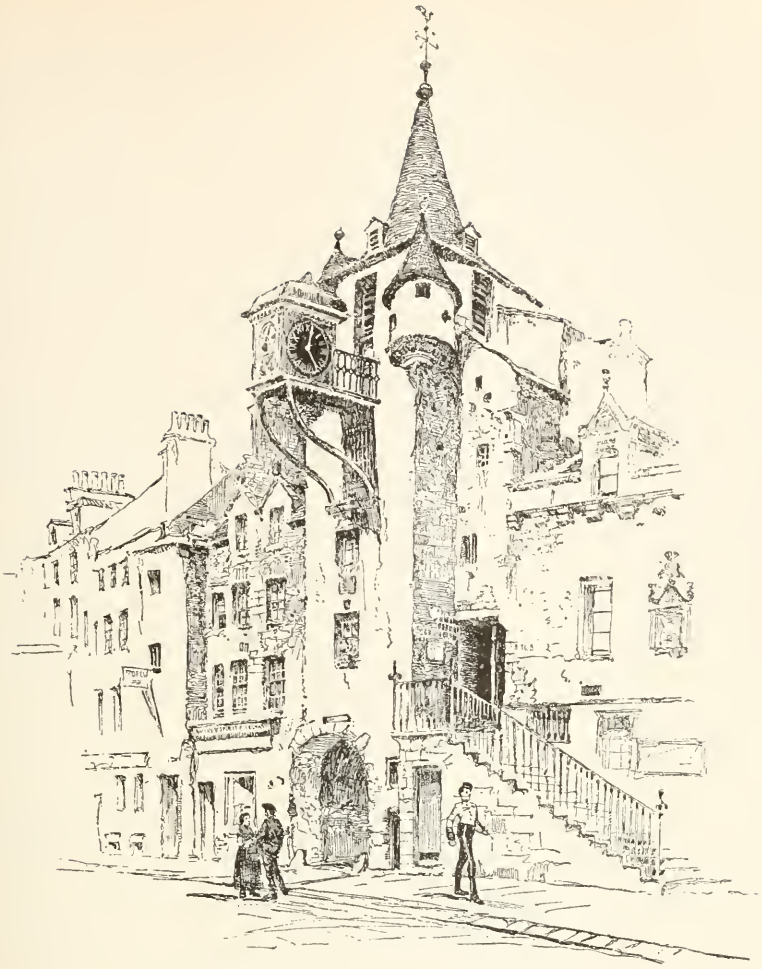
In 1639, James Howell, a noted traveler, after praising High Street as "one of the fairest Streets" he ever saw, said, "There are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper, for they are but a groat a quart." With the French wines, another traveler, a generation later, found the society in Edinburgh "more agreeable" than in London, "as they [the Scotch] have the spirit of the French, without their grimace and with much more learning and modesty. . . . They are extremely fond of jovial company, and if they did not too often sacrifice to Bacchus the joys of a vacant hour, they would be the most entertaining people in Europe."

It is one of the anomalies of Edinburgh that the city of John Knox and the sober predestinationists should within a generation become a second Bohemia, a small, but complete and hearty, replica of the Latin Quarter. It was a genuine Bohemianism; none of your later London and Berlin imitations. Here was no make-believe, no assumption. People were not afraid of being themselves. Poverty was not yet even an inconvenience, and wealth was but an accident. It was a life in which learning and whisky blended, where piquant witticisms made one famous at dinner-tables and clubs. Tavern life became the necessary complement of crowded flat life, just as the club and the restaurant, in our cities, have become the adjunct of the home. By the fireplace in the old "howfs" and "laights" (oyster-cellars and taverns) a man at once found refuge from the bitter climate and from the uncongenial monotony of his crowded living-room. Songs, high jinks, stories, poems, and polemics filled the hours as the steam of punch-bowls and smoke of the fireplace and pipes filled the air.

There were "howfs" for every social degree—lords, poets, lawyers, professors, traders, bankers, and beggars. The literary legendary of our fair Old Town teems with the lore of this jollity.

But this Edinburgh was also a social center "celebrated equally for its litterateurs and lawyers and its high-spirited dames. The salons of St. James at that time scarcely afforded us a greater variety of types or more vivacious gossip." These salons were second only to those of Paris; not, indeed, for elegance or grace, for our Scotch were poor and have always been a people without grace, but not without charm. But in wit, learning, heartiness, in everything that goes to make genuine humor and life, these Northern salons, with their provincial bonhomie, were inferior to none.

This rollicking, boisterous Bohemian Edinburgh becomes Smollett's "hotbed of genius." Hither came Highlander and Lowlander of talent. Beginning about the middle of the eighteenth century, Scotland's intellectual vitality asserted itself, broke away from the shackles of kirk and crown, and boldly explored every realm of speculation. Think of a town of scarcely a hundred thousand inhabitants where you could, on a few hours'



The Playhouse Close. First theater in Scotland

notice, gather round your dinner-table Adam Smith, the father of political economy; Hutton, the founder of Scottish geology; Principal Robertson, the historian of Scotland; Dr. Cullen, the distinguished pathologist; Dr. Black, the chemist who was first to propound the theory of latent heat; David Hume, of whom Lecky says he possessed "a grace of style, a skill of narration, and a subtlety of thought which no English historian had yet equaled"; Dugald Stewart, the powerful orator; and if you wished a dash of aristocratic learning, Lord Kames; to say nothing of scores of brilliant jurists, clergymen, and critics. No wonder Buckle devotes the third volume of his "History of Civilization" to Scotland.

With the opening of the nineteenth century a new and no less distinguished group of literary men and scholars appeared. Now it was that Sir Walter began to recreate the Scotland of romance and song. He did more than any other to make the Highlands popular in England and break down that long and inordinate prejudice that had repelled the two nations. Playfair and Leyden the scientists; Brougham the many-sided; Lockhart, Thompson, Allen, and Robert Chambers; Lord Webb Seymour and Sir James Hall; Brown ("Rab") the beloved; Professor Blackie; Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"); the Cairds and Norman MacDonald; Nasmyth; Sir David Wilkie, Murray, and Raeburn the painters, not

to mention a whole galaxy of talented Scots, like Thomas Carlyle, who sojourned more or less in this intellectual city.

There were three paramount intellectual influences in this Edinburgh of intellectual eminence. The first was the university. It has a long honor-roll of scholars and scientists who have graced learning by their versatility and extended it by their originality. The second was the encyclopædia. This was the most colossal educational undertaking the world had ever seen, and introduced the name of Edinburgh to every cultivated household in Christendom.

The third potency was none other than the "Edinburgh Review." It is impossible for us to realize the profound influence wrought by this journal in its earlier years. Society, art, criticism, politics, and religion were still shackled by coteries and formularies. The old Tory system had not yet vanished; Catholics were still disqualified; the corporation and test acts were unrepealed; slavery and the slave trade were flourishing. Criminal laws were barbarous,—a defendant tried for his life was not allowed counsel, and death was the punishment for theft,—establishment in church and state raised prerogative by birth and confession above conscience and worth.

To transform this sort of world, three young men launched a dauntless journal without the patronage of money, lords, church, or party. It made its way, Scot-like, by sheer force of argument and the brilliant presentation of its cause, and for fifty years dominated the Whig contentions. Its success was instantaneous and lasting. No other journal has achieved the like. But no other journal was born of such a trinity of genius: Sydney Smith, the keenest and wittiest dialectician of the day; Jeffrey, the most powerful and independent critic of that period, as Scott learned when his friend's famous criticism of "Marmion" appeared; and Henry Brougham, afterward lord chancellor, who from his amazing versatility contributed three articles to the first number, seven to the second, and so on, covering all the ranges of science, philosophy, politics, travel, poetry, literature, and theology. Jeffrey, who in 1834 became Lord Jeffrey by virtue of his judgeship in the court of sessions, was for twenty-five years the editor, and contributed over two hundred articles on every conceivable subject. These men, like most of the other contributors, were men of affairs, to whom writing was an avocation; they made the review, and for years sustained it on its original high level.

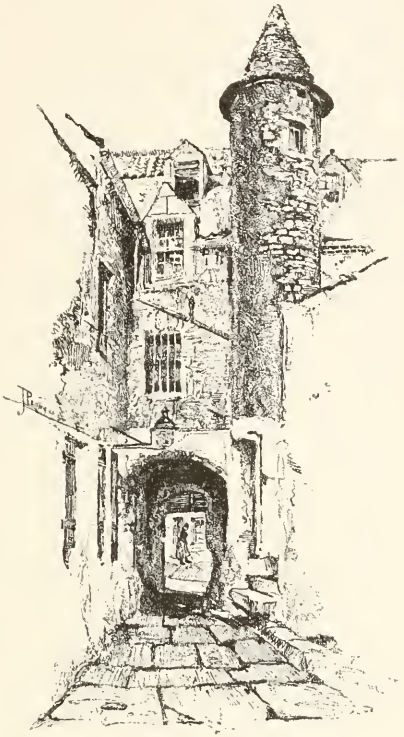
Such genius attracts genius; and if you wish to read the honor-roll of British thinkers for the last hundred years, turn to the index of the review while it still bore an Edinburgh imprint.

Alas! now it is published in London, as is also the encyclopædia. "The move southwards," writes the historian, "of the headquarters of the 'Edinburgh Review' was in truth but the formal recognition of facts." An empire cannot brook two capitals; London sucked the successful from every current of life into its imperial maelstrom.

And now I have to record the third and last Edinburgh—modern Edinburgh. It is no longer the romantic capital of picturesque and daring clans. It is no longer a boreal precinct of Paris. It is, gentle reader, simply the Edinburgh you love to visit in a carriage. Except for the High Street, you do not get out and walk over its pavements; they are as meaningless as the pavements of Omaha.

The town finally succumbed to the pressure of pent-up populations. The old street could contain them no longer. A bridge was built in 1772 between the High Street and the North Fields; Nor'-Loch was drained; and modern Edinburgh began. It was very reluctant in starting; people had to be bribed by nominal rents to move to the New Town. In a few years lawyers, professors, and writers descended from the High Street; proud lords and their prouder dames condescended to live in the newer precincts; fashion set the pace and determined the place where in the new squares receptions and dinners must be given.

The New Town is formal; it is beautiful as other planned towns are not beautiful, because of its fortunate surroundings. It was begun under the influence of that classicism which the Scot had imported from the East at a period when art, architecture, and learning were all impregnated with the Athenian motive. So it is laid out in formal rectangles, squares, and circles: its public buildings are adorned with Corinthian and Doric columns; its private houses have formal little Greek porticos, scoffed at by Ruskin, who admonished the Edinburghians: "Away with these absurdities: and the next house you build, insist upon having the fine old Gothic porch with its pointed arch entire, and its gable roof above. Under that you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and if you will, stop a moment to talk with your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand."



The Tolbooth, High Street

Ruskin's criticism is as subtle as it is practical. The modern town, which has been built according to rule and not according to the glorious situation furnished by nature, is too conventional for bonhomie. Informal poverty has become shabby respectability, learning has become pedantry. A large resident population, attracted by rather low rents, and the large made-to-order "cultivated" class, has brought with it the complete inanity and snobbery of the "retired" person.

Edinburgh is now a city of glorious memories incased in a coffin of modern prosperity. It emphasizes externals, judges you by what you have earned or inherited. Its intellectual and spiritual importance lies in the past. A city that could allow the noisy and dirty railways to occupy the magnificent spaces between Princes Gardens and the castle has lost all claim to sympathy.

Yet withal it is not like any other city in the world. Other cities have wrapped proud traditions in a silken napkin and laid them away in marble tombs; other cities have surrendered kings, courts, and parliaments, have substituted luxury for living and feeding for thinking; other cities have carefully planned their future growth, and have prospered. But Edinburgh alone possesses a municipal dualism. It is both primitive and formal, old and new, formidable and meek, rich and poor, romantic and utilitarian. It has lost its vitality, but not its charm.

I shall never forget a view I had of this Edinburgh from the Outlook Tower of Prof. Patrick Geddes, who has vigorously striven to rescue Edinburgh from inanity by welding the prosperity of to-day with the glory of yesterday. In his tower, situated high up near the castle, and overlooking the entire city, he has a camera obscura, and through this he showed me Edinburgh. It was a brilliant sunny day, rare for Scotland, and perfect for our observations. An ingenious device made it possible to move the apparatus in a circle, so that, by slowly turning, the whole city is reflected in a moving panorama upon the screen. There, cooped up in an isolated tower room, head under a curtain, I beheld a magic sight. The city is built entirely of stone and slate. Under

the stimulus of the lustrous sunlight and by the magic of the lens, these common stones and roofs and sooted chimney-pots became a symphony of wondrous grays, endowed with life. There lay the New Town nestled among its trees and gardens; here the Old Town, with its rookeries, dismal closes, and shops. Everywhere were people streaming to and fro, bent on the drudgery of the day; soldiers were drilling in the castle yard; here and there a young couple stopped to chat.

It was a modern city, as the hideous railway trackings testified. But the mystery and witchery of the camera and my isolated position enabled me to forget the age of machinery and its noisy, dirty by-products. Old Edinburgh revived for me—the town of Wallace and the Bruce, of James and Bonnie Prince Charlie. The mile of High Street and its stately gabled houses were there, the castle and Holyrood guarding its entrance and exit; the shadowy wynds; the Tolbooth, that Bastille of the Scot; St. Giles's, with its crown of Gothic lace-work and its busy lucken-booths; the rough pavement over the stones of which so many processions, joyous and doleful, had passed; the rookeries where genius toiled, the cellar-ways where piety languished; and, a league distant, Leith, whence eager youth and fugitive princes, prelates and patriots, escaped into the great world.

I am ruthlessly recalled from my fantasy; the dream city fades. I know romantic Edinburgh has vanished, for on the western horizon I see dimly the smoke clouds of Glasgow, the herald of the new Scotland.

Several years ago the city of Glasgow opened its new justiciary court house. Through the hospitality which characterizes the Glasgonian, I was privileged to be of the number admitted to the court room. There I beheld a ceremony that was a page plucked from colorful medievalism, and placed in the drab drudgery of one of a monotonous industrial city. For the first time in Glasgow's history, every one of the Lords Justices of the High Court, which sits in Edinburgh, was present. They wore their enormous gray wigs, and were gowned in their gorgeous, ample crimson robes, elaborately outlined in ermine; they were preceded by heralds and mace-bearers, whose uniforms matched the glory and the age of the justices' vestiture; a fanfare of trumpets sounded by scarlet-jacketed state trumpeters announced their coming and going; they received the homage of a vast throng in the streets and of the flower of Glasgow learning in the court house.

The Lord Justice General delivered a brief address, formal in diction and a trifle condescending in tone. The words, however, that arrested my attention were these, "We of the East have come to you of the West to bring you greeting." Edinburgh is fifty-five minutes by express from Glasgow. East and West!

This is the secret of the new Scotland. The West dominates the East. For here, in this rugged and beautiful little land, America and Europe have come together physically and spiritually. Edinburgh's outlet is the Firth of Forth, which opens upon the Eastern sea. Her gaze has for centuries been eastward, whence came her trade and her learning. Orion remains her portent constellation; and her motto is *Sic itur ad astra*—this way to the stars.

The motto of Glasgow is plain English, "Let Glasgow flourish!" There is nothing sentimental or idealistic about that. It was a simple hamlet until the union with England opened the doors of colonial trade. By 1769 over half of the tobacco from Virginia and the West Indies came to the Clyde. From that day onward her strides have been constant and rapid. Today she is the second city of the kingdom. The Clyde is no longer a sinuous creek; it is an estuary of the Western sea. The West did it. Edinburgh was made in Paris; Glasgow is made in America. It is a plain, practical city, dominated by no traditions, but by that confidence born of success. Despite its miles of heavy drab houses, its smoke and whir, it is a stimulating adventure to spend a fortnight among these enterprising and hospitable people. They have not entirely allowed

commercialism to dominate their thoughts. They have, to my mind, the best-governed city in Europe; for it is effective, democratic teamwork. They have accomplished through stimulating democracy what Germany and France can accomplish only through deadening bureaucracy.

Glasgow stands for the business of the hour, Edinburgh for the glorious yesterday. Edinburgh may wear its robes of law, and promenade in stately isolation up and down the splendid hall of the old Parliament House, now used by the law courts. Glasgow dons the tweed jacket and the square bowler hat and hustles. The difference is seen at a glance in their leading newspapers. The "Glasgow Herald" is probably the best afternoon paper in the kingdom. It interprets the present; that includes politics and markets, especially markets. The "Scotsman" reminiscences on Edinburgh —the Edinburgh of the Covenant and the encyclopædia. It seems impossible that when it started, over a century ago, it was so radical that prudent business men were afraid to take it for fear of losing their customers, so they subscribed through their clerks.

Lady Stairs Close

This is the sad fact: the glorious radicalism in letters, in theology, in politics, in philosophy, and science that made Edinburgh a beacon shining from its castle rock and Calton Hill into all the world is to-day only an ossified reminiscence. It did not keep pace with the world. The effective Scotland today is not typified by leisurely Edinburgh, but by leisure-scoffing Glasgow.

I am not pessimistic of this situation. The new Scotland—"You of the West"—is by no means hopeless. It pulsates. It is passing through the fiery test of prosperity; the age of gruel and haggis has passed. But there is still left the Scotchman. He is hard-headed, horny-handed, red-blooded, steel-tempered. Honesty is his rule of life; contention is his recreation. He is the world's greatest stickler for little things; his conscience can hang on the smallest splinter of difference. No sooner had he a Reformed Church than he had also an Established Church, then a free kirk, then a wee free kirk, and the Lord knows how many others. Always ready to find fault, obstinate and proud, he yet possesses a stern meekness of soul that amazes the English and amuses the Prussian. His tremendous frugality, taught by ages of terrible poverty, by hard climate and stony

soil, has made him durable; his shrewdness has made him successful; his self-reliance has made him masterful.

But it is the possession of two rarer qualities that has made him the leader of his empire. He possesses what the Englishman generally wants—humor. A nation without humor soon becomes sordid, no matter how valorous its spirit. And a sordid nation soon crumbles of dry rot. Moreover, his is the Celtic vision which forever guards him from mere grossness.

The Highlander is a pure Celt, and the Highlander has dominated Scotland not by blood, but by spirit.

Without the Celtic influence, the Scotsman would easily become a mere grubber, whether after money or ideas or pleasure or honors. But cast the spell of Celtic mysticism over him, and he and his ambition become glorified. Like the delicate aërial festoons that the morning drapes upon the shoulders of the Highlands, subduing the hard face of the landscape, so the ethereal elements of the Celtic temperament, the rarefied mists of impressions and fancies, soften the rigidities of his stern nature and lend an indefinable charm to its often harsh and forbidding traits.

So while I expect Edinburgh to remain reminiscent, I do not expect the conflict between the West and the East to be fatal to the Scotchman. I recall that his rugged little country has poured shipload after shipload of sturdy men and women into every colony. From the settlement of Ulster to this very hour he has been a daring pioneer. About one fourth of the population of our country at the time of the Revolution were of Scotch descent, and since then they have been coming to us in constant streams, and to-day Canada lures them. Almost entire Highland villages migrate at a time, and settle together in the farthest West. India and the Indies, South Africa and East Africa, Australia and New Zealand,—wherever an opportunity shows itself,—there you find the Scot.

Now, wherever the Scotchman goes, he becomes a leader. You hear of the Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, but you hear only of Scottish leadership. He has had a powerful influence on our country.

Our first newspaper was published by a Scotchman; a Scot first won international honors for American letters; the steamboat, telephone, telegraph, and electric light were devised by men of Scotch descent. The second college in our land was founded by a Scotch divine; our Constitution was framed and adopted largely by the influence of two Scotch lawyers; our most majestic orator, our most winning politician, our most metaphysical statesman, our greatest diplomatist, and our greatest poet were of Scotch lineage. So of many of our business captains and railroad magnates, almost one half of our Presidents, and a large proportion of our cabinet members, judges, and governors. Was there ever such a drain of leadership upon a like area?

The Scotch have not alone helped make America. They control Australia, direct New Zealand, lead Canada, and rule Africa. For centuries Scot and Briton were bitterest enemies. Edinburgh and Paris conspired against London. The union, when it finally came, was one of crowns and not of hearts. There still lurks jealousy under the surface. Write a letter to a loyal Glasgonian, address it "North Britain," and see what happens. I wandered into an antique shop in High Street one day. There was no attendant in the place, and I could rouse none by calling and knocking. Finally I remarked to a lady, evidently "looking around," as I was:

"It seems strange that no one should be in attendance and the door left open."

"Oh," she replied, with a smile, "Scotchmen are trustworthy, and an Englishman rarely drops over the border."

It is of course impossible to determine how much the Scot is responsible for the empire. Such subtleties elude political and economic mathematics. However, it is not too much to say that the Scottish influence has been potent, if not paramount.

From the days of Lord Dundas, who sent Scottish administrators into every colony, the outskirts of the empire have felt the Scot's guiding hand. And right in London, in every counting house, you hear his broad accents. Prick a judge or a professor or a journalist, and you draw Scotch blood. Since Salisbury's day I recall that Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, and Rosebery have been prime ministers of Scotch descent. Every cabinet has had its full quota of Scots. England's greatest judge, Lord Mansfield; her greatest advocate, Lord Erskine; one of her greatest chancellors, Brougham, were Scotchmen, educated in Edinburgh. Of all the noted group of philosophers who flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth century in Great Britain, only one was English—Bishop Berkeley. The rest were Scotch, most of them schooled in Edinburgh.

But why enumerate further? Such fecundity of talent becomes monotonous. It is vain to say that Scotland's vitality passed with the splendor of old Edinburgh.

It is true that nothing is so pitiful as a nation without a capital, for in the capital is felt the throb of national life.

But Scotland has accomplished the greater miracle. It has made London its capital, and Washington and Ottawa and Melbourne and Auckland. Scotland's nationalism is world wide. It is not a state of mind, as was the Greek's, nor a legal imperium, as was the Roman's; nor a trade agreement, as is the Englishmen's. It is a spirit, the spirit of daring and hoping, of dreaming and doing.

I am inclined to think that if any combination of characteristics and experiences can overcome the handicaps of mere wealth and prosperity, it is this masterful compound of the passionate and adventurous with the cautious and the reserved called the Scot, the cosmopolitan Scot who has verified the legend of Edinburgh—this way to the stars.

Preces

By HAROLD KELLOCK

WHY wilt thou ever tend Minerva's shrine
When thou art fashioned in the Cyprian mold?
I often wonder, such a weft of gold
Crowns like a diadem that broad brow of thine
And luminous depths of hazel eyes. Divine,
Too, is the summons from her altars cold
To love's own fields, the laughter and the old
Sweet music and the roses and the wine.
I pray thou learn, dear, ere the long night find
Thee sitting desolate in the empty house
Amid thy broken dreams. No book can lure
The secret of the world. Fame 's but the wind
Crying, and knowledge is a wintry spouse,
And youth is brief, and only love is sure.

The gill-netters at work

The Pursuit of the Royal Chinook

Three Studies of Salmon-fishing on the Columbia River

By M. J. Burns

The round-up: the teams tightening the rope-end of the seine

The round-up

A Little Folding of the Hands

By HANNAH ABERT

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

SHE sat in the doctor's private office, a thin little woman with gray hair and a patient, tired face. Her hands, in their cheap cotton gloves, worked together nervously, but the eyes that she raised to the doctor's face were clear and unfaltering.

"I want you to tell me the truth," she said.

The doctor hesitated. He was an old man, and many had come to him in his lifetime for this same pitiful, naked truth, but the telling had never grown easy. He glanced down at his hands, which were arranging and re-arranging the papers on the desk before him, and groped blindly for the right words.

"An operation can do no good, Mrs. Morlan."

There was silence in the room for a minute. The clock on the mantel seemed to tick with unusual distinctness, and outside a gust of wind blew a handful of dead leaves against the window. Then he looked up, and saw that she was still sitting quietly in the same position. Even the restless hands were still, and she smiled bravely when she saw the trouble in the kindly old face opposite her.

"That 's all right, Doctor. When—how long, I mean—"

"I don't know, Mrs. Morlan. I can't tell. It may be a few weeks or it may be months."

"Well, there 's one thing I want you to promise me."

"I 'll promise you anything."

"I don't want my children to know."

"But it is n't right to keep them in ignorance. You 've always worked too hard. They must make things easy for you now."

"Why, I won't be easy for a minute if I know they 're unhappy. It 'll be bad enough for them afterward, poor dears!"

"Well, if that 's the way you feel about it, I suppose I 'll have to give in to you," said the doctor, helplessly; "but somehow it does n't seem right."

She opened a little black bag in her lap, counted out two dollars in nickels, dimes, and quarters, and laid the money on the desk; but the doctor pushed it away with a gesture of repugnance.

"I don't want it, Mrs. Morlan. Please don't ask me to take it. I have n't done anything for you. I only wish to God I could."

"Why, of course you need n't to if you don't want to; but you 've done as much for me as any doctor could, and no woman ever had a better friend. You must n't worry about me. I 'm not going to work too hard. I 'll have to rest now and get things straightened out. I 've been so busy all my life that I 've never had time to think much about dying; but it does n't seem right, somehow, to go into God's presence with your mind full of earthly thoughts. Good-by. I 'll take my medicine, and come back to see you if the pain gets any worse."

She shook hands with him, and went out of the office to the narrow, dingy street.

"Hi, there! You 'd better look out!" came a warning voice, and she stepped back just in time to avoid a heavy dray with a reckless driver. Would it have been better if the end had come in that way? No, she was glad to have been spared. She wanted time to prepare for death. She had not been very religious. She had had to work so hard all her life that she had not had time to go to church or read her Bible or engage in works of charity. Often she was even too tired to pray; but now she must rest from her labors and take thought for her soul. She boarded a street-car, and sat down beside a little girl with short hair and friendly, brown eyes. She reminded her of Ellie, her granddaughter, except that she was

"'An operation can do no good, Mrs. Morlan'"

stouter. Ellie was thin now, because she was growing so fast, and she had noticed lately that she was pale, too. She must make her a cup of beef-tea every morning and keep her in the open air as much as possible. It was a pity that she was the only child in the family and that there were no children of her own age in the neighborhood. It was bad for her to be with grown people so much.

She drew herself together with a little start. She was forgetting what the doctor had told her. She must think of her soul. "The sting of death is sin. . . . But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." She had not been a sinful woman, but neither had she been very good. She had worked only for those that were near and dear to her, but now she must try to do something for God. She had two dollars in her purse, the money that the doctor had refused to take. She would give it to the heathen, and she would do some

sewing for the Ladies' Aid Society and read aloud to Mrs. Dortchley, who was blind and bedridden.

There was a dash of rain against the window, and looking out, she saw that the clouds were dark and lowering. She did n't believe that Ellie had taken her rubbers to school with her that morning, or an umbrella, either. She must find out as soon as she got home. She would n't have Ellie get wet for anything. It might give her pneumonia. The car stopped, and she got off quickly and hurried into the house. The rain had increased to a steady downpour, and it was turning colder. Ellie's widowed mother, a fair, frail-looking woman, was sewing in the front room.

"Mamie," cried Mrs. Morlan, "did Ellie take an umbrella to school this morning?"

"No, Mother, she did n't," answered Mamie; "but she 'll get one of the Dennis children to bring her home."

"I don't know whether she will or not," said Mrs. Morlan, anxiously. "She 's timid about asking favors. I think I 'd better take her one. She 'll need her rubbers, too."

"I hate for you to go out in the rain, Mother," said Mamie. "I 'd take them myself, but I have to finish Mrs. Black's dress by half-past twelve."

"Why, I thought she did n't want it till to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan.

"She did say so, but she telephoned after you left that she must have it by half-past twelve. Folks seem to think that I 'm a machine." Mamie lifted a fold of the dress to wipe away tears of weariness.

"You poor child!" cried Mrs. Morlan. "You 're worn out. I 'll get back as soon as I can and help you."

In half an hour her swift fingers were at work, and so efficient was her help that by half-past twelve the dress was finished and put away in its box, ready for the boy who was to come for it.

"Now, Mamie," said Mrs. Morlan, "you must lie down on the sofa and let me make you a cup of tea. You 're too tired to do any more work to-day. I 'll get a blanket to put over you. Sometimes I like to pretend you 're a little girl again just the size of Ellie."

It was after one o'clock when she began her long-delayed housework, but dinner was on the table when the family came home at two. There was a pain in her back, her head ached, and her hands shook with nervousness; but she took her seat at the table and beamed at her husband and children with joyful satisfaction in their presence. Mr. Jimmy Morlan, the head of the family, was a tall, seedy man with a weak, rather handsome face. He worked occasionally, but in his own judgment his health was poor, and he spent most of his time at the corner grocery. Jimmy, Junior, was in a real-estate office, and Alice, the youngest daughter, a pretty, fresh-looking girl of eighteen, was a stenographer. Mrs. Morlan was too tired to join in the general conversation, but she laughed at all of Jimmy's jokes, and she listened eagerly to Mr. Morlan's account of a new business enterprise that he expected to engage in as soon as he could find some one who would finance the scheme. After she had cleared the table and washed the dishes, she went to her room and lay down on the bed with a little feeling of guilty wonder at herself. She had been there only a few minutes, though, when she opened her eyes to find Ellie bending over her.

"Are you sick?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I 'm all right," cried Mrs. Morlan, springing up hastily. "I 'm just pretending I 'm a fine lady that has to have an afternoon nap. Don't tell your mother I was lying down. I 'm going to get ready now and take some money to Mrs. James for her Chinese fund."

She sang one of Ellie's school-songs while she was putting on her hat and cloak, and she walked briskly as far as the corner for fear that Mamie might be watching her from a window; but when she was out of sight of the house, she slowed down, and began to count the houses that she passed, hoping that the monotony of the task might have power to dull her weariness.

"I just must n't waste any more time," she told herself. "I 've got so much to do and so little time to do it in!"

Mrs. James was not at home, but she left the money and a message of explanation with the servant, and on her way home she stopped to see Mrs. Phelan, who was president of the Ladies' Aid Society and was also one of the richest and most influential members of her church. Mrs. Morlan was shown into the library, and she sat down on the extreme edge of a large leather chair and felt unusually small and shabby in the midst of so much splendor.

"I wanted to find out," she said with awkward shyness when Mrs. Phelan at last made her appearance, "if the society has any more sewing on hand than it can get through with. If it has, I 'd be real glad to help with some of it."

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 're going to join us!" said Mrs. Phelan, effusively. "I suppose some of the ladies have been to see you. The conference meets in January, you know, and we 're working hard to increase our membership before then, so we can make a good showing in our report. I think you 'll enjoy the meetings. They 're not all work and no play, you know. We always serve tea and sandwiches and we have a very sociable time together."

"Oh, I can't come to the meetings," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan, hastily. "I 'll do my share of the sewing at home."

Her clothes might be good enough for church, but she knew perfectly well that they could never be submitted to the critical eyes of the Ladies' Aid Society.

"Why, of course that will be all right if you 'd rather have it that way," said Mrs. Phelan. "I 'll put your name on the list right away. The dues are fifty cents a month. You can pay on the first, and I 'll give you some work to take home this afternoon if you 'd like to have it. We are working on a missionary box now, and we want to try to get it off by the middle of December. It 's for a minister out West. He gets only six hundred dollars a year, so of course he 's needy. He has five children, and one of his little girls is lame."

"Oh, I 'd like to do some sewing for her!" cried Mrs. Morlan, eagerly.

"Well, I 'll give you some blue flannel for blouses," said Mrs. Phelan. "She 's ten years old, they say, but is small for her age. Your little granddaughter is in my Sunday-school class and is about nine, I imagine. You might try the things on her."

"And so she 's just ten years old and she 's lame," said Mrs. Morlan softly to herself, as she turned toward home. "Poor little girl! I 'm glad Ellie has good use of her limbs. It would just break my heart, I believe, if she could n't run about and play like other children. I 'm going to make these waists just as pretty as ever I can. I wish the material was n't so dark. I think I 'll tuck the fronts and brier-stitch them with red. I 'll try to finish all the housework before dinner tomorrow so that I can cut them out in the afternoon. I must n't waste any time. And I must be sure to say my prayers tonight and to read the Bible, too. I wonder what makes me such a sleepyhead."

The next day, though, Mamie stayed in bed with a headache, and it took Mrs. Morlan all the morning to finish some of her work that had to be sent home that day. After dinner she baked a cake and made bread for Sunday, and then she got an old skirt from her closet and, sitting down in the warm kitchen, began to rip off the braid from the bottom of it.

"I can do that, Grandma," said Ellie, who had followed her all day with eager offers of help. "You just give it to me and see if I can't."

"We 'll do it together," said Mrs. Morlan. "You take those little scissors and start at the other side, and while you 're ripping, you see if you can guess why I 'm going to put a new braid on this skirt and clean my black silk waist."

"You 're going off on the train," said Ellie with a little wriggle of excitement.

"No, I 'm not. I 'm too old to go traveling."

"Maybe you 're invited to a party."

"You 're wrong again."

"Well, are you going to *have* a party?"

"No."

"Then I can't guess, but I 'm bursting to know."

"Well, I 'm going to church to-morrow, and I 'm going to take you with me."

"O Grandma, that will be lovely! I 'll let you wear my locket and chain."

Mrs. Morlan's eyes were wet with sudden tears as she turned to kiss the child.

"No, deary; you wear it yourself. Grandma 's too old for such things."

"We 'll walk up the middle aisle together," said Ellie, with a deep breath of satisfaction, "and you can bow to all the people you know, just like Mrs. Phelan does, and we 'll sit on the front seat, and every one will be so pleased to see you."

"I declare, I 'm getting right excited," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan, a red spot appearing on each cheek. "It 's five years since I 've been to church. They 've got some new windows since I was there and a three-thousand-dollar organ, and they say that Mr. Harrison 's the best preacher in town."

"But who 'll cook dinner, Grandma?" asked Ellie, with a swift presentiment of future disappointment. "Mama 's in bed, you know."

"I 'll ask Lucy to stay home to-morrow and see to things," said Mrs. Morlan. "I can help her a good deal, you know, before I go. There, now, we 've got off this old braid, and, if you 'll just hand me my work-bag, I 'll have this skirt ready before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Mother," said Lucy that night at the supper-table, "John Oliver wants me to drive out with him to-morrow to his father's farm to spend the day. It will be all right for me to go, won't it?"

"No, it won't," cried Ellie, dropping her fork with a sudden clatter. "You have to stay home to-morrow and cook dinner. Grandma 's going to take me to church."

"Oh, I 'll take you some other time, Ellie," said Lucy. "You don't really care anything about going, do you, Mother?"

"Yes, she does," said Ellie, beginning to cry. "She 's fixed herself some clothes to wear, and she has n't been for five years."

"Oh, of course, if you really want to go, Mother—" began Lucy.

"Oh, I don't care about going to-morrow, especially," cried Mrs. Morlan, hastily. "You go on with John, Lucy. I would n't have you miss such a nice day for anything." Then she bent down and whispered to Ellie, who always sat next to her at the table: "Stop crying, Honey, or you 'll make Aunt Lucy feel bad. Run out to the kitchen and get some hot water, and I 'll make you a cup of hot-water tea."

"I 'll come back in time to fix supper, Mother," said Lucy, "so don't bother about anything after dinner. Just lie down and rest."

Next morning Mrs. Morlan gave Lucy and Ellie and Mr. Morlan their breakfast, then carried a dainty little tray to Mamie, and about ten o'clock, when a vigorous thumping on the head of the bed announced that Jimmy, Junior, was at last awake, she took a well-loaded tray to his room and put it down on a chair at the head of the bed.

"You 're the best little mother in the world," he cried, throwing his arms around her and drawing her face down to his. "When I get to be head-man at the office, I 'll keep five servants for you, and buy you a silk dress for every day in the week."

She laughed, and called him a foolish boy, but when she had closed his door behind her, the tears, which in those days of secret pain and weariness were always close to the surface, rose to her eyes.

"I 've got the best children in the world," she whispered to herself. "The Lord has surely blessed me."

After dinner, Mr. Morlan drifted to the little drug store on the corner, Jimmy boarded a street-car that was to take him to his lady-love, and Mrs. Morlan put on her hat and cloak and went to see Mrs. Dortchley.

"Shall I read from the Old Testament or from the New, Mrs. Dortchley?" she asked after she had chatted with the old lady and had offered to read to her.

"'O God,' she prayed, 'give me strength to bear it! Help me to keep up till the end!'"

"Neither," said Mrs. Dortchley, firmly. "Every one that comes here wants to read to me out of the Bible, and I 'm sick of it. You just get that novel off the mantelpiece and start in on that."

Mrs. Morlan read all the afternoon, but she made little progress, for Mrs. Dortchley interrupted her every few minutes with complaints of her family and tirades against the neighbors, and it was with a feeling of relief that Mrs. Morlan at last closed the book when the light in the room became too dim for her to see.

"I 'll have to go now, Mrs. Dortchley," she said, "but I 'll come again if I can."

"No, you won't, either," said the querulous old voice. "You 'll be just like all the others. You 'll go away and say I 'm a bad-tempered old woman and do not deserve to have people kind to me. Well, I reckon you 'd be bad tempered, too, if you had to lie in bed all the time and never see anything that 's going on."

Mrs. Morlan stooped suddenly and kissed the sightless face.

"I think I would be," she said gently.

The old lady caught her hand and held it fast for a moment; and when she spoke again there was a change in her voice.

"Good-by," she said, "and good luck to you. I believe you will come again if you can. I won't be here long to trouble people. I 'm old, you know, and I may drop off at any time. It was real kind of you to come to-day, and I 've enjoyed the reading."

"It 's later than I thought it was," said Mrs. Morlan to herself when she was again on the street. "I 'll have to hurry, or I won't get home in time for supper." Then she stopped with a little moan and caught hold of the fence, for she was in the grip of torturing pain.

"O God," she prayed, "give me strength to bear it! Help me to keep up till the end!"

Then she turned and stumbled blindly toward home. Her breath came in short, gasping sobs, and she talked to herself as if she had been Ellie.

"You 've had pain just this bad before and lived through it, and you know perfectly well that the sharper it is the sooner it goes. There, now, that 's the end of another block. You 'll be home again almost before you know it, and there 'll be a fire in the dining-room and supper on the table, and you can drink a cup of hot tea and go right up-stairs to bed."

At last she stumbled up the steps and into the house. It seemed dark and deserted, and she hurried through the hall to the kitchen. There was a fire in the stove, but the lamp had not been lighted, and she almost stumbled over Ellie, who lay on the floor in a disconsolate little heap. She knelt down quickly, took the child in her arms, and pressed the wet little face to her own.

"What 's the matter with grandma's girl?" she asked.

"O Grandma," wailed Ellie, "Aunt Lucy did n't come home, and I started the fire and tried to fix supper; but I burnt my arm and broke the tea-pot and spilt all the tea."

"Poor little girl! And you were trying so hard to help! Well, don't you worry about the tea-pot. There are plenty more in the store, and I 'll put some linseed-oil on your arm, and it 'll stop hurting in a little while."

She bound up Ellie's arm and installed her in a big chair near the stove, and then with swift, but weary, hands she prepared the long-delayed supper and put it on the table. The family had almost finished eating when Lucy came in radiant.

"O Mother," she cried, "I 'm so sorry I did n't get back in time to fix supper; but John wanted to show me the new dam across the river, and we had to come home such a roundabout way. I asked John to take supper with us, and he 's coming back as soon as he puts up his horse."

"Well, I don't know what he 'll eat," said Jimmy, Junior. "The old man and I were both as hungry as wolves to-night, and it looks to me as if we 've cleaned up everything in sight."

"I 'll fry some ham and make some more tea," said Mrs. Morlan, rising hastily. "Don't you worry, Lucy. There 'll be plenty for both of you."

Ellie had fallen asleep in her chair at the table, and Mrs. Morlan made Jimmy, Junior, take her into the sitting-room and put her on the sofa. When she had washed the dishes and put the kitchen in order, she tried to lift the child in her arms so that she could take her to bed without waking her; but Ellie started up at her touch.

"I 'm going to help you wash the dishes, Grandma," she said.

"I 've already washed them, deary," said Mrs. Morlan. "You could n't help me with your arm hurt. Now, don't cry about it, and I 'll tell you a story when we go to bed."

She had kept Ellie at night since the child was a baby, and she often told her stories at night when the nervous little girl found it hard to go to sleep; but that night the story became strangely confused, and she fell asleep in the midst of it despite all her efforts to keep awake. The next morning Lucy lingered in the dining-room for a few minutes after the others had gone out.

"Mother," she said a little shyly, "yesterday John Oliver asked me to marry him, and I told him I would. I wanted to tell you last night, but you were asleep when I went up-stairs."

Mrs. Morlan put her head down on the table and began to cry.

"O Lucy, I 'm so thankful and so happy!" she said. "He 's a good, steady young man, and you can always depend on him."

Lucy put her arms around her mother and kissed her, and mingled with the joy in her young heart was a little feeling of pain at the thought that Mrs. Morlan had never been able to lean on Mr. Morlan. She had borne unaided all the burdens of their married life.

"John wants to be married next month," said Lucy, "so that we can go off on a little trip and get back before Christmas. We 're going to board here at home so that I can help you with the housework. You 've always had to work too hard. I want to make things easier for you now."

After that Mrs. Morlan rose earlier than usual in the morning and went to bed later at night, and every minute she could spare from other duties was devoted to Lucy's simple little trousseau. She finished the blouses for the lame child, but she could n't offer to do any more sewing for the Ladies' Aid Society or read to Mrs. Dortchley, nor could she, to her secret grief and dismay, find time to attend to her spiritual needs. Lucy went to the country with John every Sunday, and Mamie attended divine services twice a day with a young theological student who lived in a boarding-house next door.

After Lucy's wedding came the whirl of preparation for Christmas, and on the day before Christmas the joyful home-coming of the young bride and groom absorbed all of her thoughts. Lucy had asked John's people to take dinner with them, so Mrs. Morlan got up at four o'clock to begin her preparations for the day. When the family came down to breakfast with jokes and laughter and shouts of "Merry Christmas," she felt as if she had already done a day's work, but her heart was full to overflowing with happiness, she had so much to be thankful for. It was a long-established custom in the family that the Christmas presents should be distributed at breakfast, and in the middle of the table was a pile of white packages that had been placed there the night before.

"I 'm making you a collar-and-cuff set, Mother," said Mamie, when Mr. Morlan began to read out the names on the packages, "but I just could n't get time to finish all the hemstitching. "I 'll do it the first thing to-morrow."

"I 'm going to get you a new dress as soon as next pay-day comes around," said Jimmy, Junior. "There were so many girls I owed presents to this Christmas that I spent every cent I had last night for candy."

Lucy had left the room to answer a knock at the door, but she came back now, pink with excitement.

"Oh, do look!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Henry has sent me a hand-embroidered waist. She gave me a wedding present, too, and I have n't a thing for her. I feel real ashamed of myself. Mother, I got

you a table-cover. Do you care if I send her that? I 'll go to town just as soon as I eat breakfast to-morrow and get you something else."

"Why, of course, that will be all right," cried Mrs. Morlan, quickly. "Just send it right on. It certainly was sweet of her to do all that work for you."

Ellie took a queer, bumpy little package from the pile, and carried it to her grandmother.

"Here 's my Christmas present for you, Grandma," she whispered. "I paid a quarter for it."

Mrs. Morlan untied the package and brought to view a white vase with gold grapes on it. She held it off at arm's-length, and admired it till Ellie glowed with satisfaction.

"I don't want you to put it in the parlor, Grandma," she said. "I want you to keep it up-stairs in your own room."

"Well, I will," said Mrs. Morlan, "and as soon as I get through breakfast, I 'll fill it with holly."

It was after ten when the family at last rose from the table, and just as they were leaving the dining-room, the young theological student came over to ask Mamie to go to church with him. She went up-stairs to get ready in a flutter of excitement, but Lucy lingered for a moment at the foot of the table where Mrs. Morlan still sat behind the big coffee-pot.

"I did n't know Mamie was going to church to-day," she said, "and I promised John to go with him; but it does n't seem right for both of us to go off and leave you with all the work to do."

"Oh, that 's all right," cried Mrs. Morlan. "There is n't so very much to be done. I 've already stuffed the turkey and made the mince-pies and swept out the parlor. You go right on, and take Ellie with you, so she can see the decorations and hear the music."

"I don't want to go, Grandma," said Ellie. "I 'd rather stay here with you."

"Ellie 's a heathen about going to church," laughed Lucy. "She 's made up her mind not to go any more, Mother, till you take her."

Mrs. Morlan worked unceasingly all the morning, and Ellie helped faithfully.

"It 's half-past one, Ellie," she cried at last, with an anxious glance at the clock. "You go set the table, and I 'll scrape the celery."

She went out on the porch to the refrigerator to get the celery, and just as she came back to the kitchen her strength gave out, and she sank down to her knees.

"O God," she prayed within herself, "don't let it be to-day! Don't let me darken their Christmas!"

Dinner was got through with at last, and then Lucy helped her wash the dishes and put the kitchen in order.

"Now I think I 'll go up-stairs and lie down," she said, with a little sigh of relief when they had finished.

"Oh, please come in the parlor and sit with the rest of us," cried Lucy. "I 'm afraid John's people will be hurt if you don't."

"All right; I will if you want me to," said Mrs. Morlan. "There are so many here to-day I thought perhaps they would n't miss me. I 'll go up-stairs and get my jabot. I forgot it before dinner."

She sat in the parlor all the afternoon, a dumbly patient little figure, but when Ellie's eyes grew heavy with sleep, she said good night and took the child up-stairs. She put her in Mamie's bed, then went on to her own room and began to undress. Just as she finished, her lamp sputtered and went out, and as she stood alone in the darkness, a great fear came upon her that was almost suffocating.

"Oh, I can't stay in here by myself!" she cried. "I can't, I can't, I can't!" but immediately she answered herself. "Yes, you can," she said, "and you 're going to."

Then she fell down on her knees by the bed and buried her face in her hands.

"O God," she prayed, "Thou knowest that I am weak and sinful and unworthy to enter Thy presence, but have mercy upon me, I pray Thee, and bless my loved ones and keep them safe through the night!"

Then she got into bed and, folding her tired hands, fell into a quiet sleep that had no earthly wakening.

Foreign Trade through Combination

A Business Necessity

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," etc.

As a strong indorsement of the position taken by Mr. Whelpley in this article, we are printing with it this opinion of the value of combination recently published by Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz. Dr. Steinmetz is professor of electro-physics at Union College and chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company. His contributions to applied industrial chemistry and electricity have been great. It is the invasion of goods after the war that America should fear, he declares. He adds:

"The United States is not prepared for such an invasion and to get ready for it she must stop killing the goose that is laying her golden eggs. I mean the big corporation, the most efficient industrial tool yet devised by man for the furtherance of civilization. We must organize production or go to pieces. In some ways America, because of being rid of the equilibrium of nations problem, has advanced further in a century than Europe has in a thousand years, but so far as organized production is concerned we are far behind Germany. Over there the relation of government and corporations is that of mutually helpful partners. In this country the attitude of the government toward the big corporation is that of the judge toward the criminal.

"Both sides must reform. The public must help the corporations to become still bigger and to perfect their organization. The corporations must wake up to the fact—they are so waking up already—that it is not enough to hire a man and pay him his wages and forget all about him and his family out of shop hours."—THE EDITOR.

BETWEEN Albany and Buffalo, in the State of New York, there is a great strip of country closely built over with factories of miscellaneous character. So great and so diversified is the output of manufactured goods from this one district, and so vast is the number of people employed, that this region is looked upon by industrial experts as a sort of national pulse to be felt frequently to determine the industrial state of health of the whole United States. Owing to the damage done to American foreign trade by the war and the reaction of war conditions in Europe upon the American domestic situation, six months after the war began it was found that output, and consequently employment, in this district had dropped sixty-two per cent. below par. In other words, there was only thirty-eight per cent. of the normal activity. A year after the war began this had risen to a little over fifty per cent., and it is even better now, though still below what it was in 1913.

The recent rise is due largely to a gradual adaptation of business to the needs of the moment and not to any permanent recovery along normal lines. The individual manufacturer, whether firm or small corporation, dropped its export business without any great loss excepting the trade itself and such good-will as might have been built up. In the aggregate this loss to American industrial and commercial interests was enormous, but none of these minor concerns had the power, resources, or even the incentive to do more than cut the loss and achieve if possible some measure of readjustment by which to recoup.

Not so, however, with the big industrials. From ten to thirty per cent. of their business was in foreign countries. Many of them had great factories in the countries at war. Some of them owned steamships, foreign-port facilities, and held valuable foreign concessions. All of them possessed vast, complex selling and distributing organizations, representing

years of work and the expenditure of millions of dollars to establish. Thousands of employees abroad awaited instructions as to what to do with property and how to conduct themselves during hostilities. The relations of these foreign properties to the governments of the countries in which they were located became a matter of tremendous importance, and the diplomatic department maintained within the organization of every big foreign-trading corporation had a thousand questions forced upon it for immediate decision, any one of which might mean the loss or the salvation of a valuable plant, concession, or future business.

The safety and welfare of thousands of Americans and their families employed abroad by these corporations was in itself no inconsiderable problem. One concern immediately gave orders that all American women and children, families of employees abroad, should be sent home without delay at the expense of the company, and ships were provided for the refugees. Men of authority familiar with conditions in the European countries immediately crossed the Atlantic and traveled day and night, through marching armies, across closely guarded frontiers, sparing no expense or hardship, to visit the outposts of American foreign trade, ascertain existing conditions, make such arrangements as were needed, and estimate the power and ability of the men in charge locally to hold their own in the company's interests.

One of these corporation officials, in relating his experiences on one of these inspection trips, said that he had started out with thoughts of property only in his mind. How to conserve the company's plants and equipment absorbed his attention. He soon found, however, that it was not the property that was in danger, but the local managers, Americans all, men who had been years in the same employment. He found these men so obsessed with their responsibilities and so bewildered with the noise of battle and the abnormality of everything that in some cases they were nervous wrecks. Weeks of unceasing work and trouble, sleepless nights and anxious days, had overtaxed their strength. To save these men and still guard the company's interests was no small problem. In some cases they refused to leave their posts, and the tale is told of one of these upon whose shoulders responsibility had fallen so heavily that the discerning and quick-acting manager was compelled to give him an option either to take two-months' leave of absence on full pay or else resign, before he could bring him to a realization of what the war had done to his nervous system.

These things are by the way, but they are illuminating as to what it means not only to create, but to hold intact at all costs and under all conditions a great foreign-trade organization. These things are even true in times of peace, for it was only a few years ago that the price of meat went so high in the United States that it was a loss to ship to foreign countries. For six months one of the big Chicago meat-packing firms held together its selling organization under such conditions that the English branches alone netted a loss of over a million dollars. Chartered ships had to be loaded and regular customers supplied even at a loss to save money invested and for the sake of the profitable business which was sure to come in the future if money and courage could bridge the interval.

Under such conditions as these the small exporter, the "dumper," the "surplus" seller, fades off the map. He has not the money, the experience, volume of business, or spirit of adventure to continue. He pockets his loss and retires to his home market, waiting for the storm to blow over. When the weather is again fair he ventures forth, carefully following the trail kept open for him by his more powerful and venturesome fellow tradesman, the big industrial combination.

Shortly after the end of this war, and not before, it may be possible to estimate more or less accurately what effect hostilities have had upon international trade. Certain conditions or factors, however, may be said to have outlined themselves in advance. American foreign trade, as

compared with the ante-bellum state, will in the near future be confronted with certain obstacles which did not exist before the war. They may be briefly summarized.

A decidedly decreased purchasing power on the part of erstwhile most important customers, the peoples of the British Empire, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, and a smaller decrease in the purchasing power of the peoples of the neutral countries of Europe and the near East.

A greater determination, born of urgent need, on the part of these same peoples to supply their own wants in greater proportion than ever before and to sell as many goods abroad as possible to increase their depleted incomes from outside sources.

Increased cost of oversea transportation.

Increased cost of labor and raw material in America.

A defensive and offensive commercial union of the British Empire.

Possibly a commercial entente between the countries now fighting as allies.

A general use of the protective tariff as a weapon against American competition.

Added stimulation in all European countries for the formation of so-called trusts, or industrial and commercial combinations, aided by preferential transportation rates and the many other such advantages which will be bestowed with government sanction and for which there is already ample precedent.

This is a formidable list of new obstacles to be overcome. Against them, and in America's favor, will be a more accessible Russia and a Russian people with a greatly increased purchasing power notwithstanding the loss of population through the war; increased cost of labor and raw material in Europe; a period of reconstruction for European industry, which, however, will be shorter than now seems possible in view of the destruction of property and the dislocation of human affairs in the countries at war.

There are two ways in which the American manufacturer can partly overcome the balance of disadvantages which will appear against him when the affairs of the world resume their normal state. One is by reducing the cost of production and the other by giving absolute freedom to export to meet conditions abroad as they are to be found; in other words, to fight the enemy with his own weapons.

American manufacturers may as a rule be depended upon to take every possible step to reduce the cost of production. In this direction, however, there is one great possibility which has not yet been fully utilized, and that is the working of two or even three eight-hour shifts instead of one shift of eight, nine, ten, eleven, or even twelve hours, as is now the rule. By this method the output of a given amount of capital invested in machinery and other plant can be nearly doubled or trebled with a small percentage of increase in the depreciation and overhead, or administration, charges. Striking illustrations of what can be done in this direction have been afforded by the mills turning out rush orders for war material. The rush can be transformed into a normal and usual procedure, and this alone will offset the inevitable rise in the price of raw material which, it is estimated, will be about ten per cent., and also lessen the seriousness of the added handicap which will be placed upon American export after the war as a result of the war itself. That this change in method of operation is practical is already proved, and it will be found that it has already been incorporated in the plans for the future made by some of America's soundest and most enterprising industries.

To cheapen the cost of production will not alone avail to recapture America's trade in miscellaneous manufactured goods lost through the war, nor will it insure victory in competition with the manufactured goods of Europe for a due share of the constantly increasing trade of the world. There must be a force behind the goods, however cheap they may be, and that force must be of the same character which now holds to such foreign trade organization as is left to America out of the wreck of

what had been built up on a tremendous scale before August 1, 1914. That force, defined in a term, we all understand is "big business."

There is already a dim realization of all this in the business and even in the political world, for various schemes have been proposed whereby it is hoped to find a way to get what is needed without admitting that anything we have done in the past was unwise. It is a situation, however, that can best be handled by being perfectly frank with one another. In our wild onslaughts upon industrial combinations of all descriptions we have done a great deal of damage to American foreign trade, and especially have we made it difficult to build it up on firm foundations. To accomplish in the future all we desire and can hope for we are now called upon to retrace our legislative steps to a certain degree, and to give legal freedom to an enslaved activity. We must erase some of the "don'ts" from the United States statutes and give American brains, money, and enterprise a free hand to capture the foreign markets, the one thing needed to keep our home markets always at profitable pitch.

For months a semi-official inquiry has been in progress among American exporters and manufacturers to sound opinion as to the desirability of legalized coöperation in export trade. The net result of the inquiry has been to the effect that little or no enthusiasm has been aroused for the suggestion, and that there is apparently no urgent demand upon Congress to amend any existing anti-trust law to make such coöperation legal. With all due respect to the good intentions of the able and public-spirited men who have instigated and carried on this inquiry in their wish, from both interested and disinterested motives, to see the foreign trade of the United States placed upon a more secure footing, their attention may be called to the fact that they have concentrated their efforts upon what is really a side issue.

It is not through coöperation that foreign trade is secured, but through what is known to the prosecuting attorneys of the Government and the grand juries as "combination in restraint of trade." In this case, however, the "restraint" is placed upon the trade of foreign rivals. The anti-trust laws of the United States deal with restraint of trade in connection with American home markets, and it is held to be wholly evil. Beyond the limit of the territorial waters of the United States this restraint of trade becomes wholly good, for it is only through the exercise thereof that the great bulk of American foreign trade in manufactured goods has been established in competition with other countries the governments of which give full sanction and even diplomatic and financial assistance to what is held in America to be illegal. It would seem, therefore, that if there is any question before Congress in this connection, it is to devise some method of carrying out the purpose and spirit of the anti-trust desires of the nation and yet place no handicap upon the increase of American export in goods which are not specifically called for by reason of a shortage of food or raw material in other parts of the world.

Nearly all the methods of doing business which make a merchant liable to prosecution in the United States under the general charge of restraint of trade are not only necessary in the open markets of the world to insure appreciable success, but are permitted and even encouraged in England, Germany, France, and other great manufacturing and trading countries. By this it is not meant that immoral practices are permitted or encouraged, but that manufacturers and business men are allowed a free hand to meet foreign competition. This is one of the reasons why free-trade England has in the past been able to meet the competition of protected countries, for it is in itself a form of protection, disguised as liberty, and it has given English manufacturing an advantage not enjoyed by American industry. Given such liberty plus protection, as in the case of Germany, it is not difficult to sense the greater competitive power of the German producer as compared with his

rivals. One of the most interesting reflections induced by this war, a so-called trade war, is that Germany by the exercise of a system combining protection and freedom was fast progressing toward first place as an international trader. The United States had been passed in the race, and Great Britain, the only one left to conquer, was being caught up with at the rate of about fifteen per cent. a year. As things were in the early part of 1914, it was only a matter of time, and not a long time at that, before Germany would have accomplished all her people desired in a commercial way without a conflict at arms. If the present war was looked upon in its inception by ambitious German traders as a short cut to supremacy, they must realize by this time that no matter what the ending of the war may be, it was by far the longest route to the desired goal.

The larger the industrial combination in Europe, the greater its virtue in European eyes; the more extensive and varied its activities, the more is it looked upon as a model for others. Coöperation in foreign trade is practised in Europe, but seldom with the purpose of actually selling goods. The cotton spinners of England have an association which is extremely influential in forwarding the interests of the English trade in cotton goods, but every mill must as a rule find its own customers and establish its own business. The chambers of commerce in Germany are of semi-official character, owing to their close touch with and supervision by the Government, and their action carries great weight. They look well after the interests of their members and speak with greater authority on commercial matters than any organizations of the same character in any other country, but they are not direct selling organizations.

In England and in many other countries trade associations are permitted to fix prices. The price of pig-iron is so regulated at stated intervals. Meetings similar to the so-called "Gary dinners" are not only permitted, but are the usual thing. At its regular or special meetings the London flour-millers' association fixes the price at which its members may sell flour. Nearly all such actions in the form in which they are practised in Europe are illegal in the United States, and yet when we venture abroad we are up against this untrammeled competition. There is a form of coöperation which is legal in the United States and is already in force to a considerable extent. Trade associations can influence legislation, conserve the general welfare of an industry, and assist the diplomatic end of the Government to formulate a profitable and intelligent foreign policy, if allowed to do so. In European countries this form of team-work is much further advanced and more effective than in America, largely because of greater harmony between government and industry than for years has existed in the United States. When it comes to selling goods on any considerable scale, however, each firm must act for itself. No association representing rival concerns can push the trade of its members with the ardor and singleness of purpose necessary to insure success on the hard-fought field of foreign trade.

The big foreign trading firms of earlier days were such organizations, as the Hudson Bay Company and the English chartered companies. They had what was then considered unlimited capital. Their influence with their home governments was enormous. Their activities extended into every field of international commerce. Their leading men in the countries where the bulk of their business was done occupied positions of great power, and were looked upon as diplomatic officials of high rank rather than as merchants. They organized exploring parties, made treaties, obtained concessions, maintained armed forces, and while they made millions for their shareholders, they spent millions not only in the usual way of business, but in many other directions generally ascribed to government rather than private activities. In the history of these enterprises the men who have built up the foreign trade of the United States, or, rather, that part of it enjoyed by the great industrial corporations, found their inspiration, for it takes both imagination and inspira-

tion to be successful in this field of human endeavor.

The magnitude of operation in modern days may be realized from a single illustration. There is one American industrial corporation which during the year before this war sold twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods in Russia alone. To the average business man this will appear as a good thing, and it is; but that same average business man has little or no conception of what has been done to build up and make secure such a market for the goods of one firm. In the first place, to enter the country meant what may be dignified by the name of a treaty with the Russian Government. It meant the building of a great factory in Moscow and the training of hundreds of agents and employees who spoke the Russian tongue and knew their territory. To keep this business active means a constant study of the economics, the politics, the national temperament, or the likes, dislikes, and prejudices of a nation of one hundred and sixty million people. It means a careful noting of all changes in rail and water transportation; close personal acquaintance with local military, civil, and church authorities; a constant study of national and local tariffs, regulations, and their tendencies; the investment of millions of dollars in offices, warehouses, and equipment; and a credit system adapted to local needs and customs, and yet safe for the business interests at stake.

What individual American manufacturer, company, or even incorporation of a single factory or even a group of factories would or could undertake the venture of attempting to secure a trade like this at its own risk and expense? The weight of millions of money must be behind such an enterprise. The organization must first cover the United States, and then reach effectively into every other country in the world, and the master mind must be able to call upon any and all governments at any time to secure justice and very often coveted special privileges. Repeat this Russian scheme on a smaller or larger scale in every country in the world; construct a line of quick communication from every foreign agency to the home office in New York or Chicago,—one American concern has nearly three hundred of these agencies;—put that head office in a position to command unlimited money at will for use abroad, to call upon the United States Government for intervention when needed, and you have a brief outline of the foreign-trade organization of one American industrial combination the business of which in the United States is even greater than all the business it does abroad.

Go farther east and take a look at China. Here one of the great American industrial concerns not long ago lent the Chinese Government five million dollars in a moment of that Government's need and on only a few days' notice. The loan was safe, it is true, and not a bad investment, but how many merchants could do such a thing offhand, no matter how expedient it might be, and thereby establish a hold upon future favor which would make it easier to meet competition from those of other nationality who were also seeking a favorable footing with the Government at Peking?

It was during this war that the organization of the American state department broke down absolutely in a certain part of the world owing to disturbed conditions. The American ambassador was without money, hundreds of American citizens were marooned, and hundreds more were in danger of starvation or worse. The American banks could do nothing. The country in question was blockaded and shut off completely from the rest of the world, and conditions prevailed within such as would be tolerated in no civilized community. A big American industrial came to the rescue, paid the ambassador's salary, looked after all American citizens, furnished food and protection to all who had a right to claim refuge under the American flag, and in the end assisted those to leave who wished to go, men, women, and children. At stated periods the bill for expenditures was sent to Washington, and paid by the treasury de-

partment. No charge was made for services rendered. The humor of the situation was appreciated at the time by those who knew that on the same day that the attorney-general of the United States was conducting various and sundry hostile actions against this American corporation the secretary of state was writing letters of thanks to the same concern for what it was doing for the Government and for the American nation. The foreign organization of that corporation was so well grounded, so strongly put together, and so woven into the life of that foreign people that when everything else foreign to the purpose of war was swept to one side as negligible, it stood the shock, remained intact, and even in good working order.

The activities of the big American industrials abroad have already been hampered by severe legal restrictions in the attempt to confine their operations in the United States within legitimate boundaries. One of them, having been split into its component parts by a court decree, lost thereby some of the prestige of its former greatness in the far East; for the Oriental mind conceived the idea that Samson had been shorn of his locks by a Delilah in the shape of a home government. Others whose affairs have occupied much of the time of the department of justice have quietly gone to work and built great factories in half a dozen foreign countries, each factory run by a company incorporated under local laws and ostensibly with only the slightest tie to its American parent. This of course takes money from America for investment abroad, gives employment for foreign rather than for American labor, and lessens American export. On the other hand, a goodly share of the profits return to America in cold cash, the home company is strengthened by its larger business, its close touch with the foreign market, and probably secures a much larger business in each of these foreign countries than it could if it depended entirely upon import, especially into a country where industry is protected by high import duties.

In the course of the most recent tariff legislation in Washington it was considered good business for the American people, or at least good politics for members of Congress, to put so-called trust-produced goods on the free list. Shortly after this law went into effect the manager of one of these American-owned foreign plants—in Paris, to be exact—notified the parent concern in America that with the American import duty removed he could supply them with certain high-grade machinery cheaper than they could manufacture it in America. The offer was not accepted for reasons of policy rather than of profit, but the suggestion opens up a considerable field of conjecture as to what might happen in certain circumstances.

These things, while important, are subordinate to the point that must compel the attention of any one interested in the future possibilities of American foreign trade. It is an unquestioned fact that aside from the export of raw material, food-stuffs, a few staples, and essentially American novelties, the foreign trade of the United States has grown in proportion as the great American industrial combinations turned their attention toward its development, and that when some great cataclysm such as this war brings all things to a standstill or renders them abnormal, nothing in the shape of a foreign trade organization remains to America except that which these same industrial combinations have originated and maintained, and that in the period of reconstruction to come it will be in the wake of their renewal of business that the army of smaller exporters will find their way once more into foreign markets.

This being the case, it seems as though there could be some way found of curbing the undesirable activities of big business at home, if there are now any to curb, and still leave it free to work out a future for its own and incidentally for all American export. It is obviously true that a larger export market is what America wants. It is equally obvious that to open this market on a sufficiently large scale and in a permanent manner foreign competition must be successfully met. Organization and

big adventure are the need. These cannot be achieved by coöperation. They are only within the power of a concern that is big enough to carry on an enterprise which may be likened in importance to empire-building. To do this requires big men with unlimited money, vast resources of all kinds, and a productive power at their command sufficient to keep vast foreign markets fully supplied with all the goods they can absorb. This can be done by no one establishment, no matter how tremendous its operations; or at least it never has been done in that manner.

The only evidence we have as to how it may be accomplished is that furnished by the American industrial combinations of many manufacturing businesses, each one great in itself, but with an irresistible power when working under a single direction. The best illustration we have of this is the export business of the United States Steel Corporation, which was founded on the idea suggested. An export company was brought into being, and to this company was to be allotted at the beginning ten per cent. of the product of all the mills under the control of the combination, with the understanding that this was the minimum amount of goods to be sold abroad. The man placed at the head of that company, Mr. James A. Farrell, now president of the corporation itself, had a genius for foreign trade. Instead of ten, he never took less than thirteen per cent. of the product of all the mills, and generally much more. It was he who demonstrated to America what could be done in a comparatively short time in the matter of export when given the goods, the organization, and the financial backing to do big things in a big way.

Imagination is one of the first requisites of a successful foreign trader, and that is why Congress often fails to serve the needs of American commerce, and why many American business men fail to escape the narrower confines of their home markets. It is for the experienced men at the head of these great export organizations to say just what they need from their own country to insure permanent and large success for American foreign trade in the face of the competition which will be encountered after the world's affairs have come out of present chaos into order.

The greatest factor in the strength of this foreign competition is the close alliance of industry and government in Europe. For years the American Government has been at war with the greatest industries in the country. Both sides are to blame, but it is now time a truce was declared and an era of mutual good-will and mutual help was instituted, if only for the sake of American foreign trade in the immediate future. It would not be a one-sided bargain, for with such an era in force Washington could at once command an auxiliary to the state department, which would increase tenfold the value to the nation of the diplomatic and the consular corps. The general results would be advantageous for the entire country in all its material and social interests at home, and it would yield an added value to our foreign policies of far-reaching effect and importance.

CURRENT COMMENT

A Pacifist's Creed

In The Century for March, 1916, appeared a poem by Charles Badger Clark entitled "My Father and I," a study of the incompatibility of Christianity and war. The following letters, which we have Mr. Clark's permission to print, were written by him in response to an appreciative note about the poem from a pacifist friend of The Century's. Not often, to our mind, has the extreme Christian attitude toward militarism and bloodshed been more tellingly stated.—The Editor.

Hot Springs, South Dakota,
February 25, 1916.

Dear Madam:

I am by way of being a Christian to the best of my somewhat limited ability. Theologically I should hardly know Arminianism from Calvinism if I met them together on the trail, but I have a great fondness for the four Gospels. In the life and teachings of Jesus I find He quite forgot to say anything about the glory of killing if you did it in uniform, and He made no reference to national honor. In fact, He seemed to have an idea that honor can't be stained except *from the inside*. Having behind me some nine generations of American ancestors most of whom wore a uniform at some time in their lives, I am not immune from the war bacillus; but if a wave of spread-eagle national hysteria ever sweeps me into the ranks, I shall cut all connections with Christianity and declare myself a Mohammedan. Thus I shall make my religion and my day's work harmonize.

Seriously, though, is n't it a bit absurd? On my own part I cannot, as a Christian, injure any man or even hate him. Once I assume the livery of my country, however, it becomes a virtue for me to kill as many men in strange uniforms as possible —shoot, stab, mangle with explosives, strangle with poisonous gas, any way that I choose. I am only an individual person, of course; but a nation is only an aggregation of individual persons. If I have one code of morals, and my nation another, one of us must be wrong; and I am enough of a democrat and an individualist to insist upon thinking for myself, to refuse to do anything merely because my fathers did it, my neighbors do it, or the whole world does it. "With firmness in the right, *as God gives us to see the right.*" He was a fairly good American who said that.

Excuse me, but your little note did me good. It is ever a lonesome job to be a crank, and I 'm glad my staggering lines met the eyes of another crank of similar complexion.

Gratefully yours,
Charles Badger Clark.

Hot Springs, South Dakota,
March 12, 1916.

Friend:

I am not enough of a statesman to invent a way of abolishing militarism, or enough of a philosopher to tell men how to make war unnecessary. I never went very deeply into the larger aspects of the peace cause, but, as you notice, stopped at the personal and individual side of it. Christian principle and my own reason convinced me that a "Christian soldier" is an absurdity; that 's all. A soldier in action must be a most unchristian savage or else a mighty poor soldier. The peace propaganda has a rocky road before it. In his heart man really likes war, for all its danger and misery and horror, and his appetite for it is more ancient and more deep-seated than his appetite for alcohol. Both of these appetites have a like source —the desire to get out of the rut, to live grandly and intensely and unrestrainedly. To-night the simple savage in me would love to go as a scout with the proposed expedition into Mexico, to lope and laugh and whoop and swear and drink mescal and use a fine high-power rifle on that

greatest of all "big game," man. Two wandering years in the West Indies and four years of punching cattle along the Mexican border showed me enough of this side of life for me to realize its fascination. The old church fathers were right: the "natural man" is not much of a Christian. Adorn this natural fighting instinct with such flowers as patriotism, love of home, honor, and desire of fame, and you can see just what an irresistible siren it is. In some sort, all life is a fight from the first struggle for breath to the last. The most peaceable of us must at least meet the black legions that swarm in over the borders of the soul's territory daily, and fight them back. We inherit belligerency from a long, long line of ancestors, as I have tried to show in some verses reprinted in "Current Opinion" this month.

Yet universal peace must come. It is the next great step. Like the wiping out of the alcohol evil and the enfranchisement of woman, it is a matter of evolution, and if it does n't come, why, we palpably "evolute" backward.

If you can find a printer for my last letter, you have my permission to publish it. I do not remember just what I said in it, but I don't reckon that it will shake the pillars of the state. And any word of mine which will in the least help to free this good age of ours of the sickening anachronism of war may appear either in "The Atlantic Monthly" or "The Police Gazette" with my hearty approval. Thanking you again for your friendliness, I am

Very sincerely yours,

C. B. C.

The Democracy of Universal Military Training

IN the May issue of THE CENTURY, in an article entitled "Military Training for Our Youth," the writer puts a pertinent question: "Is patriotism a duty that must be discharged by all or a favor to be bestowed at will?" Obviously that means, Are those of us who have not yet had the vision of the preciousness of our national existence content to accept it at the hands of charity? Is America going to be, without a protest, the one pauper among the nations? The question is not to be answered lightly. "Let George do it" must not be our national watchword when the very life of the nation may be at stake.

It ought to be unnecessary even to ask the question, but there is a fact that we forget all too easily: democracy can exist only through education. Our average citizen knows little and cares less about the business of government. In matters that he understands he is the last person to be satisfied with inferiority of performance. Can you imagine the American public tolerating less than the highest aristocracy of skill in the one national affair that is thoroughly understood—base-ball? Clearly, if the nation were as solidly grounded in the rudiments of national business as in the requirements of the national game, it would never submit to the disgraceful clumsiness of our usual amateur performance.

There is one State that has already seen the source of our weakness in ignorance. Last spring a non-partizan commission, composed of a college president, a journalist, a representative of organized labor, attorneys and business men, was appointed by Governor Walsh of Massachusetts to study the question of "the practicability of providing military education for boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one" for the purpose of disciplining the youth of the commonwealth and of "improving their physical, moral and mental qualities," and to report the result of its investigations to the legislature with recommendations for legislation.

Through the summer that commission collected and analyzed public opinion and expert advice, and submitted its report at the end of 1915. There were three recommendations: an enabling act permitting the state militia to coöperate with any scheme of Federal action that may be

adopted; the institution of compulsory physical training in the high schools; a complete recasting of the militia law of the State in case the militia should be compelled by national neglect to remain a state force.

Those commissioners worked with a full realization of the essentially national character of the question of defense. They recognized the futility of recommending anything beyond the probabilities of immediate action, or anything based on the present feverish interest, that might fail to weather the test of the popular temper in normal times. They curbed the enthusiastic impulse to bespeak for the country general and compulsory military service, because they saw the absurdity in such a proposal from any single State. In the same way they stopped short of the ideal in asking for physical training in the high schools only, knowing well that less than a third of the boys would get the benefit, since the compulsory character of schooling ends with the grade schools.

Plainly the sum of their endeavor was to show the State that the quality of citizenship most sorely lacking in us is a sense of community duty; that this sense can be created by the habit of discipline only if the attempt is made early; that national strength, either for defense against aggression or for the business of good living, can be won only through education. We are notoriously lawless in America, but the remedy can be applied through the schools to the parents in our families. In our hysterical urge toward the development of the individual person we have lost sight of the chief value of education—discipline. Through discipline comes community consciousness, team-play, and that is the beginning and the strength of civilization.

Last March there was a convention of mayors in St. Louis. The most important seventy-five cities in the country were represented, an imposing body of opinion from the whole breadth of America. They discussed the subject of defense, and the only proposal which met with unanimous indorsement was for universal compulsory military service. They knew that it is the only purely democratic system of national defense, that it is the ideal goal at which a self-respecting democracy must aim.

Massachusetts has been studying history and drawing conclusions. Understanding fully at last the pitiful failure of the voluntary principle in national service, as ridiculous in the military aspect as it would be in the payment of taxes or in education, and as unjust, the State is urged to train and discipline its citizens for the good of the common cause. It is a hopeful sign. After all, our country may really be learning. We may have reaped one tangible benefit from the Great War, an awakening political conscience.

New York State has recently followed the example of Massachusetts.

If two States can make a forward step, so can other States, until we have in America a nation united in support of ideals cherished in fact as well as in oratory.

A Frenchman on America

THERE is a study of America in the "Revue de Paris" for February 15 and March 1, 1916, under the title of "American Opinion and the War." It was written by E. Hovelaque, who is an inspector-general of public instruction, knows America, and speaks English perfectly.

He shows that the American analysis of the war, its causes and issues, is clear and acceptable, and adds that four fifths of our population are said to be for the Allies. "If it really is so strong, why does it remain impotent?" he asks, and answers his own question:

"To all those appeals, to all those prayers, to all that indignation, the President, the Government, America herself remains insensible. Why? I believe I understand. I shall try to explain."

And, in explaining, M. Hovelaque encounters a "touching revelation of a religion, that of success, and of a universally accepted gospel, that of force. Force—that is the first and most durable impression which America gives." He finds the American is made buoyant by the air, the light, the climate of an electric intoxicating quality. He responds to the unceasing palpitation of life, the thronged brilliant streets, energy inexhaustible. And that force is not only material. It fashions and transforms the human material. America melts her annual million immigrants, pulled from their ancient traditions and distinctive marks, into one race, alike in dress, gesture, instinct.

The isolation of Americans is immense. The war is not their war, is not related to their life. Chinese drowned in a flood, Hindus perishing by plague, and Europe plunged in suffering are alike far distant.

"And one discovers, not without astonishment, that except in Americans of pure Anglo-Saxon descent England is little loved. In the history of each people it is necessary that another people should play the part of hereditary enemy. England holds that rôle for many Americans.

The Russian alliance is not popular, and Russia's presence among the Allies compromises the common cause, in the thought of America.

M. Hovelaque shows how the Puritan idea regarded France as atheistic, loose, the playground of the world. And against that is set the idea of German efficiency, whereas France is believed to be economically decadent. "They doubt of our success, and it is success that counts with them."

He tells of the good, simple, naïve German citizens, with their charming sentiment, their love of friendly domestic life, who have given background to Americans. In the stripped life of great prairie stretches, in the uniformity of that flat, positive existence, "Is it strange that they think no evil of such benefactors?"

It is Puritanism which has furnished society with its morality, and that morality is positive and practical. That stern practical Puritanism aimed itself at the conquest of environment. It rose out of poverty. Success became its religion. In freeing a race from degrading poverty it brought a feeling of equality. As it was economic success that had conferred that spiritual gift, the race turned to and worshiped the author of its well-being.

"Wealth, then, has a moral value. It elevates and ennobles man. To acquire is a duty, and Americans have not failed in their duty."

In the fluidity of his life, changing his village, his town, his State at will, this nomad citizen develops in place of local ties an abstract patriotism made up of vanity for the type which he represents, of admiration for the greatness of his country, its vast resources, its bigness, its chances, which respond royally to all his energy. He has had no time to breathe, no time to scan his horizon-line. In his torrential life one hurries, or is swept under foot.

In schools and colleges there is a common preoccupation to make their pupils ready as soon as possible for practical life. The college presidents must address themselves to the men of affairs, sharp, practical men, to obtain the money to build quickly the huge institutions for the huge population. "For those organizers culture counts less than energy, intellectual quality less than smartness and push."

With these vast extemporized institutions, where find a supply of teachers to fill the innumerable chairs and direct the laboratories? In this demand for teachers to turn out swiftly trained graduates, Germany was able to meet the need, and prepare American teachers in her university factories. It is by droves that she manufactures them, all without exception animated with the same German spirit of specialization, all equipped with the same German erudition, solid, but near-sighted.

American institutions of learning are German in structure and spirit not only by reason of the presence of those teachers imbued with German ideas, by the accepted German influences, the admiration for German methods, but also because of

the unconscious influence exercised on them by a philosophy of life that strangely resembles the German ideal of *Kultur*, of success at any price, of the specialization which makes a man a cog in the social machine. The same influence is spread in these schools and colleges by the dominance accorded to the result that can be weighed, glorified at the expense of the ideal. Of course that spirit is one that for a hundred years has been steadily invading all countries and all regions of human activity, that sacrificing of everything to the immediate, to the utilitarian. With it goes the rise to power of the mean man, the glorifying of laborious mediocrity, the living from day to day without horizon or desire other than the satisfaction of the appetite for domination and well-being. German success has responded to this new gospel, and, after Germany, so has American success. In the material splendor of those achievements how is one able to refrain from "accepting the new Revelation, and really believing that force alone rules, that only the useful is good, and that success justifies anything"?

In Europe, innumerable generations have gently elaborated traditions and ancient tendencies which fill the soul with obscure instincts and reveal "back of each life profound perspectives, the infinite hinterland of a past that is continually present and active. But that ancient soil no longer nourishes the recesses of the inner life of Americans."

In the emptiness of this new country, without a past, without mystery, those inner recesses have to develop aids and assistances for their uprooted, isolated life. Those aids are abstract principles. For the first time in man's long history we can see "the birth of a people and a society not by quiet, imperceptible creation, step by step through innumerable changes and adaptations of the subconscious and the unknown, but all of a piece, in bright day, at one stroke, with no period of infancy, no adolescence, with none of those mysterious dream retrospects which give a hidden reserve of instinctive energies. Reason and pure logic and intelligence have all by themselves created the frame of that society, where individualities have free play. America, like socialism, is a plan for governing a human group by means of absolute abstract principles, ideas, doctrines, and generalizations."

Americans have been through one Civil War, and are none too sure of their unity yet. Give those elements time to weld into a homogeneous mass.

Then, too, here is a unique chance to become the first power, commercial, industrial, financial. Intervention would be costly. And what good would it do? If one is not able to intervene potently, because of small military power, then why protest? "The good practical sense of the American, which believes only in reality," does not favor an academic protest.

And why war at all? The American condemns all war with his humanitarian idealism. Is poor old Europe, with her history of bloodshed, to be forever embroiled by her emperors and financiers? In the interest of Europe herself, of humanity, it is necessary to refuse to enter into the combat, for war creates war and inextinguishable fratricidal hates. There ought to be one race preserving its reason and poise. Then, too, there must be a tribunal which has not taken part, and which is able, in all justice and with every authority, not only to decide, but to issue words of pardon and love, to reveal to those fratricides an ideal of mercy, peace, and brotherly concord, already realized and kept up by America, despite all provocations.

"Generous dream, but a dream not to be realized. It does not take into account the infinite complexities of life, and of a world not their world." Those idealists do not see that they fail to distinguish between the murderer and his victim. They confound in their universal brotherhood the criminal and the innocent, Germany and Belgium, the Austrian and the Serb. "Their simple spirit, fed on abstract ideas, is not equipped by their past, their education, their religion, or their life to understand the complex organisms of the

nations of Europe, the fatalities of their history, the complications of their sentiments, their patriotisms, which are a form of those reactions of defense which every living thing has to develop in order to continue to live."

Little by little their ignorance lessens. As the war draws nearer them, their isolation is less real. A change in idea gradually reaches the Middle West till it shares the ideas of the East. Germany labors to open their eyes. The time will yet come when those idealists will understand that "right is not defended by words alone, that one does n't subdue a mad dog with logical reasonings. We need not despair of seeing a rebirth of the America of 1776 and of 1861." And perhaps some day "America will find herself under the same banner with France, fighting for the same holy cause, which is that of all men, and from which their promised land cannot keep herself selfishly exempt, with her wealth made from our agony, in an ignoble security, for which our blood flows in streams, while she spends not one drop of her blood. They will end by seeing that over the vast earth all men are bound together, that their ancient isolation is not only an impossibility and a folly to-day, but an opprobrium." "Time works for America and for us."

Such, in part, is Emile Hovelaque's elaborate and thoughtful study of American public opinion.

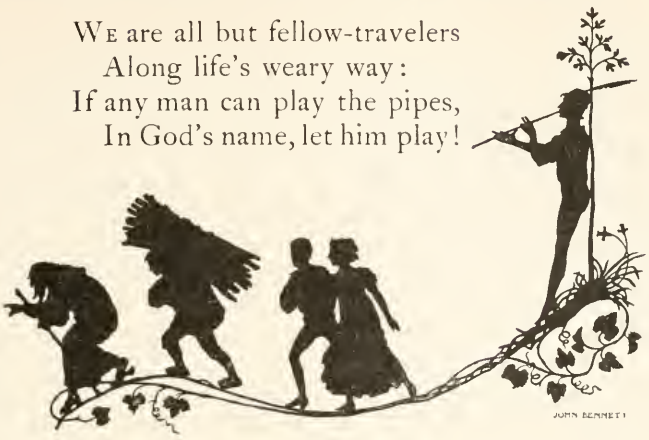
It is to be hoped that we in turn shall let our people know that we have very active friends in France. France is proving herself of great heart. If we show an understanding of this tension of her spirit, we shall deepen a friendship that began with our birth as a people. If we fail her, we shall have lost something more precious than war profits.

The Youthfulness of Authors

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, who has seventy titles of published works to his credit, celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday in March by publishing in THE CENTURY the first instalment of his latest novel, "The Leatherwood God." He is one of a sturdy generation of writers and editors. In the same month Mrs. Amelia Barr, who has upward of sixty novels on her list, reached eighty-five; ex-President Charles W. Eliot, eighty-two; in April, John Burroughs, essayist, passed the seventy-ninth milestone. Henry Watterson of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" is seventy-six; Henry Mills Alden, editor of "Harper's Magazine," is two months the junior of Mr. Howells; Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of "The Outlook," is a little past eighty-one; and William Hayes Ward of "The Independent" is seventy-nine. One of last year's best sellers was a novel by George W. Cable, who is seventy-one. Hamilton Wright Mabie joins the septuagenarians in December. Our vigorous elders in the writing game apparently never give venerability a thought; they are all too busy. Mr. Alden is one of the keenest, most alert, and energetic of American editors; Colonel Watterson is a very Ty Cobb of editorial writers; and Mr. Howells can match the best of our novelists in vigor of style and in humor. These men and their contemporaries ask no favors of youth. Truly it is a sturdy generation of men.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

We are all but fellow-travelers
Along life's weary way:
If any man can play the pipes,
In God's name, let him play!



An Archæological Foot-note

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

EVERY time the papers announce the approaching demolition of an old hotel, I look forward to a letter on the subject from An Old Subscriber. Of the many friendships that have come to me in the course of the day's work, this has been one of the earliest and most enduring, although we two have never met in the flesh.

I cannot recall the exact date on which our friendship began, but it must have been shortly after I was transferred from the exchange desk to writing paragraphs. One morning I dashed off a brief notice dealing in a sentimental vein with the rapid disappearance of the city's historic landmarks. The occasion was the tearing down of a theater that had been famous during the years after the Civil War. The following day I received a letter from An Old Subscriber. He began by praising in terms that I now blush to recall the admirable manner in which I had compressed so much valuable information, human interest, and charm within the space of less than thirty lines. To no other paper in town, he declared, could one look for a similar exhibition of high-class journalism.

An Old Subscriber then went on to point out that I had erred in saying that the theater in question was erected in 1869. As a matter of fact, it was opened in 1857, and had been the scene of several memorable productions before the Civil War. President Grant was never inside the theater, as I had stated; the occasion I must have had in mind was the one on which the guest of the evening was Mr. Roscoe Conkling, then fresh from his triumphs in the Senate. Shaksperian performances had never been given there, as my paragraph said. Throughout its entire history the theater was devoted to light farce and burlesque, and instead of being a gold-mine, as I affirmed, it had ruined three managers in succession.

Finally, An Old Subscriber asked who was my authority for the statement that the theater stood on the site of an old tannery that had been in the possession of the Diedrichson family for generations. The fact was, as he recalled it, that the site of the theater was once a pond in which An Old Subscriber used to go swimming as late as 1834. The tannery I referred to was situated a mile farther north, near the present location of the Worth Monument. An Old Subscriber concluded with the hope that my paper would continue to

supply the public with reading-matter of the same high degree of interest and usefulness. It is such little touches of appreciation that make up the reward of a newspaper man's life.

But praise was not always forthcoming from An Old Subscriber. Frequently he would write in to ask with pain and anger what possible reason there could be for a vulgarism like "going the limit," which had appeared in the issue of the day before without quotation-marks. What, he asked, would have said the distinguished man who fifty years ago was at the head of the paper? The intimation was that the distinguished editor would have torn his hair. As a matter of fact, the distinguished editor did some very sloppy writing in his time.

On the whole, An Old Subscriber's letters were fairly divided between those calling attention to errors in the paper and those offering unsolicited information of his own. Truth compels me to say that the characteristic trait of An Old Subscriber's information was a vast inaccuracy. The number of things he recalled was enormous, but nearly always he remembered them wrong. Thus it turned out that the old tannery which he located near the Worth Monument was in reality situated within the present limits of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the pond in which An Old Subscriber thought he used to swim when he was a boy had been filled in before the Revolution. When such oversights were called to his attention, An Old Subscriber would reply with a long communication on the status of the public school fifty years ago, or a political anecdote from the time of Andrew Jackson. At his age I presume it was hard to change one's views. Nevertheless, our paper was glad to profit by the curiously varied information which he drew from a well-stocked memory—information that was always entertaining and occasionally true.

Yes, I think wistfully of our disappearing historic hotels and of An Old Subscriber. Both are our links with the past, and the man seems to me the more important of the two. For we do have a past despite what supercilious foreigners may say about the painful newness of America. Antiquity does not consist in the lapse of great stretches of time, but in the sensation of having lived much. Hotels, nations, and persons may be young in years, but rich in memories. When the Astor House was about to close its doors, the story was flanked in the newspapers by two other interesting items. One was a London despatch to the effect that George Lansbury, an ardent suffragist, had been haled into court for violating the public peace, under a statute of Edward III. On referring to my encyclopedia, I found that Edward III was King of England from the year 1327 to the year 1377. The other item described the closing of Chicago's historic opera-house. Loyal citizens of Chicago assembled in the venerable building on the night of the final performance, and when the last curtain fell the audience, in a spell of emotion, rose to their feet and sang "Auld Lang Syne." The opera-house was erected in 1885. Just think of it! Men who are now grandfathers could not have been more than thirty when the Chicago opera-house threw open its doors to the public!

Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles

By RUTH McENERY STUART

THE TOM-CAT

Bre'r Torm-Cat 's ol' an' one-eye blin',
An' 'is brick-lamed laig hangs down behin';
But he 'd take 'is life, brick-bats an' all,
For dem 'venturous nights on its gyarden wall.
An' you ain't by yo'self, ol' Torm, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

THE HEARTH CAT

Sis' Pussy-Cat looks so sleek an' snug
When she purrs content on de fireside rug
Dat we makes pertend she earns 'er keep,
An' we buys 'er cream an' lets 'er sleep.
An' she ain't by 'erself in ease like dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

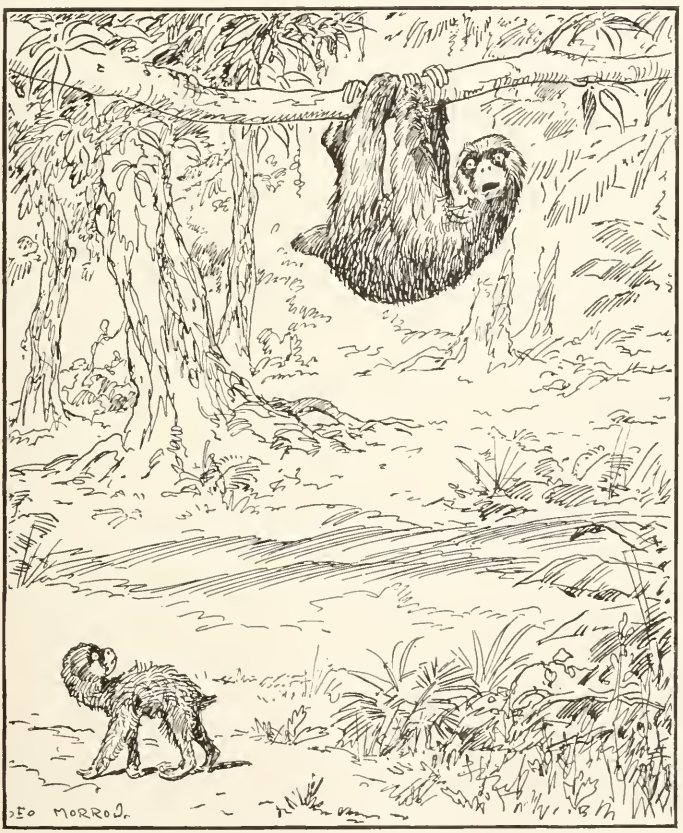
Manipulated Remorse, or De Po' Ole Man

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

DE women 's mighty cu'ious when
yo' 's ma'ied 'em, sho.
Dey 's mo' in bein' ma'ied dan yo' is
bargained fo'.
She boun' to run de cabin, en she 'bleeged
to be de boss,
En de bes' way is to let her, 'dout yo'
wukkin' lak a hoss.
A-creakin' at de wringer er a-emp'yin'
a tub,
Er a-totin' wood en water ain' de way to
earn yo' grub.
She de weaker vessel, lak de preacher
say;
En I gwine to go a-fishin', en I fish all
day.

Got to make her mad, I make her mad
sho 'nough;
Make her r'ar en pitch en cut up rough.
Got to make her mad, en git out spry;
Got to hide out twell she staht to cry;
Got to gib her time to feel she done it,
She de one to blame, fo' she begun it.

Fo' she never quiet down ontwell she got
it in her haid
Dat she scol' me all fo' nuffin' twell I
almos' daid,
Den she hurry fo' de hatchet en de fryin'-
pan,
En she fix a chicken supper fo' de po' ole
man.



ANXIOUS MOTHER SLOTH: "You naughty child! Come up here at once! How often have I told you not to walk on the ground? Do you want to fall and hurt yourself?"

The Centenarian

Who's Who in the Millennium Number of the Centenary Magazine

By RICHARD E. CONNELL

"Now that one magazine after another," writes Mr. Connell, "is adopting the custom of introducing its contributors to its readers in carefully worded biographical statements in the advertising pages, why not make a new and original departure and cultivate in your contributors' columns a tone of refreshing frankness? I submit a few suggestions."

Whistler Footle (frontispiece) is a young and unpromising artist, as one glance at his work will show. His "Spring in Spring Lake, N. J.," printed (at his own expense) in this number, is quite as bad as his "Fall in Fall River, Mass."

Quincy Q. Quincy ("Quinces") is a Bostonian well known and carefully avoided in Boston literary circles. He lives in Boston, Massachusetts.

Sarah Blevitch ("Oh," a sonnet) is the least inspired and most minor of the minor poets of Mount Desert, Maine. She is known to her intimates as "Sahara."

M. T. Head ("My Opinion of the War") is the only living example of a perfect vacuum. His opinion of the war or anything else is not worth a snap, but his article just fits the make-up, and he is a brother-in-law of one of our heaviest stockholders.

Will Wright Twaddle ("Municipal Peanut Farms: do they Militate for Democracy? Or do they not?") is a writer whose pen has been enlisted for years in the service of any movement that would pay him a penny a word and two cents for long ones.

J. Aubrey-Beardsley Titwillow ("Mimi, a Bad Penny from the Latin Quarter") is a lazy, untidy, thoroughly worthless fake Bohemian who lives in a place on Washington Square that merits the immediate attention of the board of health and the police. His real name is Finkelstein.

Sophie Wheatcake ("Flanders! Where and What are They?") is a woman. Years ago she made an undeserved reputation with a feeble novel entitled "The Somethingness of Something," and she has lived on it ever since. She knows nothing about Flanders, but her name attracts readers.

Rev. Ponsonby Fiddle, D.D. ("The Larger Vision and the Broader View") is a fat, complacent, smirking clergyman, a friend of one of the owners. His essays are written by his secretary, whom he pays ten dollars a week. They are pretty bad, but not as bad as they would be if he wrote them himself.

Otto Goobenburg ("With Butterfly-net and Walking-stick in North Dakota") is noted as a traveler and a bore. He is said to have traveled farther and seen less than any man who ever lived.

Magnolia Opp ("The Heart of a Mother") is an angular spinstress of forty-three who sets her bull-dog on little boys who walk on her lawn at Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Joseph Gunk, R. S. V. Pudding, Amelia Beet, and **Lady Elaine Trevor** (correct name **Carrie Botts**) are hack-writers who should be hack-drivers.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"'I shall never be dangerous for you, Miss Rivers,' he said gently"

From the painting by J H. Gardiner Soper

(*Illustrating "The Dark Tower"*)

THE CENTURY

Vol. 92 AUGUST, 1916 No. 4

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardiner Soper

CHAPTER I

WINN STAINES respected God, the royal family, and his regiment; but even his respect for these three things was in many ways academic: he respected nothing else.

His father, Admiral Sir Peter Staines, had never respected anything; he went to church, however, because his wife did n't. They were that kind of family.

Lady Staines had had twelve children. Seven of them died as promptly as their constitutions permitted; the five survivors, shouted at, quarreled over, and thrashed, tore themselves through a violent childhood into a rackety youth. They were never vicious, for they never reflected over or considered anything that they did.

Winn got drunk occasionally, assaulted policemen frequently, and could carry a small pony under each arm. Charles and James, who were in the navy, followed in the footsteps of Sir Peter; that is to say, they explored all possible accidents on sea or ashore, and sought for a fight as if it were a mislaid crown jewel.

Dolores and Isabella had to content themselves with minor feats and to be known merely as the terrors of the neighborhood, though ultimately Dolores succeeded in making a handsome splash by running away with a prize-fighting groom. She made him an excellent wife, and though Lady Staines never mentioned her name again, it was rumored that Sir Peter met her surreptitiously at Tattersall's and took her advice upon his horses.

Isabella, shocked and outraged by this sisterly mischance, married, in the face of all probability, a reluctant curate. He subsided into a family living given to him by Sir Peter, and tried to die of consumption.

Isabella took entire control of the parish, which she ruled as if it were a quarter-deck. She did not use her father's language, but she inherited his voice. It rang over boys' clubs and into mothers' meetings with the penetration and volume of a megaphone.

Lady Staines heartily disliked both her daughters, and she appeared not to care very deeply for her sons, but of the three she had a decided preference for Winn. Winn had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and had inherited the strength of Sir Peter's muscles and the sledge-hammer weight of Lady Staines's wit. He had been expelled from his private school for unparalleled insolence to the head master; a repetition of his summing up of

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that gentleman's life and conduct delighted his mother, though she assisted Sir Peter in thrashing him for the result.

It may have contributed to his mother's affection for him that Winn had left England at nineteen, and had reached thirty-five with only two small intervals at home. He had been sent straight from Sandhurst to South Africa, where he had fought with violence and satisfaction for two years, winning the D. S. O., a broken nose, and a cut across the face. When the fighting was over, he obtained leave for a two-years exploring expedition into the heart of West Africa. Ten men had gone on this expedition, and two survived. Winn never talked of these experiences, but he once admitted to a friend that the early study of his sisters' characters had saved him in many awkward moments. He had known how to appeal to female savages with the unerring touch of experience.

From West Africa he was called to the Indian frontier, where he put in seven years in variegated and extremely useful service. He received his majority early, and disappeared for two years into Tibet, Manchuria, and China. After that he came back to England for polo, and met Estelle Fanshawe. She was lovely, gentle, intensely vain, and not very truthful.

Lady Staines disposed of her at once as "a mincing ninny." The phrase aggravated Winn, and his fancy deepened. It was stimulated by the fact that Estelle was the belle of the neighborhood and had a large supply of ardent admirers. It was almost like running a race with the odds against you. Winn was not a conceited man, and perhaps he thought the odds more against him than they actually were. He was the second son of a man who was immensely rich.

He met her at a dance, and insisted upon dancing with her the whole evening. He took her card away from her, and scored off all her indignant partners. In the interval of these decisive actions he made love to her in a steady, definite way that was difficult to laugh at and impossible to turn aside.

When he said good-night to her he told her that he would probably come and see her soon. She went away in a flutter, for his words, though casual, had had a sharply significant sound; besides, he had very nearly kissed her; if she had been more truthful, she would have said quite.

Lady Staines told her son at breakfast a few mornings later what she thought of Miss Fanshawe.

"She 's a girl," she observed, knocking the top off her egg, "who will develop into a nervous invalid or an advanced coquette, and it entirely depends upon how much admiration she gets which she does. I hear she 's religious, too, in a silly, egotistical way. She ought to have her neck wrung."

Sir Peter disagreed; they heard him in the servants' hall.

"Certainly not!" he roared, "certainly not! The girl 's a damned pretty piece. I won't have the boy crabbed for fancying a neighbor! It 's very natural he should. You never have a woman in the house fit to look at. Who the devil do you expect your boys to marry? Negresses or barmaids?"

"Gentlewomen," said Lady Staines, firmly, "unless their father's behavior prevents them from being accepted."

Winn said nothing. He got up and began cutting ham at the sideboard. His mother hesitated a moment; but as she had only roused one of her men, she made a further effort in the direction of the other.

"The girl 's a mean-spirited little liar," she observed. "I would n't take her as a housemaid."

"You may have to take her as a daughter-in-law, though," Winn remarked without turning round from the sideboard.

Sir Peter grunted. He did n't like this at all, but he could n't very well say so without appearing to agree with his wife, a thing he had carefully avoided doing for thirty years.

Lady Staines rose and gathered up her letters.

"You 're of age," she said to her son,

"and you 've had about as much experience of civilized women as a European baby has of crocodiles, and you 'll be just about as safe and clever with them. As for you, Peter, I should think you might begin to save toward the damages of Winn's divorce proceedings now."

Sir Peter's oaths accompanied his wife across the dining-room to the door, which her son opened ceremoniously for her. Their eyes crossed like swords.

"If I get that girl, you 'll be nice to her," Winn said in a low voice.

"As long as you are," replied Lady Staines, with a grim smile. He did not bang the door after her, as she had hoped; instead, he went to see the girl.

CHAPTER II

It was eleven o'clock when Winn arrived at the Fanshawes. Estelle was barely dressed; she always slept late, had her breakfast in bed, and gave as much trouble as possible to the servants.

However, when she heard who had called to see her, she sent for a basket and some roses, and five minutes later strolled into the drawing-room, with her hat on, and the flowers in her hands.

Her mother stayed in the garden and nervously thought out the lunch.

Winn seized the basket out of Estelle's hands, took her by the wrists.

She was n't frightened of him, but she pretended to be. She said, "Oh, Major Staines!" She looked as soft and innocent as a cream-fed kitten. Winn cleared his throat. It made him feel rather religious to look at her. He did not of course see her as a kitten; he saw her approximately as an angel.

"Look here," he said, "my name 's Winn."

"You 're hurting my wrists," she murmured. He dropped them. "Winn," she said under her breath.

"Look here," he said after a moment's pause, "would you mind marrying me?"

Estelle lifted her fine China blue eyes to his. They were n't soft, but they could sometimes look very mysterious.

"Oh," she said, "but, Winn—it 's so sudden—so soon!"

"Leave 's short," Winn explained, "and besides, I knew the moment I looked at you that I wanted you. I don't know how you feel, of course; but—well—I 'm sure you are n't the kind of girl to let a fellow kiss you, are you, and mean nothing?"

Estelle's long lashes swept her cheeks; she behaved exquisitely. She was, of course, exactly that kind of girl.

"Ah," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, "if I do marry you—will you be kind to me?"

Winn trembled, too; he flushed very red, and suddenly he did the funniest, most unlikely thing in the world: he got down on his knees beside her, and taking both her hands in his, he kissed them.

"I 'll be like this as much as ever you 'll let me," he said gravely.

Estelle's wedding was a great success, but this was not surprising when one realized how many years had been spent in preparation for it. Estelle was only twenty-three, but for the last ten years she had known that she would marry, and she had thought out every detail of the ceremony except the bridegroom. You could have any kind of bridegroom,—men were essentially imperfect,—but you need have only one kind of ceremony, and that could be ideal.

Estelle had visualized everything from the last pot of lilies—always annunciation ones, not arum, which look pagan—at the altar, to the red cloth at the door. There were to be rose-leaves instead of rice; the wedding was to be in June, with a tent in the garden and strawberries.

If possible, she would be married by a bishop; if not, by a dean. The bishop having proved too remote, the dean had to do. But he was a fine-looking man, and would be made a bishop soon, so Estelle did not really mind. The great thing was to have gaiters on the lawn afterward.

The day was perfect. Estelle woke at her usual hour in the morning, her heart beating a little faster than it generally

did, and then she remembered with a pang of joy the perfect fit of her wedding-gown hanging in the wardrobe. She murmured to herself:

"One love, one life." She was not thinking of Winn, but she had always meant to say that on her wedding morning.

The village church was comfortably full, and with her eyes modestly cast down Estelle managed to see that all the right people were there, including the clergyman's daughters, whom she had always hated.

At the top of the aisle Winn waited for his bride. Instead of looking as if he were waiting for his bride, he looked exactly as if he were holding a narrow pass against an enemy. His very figure had a peculiarly stern and rock-like expression. His broad shoulders were set, his rather heavy head was erect, and when he did look at Estelle, it was an inconceivably sharp look, as if he were trying to see through her.

She did n't know, of course, that on his way to church he had thought every little white cloud in the blue sky was like her, and every lily in a cottage garden.

Then the service began, and they had the celebration first, and afterward the usual ceremony, perfectly conducted, and including the rather over-exercised "Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." In the vestry Winn began to be tiresome. The vicar said:

"Kiss the bride," and Winn replied:

"No, thanks; not at present," looking like a stone wall, and sticking his hands into his pockets. The vicar, who had known him from a boy, did not press the point; but of course the dean looked surprised. Any dean would.

When they drove off, Estelle turned toward Winn with shining eyes and quivering lips. It was the moment for a judicious amount of love-making, and all Winn said was:

"Look here, you know, those high-heeled things on your feet are absolutely murderous. They might give you a bad tumble. Don't let me see you in 'em again. Are you sure you 're quite comfortable, and all that?"

He made the same absurd fuss about Estelle's comfort in the railway carriage; but it was one of the last occasions on which he did it, because he discovered almost immediately that however many things you could think of for Estelle's comfort, she could think of more for herself.

Estelle had a great deal that she wanted to talk over about the wedding.

Winn listened hard and tried to follow intelligently all the family histories she evolved for him. At last after a rather prolonged pause on his part, just at a point when he should have expressed admiration of her guidance of a delicate affair, Estelle glanced at him and discovered that he was asleep! They had n't been married for three hours, and he could go to sleep in the middle of their first real talk! But Winn was old,—he was thirty-five,—and she could see quite plainly now that the hair round the tops of his ears was gray. She looked at him scornfully, but he did n't wake up.

When he woke up he laughed.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I believe I 've been to sleep!" but he did n't apologize. He began instead to tell her some things that might interest her, about what Drummond, his best man, and he had done in Manchuria, just as if nothing had happened; but naturally Estelle would n't be interested. She was first polite, then bored, then captious. Winn looked at her rather hard. "Are you trying to pay me back for falling asleep?" he asked with a queer little laugh. "Is that what you 're up to?" Estelle stiffened.

"Certainly not," she said; "I simply was n't very interested."

Winn leaned over her, with a wicked light in his eyes, like a naughty school-boy. "Own up!" he said, laying his rough hand very gently on her shoulder. "Own up, old lady!"

But has anybody ever owned up when being spiteful?

Estelle did n't. She looked at Winn's hand till he withdrew it, and then she re-

marked that she was feeling faint from want of food.

After she had had seven chicken sandwiches, pâté de foie gras, half a melon, and some champagne, she began to be agreeable.

Winn was delighted at this change in her and quite inclined to think that their little "breeze" had been entirely due to his own awkwardness. Still, he wished she had owned up.

It took him a month to realize that he had paid his money, had his shy, and knocked down an empty cocoanut.

He could n't get his money back, and he must spend the rest of his life carrying the cocoanut about with him.

It never occurred to him to shirk the institution of marriage. The church, the law, and the army stood in his mind for good, indelible things. Estelle was his wife as much as his handkerchief was his handkerchief. This meant that they were to be faithful to each other and go out to dinner together, and he was to pay her bills. He knew the great thing in any tight corner was never in any circumstances to let go. All the dangers he had ever been in had yielded only because he had n't.

It was true he had not been married before, but the same rule no doubt held good of marriage. If he held on to it, something more bearable would come out of it. Then one could be out of the house a good deal, and there was the regiment. He began to see his way through marriage as a man sees his way through a gap in an awkward fence. The unfortunate part of it was that he could n't get through the gap unless Estelle shared his insight.

He would have liked to put it to her, but he did n't know how; he never had had a great gift of expression, and something had brought him up very short in his communications with his wife.

It was so slight a thing that Estelle herself had forgotten all about it, but to a Staines it was absolutely final. She had told the gardener that Winn wanted hyacinths planted in the front bed. Winn had n't wanted a garden at all, and he had let her have her way in everything else; but he had said quite plainly that he would n't on any account have hyacinths. The expression he used about them was excessively coarse, and it certainly should have remained in Estelle's memory. He had said that the bally things stank Nevertheless, Estelle had told the gardener that the master wanted hyacinths, and the gardener had told Winn. Winn gazed at the gardener in a way which made him wish that he had never been a gardener, but had taken up any other profession in which he was unlikely to meet a glance so "nasty." Then Winn said quietly:

"You are perfectly sure, Parsons, that Mrs. Staines told you it was *my* wish to have the hyacinths?" And the gardener had said:

"Yes, sir. She *did* say, sir, as 'ow you 'ad a particler fancy for them." And Winn had gone into the house and asked Estelle what the devil she meant? Estelle immediately denied the hyacinths and the gardener. People like that, she informed Winn, always misunderstood what one said to them.

"Very well, then," Winn replied. "He has lied to me, and must go. I 'll dismiss him at once. He told me distinctly that you had said I liked them."

Estelle fidgeted. She did n't want the gardener to go. She really could n't remember what she 'd said and what she had n't said to him. And Winn was absurd, and how could it matter in any case, and the people next door had hyacinths, and they 'd always had them at home.

Winn listened in silence. He did n't say anything more about the gardener having lied, and he did n't countermand the hyacinths; only from that moment he ceased to believe a single word his wife said to him. This is discouraging to conversation and was very unfair to Estelle; for she might have told the truth more often if she had not discovered that it made no difference to her husband whether she told it to him or not.

CHAPTER III

Estelle knew that her heart was broken, but on the whole she did not find that she was greatly inconvenienced.

In an unhappy marriage the woman generally scores unless she is in love with her husband. Estelle never had been in love with Winn; she had had an agreeable feeling about him, and now she had a disagreeable feeling about him, but neither of these emotions could be compared with beaten-brass hot-water jugs, which she had always meant to have when she was married.

She said to herself and a little later to the nearest clergyman, "I must make an offering of my sorrow." She offered it a good deal, almost to every person she met. Even the cook was aware of it; but, like all servants, she unhesitatingly sided with the master. He might be in the wrong, but he was seldom if ever in the kitchen.

They had had to have a house and servants, because Estelle felt that marriage without a house was hardly legal; and Winn had given way about it, as he was apt to do about things Estelle wanted.

There was one point he never yielded: he firmly intended to rejoin his regiment in March.

The station to which they would have to go was five thousand feet up, lonely, healthy, and quite unfashionable. Winn had tried to make it seem jolly to her and had mentioned as a recommendation apparently that it was the kind of place in which one need n't wear gloves. It was close to the border, and women had to be a little careful where they rode.

Estelle had every intention of being careful; she would, she thought, be too careful ever to go to the Indian frontier at all. She had often heard of the tragic separations of Anglo-Indian marriages; it was true that they were generally caused by illness and children, but there must be other methods of obtaining the same immunities.

She had never had any difficulty with the doctor at home; she relied on him entirely, and he had invariably ordered her what she wanted, after a nice quiet talk.

Travers, the regimental doctor, was different; he looked exactly like a vet and only understood things you had actually broken. Still Estelle put her trust in Providence; no self-respecting higher Power could wish a woman of her type to be wasted on a hill station. Something would happen to help her; and if not, she would be given grace to help herself.

One day Winn came down to breakfast with a particularly disagreeable expression. He said good morning into his newspaper as usual without noticing her pathetic little smile.

He only unburied himself to take his second cup of coffee; then he said, without looking at her:

"It 's a beastly nuisance, the War Office want me to extend my leave. Hanged if I do."

Estelle thanked Heaven in a flash and passed him the marmalade. She had never dreamed the War Office could be so efficient.

"That shows," she said gracefully, "what they think of you!"

Winn turned his sardonic eyes toward her. "Thanks," he drawled, "I dare say it 's the kind of thing you 'd like. They propose that I should stay on here at the Staff College for another year and write 'em a damned red tape report on Tibet." His irony dropped from him. "If it was a job," he said in a low voice, "I 'd go like a shot."

Estelle sighed, and gazed pathetically out of the window. Her eyes rested on the bed where the hyacinths were planted, and beyond it to gorse bushes and a corrugated iron shed.

They were at Aldershot, which was really rather a good place for meeting suitable people. "What do you intend to do?" she asked, trembling a little. Winn was at his worst when questioned as to his intentions; he preferred to let them explode like fire-crackers.

"Do!" he snorted. "Write and tell 'em when they 've got any kind of job on

the size of sixpence I 'll be in it. And if not, Tibet 's about as useful to draw up a report on—as ice in the hunting season. But I 'm off in March, and that 's that."

A tear rolled down Estelle's cheek and splashed on the table-cloth; she trembled harder until her teaspoon rattled.

Winn looked at her.

"What 's up?" he asked irritably. "Anything wrong?"

"I suppose," she said, prolonging a small sob, "you don't care what I feel about it!"

"But you knew we were always going out in March, did n't you?" he asked, as if that had anything to do with it.

"I never knew I should be so unhappy!" she moaned. Winn looked extremely foolish and rather conscience-stricken.

"I 'm sure I 'm awfully sorry," he said apologetically. "I suppose you mean you 're a bit sick of me, don't you?"

Estelle wiped her eyes, and returned to her toast.

"Can't you see," she asked bitterly, "that our life together is the most awful tragedy?"

"Oh, come now," said Winn, who associated tragedy solely with police courts and theaters. "It 's not so bad as all that, is it? I dare say I 've been rather a brute, but I shall be a lot better company when I 'm back in the regiment. I don't like to bother you about it, but I think you 'd see things differently if we had a kid. I do really."

"How can you be so disgustingly coarse!" shuddered Estelle. "Besides, I 'm far too delicate. Not that you would care if I died; of course you 'd just marry again."

"Oh, no, I should n't do that," said Winn in his horrid quiet way which might mean anything. "You 'd be a jolly sight stronger all the rest of your life. I asked Travers."

"Oh!" she cried, "you don't mean to tell me that you talked me over with that disgusting red-faced man!"

"I don't talk people over," said Winn, without turning round. "He 's a doctor. I asked his opinion."

"Well," she said, "I think it was horrible of you—and—and most ungentlemanly."

Winn said nothing. One of the things Estelle most disliked in him was the way in which it seemed as if he had some curious sense of delicacy of his own. She wanted to think of Winn as a man impervious to all refinement, born to outrage the nicer susceptibility of her own mind; but there were moments when it seemed as if he did n't think the susceptibilities of her mind were nice at all. He was not awed by her purity.

He did n't say anything of course, but he let certain subjects prematurely drop.

Suddenly he turned round from the window and fixed his eyes on hers. She thought he was going to be very violent, but he was n't; he talked quietly.

"Look here," he said, "I 've thought of something, a kind of bargain. I 'll give in to you about this job, if you 'll give in to me about the other. If you 'll have a kid, I 'll stay on here for a year more; if you won't, I 'll clear out in March. But if you do what I ask about the child, I 'll meet you all the way round. Only you must ride straight. If you play me any monkey tricks over it, you 'll never set eyes on me again; and I 'm afraid you 'll have to have Travers, because I trust him, not some slippery old woman who 'd let you play him like a fish. D' you understand?"

Estelle stared aghast at this mixture of brutality and cunning. Her mind flew round and round like a squirrel in a cage.

She could have managed beautifully if it had n't been for Travers. Travers would be as impervious to handling as a battery mule. She really would n't be able to do anything with Travers. He looked as if he drank; but he did n't.

Of course having a baby was simply horrid; lots of women got out of it nowadays who were quite happily married.

Her wistful blue eyes expanded.

"I can't," she said touchingly, "decide all this in a minute."

He could stay on for two years at the War Office, and Estelle meant him to stay without inconvenience to herself. He tried bargaining with her; but her idea of a bargain was to gain things for herself. One day she said:

"I sometimes feel as if you kept me out of everything."

"How do you mean?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh," she said contemplatively, "such heaps of things! One thing, I don't expect you 've ever noticed that you never ask your friends to stay here. I 've had all mine; you 've never even asked your mother! It 's as if you were ashamed of me."

"I 'll ask her like a shot if you like," he said eagerly. Estelle was not anxious for a visit from Lady Staines, but she thought it sounded better to begin with her. She let her pass.

"It 's not only your relatives," she went on; "it 's your friends. What must they think of a wife they are never allowed to see?"

"But they 're such a bachelor crew," he objected. "It never occurred to me you 'd care for them—just ordinary soldier chaps like me, not a bit clever or amusing."

Estelle did not say that crews of bachelors are seldom out of place in the drawing-room of a young and pretty woman. She looked past her husband to where in fancy she beheld the aisle of a church and the young Adonis who had been his best man with eyes full of reverence and awe gazing at her approaching figure.

"I thought," she said indifferently, "you liked that man you insisted on having instead of Lord Arlington at the wedding?"

"I do," said Winn. "He 's my best friend. I meet him sometimes in town, you know."

"He must think it awfully funny," said Estelle, sadly, "our never having him down here."

"He 's not that sort," said Winn. "He was my sub, you know. He would n't think anything funny unless I told him to. We know each other rather well."

"That makes it funnier still," said Estelle, relentlessly.

"Oh, all right," said Winn, after a moment's pause. "Have him down here if you like. Shall I write to him or will you?"

"He 's your friend," said Estelle, politely.

"Yes," said Winn, "but it 's your idea." There was a peculiar look in his eyes, as if he wanted to warn her about something. He went to the door and then glanced back at her, apparently hoping that she had changed her mind.

Estelle had n't the faintest intention of changing her mind. She had already decided to put sweet peas in Lionel's room and a marked copy of "The Road Mender."

"You may as well ask him yourself," said Winn, "if you really want him to come."

CHAPTER IV

It was time, Estelle felt, that the real things of life should come back to her. She had had them before marriage,—these real things,—light, swift contacts with chosen spirits; friendships not untinged with a liability to become something less capable of definition. But since her marriage she had been forced into a world of secondary experiences. Winn, to begin with, had stood very much in the way; and when he had ceased to block the paths of sentiment she had not found a substitute. At Aldershot, where they lived, there was an unspoken rule that brides should be left alone. Women called, and men were polite, but when Estelle began those delicate personal conversations which led the way to deeper spiritual contacts she discovered that nothing followed. She could not say that she found the men elusive; stone walls are not elusive, but they do not lend themselves to an easy way across country. As to women, theoretically Estelle desired their friendship just as much as that of men; but in practice she generally found them unsympathetic, and incapable of the finest type of intimacy. They did not

seem to know what the word devotion meant. Men did, especially young men, though the older ones talked more about it. Estelle had already seen herself after marriage as a confidante to Winn's young brother officers. It seemed to her that in Lionel Drummond she would find a perfect spiritual counterpart. She dreamed of a friendship with him too deep for mere friendliness, too late for accepted love; and it seemed to her exactly the kind of thing she wanted. Hand in hand they would tread the path of duty together, surrounded by a rosy mist.

They might even lead Winn to higher things; but at this point Estelle's imagination balked. She could not see Winn being led,—he was too truculent,—and he had never in his tenderest moments evinced the slightest taste for higher things. It would be better perhaps if they simply set him a good example. He would be certain not to follow it.

She and Lionel would have terrible moments, of course. Estelle thrilled at the thought of these moments, and from time to time she slightly stretched the elastic path of duty to meet them. They would still keep on it, of course; they would never go any further than Petrarch and Laura. These historic philanderers should be their limit, and when the worst came to the worst, Estelle would softly murmur to Lionel, "Petrarch and Laura have borne it, and we must bear it, too."

Lionel arrived one night before Winn had finished dressing. Estelle greeted him with outstretched hands. "I am so very glad to see you at last," she said in her softest, friendliest voice. "I think it will do Winn good to have you here."

Lionel laughed shyly.

"I should n't have thought," he said, "that Winn would need much more good."

"Ah, my dear fellow!" said Winn's voice behind him, "you don't know how great my needs are. Sorry I could n't meet you."

Estelle's beautiful, wavering eyes rested for a moment on her husband. She had never known a man to dress so quickly, and it seemed to her an unnecessary quality.

The dinner was a great success. Both men were absurdly gay. Winn told good stories, laughed at Lionel, and rallied his young wife. She had never seen him like this before, and she put it down to the way one man sets off another.

Estelle felt that she was being a great success, and it warmed her heart. The two men talked for her and listened to her; she had a moment when she thought that perhaps, after all, she need n't relegate Winn to a lower world.

They accepted with enthusiasm her offer to sing to them after dinner, and then they kept her waiting in the drawing-room for an hour and a half.

At last they came in, and Lionel said without any attempt at an apology:

"We should love some music, Mrs. Winn."

Winn said nothing. He stuck his hands into his pockets, and stood in front of the fireplace in a horribly British manner while she turned over her songs. Estelle sang rather prettily. She preferred songs of a type that dealt with bitter regret over unexplained partings. She sang them with a great deal of expression and a slight difficulty in letting go of the top notes. After she had sung two or three, Lionel said:

"Now, Winn, you sing."

Estelle started. She had never before heard of this accomplishment of her husband's. It occurred to her now that Lionel would think it very strange she had n't, but he need never know unless Winn gave her away. She need not have been afraid. Winn said quietly, as if he said it to her every evening, "D' you mind playing for me, Estelle?" Then he dragged out from under her music a big black book in which he had painstakingly copied and collected his selection of songs.

He had a high, clear baritone, very true and strangely impressive; it filled the little room. When he had finished, Lionel forgot to ask Estelle to sing again. Winn excused himself; he said he had a letter or two to write, and left them.

"It 's jolly, your both singing," Lionel said, looking at her with the same admiring friendliness he had shown her before. She guessed then that Winn had said nothing against her. After all, at the bottom of her heart she had known he would n't. You can't live with a man for five months and not know where you are safe.

Estelle smiled prettily.

"Yes," she said gently, "music is a great bond," and then she began to talk to Lionel about himself.

She had a theory that all men liked to talk exclusively about themselves, and it is certain that most men enjoyed their conversation with her; but in this particular instance she made a mistake. Lionel did not like talking about himself, and above all he disliked sympathetic admiration. He was not a conceited man, and it had not occurred to him that he was a suitable subject for admiration. Nor did he see why he should receive sympathy.

Still, he would n't have shrunk from talking about Winn with Estelle. It was her right to talk about him, her splendid, perfect privilege. He supposed that she was a little shy, because she seemed to slip away from their obvious great topic; but he wished, if she was n't going to talk about Winn, she would leave his people alone.

She tried to sympathize with him about his home difficulties, and when she discovered that he had n't any, her sympathy veered to the horrible distance he had to be away from it.

"Oh, well," said Lionel, "it 's my father's old regiment, you know; that makes it awfully different. They know as much about my life as I do myself, and when I don't get leave, they often come out to me for a month or two. They 're good travelers."

"They must be simply wonderful!" Estelle said ecstatically. Lionel said nothing. He looked slightly amazed. It seemed so funny that Winn, who had n't much use for ecstasy, should have married a so easily ecstatic wife.

The next few days were very puzzling to Estelle; nobody behaved as she expected them to behave, including herself. She found Lionel always ready to accept her advances with open-hearted cordiality, but she had to make the advances. She had not meant to do this. Her idea had been to be a magnet, and magnets keep quite still; needles do all the moving.

And Winn would n't behave at a disadvantage; he was neither tyrannical nor jealous. He left her a great deal to Lionel, and treated her with good-natured tolerance in private and with correct attention before his friend.

Lionel was delightful to her; he waited on her hand and foot; he studied all her tastes and remembered everything she told him. Could playing polo with Winn, going out for walks in the rain, and helping to make saddles in Winn's musty, smelling den appeal to him with greater force than her society? He was n't in love with any one else, and if men were n't in love with any one else, they were usually in love with Estelle. But with Lionel everything stopped short. They conversed confidentially, they used each other's Christian names, but she was left with the sensation of having come up against an invisible barrier. There was no impact, and there was no curtness; there was simply empty space. She was not even sure that Lionel would have liked her at all if she had n't been Winn's wife. As it was, he certainly wanted her friendship and took pains to win it. It must be added that he won more than he took pains to win. Estelle for the first time in her life stumbled waveringly into a little love.

The visit prolonged itself from a week to a fortnight. Estelle did not sleep the night before Lionel went. She tossed feverishly to and fro, planning their parting. Surely he would not leave her without a word? Surely there must be some touch of sentiment to this separation, horrible and inevitable, that lay before them?

It was a very wet morning, and Lionel was to leave before lunch. Winn went as usual into his study to play with his eternal experiments in leather. Lionel went

with him. She heard the two men laughing together down the passage. Could real friends have laughed if they had minded parting with each other?

She sat at her desk in the drawing-room biting nervously at her pen. He was going; was it possible that there would be no farewell?

But after a time she heard steps returning. Lionel came by himself.

"Are you busy?" he asked. "Shall I bother you if we talk a little?"

"No," she said softly. "I hoped you would come back."

Lionel did not answer for a moment. For the first time in their acquaintance he was really a little stirred. He moved about the room restlessly; he would n't sit down, though half unconsciously she had put her hand on the chair beside her.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I 've got something to say to you, and I 'm awfully afraid it may annoy you."

Was it really coming, the place at which he would have to be stopped, after all her fruitless endeavors to get him to move in any direction at all?

"The fact is," he went on, "I simply can't go without saying it, and you 've been so awfully good to me—you 've let me feel we 're friends." He paused, and Estelle leaned forward, her eyes melting with encouragement.

"I am so glad you feel like that, Lionel," she murmured. "Do please say anything—anything you like. I shall always understand and forgive, if it is necessary for me to forgive."

"You 're awfully generous," he said gratefully. She smiled, and put out her hand again toward the chair. This time he sat down in it, but he turned it to face her.

He was a big man and he seemed to fill the room in which they sat. His blue-gray eyes fixed themselves on hers intently, his whole being seemed absorbed in what he was about to say.

"You see," he began, "I think you may be making a big mistake. Naturally Winn 's awfully fond of you, and all that, and you 've just started life, and you like to live in your own country, surrounded by jolly little things, and perhaps India seems frightening and far away." Estelle shrank back a little; he put his hand on the back of her chair soothingly. "Of course it must be hard," he said. "Only I want you to see. Winn's heart is yours, I know, but it 's in his work, too, as a man's must be, and his work 's out there; it 's not here at all."

He stopped abruptly; Estelle's eyes had hardened and grown very cold.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "Has he complained of my keeping him here?"

Lionel pushed back his chair.

"Ah, Mrs. Winn! Mrs. Winn!" he exclaimed half laughingly and half reproachfully, "you know he would n't complain. He only told me that he was n't coming back just yet, and I—well, I thought I saw why he was n't."

"Then," she said, turning careful eyes away from him, "if he has n't complained, I hardly see why you should attack me like this."

Lionel stood up and looked down at her in a puzzled way.

"Oh, I say, you know," he ventured, "you 're not playing very fair, are you? Of course I 'm not attacking you. I thought we were friends, and I wanted to help you."

"Friends!" she said. Her voice broke suddenly into a hard little laugh. "Well, what else have you to suggest to me about my husband—out of your friendship for me?"

"You 're not forgiving me," he reminded her gently, not dreaming what it was she had been prepared to forgive. "But perhaps I 'd better go on and get it all out while I 'm about it. You know it is n't only that I think he won't care for staying on here, but I think it 's a bit of a risk. I don't want to frighten you, but after a man 's had black water fever twice, he 's apt to be a little groggy, especially about the lungs. England is n't honestly a very good winter place for him for a year or two—"

Estelle flung up her head.

"If he was going to be an invalid," she said, "he ought n't to have married me!"

The silence that followed her speech crept into every corner of the room. Lionel did not look puzzled any more. He stood up very straight and stiff; only his eyes changed. He could not look at her; they were filled with contempt. He gave her a moment or two to disavow her words; he would have given his right hand to hear her do it.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I have overstated the case if you imagine your husband is an invalid. I think, if you don't mind," he added, "I 'll see if my things are ready."

"Please do," she said, groping in her mind for something left to hurt him with. "And another time perhaps you will know better than to say for my husband what he is perfectly competent to say for himself."

"You are quite right," Lionel said quietly; "another time I shall know better." The rain against the windows sounded again; she had not heard it before.

He did not come back to say good-by. She heard him talking to Winn in the hall, the dog-cart drove up, and then she saw him for the last time, his fine, clear-cut profile, his cap dragged over his forehead, his eyes hard, as they were when he had looked at her. He must have known she stood there at the window watching, but he never looked back. She had expected a terrible parting, but never a parting as terrible as this. Mercifully she had kept her head; it was all she had kept.

CHAPTER V

It was shortly after Lionel's departure that Estelle realized there was nothing between her and the Indian frontier except the drawing-room sofa. She fixed herself as firmly on this shelter as a limpet takes hold upon a rock. People were extremely kind and sympathetic, and Winn himself turned over a new leaf. He was gentle and considerate to her, and offered to read aloud to her in the evenings.

Nothing shook her out of this condition. The baby arrived, unavailingly as an incentive to health, and not at all the kind of baby Estelle had pictured. He was almost from his first moments a thorough Staines. He was never very kissable, and was anxious as soon as possible to get on to his own feet. At eight months he crawled rapidly across the carpet with a large music-box suspended from his mouth by its handle; at ten he could walk. He tore all his lawn frocks on Winn's spurs, screamed with joy at his father's footsteps, and always preferred knees to laps.

Estelle lay on the sofa one autumn afternoon at four o'clock, with her eyes firmly shut. She was aware that Winn had come in and was very inconsiderately tramping to and fro in heavy boots. He seldom entered the drawing-room at this hour, and if he did, he went out again as soon as he saw that her eyes were shut.

Probably he meant to say something horrible about India; she had been expecting it for some time. The report on Tibet was finished, and he could let his staff work go when he liked.

He stood at the foot of her couch and looked at her curiously. Estelle could feel his eyes on her; she wondered if he noticed how thin she was, and how transparent her eyelids were. Every fiber in her body was aware of her desire to impress him with her frailty. She held it before him like a banner.

"Estelle," he said. When he spoke she winced.

"Yes, dear," she murmured hardly above a whisper.

"Would you mind opening your eyes?" he suggested. "I 've got something I want to talk over with you, and I really can't talk to a door banged in my face."

"I 'm so sorry," she said meekly; "I 'm afraid I 'm almost too exhausted to talk, but I 'll try to listen to what you have to say."

"Thanks," said Winn. He paused as if, after all, it was n't easy to begin, even in the face of this responsiveness. She thought he looked rather odd. His eyes

"'You may have to take her as a daughter-in-law, though,' Winn remarked without turning round from the sideboard"

had a queer, dazed look, as if he had been drinking heavily or as if somebody had kicked him.

"Well," she asked at last, "what is it you want to talk about? Suspense of any kind, as you know, is very bad for my heart."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It was only that I thought I 'd better mention I am going to Davos."

"Davos!" She opened her eyes wide now and stared at him. "That snow place," she asked, "full of consumptives! What a curious idea! I never have been able to understand how people can care to go there for sport. It seems to me rather cruel; but, then, I know I am specially sensitive about that kind of thing. Other people's pain weighs so on me."

"I did n't say I was going there for sport," Winn answered in the same peculiar manner. He sat down and began to play with a paper-cutter on his knee. "As a matter of fact, I 'm not," he went on. "I 've crocked one of my lungs. They seem to think I 've got to go. It 's a great nuisance."

It was curious the way he kept looking at her, as if he expected something. He could n't have told exactly what he expected himself. He was face to face with a new situation; he was n't exactly frightened, but he had a feeling that he would like very much to know how he ought to meet it. It had all come with a curious suddenness. He had gone to Travers one day because when Polly pulled he had an odd pain in his chest. He had had a toss the week before, and it had occurred to him that a rib might be broken; but Travers said it was n't that.

Travers had tapped him all over and looked grave, uncommonly grave, and said some very uncomfortable things. He had insisted on dragging Winn up to town to see a big man, and the big man had said, "Davos, and don't lose any time about it."

Winn had written to Lionel and made his will, and had rather wondered what Estelle would feel about it. He had n't wanted to upset her. He had n't upset her. She stared at him for a moment; then she said:

"How odd! You look perfectly all right. I never have believed in Travers."

Winn mentioned the name of the big man.

"It does sound rather rot," he added apologetically. He still waited. Estelle moved restlessly on the sofa.

"Well," she said, "what on earth am I to do? It 's really horribly inconvenient. I suppose I shall have to go back to my people for the winter unless you can afford to let me take a flat in London."

"I 'm afraid I can't afford that," said Winn. "I think it would be best for you to go to your people for the winter, unless, of course, you 'd rather go to mine. I 'm going down there to-morrow; I 've written to tell them. I must get my father to let me have some money as it is. It 's really an infernal nuisance from the expense point of view."

"I could n't go to your people," said Estelle, stiffly. "They have never been nice to me; besides, they would be sure to teach baby how to swear." Then she added, "I suppose this puts an end to your going out to India."

Winn dropped his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "this puts an end to my going back to India for the present. I 've been up before the board; they 're quite agreeable. In fact, they 've been rather decent to me."

Estelle gave a long sigh of relief and gratitude. It was really extraordinary how she had been helped to avoid India. She could n't think what made Winn go on sitting there, just playing with the paper-knife.

He sat there for a long time, but he did n't say any more. At last he got up and went to the door.

"Well," he said, "I think I 'll just run up and have a look at the kid."

"Poor dear," said Estelle, "I 'm frightfully sorry for you, of course, though I don't believe it 's at all painful—and by the by, Winn, don't forget that consumption is infectious."

He stopped short as if some one had

struck him. After all, he did n't go to the nursery; she heard him go down the passage to the smoking-room instead.

CHAPTER VI

It had n't seemed dismal at first; it had only seemed quite unnatural. Everything had stopped being natural when the small creature in lawn, only the height of his knee, had been torn reluctantly away from its hold on his trousers. This parting had made Winn feel as if something inside him was being unfairly handled.

There was nothing he could get hold of in Peter to promise security, and the only thing that Peter could grasp were the trousers, which had had to be forcibly removed from him.

Estelle wept bitterly in the hall, but Winn had n't minded that; he had long ago come to the conclusion that Estelle had a taste for tears, just as some people liked boiled eggs for breakfast. He simply patted her on the shoulder and steadfastly looked away from her while she kissed him.

He had enjoyed starting from Charing Cross, intimidating the porters and giving the man who registered his luggage dispassionate and unfavorable pieces of his mind. But when he was once fairly off he began to have a new feeling. It came over him when he was out of England and had crossed the small gray strip of formless, familiar sea,—the sea itself always seemed to Winn to belong much more to England than to France,—so much so that it annoyed him at Boulogne to have to submit to being thought possibly unblasphemous by porters. He began to feel alone. Up till now he had always seen his way. There had been fellows to do things with and animals; even marriage, though disconcerting, had not set him adrift. He had been cramped by it, but not disintegrated. Now what seemed to have happened was that he had been cut loose. There was n't the regiment or even a staff college to fall back upon. There was n't a trail to follow or horses to gentle; his very dog had had to be left behind because of the ridiculous restrictions of canine quarantine.

It really was an extraordinarily uncomfortable feeling, as if he were a confounded ghost poking about in a new world full of surprises. It was quite possible that he might find himself among bounders. He had always avoided bounders, but that had been comparatively easy in a world where everybody observed an unspoken, inviolable code. If people did n't know the ropes, they found it simpler to go, and Winn had sometimes assisted them to find it simpler; but he saw that now bounders could really turn up with impunity, for, as far as ropes went, it was he himself who would be in the minority. He might meet men who talked, long-haired, mysterious chaps too soft to kick, or radicals, though, if the worst came to the worst, he flattered himself that he had always the resource of being unpleasant.

He knew that when the hair rose up on his head like the back of a challenged bulldog, and he stuck his hands in his pockets and looked at people rather straight between the eyes, they usually shut up.

He did n't mind doing this of course, if necessary; only if he had to do it to everybody in the hotel it might become monotonous, and he had a nervous fear that consumption was rather a cad's disease.

Fortunately he had got his skates, and he supposed there 'd be toboggans and skees. Whatever happened, he would refuse to share a table.

It was curious how one could get to thirty-six and then suddenly in the middle of nothing start up a whole new set of feelings—feelings about Peter, who had, after all, only just happened, and yet seemed to have belonged to him always; and his lungs going wrong, and loneliness, like a homesick school-girl! Winn had never felt lonely in Central Africa or Tibet, so that it seemed rather absurd to start such an emotion in a railway train surrounded by English people, particularly as it had nothing to do with what he looked upon as his home. His feeling about leaving the house at Alder-

shot had been, "Thank God! there are n't going to be any more dinners!"

Still, there it was. He did feel lonely; probably it was one of the symptoms of bad lungs which Travers had n't mentioned, the same kind of thing as the perfectly new desire to lean back in his corner and shut his eyes.

He felt all right in a way, and his muscles acted; but there was a blurred sensation behind everything, a tiresome, unaccountable feeling, as if he might n't always be able to do things. He could n't explain it exactly; but if it really turned up at all formidably later, he intended to shoot himself quickly before Peter got old enough to care.

One thing he had quite made up his mind about: he would get well if he could; but if he could n't, he was n't going to be looked after. The mere thought of it drove him into the corridor, where he spent the night alternately walking up and down and sitting on an extremely uncomfortable small seat by a drafty door to prove to himself that he was n't in the least tired.

He began to feel rather better after the coffee at Basle, and though he was hardly the kind of person to take much interest in mere scenery, the small Swiss villages, with their high pink or blue, clock-faced churches, made him wish he could pack them into a box, with a slice of green mountain behind, and send them to Peter to play with.

After Landeck he smelt the snows, and challenged successfully the whole shivering carriage on the subject of an open window. The snows reminded Winn in a jolly way of Kashmir and nights spent alone on dizzy heights in a Dak bungalow.

The valleys ceased slowly to breathe; the dull autumn coloring sank into the whiteness of a dream. The mountains rose up on all sides, wave upon wave of frozen foam, aiming steadily at the high, clear skies. The half-light of the failing day covered the earth with a veil of silver and retreating gold.

The valleys passed into silence, freezing, whispering silence. The moon rose mysteriously behind a line of black fir-trees, sending shafts of blue light into the hollow cups of mountain gorges. The mountains receded a little, and everything became part of a white hollow filled with black fir-trees, and beyond the fir-trees a blue lake as blue as an Indian moonstone, and then one by one, with the unexpectedness of a flight of glow-worms, sparkled the serried ranks of the hotels. Out they flashed, breaking up the mystery, defying the mountains, as insistent and strident as life.

The train stopped, and its contents spilled themselves out a little uncertainly and stiffly on the platform. Instantly the cold caught them, not the insidious, subtle cold of lower worlds, but the fresh, brisk buffet of the Alps.

It caught them by the throat and chest, it tingled in ears and noses; there was no menace in it, and no weakness. It was as compulsory as a policeman in a street fight.

Winn had just stepped aside to allow a clamorous lady to take possession of his porter when he saw a man struggle into the light under a lamp-post; he was carrying something very carefully in his arms.

Winn could not immediately make out what it was, but he saw the man's face and read utmost mortal misery in his eyes; then he discovered that the burden was a woman. Her hands were so thin that they lay like broken flower petals on the man's shoulders; her face was nothing but a hollow shell; her eyes moved, so that Winn knew she was alive, and in the glassy stillness of the air he caught her dry, whispering voice. "I am not really tired, dearest," she murmured. In a moment they had vanished. It struck Winn as very curious that people could love each other like that, or that a dying woman should fight her husband's fears with her last strength. He felt horribly sorry for them and impatient with himself for feeling sorry. After all, he had not come up to Davos to go about all over the place feeling sorry for strange people to whom he had never been introduced. The funny

part of it was that he did n't only feel sorry for them, he felt a little sorry for himself. Was love really like that? And had he missed it? Well, of course he knew he had missed it; only he had n't realized that it was quite like that.

Fortunately at this moment a German porter appeared to whom Winn felt an instant simple antagonism. He was a self-complacent man, and he brought Winn the wrong luggage.

"Look here, my man," Winn said smoothly, but with a rocky insistence behind his words, "if you don't look a little sharp and bring me the *right* boxes with green labels, I shall have to kick you into the middle of next week."

This restored Winn even more quickly than it restored his luggage. No one followed him into the small stuffy omnibus which glided off swiftly toward its destination. The hotel was an ugly wooden house in the shape of a hive, built out with balconies; it reminded Winn of a gigantic bird-cage handsomely provided with perches. It was only ten o'clock, but the house was as silent as the mountains behind it.

The landlord appeared, and, leading Winn into a brilliantly lighted, empty room, offered him cold meat.

Winn said the kind of thing that any Staines would feel called upon to say on arriving at a cold place at a late hour and being confronted with cold meat.

The landlord apologized in a whisper, and returned after some delay with soup. Nothing, not even more language, could move him beyond soup. He kept saying that it was late and that they must be quiet, and he did n't seem to believe Winn when Winn remarked that he had n't come up there to be quiet. Winn himself became quieter as he followed the landlord through interminable passages covered with linoleum where his boots made a noise like muffled thunder.

Everywhere there was a strange sense of absolute cleanliness and silence, the subduing smell of disinfectant and the sight of padded, green felt doors.

When Winn was left alone in a room like a vivid cell, all emptiness and electric light, and with another green door leading into a farther room, he became aware of a very faint sound that came from the other side of the door. It was like the bark of a dog shut up in a distant cellar; it explained to Winn the padding of the doors.

In all the months that followed, Winn never lost this sound, near or far; it was always with him, seldom shattering and harsh, but always sounding as if something were being broken gradually, little by little shaken into pieces by some invisible disintegrating power.

Winn flung open the long window which faced the bed. It led out to a small private balcony,—if he had to be out on a balcony, he had of course made a point of its being private,—and looked over all Davos.

The lights were nearly gone now. Only two or three twinkled in a narrow circle on a sheet of snow; behind them the vague shapes of the mountains hung immeasurably alien and at peace.

A bell rang out through the still air with a deep, reverberating note. It was a reassuring and yet solemn sound, as if it alone were responsible for humanity, for all the souls crowded together in the tiny valley, striving for their separate, shaken, inconclusive lives.

"An odd place—Davos," Winn thought to himself. "No idea it was like this. Sort of mix-up between a picnic and a cemetery."

And then suddenly somebody laughed. The sound came from a slope of mountain behind the hotel, and through the dark Winn's quick ear caught the sound of a light rushing across the snow. Some one must be tobogganing out there, some one very young and gay and incorrigibly certain of joy. Winn hoped he should hear Peter laughing like that later on. It was such a jolly boy's laugh, low, with a mischievous chuckle in it, elated and very disarming.

He hoped the child would n't get hauled up for being out so late and making a noise. He smiled as he thought that

the owner of the voice, even if collared, would probably be up to getting out of his trouble; and when he turned in, he was still smiling.

CHAPTER VII

Dr. Gurnet's house was like an eye, or a pair of super-vigilant eyes, stationed between Davos Dorf and Davos Platz.

It stood, a small brown chalet, perched high above the lake. There was nothing on either side of it but the snow, the sunshine, and the sense of its vigilance; inside, from floor to ceiling, there were neat little cases with the number of the year, and in each year there was a complete, exhaustive, and entertaining history of those who wintered, unaware of its completion and entertainment, in either of the villages. No eye but his own saw these documents, but no secret policeman ever so controlled the inner workings of a culprit's mind. There was nothing in Dr. Gurnet himself that led one to believe in his piercing quality. He was a stout little man, with a high-domed, bald head, long arms, short legs, and whitish blue eyes which had the quality of taking in everything they saw without giving anything out.

Sometimes they twinkled, but the twinkle was in most cases for his own consumption; he disinfected even his jokes so that they were never catching. The consulting-room contained no medical books. There were two book-shelves, on one side psychology from the physical point of view, and in the other book-case psychology as understood by the leading lights of the Catholic religion.

Dr. Gurnet was fond of explaining to his more intelligent patients that here you had the two points of view.

"Psychology is like alcohol," he observed: "you may have it with soda-water or without. Religion is the soda-water."

Two tiger-skins lay on the floor. Dr. Gurnet was a most excellent shot. He was too curious for fear, though he always asserted that he disliked danger, and took every precaution to avoid it, excepting, of course, giving up the thing which he had set out to do. But it was a fact that his favorites among his patients were, as a rule, those who loved danger for its own sake without curiosity and without fear.

He saw at a glance that Winn belonged to this category. Names were like pocket electric lamps to Dr. Gurnet. He switched them on and off to illuminate the dark places of the earth. He held Winn's card in his hand, and recalled that he had known a former colonel of his regiment.

"A very distinguished officer," he remarked, "of a very distinguished regiment. Probably perfectly unknown in England. England has a preference for worthless men while they live and a tenderness for them after they are dead unless corrected by other nations. It is an odd thing to me that men like Colonel Travers and yourself, for instance, care to give up your lives to an empire that is like a badly deranged stomach with a craving for unhealthy objects."

"We have n't got to think about it," said Winn. "We keep the corner we are in quiet."

"Yes," said Dr. Gurnet, sympathetically, "I know; but I think it would be better if you had to think about it. Perhaps it would n't be necessary to keep things quiet if they were more thoroughly exposed to thought."

Winn's attention wandered to the tiger-skins.

"Did you bag those fellows yourself?" he asked. Dr. Gurnet smilingly agreed. After this Winn did n't so much mind having his chest examined.

But the examination of his chest, though a long and singularly thorough operation, seemed to Dr. Gurnet a mere bead strung on an extended necklace. He had n't any idea, as the London specialist had had, that Winn could only have one organ and one interest. He came upon him with the effect of bouncing out from behind a screen with a series of funny, flat little questions. Sometimes Winn thought he was going to be angry with him, but he never was. There was a blithe impersonal touch in Dr. Gurnet, a

smiling willingness to look on private histories as of less importance than last year's newspapers. It was as if he airily explained to his patients that really they had better put any facts there were on the files, and let the housemaid use the rest for the kitchen fire; and he required very little on Winn's part. From a series of reluctant monosyllables he built up a picturesque and reliable structure of his new patient's life. They were n't by any means all physical questions. He wanted to know if Winn knew German. Winn said he did n't, and added that he did n't like Germans.

"Then you should take some pains to understand them," observed Dr. Gurnet. "Not to understand the language of an enemy is the first step toward defeat. Why, it is even necessary sometimes to understand one's friends."

Winn said that he had a friend he understood perfectly; his name was Lionel Drummond.

"I know him through and through," he explained; "that 's why I trust him." Dr. Gurnet looked interested, but not convinced.

"Ah," he said, "personally I should n't trust any man till he was dead. You know where you are then, you know. Before that one prophesies. By the by, are you married?" Dr. Gurnet did not raise his eyes at this question, but before Winn's leaden "Yes" had answered him he had written on the case paper, "Unhappy domestic life."

"And—er—your wife 's not here with you?" Dr. Gurnet suavely continued. Winn thought himself non-committal when he confined himself to saying:

"No; she 's in England with my boy." He was as non-committal for Dr. Gurnet as if he had been a wild elephant. He admitted Peter with a change of voice, and asked eagerly if things with lungs were hereditary or catching?

"Not at present in your case," Dr. Gurnet informed him. "By the by, you 'll get better, you know. You 're a little too old to cure, but you 'll patch up."

"What does that mean?" Winn demanded. "Shall I be a broken-winded, cats'-meat hack?"

Dr. Gurnet shook his head.

"You can go back to your regiment," he said, "and do anything you like bar pig-sticking and polo in a year's time. That is to say, if you do as you are told for that year and will have the kindness to remember that, if you do not, I am not responsible, nor shall I be in any great degree inconsolable. I am here like a sign-post; my part of the business is to point the road. I really don't care if you follow it or not; but I should be desolate, of course, if you followed it and did n't arrive. This, however, has not yet occurred to me.

"You will be out of doors nine hours a day, and kindly fill in this card for me. You may skate, but not skee or toboggan, nor take more than four hours' active exercise out of the twenty-four. In a month's time I shall be pleased to see you. Remember about the German and—er—do you ever flirt?"

Winn stared ominously.

"Flirt? No," he said. "Why the devil should I?"

Dr. Gurnet gave a peculiar little smile, half quizzical and half kindly.

"Well," he said, "I sometimes recommend it to my patients in order that they may avoid the intenser application known as falling in love; or in cases like your own, for instance, when a considerable amount of beneficial cheerfulness may be arrived at by a careful juxtaposition of the sexes. You follow me?"

"No, hanged if I do," said Winn. "I 've told you I 'm married, have n't I? Besides, I dislike women."

"Ah, there perhaps we may be more in agreement than you imagine," said Dr. Gurnet, increasing his kindly smile. "But I must continue to assure you that this avoidance of what you dislike is a hazardous operation. The study of women at a distance is both amusing and instructive. I grant you that too close personal relations are less so. I have avoided family life most carefully from this consideration, but much may be obtained from

women without going to extremes. In fact, if I may say so, women impart their most favorable attributes solely under these conditions. Good morning."

Winn left the small brown house with a heart that was strangely light. Of course he did n't believe in doctors any more than Sir Peter did, but he found himself believing that he was going to get well.

All the morning he had been moving his mind in slow waves that did not seem like thoughts against the rock of death; but he came away from the tiger-skins and the flickering laughter of Dr. Gurnet's eyes with a comfortable sense of having left all such questions on the door-step. He thought instead of whether it was worth while to go down to the rink before lunch or not.

It was while he was still undecided as to this question that he heard a little shriek of laughter. It ran up the scale like three notes on a flute; he knew in a moment that it was the same laughter he had listened to the night before.

He turned aside and found himself at the bend of a long ice run leading down to the lake. A group of men were standing there, and with one foot on a toboggan, her head flung back, her eyes full of sparkling mischief, was the child. He forgot that he had ever thought her a boy, though she looked on the whole as if she would like to be thought one. Her curly auburn hair was short and very thick, and perched upon it was a round scarlet cap; her mouth was scarlet; her eyes were like Scotch braes, brown and laughing; the curves of her long, delicate lips ran upward; her curving thin, black eyebrows were like question-marks; her chin was tilted upward like the petal of a flower. She was very slim, and wore a very short brown skirt which revealed the slenderest of feet and ankles; a sweater clung to her unformed, lithe little figure. She had an air of pointed sharpness and firmness like a lifted sword. She might have been sixteen, though she was, as a matter of fact, three years older; but she was not so much an age as a sensation—the sensation of youth, incredibly arrogant and unharmed. The men were trying to dissuade her from the run. It had just been freshly iced; the long blue line of it curved as hard as iron in and out under banks of ice far down into the valley. A tall boy beside her, singularly like her in features and coloring, but weaker in fiber and expression, said querulously:

"Don't go and make a fool of yourself, Claire. It 's a man's run, not a girl's. I won't have you do it." It was the fatal voice of authority without power.

Across the group her eyes met Winn's; wicked and gay they ran over him and into him. He stuck his hands into his pockets and stared back at her grimly, like a Staines. He was n't going to say anything; only if she had belonged to him he would have stopped her. His eyes said he could have stopped her; but she did n't belong to him, so he set his square jaw, and gave her his unflinching, indifferent disapproval.

She appeared after this to be unaware of him, and turned to her brother.

"Won't have it?" she said, with a little gurgle of laughter. "Why, how do you suppose you can stop me? There 's only one way of keeping a man's run for men, and that 's for girls not to be able to use it—see!"

She slipped her teasing foot off the toboggan, and with an agile twist of her small body sprang face downward on the board. In an instant she was off, lying along it as light as a feather, but holding the runners in a grip of steel. In a moment more she was nothing but a traveling black dot far down the valley, lifting to the banks, swirling lightning swift back into the straights in a series of curves and flashes, till at the end the toboggan, girl and all, swung high into the air, and subsided safely into a snow-drift.

Winn turned and walked away; he was n't going to applaud her. Something burned in his heart, grave and angry, stubborn and very strong. It was as if a strange substance had got into him, and he could n't in the least have said what it was. It voiced itself for him in his say-

ing to himself, "That girl wants looking after." The men on the bank admired her; there were too many of them, and no woman. He wondered if he should ever see her again. She was curiously vivid to him—brown shoes and stockings, tossed hair, clear eyes. He remembered once going to an opera and being awfully bored because there was such a lot of stiff music and people bawling about; only on the stage there had been a girl lying in the middle of a ring of flames. She 'd showed up uncommonly well, rather as this one did in the hot sunshine.

Walking back to the hotel he met a string of bounders, people he had seen and loathed at breakfast. Some of them had tried to talk to him; one beggar had had the cheek to ask Winn what he was up there for, and when Winn had said, "Not to answer impertinent questions," things at the breakfast-table—there was one confounded long one for breakfast—had fallen rather flat.

He felt sure he would n't see the girl again; only he did almost at once. She came into the *salle-à-manger* with her brother, as if it belonged to them. After two stormy, obstinate scenes Winn had obtained the shelter of his separate and solitary table. The waiter approached the two young things as they entered late and a little flushed; apparently he explained to them with patient stubbornness that they, at any rate, must give up this privilege; they could n't have a separate table. He also tried to persuade them which one to join. The boy made a blustering assertion of himself and then subsided. Claire Rivers did neither. Her eyes ran over the room, mutinous and a little disdainful; then she moved. It seemed to Winn he had never seen anybody move so lightly and so swiftly. There was no faltering in her. She took the room with her head up like a sail before a breeze. She came straight to Winn's table and looked down at him.

"This is ours," she said. "You 've taken it, though we were here first. Do you think it 's fair?"

Winn rose quietly and looked down at her. He was glad he was half a head taller; still, he could n't look very far down. She caught at the corner of her lip with a small white tooth. He tried to make a look of sternness come into his eyes, but he felt guiltily aware that he wanted to give in to her, just as he wanted to give in to Peter.

"Of course," he said gravely, "I had no idea it was your table when I got it from that tow-headed fool. You must take it at once, and I 'll make him bring in another one."

"He won't," said Claire. "He says he can't; Herr Avalon, the proprietor, won't give him another; besides, there is n't room."

"Oh, I think he will," said Winn. "Shall I go over and bring your brother to you? Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated, then she said:

"You make me feel as if I were being very rude, and I don't want to drive you away. Only, you know, the other people here are rather awful, are n't they?"

Winn was aware that their entire awfulness was concentrated upon his companion.

"Please sit down," he said a little authoritatively. Her brother ought to have backed her up, but the young fool would n't; he stood shamefacedly over by the door. "I 'll get hold of your brother," Winn added, turning away from her. The waiter hovered nervously in their direction.

"Am I to set for the three, sir?" he ventured. Claire turned quickly toward Winn.

"Yes," she said; "why not? If you don't mind, I mean. You are n't really a bit horrid."

"How can you possibly tell?" Winn asked, with a short laugh. "However, I 'll get your brother, and if you really don't mind, I 'll come back with him."

Claire was quite sure that she could tell and that she did n't mind.

The waiter came back in triumph, but Winn gave him a sharp look which extracted his triumph as neatly as experts extract a winkle with a pin. Maurice

apologized with better manners than Winn had expected. He looked a terribly unlicked cub, and Winn found himself watching anxiously to see if Claire ate enough and the right things. He could n't, of course, say anything if she did n't, but he found himself watching.

CHAPTER VIII

Winn was from the first sure that it was perfectly all right. She would n't notice him at all. She would merely look upon him as the man who was there when there were skates to clean, skees to oil, any handy little thing which the other fellows, being younger and not feeling so like an old nurse, might more easily overlook. Women liked fellows who cut a dash, and you could n't cut a dash and be an old nurse simultaneously. Winn clung to the simile of the old nurse. That was, after all, the real truth of his feelings, not more than that; certainly not love. Love would make more of a figure in the world. Not that it mattered what you called things provided you behaved decently. Only he was glad he was not in love.

He bought her flowers and chocolates, though he had a pang about the chocolates, not feeling quite sure that they were good for her; but flowers were safe.

He did n't give her lilies,—they seemed too self-consciously virginal, as if they wanted to rub it in,—he gave her crimson roses, flowers that frankly enjoyed themselves and were as beautiful as they could be. They were like Claire herself. She never stopped to consider an attitude; she just went about flowering all over the place in a kind of perpetual fragrance.

She enjoyed herself so much that she simply had n't time to notice any one in particular. There were a dozen men always about her. She was so young and happy and unintentional that every one wanted to be with her. It was like sitting in the sun. She never muddled things up or gave needless pain or cheated. That was what Winn liked about her. She was as fair as a judge without being anything like so grave.

They were all playing a game, and she was the leader. They would have let her break the rules if she had wanted to break them; but she would n't have let herself.

Of course the hotel did n't approve of her; no hotel could be expected to approve of a situation which it so much enjoyed. Besides, Claire was lawless; she kept her own rules, but she broke everybody else's. She never sought a chaperon or accepted some older woman's sheltering presence; she never sat in the ladies' salon or went to tea with the chaplain's wife. On one dreadful occasion she tobogganed wilfully on a Sunday, under the chaplain's nose, with a man who had arrived only the night before.

When old Mrs. Stewart, who knitted regularly by the winter and counted almost as many scandals as stitches, took her up on the subject out of kindness of heart, Claire had said without even meaning to be rude:

"I really don't think the chaplain's nose ought to be there, to *be* under, do you?"

Of course Mrs. Stewart did. She had the highest respect for the chaplain's nose; but it was n't the kind of subject you could argue about.

For a long time Claire and Winn never really talked; she threw words at him over her shoulder or in the hall or when he put her skates on or took them off at the rink. He seemed to get there quicker than any one else, though the operation itself was sometimes a little prolonged. Of course there were meals, but meals belonged to Maurice, and Claire had a way of always slipping behind him, so that it was really over the skates that Winn discovered how awfully clever she was.

She read books, deep books; why, even Hall Caine and Marie Corelli did n't satisfy her, and Winn had always thought those famous authors the last word in modern literature. He now learned others. She gave him Conrad to read, and Meredith. He got stuck in Meredith, but he liked Conrad; it made him smell the mud and feel again the silence of the jungle.

"Funny," he explained to Claire, "be-

cause when you come to think of it, he does n't actually write about the smell; only he 's got it, and the jungle feeling, too. It 's quiet, you know, in there, but not a bit like the snows out here; there 's nothing doing up in this snow, but God alone knows what 's happening in the jungle. Odd how there can be two sorts of quiet, ain't it?"

"There can be two sorts of anything," said Claire, exultantly. "Oh, not only two—dozens; that 's why it 's all such fun."

But Winn was inclined to think that there might be more fun where there were fewer candidates for it. There was, for instance, Mr. Roper. Maurice was trying to work up for his final examination at Sandhurst with Mr. Roper. He was a black-haired, polite man with a constant smile and a habit of agreeing with people much too promptly; also he read books and talked to Claire about them in the evening till every one started bridge. Fortunately, that shut him up.

Winn was considered in Anglo-Indian clubs, where the standard of bridge is high, to play considerably above it, and Claire played with a relish that was more instinctive than reliable; nevertheless, Winn loved playing with her, and accepted Mr. Roper and Maurice as one accepts severity of climate on the way to a treat. He knew he must keep his temper with them both, so when he wanted to be nasty he looked at Claire, and when Claire looked at him he wanted to be nice. He could n't, of course, stop Claire from ever in any circumstances glancing in the direction of Mr. Roper, and it would have startled him extremely if he had discovered that Claire, seeing how much he disliked it, had reduced this form of communion to the barest civility; because Winn still took for granted the fact that Claire noticed nothing.

It was the solid earth on which he stood. For some months his consciousness of his wife had been an intermittent recognition of a disagreeable fact: but for the first few weeks at Davos he forgot Estelle entirely; she drifted out of his mind with the completeness of a collar-stud under a wardrobe.

He never for a moment forgot Peter, but he did n't talk about him because it would have seemed like boasting. Even if he had said, "I have a boy called Peter," it would have sounded as if nobody else had ever had a boy like Peter. Besides, he did n't want to talk about himself; he wanted to talk about Claire.

She had n't time to tell him much; she was preparing for a skating competition, which took several hours a day, and then in the afternoons she skeed or tobogganed with Mr. Ponsonby, a tall, lean Eton master getting over an illness. Winn privately thought that if Mr. Ponsonby was well enough to toboggan, he was well enough to go back and teach boys; but this opinion was not shared by Mr. Ponsonby, who greatly preferred staying where he was and teaching Claire.

Claire tobogganed and skeed with the same thrill as she played bridge and skated; they all seemed to her breathless and vital duties. She did not think of Mr. Ponsonby as much as she did of the toboggan, but he gave her points. In any case, Winn preferred him to Mr. Roper, who was obliged to teach Maurice in the afternoons.

If one wants very much to learn a particular subject, it is surprising how much of it one may pick up in the course of a day from chance moments.

In a week Winn had learned that Maurice and Claire were orphans, that they lived with an aunt who did n't get on with Claire and an uncle who did n't get on with Maurice, and that there were several cousins too stodgy for words. Claire was waiting for Maurice to get through Sandhurst,—he 'd been horribly interrupted by pleurisy,—and then she could keep house for him somewhere—wherever he was sent—unless she took up a profession. She rather thought she was going to do that in any case, because they would have awfully little money; and besides, not doing things was a bore, and every girl ought to make her way in the world, did n't Major Staines think so?

Major Staines did n't, and emphatically said that he did n't.

"Good God, no! What on earth for?" was how he expressed it. Claire stopped short, outside the office door, just as she was going in to pay her bill.

"We shall have to talk about this," she said gravely. "I 'm awfully afraid you 're a reactionary."

"I dare say I am," said Winn, who had n't the faintest idea what a reactionary was, but rather liked the sound of it. "We 'll talk about it as much as you like. How about lunch at the Schatz Alp?"

That was how they went to the Schatz Alp and had their first real talk.

CHAPTER IX

Claire was not perfectly sure of life,—it occurred to her at nineteen that it might have in store for her certain surprises,—but she was perfectly sure of herself. She knew that she ought to have been a boy, and that if she had been a boy she would have tried to be like General Gordon. Balked of this ambition by the fact of her sex, she turned her attention to Maurice.

It seemed to her essential that he should be like General Gordon in her place, and by dint of persuasion, concentration of purpose, and sheer indomitable will power she infected Maurice with the same idea. He had made her no promises, but he had agreed to enter the army.

It is improbable that General Gordon's character was formed wholly by the exertions of his sister, but Claire in her eagerness rather overlooked the question of material. There was nothing in Maurice himself that was wrong, but he belonged to a class of young men who are always being picked up by "wrong 'uns."

He wanted a little too much to be liked. He was quite willing to be a hero to please Claire if it was not too much trouble. Meanwhile he expected it to be compatible with drinking rather more than was good for him, spending considerably too much money, and talking loudly and knowingly upon subjects considered doubtful.

If the world had been as innocent as Maurice, this program would in time have corrected itself. But besides holes and the unwary, there are from time to time diggers of holes, and it was to these unsound guides that Maurice found himself oftenest attracted.

What he asked of Claire was that she should continue to believe in him and make his way easy for him. She could fight for his freedom with a surly uncle, but having won it, she should n't afterward expect a fellow to do things with it which would end in his being less free.

Maurice really loved Claire, his idea of love being that he would undeviatingly choose her to bear all his burdens. She managed the externals of his life with the minimum of exertion to himself. She fought his guardians; she talked straight to his opposers; she took buffets that were meant for him to take; she made plans, efforts, and arrangements for his comfort. Lots of things he wanted he could simply not have had if she had failed to procure them.

Pushed beyond a certain point Maurice gave in, or appeared to give in, and lied. Claire never admitted even to herself that Maurice lied, but she took unusual pains to prevent his ever being pushed beyond a certain point.

It was Claire who had managed the journey to Davos in the teeth of opposition; but it was Maurice who would have no other guide than Mr. Roper, a splendid army coach picked up at a billiard room in a hotel. Now that they were at Davos, Claire became a little doubtful if, after all, her uncle had n't been right when he had declared that Bournemouth would have done as well and been far less expensive. Then Winn came, and she began mysteriously to feel that the situation was saved.

It was n't that Winn looked in the least like General Gordon, but Mr. Ponsonby had told her that he was a distinguished officer and shot tigers on foot.

Claire was quite surprised that Winn had been so nice to her, particularly as he had n't appeared at all a friendly kind of

person; but she became more and more convinced that Winn was a knight errant in disguise and had been sent by heaven to her direct assistance.

Claire believed very strongly in heaven. If you have no parents and very disagreeable relatives, heaven becomes extremely important. Claire did n't think it was at all the place her aunt and uncle vaguely held out to her as a kind of permanent and compulsory pew into which an angelic verger conducted the more respectable after death.

Everything Mr. and Mrs. Tighe considered the laws of God seemed to Claire unlikely to be the laws of anybody except people like Mr and Mrs. Tighe; but she did believe that God looked after Maurice and herself, and she was anxious that he should look particularly after Maurice.

She determined that on the day she went to the Schatz Alp with Major Staines she would take him into her confidence. She could explain the position of women to him while they climbed the Rhüti-Weg; this would give them all of lunch for Maurice's future, and she hoped without direct calculations—because, although Claire generally had very strong purposes, she seldom had calculations—that perhaps, if she was lucky, he would tell her all about the tigers on the way down.

It was one of those mornings at Davos which seemed made out of fragrance and crystal. The sun soaked into the pines, the sky above the tree-tops burned like blue flame. It was the first time in Claire's life that she had gone out all by herself to lunch with a grown-up man. Winn was far more important than a mere boy, besides being a major.

She had been planning all the morning during her skating what arguments she should use to Winn on the subject of women, but when she saw him in the hall everything went out of her head. She only knew that it was a heavenly day and that it seemed extraordinarily difficult not to dance.

It was a long walk up to the Schatz Alp; there were paths where the pine-trees met overhead, garlanded with wreaths of snow, and the spaces between the wreaths were as blue as love-in-a-mist, an old-fashioned flower that grows in English gardens. Claire pointed it out to Winn.

"Only," she said, "up here there is n't any mist, is there?"

"No," said Winn, looking at her in a curious way; "as far as I can see, there is none whatever. By the by, that particular flower you mention is n't called only love-in-a-mist; it 's also called devil in a bush."

"But that 's a pity," said Claire, decisively. "I like the other name better."

She moved beside him with a buoyant, untiring step, without haste and without effort. He told her that he would like to take her up into the Himalayas. She would make a good climber. In his heart he knew there was no place on earth to which he would n't like to take her. She was born to be a man's comrade, observant, unexacting, level-headed. She was the kind of girl you would n't mind seeing in a tight place, if you were there, of course, to get her out of it. Then he pulled himself up and told himself not to be fanciful.

It was rather a fanciful morning: the day and the snowy hillside and the endless, pungent sweetness of the sunny air were like a spell. He found he was telling Claire about the things he used to do when he was a boy. He went on doing it because the adventures of the Staines family made her laugh.

He had not supposed that James, Charles, Isabella, Dolores, and he himself were particularly funny before, but he was delighted to discover their hidden gift. Claire wanted to hear everything about them, their ponies, their dogs, their sharp disgraces, and their more wonderful escapes and revenges; but she did n't want them to be punished, and Winn had to hasten over those frequent and usually protracted disasters.

They had the woods to themselves; there was no sound at all except the occa-

sional soft drop of melting snow. Once they stood quite still holding their breath to watch the squirrels skim from tree to tree as if they were weaving the measures of a mystic dance. If it had n't been for the squirrels they might have been the only creatures alive in all the silent, sparkling earth.

The mountains spread out around them with the reticent hush of interrupted consciousness. They seemed to be on the verge of further revelations, and were withheld from a last definite whisper only by the intrusion of humanity.

"I know they could speak if they liked," Claire murmured. "What do you suppose they 'd say?"

"Let 's have an avalanche and knock the silly blighters out of our valley for good and all," Winn suggested.

Claire disposed of Davos with a wave of her hand.

"But they don't mind us, do they?" she urged. "Because we 're so happy and we like them so. Does n't the air make you feel awfully funny and happy?"

"Yes," Winn admitted; "but it 's not all the air, you know."

Claire wanted to know what else it was; but as Winn did n't offer to explain, she felt that perhaps she had better not ask.

They were near the top when Winn paused suddenly and said in a most peculiar reluctant voice: "Look here, I think I ought to tell you." He stumbled over the words and then added, "No, by Jove, that won't do!"

"Oh, don't let 's tell each other things we ought!" Claire entreated. "It 's not the kind of morning for that. I meant to talk about lots of really important subjects, but I 'm not going to now. I may later, of course; but just now I don't feel in the mood for being important."

Winn looked at her very hard, and then he said:

"But still you are rather important, you know."

"Then," she laughed, "I 'm important enough to have my own way, are n't I?"

Winn said nothing. He seemed to acquiesce that she was important enough for that.

"Would you like to know," she asked, "what I 'd really like for lunch?" Winn said he would awfully, and by the time she had told him they had reached the top, and the funicular appeared, disgorging people in front of a big glass-covered restaurant.

Winn found the best and quietest table with the finest view. From it they could see the valley down to Frauenkirch and up to Clavedel.

It was a splendid lunch, curiously good, with sparkling sweet wine, which Claire loved, and Winn, secretly loathing, serenely shared because of a silly feeling he had that he must take what she did.

After lunch they sat and smoked, leaning over the great clear view. They could hear the distant velvety boom of the village clock beneath them. Winn gripped his hand firmly on the table.

"I 've got to damned well do it," he said to himself. He remembered that he had had once to shoot a spy in cold blood, and that he used these words to himself before he did it.

A couple passed close to their table. The woman was overdressed, and hung with all kinds of jingling chains and bangles; she was pretty, and as she sat with her profile turned a little toward them she was curiously like Estelle. This was his opportunity. It must come now; all the morning it had lain in the back of his mind, behind delight, behind their laughter, like some lurking jungle creature waiting for the dark.

"Do you see that woman," he asked Claire, "the pretty one over there by the pillar? She 's awfully like—" Claire stopped him.

"Pretty!" she cried. "Do you really think she 's pretty? I think she 's simply loathsome."

Winn checked himself hurriedly; he obviously could n't finish his sentence with "she 's awfully like my wife."

"Well, she sets out to be pretty, does n't she?" he altered it rather lamely. Claire continued extremely scornful.

"Yes, I dare say," she admitted. "She may set out to be smart, too, hung round with things like a Christmas-tree, but she 's as common as a sixpenny bazaar. I 'll tell you why I don't like her, Major Staines, and whom she reminds me of; but perhaps you think her pretty, too? I mean that horrid woman, Mrs. Bouncing, in our hotel."

"But can't horrid women be pretty, too?" Winn ventured with meekness.

"No, of course not," said Claire, with great decisiveness. "Why, you know horrid men can't be handsome. Look at Mr. Roper!" Winn was uncertain if this point of knowledge had ever reached him; but he was n't at this time of day going to look at Mr. Roper, so he gave in.

"I dare say you 're right," he said. "As a matter of fact, you know, I never *do* look at Roper."

"But that 's not the reason," Claire went on, slightly softened by her victory, "that I dislike Mrs. Bouncing. I really dislike her because I think she is bad for Maurice; but perhaps you have n't noticed the way he keeps hanging about her. It makes me sick."

Winn admitted that he had noticed it.

"Still," he said, "of course if you had n't proved to me that by being horrid she could n't be pretty, I should have supposed that he simply hung about Mrs. Bouncing because she was—well, not precisely plain."

Claire looked doubtfully at him, but he was n't smiling; he was merely looking at her with sufficient attention.

"There are only the two of us," she said in a low voice, "Maurice and me, and I do so awfully want him to be a success. I don't think anybody else does. I don't even know how much he wants it himself. You see, Maurice is so young in many ways, and our people having died—he has n't had much of a chance, has he? Men ought to have fathers."

Winn listened intently; he always remembered anything she said, but this particular opinion sank deep into the bottom of his heart: "Men ought to have fathers."

"I 've done the best I can," Claire went on, "but, you see, I 'm young, too; there are lots of things I don't really know about life. I think perhaps I sometimes believe too much that things are going to be jolly, and that makes me a bad adviser for Maurice. Do you know what I mean?"

Winn nodded, but he determined that whether she expected it or not, she should have things jolly. He must be able to manage it. If one wanted a thing as much as he wanted this, surely one could bring it off.

Had n't he pulled off races on the scratchiest of polo-ponies, when he could n't afford better, out of sheer intention? He had meant to win, moved the pony along, and won. Was life less controllable than a shoddy polo-pony with damaged wind?

He set his mouth and stared grimly out over the sparkling snow. He did not ask himself how a man with a wife hung round his neck like a millstone was going to manage the perpetual happiness of a stray young woman. He never asked himself questions or saw how things were to be done, but when the crisis came his instinct taught him in a flash the short cut to victory.

"Now," said Claire, unexpectedly, "you are looking awfully dangerous,—you do rather sometimes, you know,—like a kind of volcano that might go off."

Winn turned his eyes slowly toward her.

"I shall never be dangerous for you, Miss Rivers," he said gently.

He did not know how much he promised her or that he was already incapable of keeping his promise. She looked away from him with smiling lips and happy, mysterious eyes. She had known long ago that all the force he had was as safe with her as if he had laid it in her hands; safer than that, because he held it in his own—for her.

It seemed to Claire that you were only perfectly secure when you were with a man who could be dangerous to everybody else, but always safe for you.

"You will help me with Maurice?" she said softly. "Then I sha'n't feel worried any more."

"I should n't let it worry me for a moment if I were you," Winn assured her. "He has n't come to much harm so far. He 's young, that 's all. I 'll keep my eye on him, of course."

Winn knew quite well what he would do with a subaltern of Maurice's type. He would take him out shooting and put the fear of God into him. If this were done often and systematically enough, the subaltern would improve or send in his papers. But Davos did not offer equal advantages. One could not get the fear of God everywhere on tap; besides, there was Mrs. Bouncing.

Claire turned suddenly toward him.

"I want Maurice," she said rather breathlessly, with shining eyes, "to be a good soldier; I want him to be like you."

Winn felt a pang of fear; it was a pang that was half horrible pain, and half passionate and wild delight. Was Claire perfectly safe? Why did she want Maurice to be like him? It was Claire herself who banished his momentary fear; she added hastily:

"He really must get through Sandhurst properly."

Of course she had n't meant anything. In fact, if she really had liked him in any particular way she 'd have been shot before she showed it. What she wanted was simply the advice of an older man in the service. It did not occur to Winn that Claire had been shot already without knowing it.

He went on being reassured all the way back because Claire talked persistently about tigers. Winn explained that once you thoroughly knew where you were there was no real danger in a tiger.

(To be continued)

Good Morning!

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ARROW-SUN!
Morning, the bold young giant,
Sticks you in his bent bow of shining blue
And shoots you toward the zenith.

This way, Wind. Forget-me-nots are little;
Stoop and uplift them.
Come up, Mole, from your subterranean plunder,
The juicy tulip roots.
Dew along the gossamer, twinkle in the garden-grass;
For one is coming hither,
One is coming hither,
The darling of the morn.

She comes; in the doorway I see her.
She steps out. Good morning!
My rival, the gale, is ahead of me, kissing her lips;
Arrow-sun from the heaven darts,
Confusing with gold her glance;
Bee thinks her lips are a rose-bud.
Brush him off, darling,
And come, come hither.
I know an angle in the fence
Where lovers may say good morning.

The "Little Sergeant"

Glimpses of Serbia in Retreat

By FORTIER JONES

THE author was working with a British relief organization in northern Serbia when the Austro-German invasion took place; and with a party of nurses whom he had been asked to get safely out of the country he accompanied the Serbians on their march into exile. The following incidents are characteristic of that tremendous national tragedy. —THE EDITOR.

THE LITTLE SERGEANT

IT was at the Mladenovats railway station, late one rainy afternoon in the early days of the great retreat, that we made the acquaintance of the "Little Sergeant," the youngest officer, as well as the youngest soldier, in the Serbian army.

He is—or now, perhaps, was—a real sergeant. On his diminutive soldier's coat he wore three gold stars, and in lieu of a sword he carried an Austrian bayonet, and in lieu of a rifle a Russian cavalry carbine. A full-sized, well-filled cartridge-belt was slung over his shoulders, because it would easily have encircled his baby waist three times. He was ten years old, and had been in the service for "a long time." He had asked and obtained a leave to go home just before all the trouble began, and now he was answering the hurried summons sent out to all soldiers on leave to return to their regiments at once. His home was three days' walk from Valjevo, the nearest railway point, and he had walked the whole way alone; but he was late, and was afraid of exceeding the time allowed for soldiers to return. He said if he reached his station too late, he "would be shot as a deserter, and rightly so." Then his regiment "would be disgraced." He had no money, but did not need any. At the military stations he demanded his loaf of bread as a *Serbski vernik*, and got it. As for sleeping, well, any café-owner would not refuse a Serbian soldier the hospitality of his floor.

Our train was due to leave at seven that evening, but it showed no signs of de-

parting, so we took the "Little Sergeant" into the town and gave him dinner at the hotel. He ate tremendously, but seriously, preoccupied, as a man would have been, and at times discussing military affairs. Despite all his efforts, we detected a slight limp, and found his small feet in a frightful condition. His *opanki* had not fitted well and were nearly worn out. He had very bad blisters and stone-bruises. To his boundless, but unexpressed, delight, we were able to give him a new pair.

Every one plied him with questions, which he answered slowly, taking great care as to his words. Whom had he left at home? Why, his mother and little sister, who was five years older than himself. His father and brother were in the army. When he went home on leave he was able to cut wood and bring water, see to the prune-trees and feed the pigs; but most of the time the women had to do this, which was very bad. But what could one do? His country was at war, and that meant that men must fight. Soon, though, when his own regiment, with which none other could compare, had administered a much-needed thrashing to the Suabas, he would return home and help build up the farm. Yes, his father was a soldier of the line in his regiment, the bravest man in the regiment. He himself had shot well, and had been cautious in the trenches, and so had been promoted above his father, who now, according to military discipline, had to salute his son. But he never allowed this; he always forestalled his father, and at the same time conserved discipline by seizing the hand that would have saluted and kissing it. His regiment was somewhere near Semendria, but exactly where he did not care to say, because there were spies all about—this with a wary glance at me.

As we waited in the smoky little station, crowded with refugees, he stood as straight as an arrow before the seated ladies of our party, refusing a seat. He was a *Serbski vernik* with a party of civilians who had been kind to him, and while men of that party had to stand, he would not sit. Blisters and bruises might go whence they came, to the devil. But as it grew late, an enemy he could not conquer attacked him. He had risen at four that morning, and it was now ten at night. With the tactfulness born of long years of diplomatic life in European capitals, Mme. Christitch quickly made room on the bench beside her, which a moment later the "Little Sergeant" unconsciously filled. Almost at once his head sank to her lap, his hands sought hers, and a last, convincing, incontestable proof that he was a real *Serbski vernik* was given: a snore, loud, resonant, manly, broke on the watching crowd.

Two hours later, when our train whistled, I gathered up a sergeant of the Serbian army, carbine, ammunition, sword, knapsack, and all, and carried him without resistance to the freight-truck in which we were to travel, and laid him, covered with my blankets, on a soft bale of clothing. I hope that if ever in the distant future I shall so hold a boy more closely akin to me, I can be as proud of my burden as I was that night. Shortly before our ways parted next day we asked him if he was not afraid to go back to the trenches.

"A *man* does not die a hundred times," he replied quietly.

I almost find myself hoping that in the horrible carnage which occurred at Semendria a few days later a bullet found the "Little Sergeant" after some momentary victory, some gallant charge of his beloved regiment. Life had been so simple for him! His country was at war; she could not be wrong; all true men must fight. And he had known her only in glorious victory.

"Sbogum, Americanske braat" ("Good-by, American brother"), he murmured when we separated.

HUNGER

THE frequent sight of starvation was one of the terrible commonplaces of the Serbian retreat. In the march along the Ibar valley we began to see increasing instances of it. In places where the road was par-

Serbian refugees during an Austrian aëroplane raid at Chupria, Serbia

ticularly bad Austrian prisoners were always found tending it. Seeing the cross on my arm, these men would come to me begging medicines, for many of them were suffering from malarial fever. "Can't you give us bread? Can't you give us quinine?" they begged. To be unable to supply these simple wants was very sad. There were few soldiers guarding these prisoners; indeed, frequently they were virtually alone, but starving as they were, they remained peaceable and calm. They obeyed orders willingly, and, it seemed to me, regretted the suffering among the Serbs as much as their own hardships. Their guards suffered just as their prisoners did. When there was any bread, it was share and share alike.

Coming across a particularly wretched group of these prisoners in one of the most desolate parts of our way, I saw a tall Austrian weakly leaning against a rock and weeping in an insane manner. He sobbed and blubbered, and bit his lips until the blood ran. He was mad from hunger, dying by inches, and not alone; hundreds of others passing him, and three hundred of his comrades there, faced the same fate. A gray-haired man came by, apparently a Serb who had seen better days, but who was now walking the muddy road with a pack on his back. Seeing the prisoner, he stopped and asked a guard what was the matter. "No bread," was the brief answer. The Serb reached into his pocket and took out a large hunk of white bread, the first I had seen in a long time, for bread of that sort was not to be had at any price. The starving man seized it, turned it over and over in his hands, and then devoured it in an incredibly short time. For a brief moment a sort of ecstasy came into his eyes, and then he grew violently ill. He vomited up the precious food, and fell to sobbing once more.

Frequently, after bread and flour gave out, the prisoners would procure an ear or two of Indian corn. They never knew where they would get any more, and as this was all that lay between them and starvation, they hoarded the grains as a miser would so many diamonds. By repeated counting they knew the number of rows and grains on a cob, and would allow just so many rows for a meal. They either parched the grain in hot ashes or boiled it in old tin cans, and sometimes, when they found a dead animal, they made soup.

Searching about for wood when we made camp that night, I came across a slightly wounded soldier lying inert among the bushes. It was chilly, the

ground was wet, and he was in rags; but when I stumbled over him he did not move. I turned him over and looked at his face. He was a mere boy, not more than twenty. He was dazed, and when he did become aware that some one was near him, he mumbled over and over in Serbian: "Is there any bread? Is there any bread?" I dragged him to our fire, got some mutton and biscuit, and placed them in his hands.

For fully five minutes he looked at the food, turning it about, bewildered. Then he dropped it on the ground, and took out of his pocket a cob from which he had gnawed nearly all the corn. Counting a dozen grains, he bit them off, carefully replaced the cob, and lay down in the mud. It was with the greatest difficulty that we awakened him out of his lethargy to the extent that he realized we had real food for him. Next morning we had to leave him by our smoldering fire with the scanty food I felt justified in taking from the stores.

Continually during those dreary weeks we had thus to make compromises with our better feelings. To leave a man like that in the wilderness was simply murder, but there were the women of our party to be thought of. And why choose him for life when hundreds and thousands of his fellows were in a like predicament? The only respite from such trying decisions came when they had grown so common that no one felt them any more.

ON THE FIELD OF BLACKBIRDS

One morning we got under way about five o'clock, while it was yet pitch-dark, in the hope of doing several kilometers before the creeping glacier of vehicles should begin again. This was hopeless, however, for every one else had had the same inspiration, and already the road was full. I use "road" from habit; on this day it was a turbid stream, sometimes ankle-deep, sometimes up to the drivers' waists where wet-weather torrents had broken their banks and overflowed it.

Through this highway, long before it was light, thousands upon thousands of ox-carts, carriages, and automobiles were plowing their way. For the most part the road was so narrow that there was no chance of passing those in front, the ground on each hand being impassable mire. After an hour or so, when all the gaps were filled, this meant that if far ahead in the environment of Pristina an ox slipped his yoke or a cart-wheel broke or a horse balked or an automobile stuck or a driver wished to light a cigarette or any other imaginable contingency came to pass, a few minutes later carts just leaving Mitrovitze would be held up until the other carts twenty kilometers ahead should move. This was the condition on all the mountain roads of Serbia. It added at least fifty per cent. to the time required to finish one's journey. Every one was drenched, for it had poured during the night, and few people had had any sort of shelter.

The army, too, was beginning to awaken. Long trains of oxen—the army, of course, had all the best oxen, huge, powerful animals, far better than horses for the Serbian roads—were pulling the big guns from the camps along the wayside. From twelve to twenty teams were required for each gun, and even then they had to strain every muscle in the frequent mud-holes. They would go forward a few meters, all pulling together in a long line, then, as the heavy guns sank deeper, some of the wilder ones would begin to swing from side to side, oscillating like a pendulum, each swing wider, until all the teams were in hopeless disorder, while yokes broke, and drivers cursed. At last they would come to a standstill, all the waiting thousands behind perforce following their example, bringing comparative silence, in the midst of which the German and Serbian cannon could be heard incessantly, like rumbling thunder. Then the caravan would move on again, only to stop once more. This was repeated all day long each day for weeks and weeks.

During one of these lulls we heard a great commotion behind us. There was a loud trampling of men's and horses'

A night encampment during the blizzard

feet, and a lot of shouting, which steadily grew louder, and finally sounded abreast of us. Out in the marshy fields along the road I saw a thousand or fifteen hundred Serbian youths ranging in age from twelve to eighteen. They were the material out of which next year and the succeeding years Serbia was to replenish her army. Not yet ripe for service, the Government had ordered them out at the evacuation of every place, and had brought them along with the army in order to save them from being taken by the enemy into Austria, Germany, and Bulgaria as prisoners of war. For it is these boys the invaders are especially anxious to get. They are the force of to-morrow, and to-morrow, it has been my observation, the Teutonic allies now dread above all else in the world.

One of the Austrian official *communiqués* recently read, "And here we also took about one hundred and fifty youths almost ready for military service." It is the only official mention I have ever seen of such captures, although in the fighting of last year they were common. It is a bare statement of one of the most terrible aspects of the Serbian retreat.

The boys I saw in the flooded fields were not strangers to me, but now for the first time I saw them bearing arms. When the trouble first began I had seen these and other thousands all along the railway-line from Belgrade. Many for the first time in their lives were away from their own villages, and most of them had never before been separated from their families. There was no one to look after them. They did not even have the advantage of a soldier in getting food and shelter. If there was bread left over at the military stations, they got it; if not, they did not. Never were they sheltered, but slept where they happened to stand when night came on. Few of them had sufficient clothing; only those whose mothers had been able to supply them with the warm, durable, homespun garments that the peasants make were adequately protected. I used to see the smaller of them sitting on the railway-cars crying together by the dozens. They were hungry, of course; but it was not hunger or thirst or cold: it was pure, old-fashioned, boarding-school homesickness that had them, with the slight difference that they longed for homes which no more existed. "The capture" of such as these to be honored with an official *communiqué!*

When the retreat took them from the railway, they marched over the country in droves. There were no officers to over-

A Serbian gun at Ipek, where the automobiles were destroyed

see them. They were like antelope, roaming over the wild hills along the Ibar. They ate anything they could find, rotten apples, bad vegetables, the precious bits of food found in abandoned tins, and yet most of them had arrived safe and sound at Mitrovitze, where the Government had large magazines of munitions.

Now, when the order came at midnight, like a clap of thunder, to evacuate Mitrovitze immediately, they were rounded up by some officers on horseback, and to each was given a rifle, a canteen, and absolutely all the ammunition he could stagger under. They were delighted, tickled to death to have real guns and to be real soldiers, and as the officers were insufficient, they were soon riddling the atmosphere with high-power bullets in every direction, creating a real danger. If a crow flew over a mile high, half the company banged at him on the instant. A black squirrel in a wayside tree called forth a fusillade that would have carried a trench in Flanders.

They were not particular about the aim. There were plenty of cartridges and, after all, it was the first good time they had had in many a week and perhaps the last.

Joyously they had left Mitrovitze with us the afternoon before and, like us, they had camped in the open, but here the analogy must rest. We had tried to sleep, at any rate, whereas they had made night hideous with violent attacks on bats, rats, rabbits, and even the moon before the clouds came to her rescue. But they had been soaked and had had nothing for breakfast and were getting tired of their own exquisite sport. So they were loath to march with that enthusiasm and at the rate the officers on horseback desired. This accounted for the commotion in the fields.

It was very simple. A few would lag, then more and more, and soon the entire thousand would simply be paddling about in the fields like so many ducks. Then the officers, infuriated, would ride full tilt into them, heavy riding-whips in their hands, and spurs in their horses' sides. I saw many of the boys ridden down, tumbled in the mire, and stepped on by the horses. Blood streamed from the faces of scores of others whom the whips had found. The rest at once regained their enthusiasm, and rushed forward with cries of fear. I saw this performance recur several times before the herd passed out of sight around the curve.

Months later I heard from an authoritative source that twenty-three thousand of these boys perished in Albania.

Ox-carts on the march out of Serbia

THE BLIZZARD

It was about eight o'clock that same morning when the blizzard began, first some snow flurries, then a bitter cold wind of great velocity and snow as thick as fog. The cart in front, the cart behind, the pedestrian stream on each side, and oneself became immediately the center of the universe. How these fared, what they suffered, one knew. Beyond or behind that the veil was impenetrable. We were no more a part of a miserable mob. We were alone now, simply a few wretched creatures with the cart before and the cart behind, struggling against a knife-like wind along a way where the mud and water were fast turning to ice.

In less than an hour our soaked clothes were frozen stiff. From the long hair of the oxen slim, keen icicles hung in hundreds, giving them a glittering, strange appearance, and many of them despite the hard work were trembling terribly with the cold. For a short time the freezing wind accelerated the pace of the refugees on foot. The old men shouted to the women, and the women dragged along their children. But soon this energy was spent.

While the wind at no time diminished, now and then the storm lifted its snow veil as if to see how much was already accomplished in the extermination of these feeble human beings. At such times we came once more into the life of the throng, and it was possible to form some idea of what this whim of nature meant. Less than two hours after the beginning of the snow the mortality among oxen and horses was frightful. Already weakened by long marches and insufficient food, the animals now began to drop all along the line. When one ox of a team gave out, the other and the cart were usually abandoned, too, there being no extra beasts. An ox would falter, moan, and fall; a few drivers would gather, drag the ox and its mate to the side of the road, then seizing the cart, they would tumble it over the embankment, most frequently contents and all; and then the caravan moved on. Automobiles also were being abandoned, the occupants continuing their journey on foot.

For some time I had noticed an old peasant couple who moved along just at our speed, staying within view. They were very aged even for Serbs, and carried no provisions of any sort that I could see. The old woman was following the old man. I saw them visibly grow weaker and weaker until their progress became a series of stumbling falls. We came to a

place where low clumps of bushes grew by the roadside. The snow had drifted around and behind them so as to form a sort of cave, a niche between them. This was sheltered from the gale to some extent. By unspoken consent they made for it, and sank down side by side to rest. Their expression spoke nothing but thankfulness for this haven. Of course they never got up from it. This was quite the happiest thing I saw all that day, for such episodes were repeated with innumerable tragic variations scores of times. The terrible arithmetic of the storm multiplied them until by the end of the day we had ceased to think or feel.

When dusk came on, the aspect of the plain seemed exactly the same as hours before; we did not appear to have moved an inch. Only the road had begun to climb a little and had grown even muddier. The snow ceased, but the wind increased and became much colder. No one seemed to know how far we were from Pristina, but all knew that the oxen were worn out and could not go much farther. However, to camp out there without huge fires all night meant death, and there was nothing whatever with which to make fires.

We climbed a hillside slowly. It was darker there than it would be on the crest, for the sun set before and not behind us. A little before four we reached the top. At most we could not travel more than thirty minutes longer, but we did not need to. Below us lay Pristina.

This ancient Turkish town was very beautiful in the dusk. It stands at the head of a broad valley, and on three sides is surrounded by hills which now were gleaming peaks. Lower down, the mountains shaded from light blue to deep purple, while a mist, rising from the river, spread a thin gray over the place itself. Hundreds of minarets, covered with ice and snow, pierced up like silver arrows to a sky now clear and full of stars. The snow was certainly over, but it was incredibly cold on the hill-crest, where the wind had full sway. Some bells in a mosque were ringing, and the sound came to us clear, thin, brittle, icy cold. But no place will ever seem so welcome again. It was blazing with lights, not a house, not a window, unlighted. On the right, down the broad stretch of a valley, for at least five miles, was a remarkable sight. We had moved in the middle of the refugee wave. The crest had reached Pristina the day before, had surged through its narrow, crooked, filthy streets, and debouched over the plain beyond in thousands and thousands of camps. Now this huge camp-ground was lighted from one end to the other by camp-fires, for, blessing of blessings, along the river was firewood. There must have been five thousand carts in that valley. This meant ten thousand oxen and five thousand drivers, and every driver had his fire. The thing stretched away along the curving river like the luminous tail of a comet from the blazing head at Pristina. The contrast from the plain we had come over brought exclamations of pleasure from every one, and for a minute we paused there, watching the plodding refugees as they came to the top and gazed down into this heaven of warmth and light.

A woman dragging three children came wearily up. There was a baby on her back, but for a wonder it was not crying. She stopped, sat down on a bank, and had one of the children unfasten the cloths that held the baby in position. Then she reached back, caught it, brought it around to her lap. She shook it, but it was frozen to death. There were no tears on her face. She simply gazed from it to the children beside her, who were almost exhausted. She seemed foolish, sitting there holding it. She was bewildered. She did not know what to do with it. Some men passed, took in the situation, and promptly buried it in two feet of mud and snow. The whole affair had lasted perhaps ten minutes.

DESTROYING THE MOTORS

In Ipek there were many automobiles—motor-lorries, limousines, and touring-cars. They were drawn up around the public squares in imposing rows. Ap-

Refugees on a mountain trail

parently from habit the chauffeurs pottered about them, polishing the plate-glass and nickel and cleaning the engines. But when evacuation was announced they drove a little way out of the town. Some of them had brought hand-grenades, and leaving the engines running, they lifted up the hoods, struck the percussion-caps of the bombs, which they dropped beside the cylinders, and then ran. A Serbian grenade explodes in from seven to ten seconds after the cap is struck, so that one could not get very far before the racing motor was blown to scrap-iron. Fire usually consumed the body. Other chauffeurs saturated their cars with petrol and set them on fire. In the case of limousines this was spectacular. With all the upholstery soaked well with benzine, and everything closed tight except a small crack in one window through which the match was thrown, the luxurious cars became roaring furnaces for a minute, and then literally exploded into glorious bonfires. But these methods were as nothing compared with what one chauffeur conceived and, by setting the fashion, brought several others to adopt. The man who thought about it ought not to be a chauffeur at all; he ought to be at the head of a cinematograph company.

The mountain horse-trail does not begin in Ipek itself, but is approached by three or four kilometers of regular road, which at a right-angular turn shrinks into the two-foot trail. At this point it is cut in the side of a sheer cliff three or four hundred feet above a little stream. There is no balustrade; the earth simply ends, and space begins. Having arrived at this point, to step out of the car, let in the clutch, and push down the accelerator was less dangerous than the grenade, easier, quicker, and far more exciting than the fire. It was a great game. There was a long gray Cadillac that took the brink like a trained hunter, leaping far out over the edge. As its power was suddenly released from the friction of the road, the car roared and trembled like a

live animal during the infinitesimal instant that it hung upright, held by its own momentum. Then the motor dragged its nose downward as true as an arrow until it struck the steep slope, down which it did quick somersaults, the tires bursting with bangs that could be heard above the crash. Before it had rolled into the stream it became a ball of fire. A ponderous Benz limousine followed, and tucked its nose into the slope without a spectacular leap. It was like a fat old lady falling down-stairs. Its tires blew out, and its body came loose from the chassis, both running a race to the river. An expensive-looking Fiat behaved much in the manner of the Cadillac, and was followed by a large French motor-lorry, which plowed a terrible path down the cliff, pretty well giving knock for knock, and finally grinding to splinters the wreckage on which it hit at the bottom. Others followed, each taking the leap in an individual manner. Sometimes they flew almost to bits. The tires invariably blew out with loud reports. Since it had to be done, one did wish for every small boy in America to watch it. I think the chauffeurs who burned or blew up their cars were sorry.

It is doubtless permissible to add that one very famous and very cheap American car made the leap. It had up good speed and its well-known characteristic of lightness sent it far beyond the brink, where it floated four hundred feet above the river. It acted quite as if it wanted to fly, and with a little encouragement and experience might have sailed on over the mountain-tops, headed for Detroit. But once started on its downward course, it gyrated with incredible swiftness, quite as fast as its wheels had ever turned, and, bouncing on the river-bank, flew beyond the other cars, swam the stream, and came to an eternal resting-place on the farther side. It was just the sort of stunt one would expect from a strong-nerved little thing like that!

The tragic retreat of King Peter and his Serbian army

The Belfry at Ypres

From an etching by J. Paul Verrees

Krujer Hobbs

By MARJORY MORTEN

Author of "Veiled Island"

Illustration by Arthur William Brown

WHEN Mary's sister asked her where she had met her "dressy young man," she had murmured:

"Oh, at the office; he 's a friend of Mr. Felix. He came in several times and—"

To her the lie seemed justifiable. It was impossible for Mary to describe the delicious and embarrassing manner of her meeting with Krujer Hobbs. It was her first taste of adventure, and she had met it with a shiver of surprise at her boldness.

Her sister Myra often recounted her experiences with mashers—men who spoke to her, smiled at her, offered their umbrellas. With a toss of her head she would say:

"I settled him *quick;* I guess he wished he 'd never been born. Men are such fools!"

Mary had long since decided that that sort of thing could never happen to her. She assured herself that men were not too foolish to recognize the kind of girl who really does n't want to be spoken to; and then one rainy Saturday afternoon in June the surprising thing had happened.

On her way home from the office she had gone into a little second-hand bookshop in Fourth Avenue, lured by a placard, "CHOICE BOOKS 15c. and 25c." In the half-light of the musty room she found the bargain-table, and lightly ran a forefinger over rows of dingy volumes, with a prudent thought for her doeskin gloves: "Religion and Science," Mantell's "Fossils of the British Museum," "The Church of Christ in Japan," "Private Thoughts on Religion," by the Rev. Tobias Adam; etc. The fifteen-cent books were nearly all religious works of a past generation, and Mary felt a little stab of embarrassment that religion should have assumed too dull and drab a guise to tempt men at any price.

She turned away, and found herself face to face with a very tall, very splendid young man who stood, hat in hand, smiling a most radiant smile. The smile was undoubtedly meant for her, and instead of resenting it, she had found herself smiling back in very friendly fashion. He held an orange-colored book in his hand, and he was saying in a voice which she afterward described as bright, it was so clear and high and warm:

"Please buy this book! The color goes so happily with your purple jacket. I have n't an idea what it 's about, but it costs only a quarter. If I bought it for you, you 'd think me fresh, and I 'm not that, you know. Please buy it!" She had bought the book in a haze of embarrassment which was somehow pleasant, and had walked out of the shop and into the rain under the umbrella of the splendid young man, who was chattering in a gay impersonal tone without looking at her at all.

"Why do people wear their grayest, their drabbest on rainy days?" he said. "Mud-colored mackintoshes, black umbrellas. I 'd like to see umbrellas as gaily colored as toadstools—flamboyant spots in the drizzle. Now you, in your purple coat with that orange book under your arm, will make every one feel more cheerful without knowing why. Where are you going?"

"To the subway," said Mary in a small, suffocated voice. She was beginning to suffer pangs of self-consciousness, to wonder what her sister Myra would say if she saw her walking with this strange, splendid young man whose clothes were somehow so beautifully right and whose air of careless friendliness she found it so difficult to resent. When they reached the subway kiosk and he had

taken the book from under her arm and had written in large letters on the fly-leaf, "Krujer Hobbs, 43 East Thirty-fifth Street," he said:

"And now tell me your address. I 'll remember it."

Mary blushed.

"You would n't do this if you did n't think I was a shop-girl or a type-writer," she flared out.

"Oh, I make friends with people whenever I like," he had explained, "and they never object. They like it. They *all* like it."

"And you speak to strange young ladies?"

"The last one I spoke to was in London last month. I was standing on the steps of a house in Piccadilly, watching some visiting potentates drive by, when the door opened, and out came the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. She stood for a moment looking up and down the street, and I said to her, 'Do you know who that fierce, fat man in the last carriage is—the one who looks like a walrus?' She said, 'Oh, that 's my uncle Ethelbert.' "

"But that was the end of it," Mary broke in—"you did n't go on talking to her?"

"The end of it," Krujer Hobbs had concluded, taking off his glove and offering a slim bony hand—"the end was that we had tea at an A. B. C. shop, and she said she was sorry she was engaged to marry her cousin, whose name, I think, was Lionel."

Whereupon Mary had put her hand in his hand, stammering:

"I 'm stenographer for the Majestic Pattern Company, in Spring Street; I 'm Mary Helen Duffy." Then she had turned and fled down the subway stairs with what seemed to her, in the painful, later hours, to be an irretrievable lack of dignity.

Mary lived with her family in the Bronx, and the girls at the office envied her the distinction of a "whole house." This cheap, flimsy, little three-storied structure was utterly lacking in comfort, and as she had let herself in that evening with her latch-key, and the mingled odors of bad cooking, old plumbing, and coal-gas assailed her, she was more keenly aware than ever before of its ugliness. Every detail smote her senses: the flaring, wheezing gas-jets; the sprawling patterns of the streaked wall-papers; the dusty, threadbare carpets; the parlor where Myra received her beaus, with its red plush furniture, plaited-paper lamp-shade, and tea-table always set and never used. Mary had no callers, but occasionally she went in to dust the Japanese tea-set and the souvenir spoons, and to wind the pink onyx clock on the mantelpiece. The dining-room was the most comfortable spot in the house, and there her mother kept the sewing-machine and clothes-fitting dummy, Myra her school-books, and her father his stock of catalogues and endless saucers and boxes of dusty bulbs and seeds. He worked in a seed store in Vesey Street, and he had rented the house because of its large back yard. His garden, he called it. Her mother, a slatternly, futile blonde, was forever grumbling:

"We could have a grand apartment on 145th Street for the price we 're paying for this place; steam heat, electric light, gas-stove, and all." She constantly read advertisements of flats to let in the papers, and she spent hours of every week visiting flat-houses and questioning janitors. "If papa would only give up his silly plants. I 'm sure they 're no good to anybody," she wailed. But papa was firm; his pride in his garden was colossal; he made friends with the policeman on the beat, with letter-carriers and little shopkeepers, and coaxed them with cheap cigars to come and have a look at his garden. Seed catalogues were for him as thrilling as books of adventure, and he rolled on his tongue the Latin names of his pets: candy-tuft he dignified as *Iberis sempervirens;* and his joy in mouthing *Aristolochia Sipho* for Dutchman's-pipe made it sound like a term of endearment. Every evening in summer and all day Sunday he pottered in his garden, which was bordered with sturdy shrubs and painfully trained vines. The central plot was cut into four small

flower-beds by two little transverse gravel paths, and in the middle, a reluctant concession to his wife, a huge, revolving clothes-dryer spread its arms. When these arms or branches blossomed on sunny Mondays, the garden appeared to be dominated by a monstrous growth, a sort of Cubist Frankenstein of a plant.

Mary was fond of her father, and she usually spent an hour with him on Saturday afternoons; but that day she ran straight to her room and sat down on the bed, clasping her precious orange-colored book. She had not yet looked at the title. First she opened it to see if the writing on the fly-leaf was still there, and then she looked at the cover and read, "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay." How fortunate that it had a purely sentimental interest for her, and that she was not obliged to read it! She pressed it against her cheek, and wondered smilingly if any record of Henry Clay had ever before been treated with such familiarity. Then she heard Myra on the stairs, and hastily slipped the book under her pillow. For the first time in her life she felt savage; she would certainly box her sister's ears if she dared to touch her book. Myra came in whistling, and the two girls exchanged "Hellos." If they had not happened to be sisters, their intercourse would have been limited to an occasional "Hello."

Pert, precocious, knowing Myra was considered a beauty. She was still in the high school, and she had the charm of pink skin, healthy teeth, and prematurely developed body. She wore her hair in two bulgy plastrons over her ears, her blouses were too thin and too low, and she teetered in tight skirts and high-heeled, short-vamped shoes.

Myra had many beaus, and Mary's ears were filled with the eternal refrain, "When Myra gets married." Once, driven to exasperation, Mary said:

"But, Mother, who wants to marry Myra except Leon Oppenheim?"

Her mother retorted:

"I 'm sure Jews make splendid husbands; they love children, and she 'll have an automobile."

That night Mary had slept touching the book under her pillow, and the next day she had realized that she was living breathlessly from moment to moment. Life was suddenly pregnant with romance. She pitied Myra and her thick-lipped Leon, pitied her father and mother, and treated them with the indulgent kindliness befitting the proud possessor of a precious possibility. But after three days of silence she drew Henry Clay from its hiding-place and wrote in a small, cramped hand under Krujer Hobbs's bold signature:

"Why should he want to see you, Mary Helen Duffy? I 'm sure he 'd be very stupid if he did. It was only the orange and purple colors that he liked, and I don't know why. I think they clash awfully." Then she put the volume on her book-shelf between "A Bow of Orange Ribbon" and "Ten Months with the Esquimos." Myra would never open it after reading the title. She was sure of that.

The following Saturday, at noon, came a note by messenger. Mary opened it with fingers that became suddenly cold and clumsy. She read:

Mary Helen Duffy, fold up your patterns and take your umbrella (I know you never forget it) and come and play with me. I am waiting in a hansom under the arch in Washington Square. We 'll button our coats tight to the chin, and drive with the rain in our faces to Fairmont for luncheon. They cook soft clams very remarkably there, and they have, if you like, that much-sought-after and highly unsatisfactory thing called a view. You would not want me to call for you at the pattern house? I would n't, anyway; it 's disturbing to think that women's clothes are made from patterns. Come quickly.

KRUJER HOBBS.

Mary covered her type-writer and ran to put on her hat and jacket. She looked at herself in the glass anxiously, powdered her nose, and then rubbed the powder off again. One did not, somehow, powder one's nose for Krujer Hobbs.

"'You must be a great artist'"

She had never before ridden in a hansom, and she was secretly dismayed at being shut into such a small space with a resplendent and vehement young man. When he poked open the little trap-door with his cane and shouted directions to the driver she shrank back in her corner and caught a glimpse of her face in the wedge-shaped mirror. Her nose was still pink from vigorous rubbing, and her hat was askew. She sat miserably rigid, staring straight before her with the look of one who rides in a tumbrel to the guillotine, and it was not until they were facing each other across a small table overlooking the river that she smiled.

"That 's the first smile," commented Krujer, briskly. "I 've been waiting for it. Your smile, Mary Helen Duffy, even when it 's a polite smile, ripples all over your face till it disappears behind your ears. Most people's polite smiles vanish as suddenly as if they swallowed them. Smile again!" Mary blushed, smiled again, and choked over her first cocktail.

Wonderful food, a walk under Mary's umbrella by the river, driving again in the soft rain, tea in the park, and home behind the same fat, dogged horse, tired now, and coming down heavily on his heels. It was a day of revelation for Mary: she learned to see silver in the heavy sky, and later to find the wet pavement at dusk a deeply purple mirror in which a thousand lights and reflections dived and skimmed. And she watched for the first time in her life a human creature who took passionate and riotous delight in all of the small details of living, who ate with the gusto of a small boy biting a stolen apple, who breathed as though his lungs rejoiced, and whose eyes, when he looked at her, thanked her for the delight of her beauty.

Mary had of course wondered if he would flirt with her. Flirting, as she knew it, meant touching hands, saying soft things with the eyes before the lips dared—all the usual inadequate and silly forms which youth uses to convey the message of attraction. But Krujer's delight in her pale prettiness, her shy responsiveness, her halting curiosity seemed to be one with his delight in the silvery day and the earthy fragrance of the park. When he told her her face was like a pearl, it was as if he wished her to understand that her beauty was a part of the great beauty of the world. His message was not, "I, a man, think you lovely, Mary," but, "Oh, be happy that you are such a wonderful Mary!"

She was thrilled, but she was also a little alarmed at Krujer's philosophy; "Eating up life," he called it. He told her that people who accept life with passive acquiescence give themselves to the worms before death, that they slowly decay and are devoured by maggots. "Now, I seize every minute of life, squeeze the blood out of it, and drink it."

This sounded cannibalistic to Mary. She had always lived at low pressure; every day was a dull routine enlivened by occasional bits of amusement. She had not dreamed that any one could hugely enjoy running the mechanism of daily existence. It seemed somehow almost indecent.

And what strange things he talked about! They had stopped for a moment to watch a sparrow bathing with a great show of energy in a puddle under a tree, and Krujer exclaimed: "Don't you love your bath, Mary? It 's cold at first, and you splash your hands and feet for a minute, and swish the soap about, and then you lie flat and lean the back of your head against the tub, and your hair gets a little wet. I 'd like to see you wash your hair and dry it in the sun. Do you ever go up on the roof and dry your hair in the sun to bleach it, like those beauties of the cinque-cento? They had great straw hats with the crowns cut out, and their women would pull their hair through the opening and spread it in the sun to make it golden."

Strange young men, Mary thought, should not speak of baths and hair-washing; and, anyway, the dingy tin tub at home was not conducive to joyous bathing. But it was impossible to be offended with any one so blithely unaware of his errors.

When at last they reached the narrow Bronx house, Krujer said nothing about seeing her again, and his good-by held no regret. It was as happy as his first greeting had been, and he stood bareheaded and smiling on the sidewalk while she ran up the steps and rang the bell. Myra opened the door and stared boldly as Krujer called good night and swung himself into the waiting hansom.

"Gee! what a swell!" she shrilled as Mary fled up-stairs. "You never told me you had a beau. My! he looks like the advertisements for Barrow collars!"

Soon there came an invitation to dinner, and the next day, a holiday, she lunched with him and spent the afternoon at his studio. Why had n't she guessed that he was an artist? She might have known that his joy in color and form and fragrance must find a tangible means of expression. The luxury and beauty of his large room, with its shimmer of costly textiles, rich patina of old oak, precious iridescence of glass and faience, frightened her a little. He must be very rich indeed, she thought, and she felt an obscure pang of jealousy as he tucked her in the cushioned window-seat, took away her black hat and jacket, and threw a flame-colored scarf about her shoulders. She was only one of many things that fed his eye and quickened his senses; she was a small addition to a life already rich, and he was in how short a time the focal point of all joy and beauty in the world. She had never touched joy, never would know it, but she felt the warmth of it in Krujer and basked in it. Joy and beauty were purely objective to her, and they were personified in Krujer Hobbs.

She had no technical knowledge of pictures, and the careless, brilliant, superficial sketches he showed her startled and puzzled her. She dared not call them pretty; she had no words for them, and she murmured somewhat despairingly: "You must be a great artist."

Krujer laughingly swept the canvases in a corner. He stood looking down at her, shaking his head, smiling his wide, childlike smile. No, he was not a great artist, he assured her. He was n't even a good painter; and, furthermore, he did n't want to be. He did n't, as a matter of fact, want to be anything or to accomplish anything; he wanted to live, to be happy, and he wanted to die, if he might be permitted, in the noon-hour of a happy day. This savored of blasphemy to Mary.

"But you sell your pictures?" she asked timidly.

No, he had never sold a picture. In his lean years he had sold illustrations, hateful gray things, and then a glorious and unexpected legacy had filled his pockets—twelve thousand fat dollars from a fat old aunt in Kentucky. Twelve thousand dollars! It seemed a pity, did n't it, that he must put it in the bank? He would have liked to keep it all in the studio—little heaps of yellow coin, under the cushions, in pots and jars, under stocks of canvases, and in all his pockets, even his pajama pockets. But he had put it in the bank, and it was very pleasant to draw out a quantity every day or two. Mary's refusal to be sent home in a taxicab was a tiny, ineffectual effort to throw an obstacle in the path of this terrific tide of extravagance. Thrift was the key-note of her existence, and the effort to provide for a rainy day impoverished every clear day of her life. Krujer's attitude in no way threatened to disturb the neat sanctity of her principles; indeed, he was so far removed from her world that he seemed like a creature from a different planet, a great bluebottle fly that had alighted for a moment in an ant-hill. But she found his enjoyment contagious, and all her senses were busy carrying stimulating messages to her orderly brain.

His last words sang in her ears as she clung to a strap in the crowded subway:

"Why do people try to lengthen their lives? The thing is to make life as broad as it 's long. Who wants a long, thin life?"

She saw him frequently after that, and she heard from him almost every day. Always the letters were sent by messenger, another extravagance. He said:

"I tip the boy well and tell him it 's an

urgent matter. I like to think of his sprinting through the streets rushing that letter to you, still hot. The post 's too slow; by the time you get a posted letter I 'm thinking of something else."

After the first days of bewilderment her mind mechanically rejected all of Krujer's opinions. This broad-faced, short-chinned, laughing young man, whose hair, as Mary put it, looked as if it were "all in one piece," was the delight of her heart; but he stood in her eyes for reprehensible and dangerous things. He had none of the qualities, the tight and conscientious virtues, which Mary had painfully assigned to herself, thrift, prudence, foresight, punctuality, moderation. These he ignored, or, rather, he seemed merrily unaware of them. Well, some day life would teach him, she said to herself primly. Krujer would have shaken her had he guessed her thoughts. When he demanded, "Are you happy to-day, Mary, or miserable? It does n't much matter which; only never be contented. Contentment 's a cold-storage state of being," she smiled placidly, and hoped that some day she could make him contented—just that.

"Does n't he ever make love to you?" Myra asked.

"Every one is n't thinking of love," said Mary, with painful dignity.

"Oh, but *you* are," Myra retorted. "I 've watched you when you 're thinking; I can tell you 're thinking of love. Your face melts sort of. I know the expression. I bet he 's kissed you."

Mary's spurt of indignation was feeble, she so often dreamed of Krujer's kisses. She had, however, the enduring patience of a practical nature. Soon he would kiss her; that very evening he had told her in such a funny way he would.

"How my eyes love your face, Mary. When I look at you it seems as though I really saw a woman's face for the first time. Do you ever wonder why I don't kiss you? When my eyes are fed I 'll kiss you; it will be a great kiss. But we 'll forget it when I kiss you again. We 'll never live on memories."

Mary had shut her eyes and flushed. Already she had seemed to feel his lips on hers; but when she looked up he had turned away with a changed face and was suggesting cheerfully:

"You 're hungry; now for dinner. We 'll eat the longest, slimmest, saltest oysters in the world, and one will have a live oyster-crab tucked under him."

His selfishness made him as a rule kind to every one, but there were occasional flashes of brutality that puzzled Mary. Once at dinner he scolded the waiter, a raw Alsatian boy, so violently that the lad burst into tears. An hour later, when Krujer had quite forgotten his rage, Mary said reluctantly:

"You were n't just to that waiter; he did n't understand your order."

"There is n't enough justice in the world to make into a tiny figure of justice for me to wear as a scarf-pin," Krujer replied airily, with no show of penitence. "And I 'm glad of it. Cruelty is sometimes good, and indulgence is usually bad; but justice is a pallid compromise, and compromise is the devil." He had, indeed, envied the boy his ability to cry; he, Krujer, had never cried in his life.

His lack of friends surprised Mary. But friendship involves responsibility, and responsibility was one of the heavy things he pushed aside. Young men sometimes came to the studio when Mary was there, but they could roughly be divided into two classes: discouraged and down-at-heel painters and scribblers who found stimulus in Krujer's buoyant vitality and who, she suspected, also received more substantial aid from him, and would-be-smart young satellites who sat at Krujer's feet and loudly applauded everything he said.

There were women, too, new types to Mary, girls who telephoned, sent notes, and came uninvited to tea. But love, even the lightest, also involves responsibility, and for the most part he seemed content to be alone with Mary whenever she was free. She had from the first instinctively made him feel that she exacted nothing, made no demands, and she was careful not to color their hours to-

gether with any depression or anxiety of her own. At the slightest hint of preoccupation on her part he became fractious. Sometime at supper, when she grew aware of the hour, he would exclaim:

"You 're thinking, Mary duck child, that it 's getting late, that you live in the Bronx, and that you must get up in the morning at seven. Now stop it! It 's most unsatisfactory to eat caviar sandwiches with a pretty girl at midnight when she has an I-must-put-out-the-empty-milk-bottles-and-wind-the-alarm-clock look in her eye. Stop it!"

She never spoke of her dingy life at home or her drudgery at the office. Once she had described a quarrel with her sister. Krujer had listened with startled eyes. When she had finished he said:

"Mary, please don't tell me unpleasant things that have happened. If ever you 're in trouble and want me, telephone. I 'll come instantly and snatch you from whatever it is and carry you off; but don't tell me about such things *afterward.*"

Mary had the strange liberty common to many American girls of her class. It was understood that she was "going with" Krujer Hobbs, and no questions were asked. Myra's jibes sprang from surprise and jealousy, and her parents were obliviously secure in their knowledge of Mary's goodness and her common sense. Indeed, her common sense was the most dependable thing in her father's shiftless household. He told her that he wished he could leave her his life-insurance,—he had no savings,—because her mother had no idea of money.

"Father, can't you enjoy living more and not think of that?" Mary urged, trying to reflect her own faint reflection of Krujer's radiant philosophy. "Please try to be happy."

"Well,"—rubbing his grubby waistcoat absently with a grubby hand,—"well, I do enjoy my plants; they 're handsome. Did you look at the rhododendrons this morning? Eighteen blooms! It 's a comfort to know you 'll take care of 'em when I 'm gone. Myra forgot to water the pansies I potted for her last spring."

On her birthday her father had given her a great bunch of white everlasting he had grown and dried for her.

"*Acroclinium Album,* my dear; they 'll last forever."

She had put them on her bureau and thought them very pretty till one day she and Krujer had stopped before a florist window to look at some scarlet berries, and found that they were dried.

"They 'll last you a year," said the clerk, thriftily, from the doorway. Krujer had turned away with a shiver.

"The idea of trying to make things *last!* A preserved flower is as awful, Mary, as a stuffed pet dog with glass eyes."

After that, when she looked at her flowers, she remembered a stuffed pug-dog she had seen as a child, horridly fat and rigid, eaten by moths, and with two of its claws missing.

Her mother asked:

"Why don't your young man come and see you in your home, Mary? Papa 's fixed a nice rustic seat in the yard. I hope he 's not too swell for us." Mary mumbled an excuse. Her mother was so vague and vacillating a personality that, despite her clumsy bulk, she presented a blurred and hazy bodily outline. Her children rarely listened to her, and never answered her questions; it did not seem to matter to her or to anybody whether one answered or not. When she sat heavily rocking in the middle of the dining-room after dinner, reading snatches of advertisements aloud, her family talked through her as though seeing her or recognizing her being there involved a wholly unnecessary effort.

Although she was living wholly in a world of Krujer's making, Mary felt a new tenderness for her father. It seemed to her that, if she could only find terms intelligible to him, she could tell him all about her lover. Myra and her mother would of course think Krujer cracked, but her father was different. She wished she could describe Krujer to him in garden talk. Once she said:

"Father, imagine a strange plant, a very

bright red blossom, large wing-shaped petals, almost like a bird, and it makes all the garden flowers look as lifeless as buttons."

"It sounds like a *Strelitzia regina*," said the old man, scratching his dusty head. "It 's one of those tropical lilies. They don't live; you can't handle 'em."

Krujer's rootless gaiety caused her curious stabs of pain and misgiving, almost of fear. When she tried to analyze this feeling she could only say: "Well, it 's not permitted, this kind of lightness; it can't last." Deeper than this something said, "He won't live," but that, she told herself, was morbid. He was young and strong; he would not die. She perhaps would be the means of changing him very gradually if she were persistent and wise.

She was so serenely indifferent about everything but her love, and that, too, was serene, that she constantly marveled at her lover's gusty passions about everything in life. He had a child's lack of proportion; he loved or hated everything, however trifling, with absurd vehemence, and he delighted in his violent prejudices.

"People think hate is poisonous, destructive. No such thing. Hate 's stimulating, fine; I love to hate, I love all my hates."

"Tell me some of them," murmured Mary.

"Well, of course there are dozens of people, living and dead: St. Paul, Bouguereau, Daniel Webster, and people like that; and as for things, there are cotton gloves, statistics, chicken salad, matrimony. I could string an endless list. What do you hate, little duck?"

Mary sought vaguely for hateful things.

"I don't like getting up early," she ventured, "though it 's nice after you are up; so I don't exactly hate it." Krujer was watching her face, and presently he brought out:

"Mary, you 're as beautiful as a woman of Kashmir!"

Kashmir suggested a vale of shawls to Mary, and that night she went to bed with the volume KAO-KON of the encyclopedia.

When Myra came in she looked over her sister's shoulder and read aloud, "Much has been written about the beauty of the Vale of Kashmir. . . . The people of Kashmir are of fine form, and the women are noted for their beauty."

"Gee!" Myra said, yawning, "it must be an awful strain to have a high-brow beau. Can I use your cold-cream? You 're always looking up words in the dictionary and buying books, but it does n't seem to help you to land him. I don't believe he 'll ever propose."

Mary closed the heavy volume, and buried her face in the pillow. It was impossible to silence Myra, and she had a maddening way of saying things that Mary dared not say to herself. She was sure that Krujer loved her, but he seemed radiantly content with things as they were. To take her to dinner, to plays; to tuck her in the window-seat of the studio on Sunday afternoons; to wind multicolored scarfs about her, to fill her arms with flowers; to tease her, to harangue her, to kiss her,—he kissed her now,—to write her absurd delicious little letters—all this delighted him: but he had never spoken of marriage. She wished she were wicked enough to encourage his extravagances; for when the money was gone perhaps he would turn to her and settle down. She liked to think of him ill, racked with pain, looking to her for comfort; or tired, old, perhaps grown fat and ugly, his senses blurred, needing the stimulus of her love and devotion.

She asked him wistfully:

"Are you satisfied, Krujer, just living from day to day?"

"Oh, it 's stupid to think one can ever be satisfied fully. Some part of me 's always satisfied; the rest 's hungry: then I put the satisfied me to bed like a child that 's been fed, and go out to find food for the rest of me."

Although he came obviously from a different class than hers, a careless stratum softened by centuries of indulgence, he seemed to have no family ties and no social connections in any rigid sense. She saw no reason why he should not marry her if he ever wished to. She told herself,

without pride and without humility, that she would wait for that, and that she would be content with his manner of loving until her devotion should teach him how really to love in homely fashion. She knew him, she thought, better than he knew himself. When he asked her suddenly, "Do you love me, Mary? Quick!" she answered him on a swift, indrawn breath that she was very fond of him.

"Well, I 'm not fond of you!" Krujer returned. "Sometimes you rouse passion in me, sometimes I hate you for your meek stubbornness, your beauty always delights me: but I 'm not fond of you. Ugh! Affection 's a milk diet; it 's only the things you can crunch with your teeth that are good, Mary."

She accepted this calmly, and assured herself that this was only his funny way of putting things.

How much had he left? Twelve thousand dollars was a huge sum, but how much he spent! Dinners, cabs, flowers, his beautiful clothes, the delightful bibelots he picked up at auction and carried home in his pocket! When it was quite gone, Krujer must face the business of life. Where should he turn but to her? Then she would say bravely:

"Let 's get married, dear: we 've played; now let 's live. I can manage wonderfully, and I 've fifteen dollars a week. A little flat, and you will do illustrations—you can, you know." She might even give up her work and pose for him, press his clothes, cook for him. She tried to imagine his saying, "This is good, little duck; I love this too."

For two days she had had no word from him, and on the second evening she hurried home eagerly and let herself into the house with her latch-key, hoping no one would be there to see her pounce upon her letter. The gas burning low in its ugly red-and-green glass globe revealed the family umbrellas in a terra-cotta jar, her father's overshoes toeing in, and on the hat-rack his lumpy coat and dented soft hat. The marble slab was empty. She groped under the tail of the coat, hoping that her father had brushed her letter aside when he hung up his things, but found nothing. Myra called shrilly from up-stairs:

"Mary, lend me your long gloves, will you? Mine have n't come from the cleaner's. I 'm going to a show with Leon."

Then the door at the foot of the basement stairs opened, letting up a strong odor of boiled mutton and turnips, slammed violently, and her mother came running up the stairs carrying a newspaper in her hand. She was panting, and she stood for a moment clutching the sheet, her mouth open and working strangely:

"Mary, Mary deary, I just seen it in the paper—sit down, girlie; it 's bad news. Your Mr. Hobbs—something 's happened to him."

Mary took the paper from her mother's limp grasp and held it at arm's-length under the red-and-green globe. A headline ran:

"YOUNG ARTIST SUICIDE
SHOOTS HIMSELF IN STUDIO"

She held the paper rigidly while her mother fumbled with the gas-jet.

"Wait a minute, deary; I 'll turn it up—just a minute, deary," she kept repeating foolishly; then with a clumsy twist she turned it out and plunged the hall in darkness. "Papa! papa!" she called with panic in her voice, "you got a match? Come quick! I turned the gas out!" She ran down the hall, calling on a high note of distress, "Papa, gimme a match!"

Mary stood in the dark, still holding the paper at arm's-length. So it had come. She realized dimly that this was the unrecognized fear that had always possessed her. When the money was gone, he would say, "Well, I 've enjoyed it; now I must try something quite different—quite frightfully different."

From the little extension at the back of the house came her father's voice:

"There 's a box of matches in my coat pocket, Mary. Be careful of the bulbs. I put two in there loose; a shipment came in to-day."

Photograph by William Sanborn Young

"She stands in silence, and her brooding stare
Goes farther than the push-cart's speckled cakes"

Photograph by William Sanborn Young

"'To play,' they said, 'in gardens green and fair'"

Deliverance

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

SET in September's oven the city bakes,
Spilling its frowzy odors on the air.
She stands in silence, and her brooding stare
Goes farther than the push-cart's speckled cakes.
The little mat of shadow that she makes
Sketches a pattern on the pavement there.
"To play," they said, "in gardens green and fair,"
She visions with intensity that aches.
Yet they shall come for her. Down her dull street,
Awake, aware at last, they come, they speed,
Eager, aroused, on beautiful, swift feet,
And in her day and season she shall see
Through the vast lump of ignorance and greed
A little leaven working mightily.

"'You ought to have one o' these wooden water-boxes under the grindstone'"

The Wheat Harvest

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Illustrations by George Wright

Memory, hither come
  And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
  Your music floats.—BLAKE.

I

OUR wheat is ripe, and they are going to cradle it. I hear Pete grinding the scythe part out under the basswoods. I run out to watch.

My brother is turning the grindstone. He looks cross. When I look at him he makes a face. Pete holds the big broad blade of the cradle against the stone. Sometimes he moves it from side to side, and then it makes a different sound. Once in a while he pours a little water on the stone. He takes it out of the pail with a tin can.

Pete says: "You ought to have one o' these wooden water-boxes under the grindstone, same as other folks has. Then it would stay wet all the time." Pete is our hired man.

Pete feels of the edge of the scythe with his thumb. He says it will do. My brother says: "Well, it 's about time! I been turnin' this ol' thing an hour!"

We all go out behind the barn, and they get ready to begin. The wheat is fine and tall and yellow. There are a lot of short green weeds at the bottom. Over in the

field quite a way are some big apple-trees. Up above all the heads of wheat I can see some harvest-apples among the green leaves. We call them "red apples." There is a cherry-tree, too. I know the cherries are all picked, but I wonder if there are n't a few left high up in the very top.

My father says: "Pete, you go first. I don't s'pose I could keep ahead of you. I ain't as good at it as I was years ago." My father's hair is gray, and he has gray whiskers. He stoops a little.

Pete says: "All right. Just le' me touch her up a little first."

Pete sets the cradle up so that it stands on the crooked handle, and begins to whet the scythe. It makes a nice kind of noise. I can hear little echoes from the barn. Pete makes the whetstone go backward and forward, and keeps moving the scythe with the other hand until he gets away out to the tip of it. Then he moves it the other way until he gets back to the handle again.

Pete feels of the edge with his thumb, and says: "There, now she 'll do first class. Here we go! One, two, three—"

Pete brings the cradle around with a big swinging motion. It goes through the wheat with a swishing sound. He swings it so far that at the end it is almost behind him. When it gets far enough, Pete makes it leave the wheat nice and straight on the ground. Then he moves a step ahead and brings the cradle around again and leaves some more wheat. He keeps on that way. The wheat makes a fine, yellow path. The sun makes it glisten. The butt-ends have some of the short, green weeds among them.

My father watches Pete awhile. He says: "If I had muscle like Pete's, I c'n tell you *I 'd* never ask for any of your old reapers!" Then he begins with his cradle.

My brother says to me, "All the same, I hope by the time *I* have to help we 'll have a reaper, same as Uncle Anthony."

Uncle Anthony is one of my father's great friends, and we just call him uncle. He lives right across the road from us. He and my father both came from York State when the country was all new.

My father likes to work. He always says he wishes he could do all of his work himself, so he could be independent of hired help. He says, "Just as soon as you have to depend on other folks, why, then you begin to have trouble."

Pete is quite a way ahead. My father cradles along after him as fast as he can, but Pete gains on him. That makes my father try all the harder to catch up.

"Pete brings the cradle around with a big swinging motion. It goes through the wheat with a swishing sound"

"My father wipes his face with a big red-and-white handkerchief"

My father has to stop. He says to my brother and me: "Condemn it all! the' 's no use talkin', I 'll have to take it easy. I 'm too old, that 's all the' is to it."

My father wipes his face with a big red-and-white handkerchief. He pushes up his hat and goes over his forehead. It is pink there, and all wet. He stands awhile. He has to breathe hard.

Pete is at the end of his swath, down by the fence. My father goes to work again. He gets along fast. Pretty soon he is as far as the first apple-tree. The wheat-field is really the orchard.

My father stops and stands in the shade, leaning on the cradle. He puts one leg across the other below the knee, and his toes point down into the stubble. His shirt is wet through up and down near the suspenders, and the edges of the suspenders are wet, too. That makes the edges look darker than the rest. There is wet below the band on his hat, too. He has one of his hickory shirts on. The old hat is dirty, and ragged along the edge. The straw makes me think of the old straw in the straw-stack.

My father throws his hat down on the stubble, and sits down, with his back against the tree. Then he lies on one elbow. I feel sorry for him.

My brother is n't big enough to cradle, but this afternoon he is going to rake and bind. They want the sun to shine on the swaths first.

I say to my brother, "Come on and le' 's get some harvest-apples."

My brother says to my father, "Can we have some o' the harvest-apples off from the tree over in there?"

My father answers: "Yes, I s'pose so. But don't trample the grain."

My brother says, "Oh, *we* won't."

My brother goes first. I follow him. There is n't much wheat under the tree, and there are two or three apples on the ground. This tree has red apples. There is another with yellow apples, but they are both harvest-apple-trees.

The apples on the ground are not very red, and they look wormy. My brother gives me a boost, and I get up into the tree.

My brother says: "Shake that big limb out there. Just a little; not much."

I shake the limb. There are some nice red ones out there. I listen. They don't drop. I shake a little harder. I hear one strike the ground. I shake again, and I hear two drop almost together, and then another. Pretty soon there are enough.

We begin to eat. We go and give some to my father and Pete.

When Pete gets around again, he says, "A good, cool drink would be nice."

My father says: "You 're right. I 'm sufferin' for a drink myself." He says to my brother and me: "S'posing you see how quick you could get us one. Ask ma to fix it up for you."

"'Shake that big limb out there. Just a little; not much'"

"'By jolly! don't that just touch the right spot!'"

We run up to the house. My brother pulls up a bucket of water, and I get the jug and the tunnel. My brother fills the jug. My mother puts in a little vinegar and some sugar and some ginger. She shakes the jug awhile and then tastes. She puts more sugar in and shakes it again.

We start back. My brother carries the jug. He holds one hand out, and leans toward the other side. Every little while he changes hands.

My father drinks first, and then Pete. My father says: "By jolly! don't that just touch the right spot!" Pete says, "Well, when you 're good and hot and thirsty that way, the' ain't nothin' like a nice, cool drink."

My brother holds the jug for me to drink. It is hard to drink that way. It comes in big glugs. Some of it runs down my neck. The ginger makes it taste hot afterward.

My brother takes a drink. He sets the jug under the tree, and puts some wheat over it. It looks all wet and cool.

My father says to my brother: "Well, I 'spect you better hoe out the sweet-corn now till dinner 's ready. 'T won't do for you to be havin' *too* easy a time while we 're workin' so hard here."

We have nice new potatoes and fried salt pork and cucumbers for dinner, and salt-rising bread and some apple-pie.

II

THE chores are done, and the milk is set away. It is almost dark.

My mother and I are sitting on the veranda. She is rocking. Her feet make a little tapping noise when they come down on the floor. She has her palm-leaf fan, but she does n't use it much. She holds it in one hand and just lets it lie across her stomach.

We can smell tobacco smoke a little bit. Pete is out under the basswoods by the croquet-ground smoking his pipe. My brother has gone down to the depot after the mail.

We hear my father coming through the front room. He walks very slowly. It sounds as if he were tired. He comes out through the mosquito-netting door. He sits down on the edge of the veranda, with his feet on the grass. He leans over, with his elbows on his legs and his hands hanging down between his knees. He does n't say anything.

My mother keeps on rocking. There is a little rumbling noise in between the taps of her feet. By and by my mother says, "Well, it must have been a long, hot day for you, and I s'pose you 're all tired out." She says: "I think you 're foolish to try to cut your wheat that way. You 've no business working in the field at such hard work. You ought to get another hand to help Pete or else get you a reaper or else get Uncle Anthony to reap it *for* you, or something."

My father sits awhile without answering. Then he says: "Well, I don't know but you 're right about it. I *ain't* got any business workin' that way. I just

can't stand it; the' 's no use talkin'.' By and by he says: "S'posing we go over to Anthony's and see if he won't come over to-morrow an' do the piece by the road. 'T would n't take him more 'n a half a day."

We go across the road and through Uncle Anthony's front gate. We go into the woodshed and knock at the kitchen door. Aunt Phœbe comes and opens it.

Aunt Phœbe says: "Why, good evenin'! Come right in, won't ye? We 're glad to see ye. Come in!"

Uncle Anthony is sitting by the table reading. We can smell the kerosene lamp just a little.

Uncle Anthony puts the paper down and looks up to see who it is. He looks over the top of his spectacles. He says: "Oh, it 's you, is it, Si? Glad to see ye."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Sha'n't we set out on the veranda? It 's been an awful' hot day, don't you think so?"

My father says: "Oh, no, we 're goin' right back. It 's all right in here."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Jus' as you *say*. Anyways, the' ain't no mosquitos in here. That 's *one* thing." She says: "Here, have this rockin'-chair. You look awful' tired." She says to my mother: " 'Scuse me fer not offerin' it to *you*, but I kind o' thought he needed it worst. And, then, *you 're young*, you know."

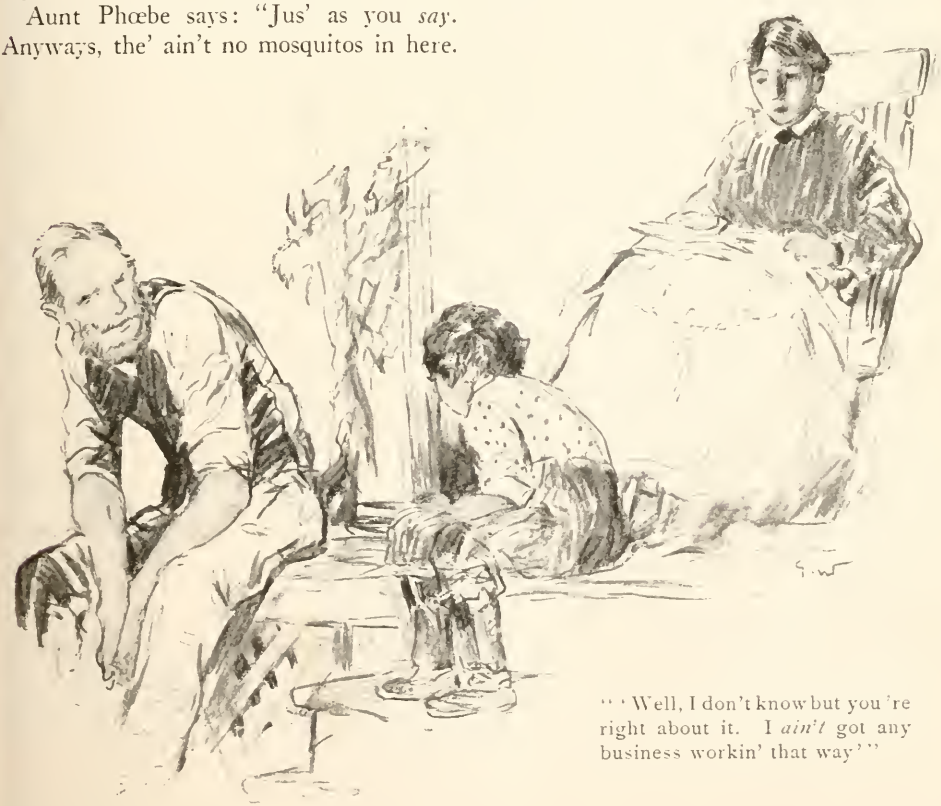
My mother says: "Well, he *does* need it worse 'n I do. There 's no mistake *about* it. He 's just been a-pitching in all day as hard as he could. He never *did* have any sense when it came to harvesting. Now I s'pose he 'll be sick again."

My father says, "*Oh*, pshaw!"

Uncle Anthony says: "Well, darn me if I don't think she 's right! I *saw* ye over there this mornin' workin' away in the heat, and thinks I to myself, thinks I, 'Cradlin' 's too all-fired hard work fer a man o' his years. He ort n' to do it.' "

Uncle Anthony talks very slowly. Aunt Phœbe speaks short. She is not so round and plump as my mother and she is older.

Uncle Anthony has gray hair and gray whiskers, and a big wart on his cheek. His



" 'Well, I don't know but you 're right about it. I *ain't* got any business workin' that way' "

whiskers are not like my father's. They don't begin until where his cheeks and chin end. He has his old clay pipe in his mouth, but there is n't any smoke coming out. I know my father will be glad of that. He does n't like tobacco smoke. My mother says that the way he talks about it is just dreadful, and he must be careful and not talk that way when there are smokers around.

"'You need n't be 'fraid, Si. 'T ain't loaded'"

Uncle Anthony knows my father does n't like tobacco smoke. He takes his pipe out and holds it up and laughs. He says: "You need n't be 'fraid, Si. 'T ain't loaded. It went out half an *hour* ago, and I 'm too shif'less to fill it ag'in."

My father laughs. Uncle Anthony puts the pipe back in his mouth. Part of the time he sucks through it, and part of the time he breathes through his nose. It is so loud we can all hear it.

After a while Uncle Anthony says: "See here, Si, see here, why don't ye let me come over in the mornin' an' cut that other patch o' wheat *for* ye? I hate to see ye workin' that way. I *tell* ye, you jest let me take your old mares, so 's Milt can keep on with my work, an' I 'll be *glad* to cut it fer ye, an' 't won't cost ye a cent. I 'd *like* to do it."

My mother says, "There, now, ain't that fine?"

My father says: "Well, Anthony, to tell you the honest truth, that 's just what I come over for, to see if you would n't help me out. But o' course you 'll have to take something for it."

Uncle Anthony's house smells different from ours. It always makes me think of tobacco, but it smells of apples and cooked things, too. My mother tells me our house smells, too, only we are so used to it we don't notice. There is a big map on the wall, and the musket that Milt had in the war.

My father and Uncle Anthony talk a great deal about York State and early times and raisings and the crops. Aunt Phœbe and my mother knit, and talk about preserves and calico and what the neighbors say and do.

We get up to go. Uncle Anthony comes as far as the shed door. He brings the lamp. We can see the woodpile right outside.

Aunt Phœbe comes to the door, too. We start away. Uncle Anthony is just turning around to go in again. Aunt Phœbe says, "Davi'son, we ought to have a few sticks o' wood for breakfust."

We hear Uncle Anthony say very slowly, and laughing a little, "Well, 'y gad! ef you women folks ain't always a-wantin' *somethin'*, an' it 's 'most always some wood." Then he says: "Well, you need n't be so 'fraid I 'll fergit it. I ain't never *yit*, have I?"

Aunt Phœbe says: "No, I don't know as ye have. But I 'm always afraid ye *will*." She says, "I 'll light your lantern for ye."

We go into our front yard. My father says: "I declare, I don't see how she c'n stan' it. Never has more 'n enough wood for the next meal ahead."

My mother says: "Nor I. But they seem to get along all right, though."

My father always has a whole year's wood ahead.

Before we go in we hear Uncle Anthony's saw. It goes very slowly. We know it is an oak stick, with lots of splinters, because it snorts so.

III

Pete is just getting through cradling around the piece. He has to do that so the wheat will not be trampled and wasted when Uncle Anthony goes around the first time with the reaper.

My brother is raking and binding. He

tosses the bundles off to one side, where the horses will not step on them. When he gets as far as the cherry-tree he stops. There are a few cherries left away up in the top. He boosts me, and I get them for him. He gives me some.

It is another hot day. My brother shows me how red he is under the arms and the way the blisters are coming out on his hands. He says: "To-night I 'm going to put plantain-leaves under my arms. They always take the soreness out." He puts a handful of green leaves in his hat.

I hear Uncle Anthony coming across the road with the reaper. I can tell without looking, because I can hear the wheels on the hard ground. They make a sort of rolling, clanking sound that I like.

I run out to watch him come. The rakes of the reaper have long wooden teeth. It is a self-raker. One of the rakes stands straight up, and makes me think of a person. It looks as if it had a nose and mouth. The others all slant in different ways. They make me think of people, too. They lean over, and look as if they were held by the feet and were stiff all the way up.

Uncle Anthony has a long whip. He keeps saying, "Gee dap! Gee dap!" Once in a while he touches one of the old mares a little bit. When he turns in from the road, the wheels make a clicking sound on the grass.

Uncle Anthony drives along the asparagus row and up to the corner of the wheat. He gets off, and goes around with the oil-can. He has his old clay pipe between his teeth, and I can hear him breathe through his nose. The pipe is almost black in some places. I can smell the smoke. The air is hot and still. It seems as if the pipe and the smoke were what made it so hot.

Uncle Anthony's hat is old and black and stained, a great deal like the pipe. He has n't shaved for quite a few days.

He gets into the seat and takes the whip and says: "Gee dap! G' long!" The old mares take another bite at the wheat-heads, and switch their tails and start. The sickle begins to clip. The rake that has been standing up straight makes a sudden turn with its face, and bows to me. The next rake comes up and stands straight, and turns its face in the same way, and then bows just like the other one. They

"'Well, 'y gad! et you women folks ain't always a-wantin' *somethin'*, an' it 's 'most always some wood'"

keep going around and around, only the fourth one always sweeps all the wheat off the platform and leaves it in a nice pile for them to bind. The other rakes just come down and push the heads of the wheat over so that it falls on the platform. They don't sweep it off. They act as if they meant to sweep it off, but they always turn their faces to one side just when you think they are going to.

I follow along behind, watching the rakes come up and go down. They act so much like people that I almost feel like saying something to them.

The old mares are slow. Uncle Anthony flicks them, and says: "Gee dap! G' 'long there!" They shake their heads and switch their tails, but they don't hurry. He shakes the lines and says a little louder: "Gee dap! G' 'long, consarn ye! Come, what 're ye doin' there?" He keeps saying it all the time.

The old mares get so slow that sometimes the sickle almost stops. Uncle Anthony hits one of them harder, and says louder than ever: "Gee dap! *Come!* 'Y gad all fish-hooks! I never see nothing like it. Git along there!"

The old mares switch their tails worse than ever and move just a little faster. Uncle Anthony keeps on. He says: "Well, I jings! I thought *my* team was as slow as they made 'em, but this here one beats 'em. G' 'long, confound ye!"

IV

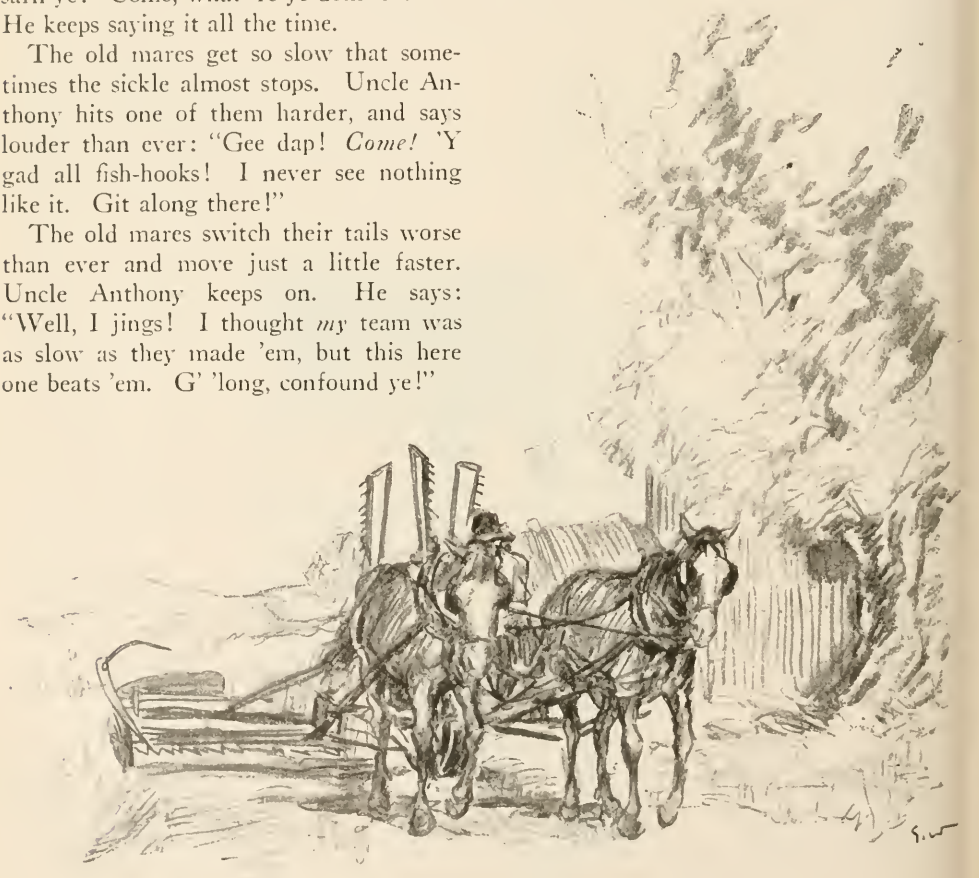
My father and my brother stand leaning on their rakes. They watch Uncle Anthony go by with the reaper.

My brother says, "It 's a good deal better than the dropper, ain't it?"

I know what he means. Uncle Anthony used to have a dropper that he fastened to his old mower. When enough wheat got on, he tripped something, and the dropper left the wheat right there in a heap. But they had to have a good many to bind, or the heaps would be in the way next time around. They used to have a good deal to say about keeping ahead of the machine.

My father says: "Yes, and it 's better than the reel, too. It saves one man."

With a reel, some one has to sit on a seat down behind and keep pulling the



"He keeps saying, 'Gee dap! Gee dap!'"

"My brother begins to bind again. He pulls the bundle together with the rake"

wheat off with a rake as fast as there is enough for a bundle.

Uncle Anthony stops to oil up. My father comes. He waits until Uncle Anthony is through, and then says, "Well, Anthony, how much do you think it 'll thrash this year?"

Uncle Anthony looks at the field of wheat, then he looks at the bundles. He says, "Jes let me heft one o' them bundles first, will ye?"

My father picks up a bundle and hands it to him. Uncle Anthony lifts it up and lets it down two or three times; then he takes it by the middle. The heads go down as if they were heavy. Then he crushes a wheat-head in his hand and blows the chaff away and looks at the kernels.

He says: "Well, it 's a pretty good stand o' straw an' it 's well filled an' it 's plump. I would n't be s'prised if it run as much as twenty-fi' bushel' this year an' A1 quality."

"I see now that he was calling to me"

My brother begins to bind again. He pulls the bundle together with the rake and picks out a nice, straight handful of wheat and takes hold it near the heads with his left hand. He sticks the fingers of his right hand through the straws near the other hand and gives it a quick twist. When I see it again, it is twice as long, only there are butts at both ends instead of at one. Then he takes the band in his right hand, and stoops over and puts his arms around the bundle. He draws the band tight, turns one end around the other, tucks both ends in under the band, and tosses it to one side. Then he drags the rake across the place and along over the stubble to the next bundle.

I try to make a band, but I can't. My father says: "If you want to help some, you might carry some of the bundles together, so they 'll be ready to set up. Put ten or so in a place."

I get ten together. I have to carry one at a time, and it takes quite a while. I begin on another ten, but I don't finish. I go and follow the reaper some more.

After a while my brother takes a rest and teaches me how to make a band. I make two or three bundles, but I have to make them only half as big as the others. I can't get my arms around, and I can't draw hard enough to get the ends of the band together. And then the butts are stiff, and I can't get them under. I go and follow Uncle Anthony again.

V

I HEAR Uncle Anthony call out something. I am watching the rakes go up and come down, and the sickle makes a good deal of noise. I hear him call out again. I look up at him. I see now that he was calling to me.

Uncle Anthony is pointing with his whip over into the wheat. He calls out again. He says: "Look a' there! Look a' there!"

He calls so loud this time that the old mares notice it. They stop. They always do that when they hear any one begin to talk. It makes Uncle Anthony mad. He jerks the lines and swings the whip and yells: "Git along there! Who told *you* to stop? 'Y gad all fish-hooks! ef them ol' mares don't beat anythin' I ever seen. *Gee dap!*"

The old mares almost run for three or four steps. The reaper buzzes, and the rakes turn and bow in a great hurry.

Soon Uncle Anthony begins to look and point again. I walk on my toes, and look over into the wheat as far as I can. I can see the heads trembling in a sort of path. It makes me think of water running.

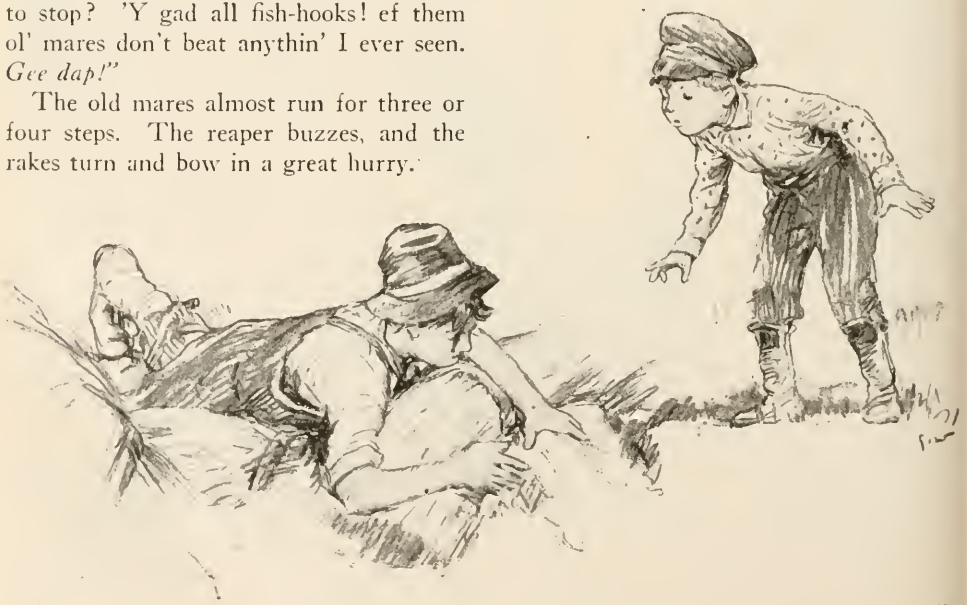
Uncle Anthony stops at a corner. He says: "D' ye notice the tops o' the wheat? I bet ye they 's a rabbit in there. You want to be on the watch. He 'll run out when we come to finish. If he 's a little one, maybe you c'n ketch 'im."

I follow around and around. Every little while Uncle Anthony points with the whip, and I see the wheat-heads trembling again.

Pretty soon there are only a few rounds left. Once I think I can see something gray in there.

At last Uncle Anthony says, "Well, this time 'll fetch 'im, mos' likely." There is only a little three-cornered patch left.

I run first on one side and then on the other. All of a sudden the rabbit jumps out, and goes scurrying off toward the brush. His tail is white, like a bunch of cotton, and goes bobbing up and down. His ears slant back. I run after him as hard as I can. He is n't very big yet. I can run as fast as he can, only he keeps going in different directions.



"My brother lies still a little while. Then he tells me to hold down on one side of the wheat"

"My brother does n't help me, and I can hear my father laughing"

I am beginning to get out of breath. My father and my brother stand and laugh. The rabbit runs under a bundle that is n't bound yet. I stop and stand still. I begin to walk up very slowly, without making any noise. When I get near, I hear him move a little. I stop, and then I take another step. The rabbit runs out and scurries away again. My father and my brother laugh and call out, "Run! run! run!"

I start and run again. I call to my brother: "Aw, come and help me catch him! Come on!"

My brother drops his rake and starts after us. We catch up to the rabbit, and then we go zigzagging, and then the rabbit runs under another bundle. My brother rushes up and throws himself down, with his arms over the bundle. The rabbit can't get out now. The wheat is n't bound, so it spreads out and covers him all up.

My brother lies still a little while. Then he tells me to hold down on one side of the wheat. He holds down on the other. The rabbit moves. We can see where he is. My brother begins to separate the wheat. We can see the rabbit's back. I touch it. It is soft and warm. We can see him breathe.

My brother keeps his hand spread over the wheat and the rabbit's back and separates the wheat some more. Soon I can see the rabbit's ears. My brother gets hold of them and lifts the rabbit up. The wheat falls away, all except a straw or two. The rabbit looks scared and makes a whining noise. He says: "Ee-e! ee-e! Ee-e!" It makes me feel sorry for him.

I say: "Oh, don't hold him that way! You hurt him!"

My brother says: "Oh, go on; I don't, either! *I* know what I 'm doin'. That 's the *way* to carry a rabbit."

He puts the rabbit in the fold of his arm, so that he lies right close to him. He lets go of his ears, but keeps his hand over him, to stop him if he jumps. Pretty soon he strokes him a little bit. The rabbit lies still, with his ears right down on his back. His eyes are big and soft and

shiny. His nose keeps going, as if he were smelling of something. His sides move out and in. He is all out of breath and terribly afraid of us. His sides look so soft and warm that I want to pet him a little.

I say to my brother: "Le' *me* hold him and pet him, will you? Come on!"

My brother takes the rabbit by the ears again and lifts him up. His paws stick out. He holds the hind ones drawn up a little. I take him in the hollow of my arm. He feels warm and soft, and I want to put my cheek against him. I hold my hand over him, ready to keep him from getting away. My brother keeps his hands ready, too.

My father comes up. He says, "Le' me see what you got, anyway." His feet make a noise in the stubble. The rabbit gives a jump out of my arms and scampers away. I start after him, but he gets a good head start. My brother does n't help me, and I can hear my father laughing. The rabbit makes one or two zigzags, and runs, and then zigzags again, and scampers into the brush. The brush is a big piece of second growth.

I know there is no use trying in there. I cry a little, and say to my brother: "Aw, why did n't you help me catch him again? We could 'a' kept him in a berry-case, and tamed him."

My father says: "Never mind. He 's a great deal better off where he is. Just as like as not he 'd have died, he was such a little one." Then he says to my brother, "Well, you follow over and bring the old mares back, and by that time your ma 'll want us for dinner."

"Just as like as not he 'd have died, he was such a little one"

"The world goes by; haply is lost—well lost"

Drawing by F. Walter Taylor

The Little Book Shop

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I KNOW a book-shop in a quiet street
Close to the flame and thunder of Broadway,
A little heaven, a refuge and retreat
From the loud murmur of the staring day.

There, in the hush, with voices of the past
Singing far songs,—Wordsworth and Keats and Poe,—
Often I linger, dipping in the last
Bright volume or some ancient folio.

The world goes by; haply is lost—well lost,
But old worlds rise before me in this place,
And in some shining book, by Love embossed,
I read the record of a nobler race.

I read of pomp and chivalry and pride,
Or the light laughter of a quiet age;
I dwell in moonlight on a distant tide,
What time I thumb and turn some yellow page.

I hear the rustle of imperial lace,
I dream of glory and strong fighting men;
The lamps expire, and in the chimney-place
The last red embers burn, go out; and then

I find myself one of the evening crowd,
Facing the world that thrills me as before.
But, oh, that moment when they spoke aloud—
Shakspere and Dante—through Death's hidden door!

Head of the Cretan snake goddess, enlarged

A Cretan Snake Goddess

By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Author of "English Cathedrals," "One Man Who was Content," etc.

THIS little goddess, recently recovered from the ruins of a very ancient world, may well be called the most remarkable work of art that the world of to-day possesses. Of course I use the term remarkable not as synonymous with beautiful or excellent, but as the dictionary interprets it, as meaning "extraordinary, unusual, exceptional, deserving of particular notice."

Intrinsically, indeed, judged by the eye alone, the little figure is highly interesting, charming, and technically admirable; but to perceive how remarkable it is, we must look at it with the mind and the imagination as well as with the eye. We must know something of the time and the place of its production. We must realize how old it is, and yet how new; how long it was lost, and how lately found. We must have some idea of the difference between the art of ancient Crete and all other artistic developments, and then we must notice how different from all other Cretan works is as yet this one small specimen of ivory and gold. As yet, I say, for the snake goddess herself, by the unexpectedness of her reappearance, forbids us to predict what may *not* be found among the still-slumbering relics of a long-lived and wide-spread great phase of civilization.

More than unexpected was the discovery that this phase of civilization ever existed. It has been the most astonishing as well as the most illuminating of all the many discoveries that during the last few decades have put archæology, as it deals with Grecian lands and the near

East, in the forefront among progressive sciences. Some of these discoveries have brought to light hitherto unknown stages in known forms of ancient art or have revealed the unknown art of a remembered ancient realm. But the work that was begun by Schliemann in Greece and that culminated in the excavation of the cities of Crete has revealed the unknown art of an unknown realm, has resuscitated a forgotten civilization, a whole forgotten world. It has had no parallel for increase of knowledge. And the art by means of which a long-vanished people now claims its place in history makes a treble appeal to us, for it is different from any other, it was the precursor of the art of classic Greece, and, not yet forgotten in the Homeric time, it splendidly decorates many an Homeric page.

Its essential difference from all the other forms of art that antiquity has bequeathed us shows clearly in the snake goddess. The costume and the coiffure, the type of the face, the pose, with the shoulders thrown back from the perpendicular, the vigorous gesture of the arms and hands, and the vitality of the figure as a whole, its expression of movement and energy—are all in sharp contrast to the characteristics of Egyptian and Mesopotamian art. Nor is there likeness in conception or detail with the later art of Greece in any of its archaic or its highly developed stages. What a puzzle if fifty years ago this statuette had chanced to be an isolated find! To what niche in time or place could any one have ventured to assign it? Only in facial type could it have suggested any familiar thing. The head, as an English critic has said, might recall a Gothic work of the thirteenth century, a head from the cathedral of Rheims, for example, "but that it looks more modern." Modern though it looks, however, the figure is certainly older by some centuries than that "heroic age" of Greece, which, by centuries again, antedated the beginnings of what we know as Grecian art.

THE rich treasures of decorative art discovered almost forty years ago by Schliemann at Mycenæ in the Peloponnesus so bewildered historians and archæologists that some of them refused to accept the finds as prehistoric or even antique, suggesting that they were Byzantine remains or deposits left by some wave of post-classic invasion from the semi-barbaric North. But their connection with those great enigmatical prehistoric architectural remains which the Greeks had called "Cyclopean" could not be ignored. In many places Schliemann and other explorers soon found many other things of similar character; certain kinds of pottery unearthed in Egypt were correlated with the new finds; so were a number of objects in European museums, gathered from Mediterranean sites and up to this moment hopelessly puzzling; and the art thus variously illustrated was recognized as distinct from all others and called, provisionally, "Mycenæan."

But where were its roots, for evidently it was not a primitive form of art, but the outcome of long development? Many and varied and often far astray were for years the conjectural answers. Now we know that Mycenæan art was a late-borne branch of the art of the island of Crete.

History had forgotten the ancient days of Crete, close though it lay to the shores of Greece. Greek literature did indeed report upon them in fragmentary traditions and elaborate myths and stories; but these transmuted memories seemed to most modern readers the fantasies of myth-making folk and imaginative poets. Why should there be any firmer foundation for the legends of Minos, the great lawgiver, of Dædalus, the great artificer, and of Cretan supremacy at sea than for the tales, closely interwoven with them, of Theseus and Ariadne, the Labyrinth and the Minotaur, Europa and the Bull, and the flight of Icarus, or for the hoary myths of Cronus and Rhea, of the birth of Zeus in a Cretan cave, and of his burial on a Cretan hill? In fact, in the latter years of the nineteenth century a certain school of German wise men resolved into "solar myths" most of these famous stories of an outlived world of power and splendor.

But the island of Crete was a solid fact, and the site of its principal city, Knossos, had never been forgotten. Some historians—Grote, for example—thought that a substratum of truth might underlie the structures of poetic fancy, although, of course, nothing could ever be definitely learned of so remote and effaced a past. Now and again there were even voices which said that something might be recovered if Crete were explored. When Mycenæan art appeared, these voices increased in number and urgency. Superficial explorations turned possibilities into probabilities. In the year 1900 systematic excavation was begun at Knossos by Sir Arthur John Evans. Other Englishmen, Italians, and Americans were soon at work on other sites. Within a year or two an unknown phase in the life of civilized man lay revealed, and, thanks to continued work in Crete and elsewhere, we can now form an outline picture of it almost from its beginnings to its gradual extinction in a "dark age" of invasion, migration, and conflict, ruin and rebirth, from which Hellenic civilization eventually arose.

As we now see it,—even now, of course, with very partial vision,—it was a refined and luxurious bronze-age civilization developed by a people who were not Aryan, and therefore not Greek, and not Semitic, but probably akin to the peoples of northern Africa. It was influenced by Egypt, but not to the least impairment of the vigorous individuality of its art, and was wholly unaffected by Babylonia. It was indigenous in Crete, in Crete it reached its apex, and there its finest and most important remains have been found. But the sea-power of the Cretans in their days of greatness and the manifold migrations of the days of their decline spread it so widely that Ægean civilization is a better name for it than Cretan, and Mediterranean is hardly a misnomer. In considering our snake goddess, however, we need not look beyond the island itself.

No one knows—that is, those who must know do not say—just when or where this figure was found or how it escaped from under the watchful eyes of the Cretan authorities. Nothing is told about it except that it was given in 1914 by Mrs. W. Scott Fitz to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. But its antiquity cannot be doubted, nor its Cretan origin, nor its very high rank among Cretan works of art.

It is only six and a half inches in height, not much larger than our full-length illustrations. Originally the body was in two parts, joined beneath the edge of the second flounce, and the arms had been separately fashioned and attached by means of a tenon-and-socket device. When it reached Boston the figure was in many more than four pieces. There it was restored not in the would-be deceptive way sadly prevalent in former times, but in the modern way, which means a careful readjustment of existing parts, with only such additions, not pretending to be anything else, as are needed to preserve every original fragment in its original position. In this case the right arm is a restoration, with the portion of the gold snake that encircles it, and so is the lower part of the skirt on the same side, but not the gold bands belonging to it. There has been no attempt to disguise the cracks in the ivory or the surface injuries, but an application of paraffin has insured against further damage.

Evidences of intercourse with Egypt enable us to date, roughly, of course, the successive stages in the long history of Cretan art. They carry back its beginnings to the dawn of the historic, or dynastic, period in Egypt—to about 3400 B.C., if we accept the most conservative system of Egyptian chronology. But the rate of progress was not the same in the two civilizations. Cretan art was still barbaric when the Egyptians of the Fourth Dynasty were building the pyramids, and it hardly came to its highest and most characteristic phase of development until, with the advent of the Eighteenth Dynasty and the establishment of the empire, Egyptian art was entering the third of its great creative epochs.

This time can be fixed, for the advent

of the Eighteenth Dynasty in about the year 1580 B.C. is the first securely dated event in Egyptian history. At some time between 1450 and 1350 the power of Crete was broken, we know not by whom, and the great palace at Knossos was plundered and burned, never to be rebuilt. A period of political and artistic decline then began, the center of Ægean influence shifted to the mainland of Greece, and by the eleventh century Ægean bronze-age civilization was dissolving in that flood of iron-using peoples from the North that the Greeks called the Dorian invasion. Homer's pictures of such splendid things as the palace of Alcinous and the shield of Achilles, which he set beside pictures of simple ways of life that are far from accordant, need no longer perplex us, for we can now explain them as memories of the last stages of Ægean civilization and art, imaginatively developed by a poet living under simpler, ruder conditions. But it seems that these memories helped little if at all to fertilize the soil of Greece for a new upgrowth of art. Hellenic art starts afresh from primitive beginnings, and in its aims and its methods pursues a path that is wholly its own. Ægean art was its precursor, but not its parent.

The snake goddess

Made of ivory and gold. Sixteenth century B.C. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Thus it appears that, as our snake goddess belongs to the best period of Cretan art, her birth-date cannot have been later than the fall of Knossos, or much earlier than the year 1600 B.C. If we place it, as we plausibly may, not far from the year 1550, she is older by almost a century than the obelisk of Thothmes III, which is now in Central Park. She was as old in the days where tradition puts the Trojan War as a figure of Michelangelo's is in our own day. At the beginning of Greek history—the first Olympiad, 776 B.C.—she was as old as are for us the earliest Gothic statues, and when Phidias was at work she had lived for more than a thousand years.

THERE could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between the contemporaneous arts of Crete and Egypt, for it is a contrast in fundamental as well as in superficial qualities. Cretan art is not monumental; it is an art of small things—of things so often small in idea as well as in material scale that genre is the term that best describes them. Again, in its most characteristic phases Cretan art is not conventionalized, but is singularly untrammeled, naturalistic. And its spirit, its aims, its themes, are not grave and religious but secular and animated.

In Crete there were no great temples,

but closely built towns and widely extended, tall palaces of innumerable rooms, passages, and courts. There were no great stone colonnades or sculptured walls. The few stone columns that remain, with indications that there were many more of wood, are poor and plain in form. Generally the walls were plastered and painted, and often the paintings with human figures were very small in scale. In no material did the Cretans attempt large works of sculpture in the round, nor, despite their naturalistic tendencies, did they practise that art of portraiture, wherein Egypt excelled. On the other hand, we marvel at their skill when we look at their small figures and reliefs, sometimes of stone, more often of ivory, metal, or pottery, at their engraved gems, and their inlays exquisitely wrought with crystal, ivory, colored paste, and the precious metals. We know from Mycenæ what the Ægean goldsmith could do, and there is proof that he did as well in the mother island at a much earlier time. In decorated pottery the Cretan did much better than the Egyptian, and almost the only things that he seems to have cared to make impressive by reason of their size are his jars of pottery and of stone.

Front view of the snake goddess

It is impossible, of course, to paint in words the preference of the Cretans for the rendering of movement rather than repose, their avoidance of symmetrical design, or their free, unconventionalized way of using in their decorative work motives in large part unknown to other ancient artists, especially marine objects—rocks and seaweed, shells and corals, the octopus, the nautilus, and the flying-fish. To understand all this, to see how often they passed, notably in their gem-engraving, from the naturalistic to the bizarre, the grotesque, the fantastic, and, again, to realize the vigorous, lively, and, as it seems to us, secular spirit of their figure compositions, one must look at the things themselves, if not at the originals in the museum at Candia, then at the faithful reproductions owned by the Metropolitan Museum and the Fogg Museum of Harvard University, or at least at the illustrations in such books as Hall's "Ægean Archæology" and Baikie's "The Sea-kings of Crete." These books, I may add, deepen the interest of the things they describe by showing how they suggest actualities that were dimly reflected, exaggerated, poetized, transfigured, in the myths and legends of historic Greece.

The love of the actual, the lack of idealizing impulse, that marks the Cretan artist shows in the non-plastic attire of his figures, astonishingly unlike all our quondam ideas of "the antique." The abnormally

small waists of the men and their high boots, or puttees, persist, we are told, in the Crete of to-day, but not the bell-shaped, many-flounced, embroidered skirts of the women, the aprons, the little "Zouave jackets," the long curls, and the constricted waists that, except for the fact that the jackets leave the breasts uncovered, so amazingly, so amusingly suggest the fashions of our own Civil War period. Barring the tall crown, it is this customary Cretan dress that the snake goddess wears. The gold borders of her flounces are ornamented each with a different pattern delicately incised. The jacket is barely discernible now, and probably was completed with color. A series of holes shows where either an apron or an ornament of some sort was attached to the front of the skirt. Others indicate that there was once a gold necklace as well as a gold band around the crown. And the holes above the forehead must have been for the attaching of little gold curls such as may be seen on the fragment of another ivory head. It is a curious point that, while the rest of the body is most delicately modeled, the nipples are formed by gold pins.

VERY unlike a goddess seems this little personage to eyes accustomed to the deities of Egypt and of Greece; yet no portrayal of a deity more nearly akin to these has been discovered in Crete.

More may be known about the religion of the Cretans if their well-developed forms of writing are ever deciphered. We know now that they worshiped in sacred caves and at shrines in their palaces and houses, where many votive figures and emblems have been found. The bull was a sacred animal, and there may have been a religious significance in those animated frescos of bull-baitings which, with lithe young figures vaulting over the bulls, appear to us so frankly secular. Evidently the Cretan pantheon was very limited. Certainly the chief divinity was a goddess, the great mother who typified the powers and mysteries of nature and was the source and guardian of all life, a divinity of the same character as Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom the later Greeks imagined as having sought refuge in Crete to be delivered of her son Zeus. This goddess the Cretans represented with varying attributes and accompaniments according as they wished to suggest one or another phase of her power over the forces of nature; with the sacred pillar or tree, for example, with doves, with lions, or with snakes.

What the snake typified in Cretan mythology we do not know, and we should profit little by considering its place in other cults with which the Cretan may have had few analogies. The fact that certain of the female figures with snakes that have been found in Cretan places of worship seem to be merely votaries of the goddess or simple snake-charmers has led some critics to deny that any of them are goddesses. But the weight of opinion recognizes a divinity in those that are posed with dignity and wrought with exceptional care and skill, and such preëminently is our ivory example. No other that we know compares with it in the preciousness of the material, in the beauty of the workmanship, or in the impression of stateliness and power which, despite its small size, it conveys. Once our eyes are accustomed to the garb, which seems less strange when we think of the deities of lands that lay farther toward the east than Egypt and Greece, we feel that this determined, dominating air—an air that is also singularly proud and aristocratic—befits no mere votary or temple attendant.

Actual movement the Cretans could render with wonderful success, as in certain exquisitely modeled ivory figures, about a foot in length, of youths leaping through the air—probably parts of a bull-baiting group—which from the technical point of view deserve to rank with the snake goddess. But in the snake goddess herself the sculptor has mastered, with great beauty of line, another problem almost as difficult. He has combined the vigor of suggested action with the dignity of repose. How solidly the figure stands on its feet and, without any violence of gesture, expresses by its pose the effort needed to balance the weight and resis-

tance of the living serpents! Nor could increase of size augment the forcefulness of the hand, anatomically correct in its modeling, or the realistic vividness of the face.

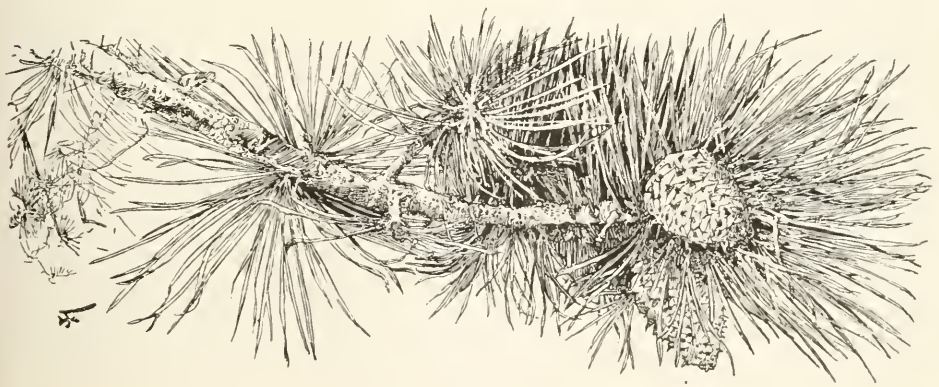
This tiny face, five eighths of an inch in length from the hair to the tip of the chin, no larger than a lady's finger-nail, is the most remarkable part of the statuette. Fortunately, it is well preserved. The cracks do not touch the features, and only the left eye and a portion of the forehead and the left cheek are otherwise injured. Part of the nose was, indeed, broken off, but has been put in place again without altering the line of the profile, and the mouth is intact. Look at the uninjured right eye, smaller than this capital O, and you will see what no Greek sculptor achieved before the greatest days of Hellenic art—an eye modeled with fidelity to nature, properly sunk beneath the brow, and with the lower eyelid set farther back than the upper. A drilled hole indicates the pupil.

Still more interesting, still more surprising, than the beauty of the workmanship is the type of the head, for it is unlike any other in any material, sculptured or painted, that has been found in Crete, the customary Cretan type resembling, with certain differences, what we call the Grecian or classic. Nor anywhere else in ancient art do we find its analogue. A face with such a profile as this and this mouth with drooping corners seems modern indeed—a face that we might expect to see on the street in Boston rather than behind the glass of a cabinet of antiquities.

But although no parallel to this head is yet known to us, it stands with many other Cretan things as curiously suggestive of the things of to-day. Twenty years ago we should have found it no harder to imagine an ancient sculptor producing a profile like that of the snake goddess than to fancy, for example, an ancient painter using in his mural decorations plant-motives treated as naturalistically and unsymmetrically as though they were Japanese.

No reproduction can explain the exquisite workmanship or the individuality or the charm of this little face. Even a photograph of the same size coarsens it and transmutes the intent expression into a sort of mournful anxiety that does not speak from the original. And while an enlargement is instructive as emphasizing the peculiarities of the type, it must seem a brutal exaggeration to any one who knows the delicate high-bred beauty of the head itself.

In a far time and a far land this wonderful little lady has found a new home amid new devotees who, if for other reasons, will prize and guard her as piously as did those to whom she came fresh from the hands of a master sculptor thirty-five centuries ago. But how we wish that we might see her as she was then—proud and dainty, her dress unharmed and doubtless touched with brilliant color, her golden adornments glistening, her flesh unscarred, and her complexion smooth and fair!



"'Maybe there 's not much left'"

The Bomb

By ALICE WOODS

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

I

"YOU are late. Billy 's been howling the house down."

"All babies cry, big or little, now and then. The nurse is with Billy. I—" Nellie Cameron paused to smooth a quiver out of her voice—"I am not late."

"You are not?" Joseph Cameron, bewildered, laid his paper upon his knees and squinted up at his wife.

"No, Joe, I am not." As if it absorbed her, and no one could have said that it did not, for she kept house beautifully, Nellie straightened an etching; then quietly she walked out of the room.

She went into their bedroom and closed the door. After a while Cameron, watching warily, saw her come into the hall again in a peach-colored dress that he particularly liked her in; saw her go down the hall, away from him—and she had a very good back—to the nursery door, the warm, cheerful firelight falling full upon her face, her hands, her softly glowing dress. Billy, their only son, just learning to walk, toddled to meet her. Cameron saw the chubby hands rumple her skirts, saw Nellie stoop and swing him high with her firm arms, then drop him to his place upon her breast. The door closed, the hall was shadowy again, the apartment as still as a place marked "To Let."

The dinner was on time and excellent; Nellie, decorative and chatty, was promptly in her place. Dinner over, they went to the sitting-room for their coffee. The apartment was very high up, the windows looking over the tree-tops of the drive, across the Hudson to the Jersey shore. It was March, and the shore lights wavered in gusts of rain that threatened to turn to snow. The room was warm; Cameron was suffocating; Nellie was serenely unaware. She had eaten well, from her soup through her cheese. There are times when, to the man, a woman's appetite is the last straw. She was tired, she said, but at her ease, and never prettier.

"Going out to-night, Joey?"

"Yes. Bridge hand around at Gordon's. Want a talk with Gordon about a matter of business."

"I like having things to do in the afternoon, but when night comes"—Nellie smothered a contented yawn—"I love getting into something comfy, and just buzzing round our own lamp."

"I must own that I have never found afternoon diversions to be diverting." To save him he could not keep his voice good-natured. He had had a grind of a day, and was dog-tired; it seemed to him that she ought to know it and talk about it.

"Yes?" Nellie mused. "It was amusing at the club to-day—the Nondescripts." She laughed softly. "It was n't 'nondescript' to-day, though!"

"Some old maid telling you to bring your children up on the county, and throw your husbands out of their jobs?"

"What, Joey?" Nellie seemed to bring her thoughts back from a long way off. "Old maid? I should say not! We had a man. We nearly always do. Then everybody comes, and there 's more glow. He was an English socialist—I guess he was a socialist. Burne-Jones hair, and a homespun jacket,—loose, and all that,—and a heavy ribbon on his glasses. He talked about the new man."

"The—what?"

"The new man." Nellie opened her eyes wide, as if her husband puzzled her.

"Well—I 'm damned!"

Nellie broke into sudden mirth.

"You were, Joey dear; that is just what you were. You were damned all the way there and back again."

Cameron strangled.

"Have I the honor to typify the—new creature?"

"You 're the very image of him, Joey dear." And she smiled upon him as if he were some new moth, in at their window to buzz round their lamp.

"And—this person—"

Nellie became eagerly communicative.

"I do wonder if I can make you see him. Tall and dark, and with good-looking, thinnish hands and a most amusing way of playing with his eye-glasses. You know, Joey: the sort of distinguished talk-it-all-out sort of man that just makes men rage. Of course," she went on, largely wise, "he 's the sort of socialist to make a real socialist rage, but he 's just the thing for clubs."

"You often have them—"

"Of course," she laughed. "You see, we don't see much of men at home any more. It keeps us from forgetting how you look and how amusing you may be."

Cameron gazed before him into a chaos without words.

Nellie was oblivious.

"He finished off with a perfect bomb, Joey. It *was* funny! Of course the new man 's a city product, and he drew him to the life: rushed and tortured by ambition, tired out at the end of the day, too tired to be possibly amusing, his nerves excited till anything quieter than lower Broadway hurts his ears, all passion and brilliance spent on business, dinners here and there, with people who all have their ax to grind, too, and are keyed up to it by rows and rows of cocktails. He drew him without mercy, and he had every wife there either wincing or laughing with the truth of what he said. He was quite eloquent." She paused, she laughed softly, she turned her eyes upon him. "Then, Joey, guess—just *guess!*—what he said!"

"Far be it from me!"

"He said that any intelligent modern woman would require at least one husband and three lovers to arrive at the standards and companionship of one wholesome old-fashioned *man!*"

Cameron got to his feet and held to the top shelf of the bookcase.

"Do you mean to tell me that respectable women sit and listen to such talk?"

"But, Joey dear, you see so little of us respectable women now, you don't really know us—"

"It 's not decent—"

Nellie was all patience.

"But you know, Joey dear, I think maybe it is true. Don't *you* think so?"

Cameron swallowed two or three retorts; then with a laugh that seemed to break to pieces in the air, he went into the hall, got into his hat and coat, and left the house.

Nellie listened gravely.

"Poor dear old land-lubber!" she sighed. "But it had to come sooner or later!" Then she went to the telephone.

"57900 Bryant, please. May I speak to Mr. Crane?"

II

When Cameron came in at midnight he found his wife and his old friend Willoughby Crane playing chess in the dining-room.

"Hello, Joe, old man," murmured Crane. "That you?"

"Why, yes, I believe it is I," said Cameron.

"Almost forgot what you looked like," Crane rambled pleasantly. "Dropped in for a reminder."

"I 'm sorry to have missed you," muttered Cameron.

"Well, you have n't altogether missed me, you know; so cheer up, old man. If Nell 's good for a rubber, you may have the joy of my presence for an hour or two longer. You 're lucky, having a wife who can play chess."

"Get yourself a drink, Joey," suggested Nellie. "The whisky 's in the sideboard, down on the left."

"Don't you suppose that I know where the whisky is?" demanded Cameron.

"Maybe there 's not much left." Nellie looked on, all solicitude.

Cameron, his thought babbling over the good old days of the ducking-stool, poured himself carefully a highball that was brown. Silence reigned. The light fell upon the head and shoulders of Crane and upon his long, quick-fingered hands. "After a man has slaved his soul out,"

Cameron moaned, "these are the things a woman cares about!"

Crane won the rubber, and spent considerable gallantry upon Nellie in compensation. Cameron had yawned all through, but no one had noticed. Crane lighted a cigarette and perched upon the corner of the dining-table.

"I say, Joe, got anything on to-morrow night?"

"I have," said Cameron.

"Something you can't chuck?"

"Scarcely. A directors' dinner."

Crane grew thoughtful.

"You certainly are a victim of the power-passion," he sighed, considering Cameron. "I don't know how you stand it. I 'd have more money, no doubt, if I were n't so apathetic, but, by Jinks! it does n't look worth it to me!"

"A question of taste," said Cameron, briefly.

"Taste? If that were all!" He smoked, looking at Nellie through the haze. "I say, Nell, I 've got tickets for Kreisler to-morrow night. Come with me, there 's a good girl! Lend me your wife, will you, Joe?"

"Lend?" echoed Nellie. "I like that! Anybody 'd take me for 'goods and chattels.' Of course I 'll come. I 'd love to."

"You know, Joey," Crane went on simply, "Nellie 's the only woman I know that it 's real joy to hear music with. She knows what she 's listening to. A fellow can sort of forget that he 's got her along, and still be glad he has. As for you, you old money-hunting blunderbuss, the way you squirm in the presence of music ought to be a penitentiary offense. I 'm almost glad you can't go." He gave a laugh that was dangerously genuine, and bolted for the hall to get his coat and hat.

"Poor old Joe is almost asleep," said Nellie, sweetly.

Joe did not look it, but Willoughby got out solicitously, and he sat upon a damp bench opposite the Camerons' glowing windows, and he laughed and laughed till a policeman sternly ordered him to move on.

"Is n't Willoughby a dear!" Nellie commented as she moved about, putting things in their places for the night. Cameron yawned obviously. Nellie hummed a snatch of a tune.

All that long night Cameron lay stretched upon the edge of their bed, staring into the lumpy darkness. Nellie slept like a baby. But once, soon after the lights were turned off, Cameron's blood froze by inches from his head to his feet. It seemed to him that Nellie was laughing, was fairly biting her pillow to keep from laughing aloud! Gravely, of the darkness, he asked how all this had come about. He asked it of the familiar, shadowy heap of Nellie's clothes upon the chair by the window, asked if he had deserved it. Toward dawn he slept.

III

Cameron, after the way of the new man, kept some evening clothes down town. It saved traveling. The next afternoon, about four o'clock, there came somewhere between the pit of his stomach and his brain an aching weight. Conscience! At six-thirty he hung his dinner-jacket back in the closet and sent the directors word that he had a headache. Then, as blind as a moth, he started for home, for that lamp about which Nellie "loved to buzz."

He let himself into the apartment, chuckling to think of Nellie's surprise, at just the hour at which they were used to dining. The place was shadowy, the table in its between-meals garb. The aching weight came back. He tapped at the nursery door.

Miss Merritt, the nurse, was dining by the nursery window, Billy's high chair drawn near by. Billy, drowsy and rosy, was waving a soup-spoon about his head, dabbing at the lights upon the silver with fat fingers that were better at clinging than at letting go.

"Good evening, Miss Merritt," said Cameron. "Hello, Bill! Where 's your mother?" His tone struck false, for through his mind was booming the horrible question, "Can Nellie have gone out with that ass Crane to dine?"

Miss Merritt's mousy face became all eyes.

"Why, sir, Mrs. Cameron has gone out to dinner, and after to a concert. I guess you forgot, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Cameron, easily. "This *is* the night of the concert. I had absolutely forgotten. I 'd have got a bite downtown if I 'd thought. Is the cook in?"

"Sure, sir. I 'll call her."

She left Cameron alone with Billy, who, cannibal-wise, was chewing his father's hand and crowing softly over the appetizing bumps and veins.

"If you 'd jest 'phoned, sir," panted the cook, who was a large, purple-faced person.

Cameron sighed.

"Just anything, Katy. I have a headache. Some eggs and toast—poached eggs, I think."

In another moment the maid passed the nursery door, with white things over her arm, on her way to set the table.

Cameron, dazed as never in his life before, lifted Billy to his shoulder and trotted up and down the room. "Nice little boy!" he laughed, Billy's damp fists hitting at him in ecstasy. "I 'll just take him to the sitting-room while you finish your dinner." He did his best to pretend that the situation was not unusual, to act as if in his own home a man could be nothing but at home. All these confounded hirelings, acting as if they owned the place, had the cheek to be amazed over his dropping in!

Miss Merritt beamed.

"I always say, sir, that boys should know their fathers."

"Boys should know their fathers?" This was almost the last straw.

"Here!" said Miss Merritt, holding out a pink-edged blanket. "Jest put it on your lap, sir." There was about her that utter and peculiar lack of decorum that is common to nurses and mothers, and Cameron, blushing furiously, grabbed the blanket and fled.

"Boys should know their fathers, hey?" Cameron was enraged. We 'll see about that pretty quick! Billy crowed with joy as the blanket flapped about them, and, above the chasm of his doubts and his conscience Cameron heard himself laugh, too. He got into his arm-chair. Billy, so warm and solid and gay, so evidently liking him, gave him, parent that he was, the thrill of adventure as his hands held him and knew him for his own. The blanket spread upon his knees, the door closed, Cameron expanded with the desire to know his son, even as it was desirable that his son should know him. He turned him over and around, he studied the vagaries of scallops and pearl buttons; profoundly he pitied his small image for all of his discomforts, and advised him to grow out of safety-pins as fast as possible. He fell into a philosophical mood, spouting away at Bill, and Bill responded with fists and delicious gurgles and an imitative sense of investigation. Cameron reflected, with illumination, upon the amusing sounds a baby makes when the world is well. They were really having an awfully good time.

Billy was fuzzy and blond, one of those moist, very blue-eyed babies that women appreciate. Cameron all at once saw why. Warmth expanded his aching heart, and his arms circled his own mite of boy. Billy yawned, agreed instantly with Cameron that a yawn from a baby was funny, and with a chuckle pitched against Cameron, bumped his nose on a waistcoat button, considered the button solemnly, with his small mouth stuck out ridiculously, and then snuggled into the hollow of his father's arms; and, closing his big eyes with a confidence that made thrills creep over him the man and brought something stinging to his eyes, Bill went to sleep.

After an unmeasured lapse of time, Miss Merritt came for the baby. "Oh, the lambkin! Ain't he sweet, sir?"

Cameron ached in every joint, but he did not know it.

"Take care how you handle him!" he whispered. "It 's awful to be wakened out of one's first sleep!"

"I know better 'n to wake a sleepin' baby, believe me," said Miss Merritt with a touch of spice.

The door closed. Cameron sat stretching his stiff arms and legs and staring be-

"'Oh,' she wailed in her guilty heart, 'he is, he is!'"

fore him, and upon his usually tired and lined face was the beam of full joy.

Then came dinner, a lonely, silent mockery of a meal. And back the question came, booming over the soft tinkling of glass and silver. He realized, with his salad, that four nights out of seven Nellie dined like this, alone. His lower lip protruded, and lines of conscience fell in a curtain upon his face.

"Mrs. Cameron hates eatin' 'lone, too," said the maid. "She generally eats early, so 's t' have Billy in his high chair 'longside. If he sleeps, she reads a book, sir."

He was alone in the sitting-room with his coffee, and the place had sunk into fathomless silence. It was only half after eight! He stuck his head out of the window. Soft flakes touched and soothed his feverish head. "Damn money!" he whispered suddenly, then stood back in the room, startled, staring his blasphemy in the face. He 'd go out in the snow, and get rid of himself. This was awful!

Bundled in a greatcoat, collar high, trousers rolled up, he ducked out of the great marble and iron vestibule into the night. There was no wind, and the snow was falling softly, steadily. The drive was deserted, and he made his way across to the walk along the wall. By the light of a lamp, blurred by the flakes till it looked like a tall-stemmed thistle-ball, he looked at his watch. No matter where Nellie had dined, she was at the concert by now, and a great sigh of relief fluttered the flakes about his mouth.

He turned north, glad of the rise in the ground to walk against. "By Jinks!" he smiled grudgingly, "it 's not so bad out here. We city idiots, we—*new men,* with all our motors and subways, we are forgetting how to prowl."

The world fell off to shadow a little beyond the shore-line, a mere space of air and flakes. Ice swirled by on its way to the sea, for the tide was going out. He peered; he began to hear all sorts of fine snow-muffled sounds; and suddenly, away out on the river, something was going on —boats whistling and signaling, chatting in their scientific persiflage, in the dark and cold of the night. "Lonesome, too!" Cameron laughed, and, boyishly, he tossed a snow-ball into the space, as if he 'd have something to say out there, too! "I 'm soft!" he groaned, clutching his arm. And suddenly he smiled to think how one of these days he and Bill would come out here and play together. He looked about, and a sudden pride filled him. He was actually the only creature out enjoying all this splendid snow! He had passed one old gentleman in a fur-lined coat, with a cap upon his white hair, walking slowly, a white bull-dog playing after him in the scarcely trodden snow.

Cameron turned home, a new and inexplicable glow upon him, cares dropped away. He marched; he laughed aloud once with a sudden thought of Bill. "Little corker!" He let himself in, and went straight to the bedroom to change his shoes. "I must get some water-tight things to prowl in," he thought, and he whistled a line of "Tipperary." Blurred in pleasant fatigue he sat on the edge of his bed, staring at his wet socks, when the telephone jingled, and he hurried out to answer.

"Yep, this is Cameron. Oh, hello, old girl! Thought I 'd just come up for a quiet home dinner, you know." A grin like the setting sun for warmth spread over his face as he listened, as he felt the tables turning under his wet feet.

"Nope. Just bored down-town. Felt like bein' cozy and—buzzin' round the lamp in something comfy. Fine! Had a regular banquet! Bill 's all right, little devil! I tucked him in so he should n't be lonesome.

"Me? I 've been out walkin'. Been throwin' snow-balls at the street-lamps. My feet are soakin', but I don't care, I don't care. Heard a concert myself, thanks. Whistles and things tootin' out in the snow on the river to beat the band! Don't think of it! I 'm fine. Enjoy yourself. What 's life for? Good night, old girl. Don't lose your key!"

Cameron got as far as the cedar chest in the hall, but there, in his wet socks, he

sat down and he laughed until he ached all over. Suddenly he stiffened, and his heels banged against the chest.

Miss Merritt, mouth and eyes wide open, stood absorbing him, as crimson as was Cameron himself.

"I—heard the 'phone," she faltered. "Mrs. Cameron always calls up to know if Billy 's all right—"

"I know that she does," said Cameron, stiffly, and, rising, he stocking-footed it past her and shut himself in his bedroom.

"Yes, sir; good night, sir." Miss Merritt stared at his door. "Good Lord!" she whispered in the nursery, "how awful for Billy and her if he takes to drink!"

Nellie came out of the telephone booth, her face white with horror. "Willoughby," she gasped, "get me a taxi quick!"

"Billy—"

"No, no, *no!* It 's Joe!"

"What—"

"Oh," she wailed, "I 've gone too far! Joe is—drunk!"

Willoughby's face went to pieces.

"Don't look like that, Nell! Don't! What of it? Just what we 've been up to, is n't it?"

"How can you say that? Get my wraps. I am going home."

"Your car is n't ordered till eleven—"

"What do I care what I go in? Oh, I have been such a fool!"

"Don't mention it," grinned Crane as he wrapped her coat about her.

Gaily Crane waved his white-gloved hand to her, her face gleaming back pearl-like for an instant in the shadowy taxi; then she was whirled northward and lost in the snowy night. Back in his place, next to Nellie's empty chair, he mused tenderly over the vagaries of a mere bachelor till the incomparable Austrian carried his mind off to where tone is reality, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

Nellie fitted the key into the lock. Her fingers shook. The apartment was dark except for a light in the hall, and as still as if it were empty. If only Joe would *stay* asleep till he 'd had time to sleep this horrible state of affairs away!

She switched off the light and carefully let herself into their room, and stood a moment, huddled, breathless, against the door. The room was ghostly. The vague, snow-veiled light filtered in from the street-lamp below, making of Cameron an incoherent lump, wrapped to his eyes in the covers of their chintz-hung bed.

Her hands clasped tight, she peered at him through the shadows. He did not move. He was sleeping heavily, curiously, irregularly, his breath coming in jerky little snorts. "Oh," she wailed in her guilty heart, "he is, he is! Poor dear old Joey, drunk! And it 's all, all my fault!" Swiftly she undressed in the dark. If he were to awaken, to begin saying awful maudlin things—

Her heart pounding, she lifted the covers and crept into martyrdom on the hard edge of the bed. Cameron slept on. Once he seemed to be strangling in a bad dream, and she fought with her sense of duty to awaken him, then, miserably, let him strangle!

Gravely Nellie's tired eyes traveled from familiar shadow to shadow, to rest at last upon the dangling heap of clothes upon a chair by the window that symbolized Joe Cameron by the sane light of day. Fatigue tossed her off to sleep now and then; terror snatched her back and made her cry. In the first faint dawn she awakened with a start to find that in her sleep her tired body had slipped back to its place, and her head was resting deliciously upon her pillow. And, with the growing dawn, humor came creeping back, and try as she would, her mouth twitched. Of all people, dear old Joey! Carefully she turned her head and peered at him. His face was turned toward her, what light there was full upon him. Wonder took away her smile. His face was fresh, the lines of care and worry softened away as if he were at the end of a two weeks' vacation. She rested her chin on her arm, amazed, puzzled. And suddenly a grin like the sunrise spread and broke over Joe's face, and he opened his eyes.

Cricket

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "The Friends," etc.

IT is all so incredibly long ago that you must not ask me to remember the scores. In fact, even of the result I am a little dubious. I only know that it was on just such a day as this that we were all mooning round Bunty Cartwright's garden after breakfast, smoking, and watching the great bumblebees hanging heavily on the flowers. Along the flagged pathway to the house were standard rose-trees the blossoms and perfume of which excited one pleasantly. It was jolly to be in flannels and to feel the sun on one's skin, for the day promised to be hot.

I remember that for years it had been a tradition for dear old Bunty to ask us all down for the week. There were usually eight or nine of us, and we made up our team with the doctor and his son and one or two other odds and ends of chaps in the neighborhood. I know that on this day he had secured the services of Dawkin, a very fast bowler from a town near by, for Celminster, the team we were to play, were reputed to be a very hot lot.

As we stood there laughing and talking, —Bunty and Tony Peebles were sitting within the stone porch, I remember, trying to finish a game of chess started the previous evening,—there was the crunch of wheels on the road, and the brake arrived, accompanied by the doctor's son, a thin slip of a boy on a bicycle.

Then there was the usual bustle of putting up cricket-bags and going back for things one had forgotten, and the inevitable "chipping" of "Togs," a boy whose real name I have forgotten, but who was always last in everything, even in the order of going in. It must have been fully half an hour before we made a start, and then the doctor had n't arrived. However, he came up at the last minute, his jolly red face beaming and perspiring. Some of the chaps cycled, and soon left us behind, but I think we were seven on the brake. It was good to be high up and to feel the wind blowing gently on our faces from the sea. We passed villages of amazing beauty nestling in the hollows of the downs, and rumbled on our way to the accompaniment of lowing sheep and the doctor's rich, burring voice talking of cricket and the song of the lark overhead that sang in praise of this day of festival.

It was good to laugh and talk and watch the white ribbon of the road stretching far ahead, then dipping behind a stretch of woodland. It was good to feel the thrill of excited anticipation as we approached the outskirts of Celminster. What sort of ground would it be? What were their bowlers like? Who would come off for us?

It was good to see the grinning, friendly faces of the villagers and then to descend from the brake, to nod in that curiously self-conscious way we have as a race to our opponents and then to survey the field. And is there in the whole of England a more beautiful place than the Celminster cricket-ground?

On one side is a clump of buildings dominated by the straggling yards and outhouses belonging to the Bull Inn. On the farther side is a fence, and just beyond a stream bordered by young willows. At right angles to the inn is a thick cluster of elms,—a small wood, in fact,—while on the fourth side a low, gray stone wall separates the field from the road. Across the road may be seen the spire of a church, the fabric hidden by the trees, and away beyond the downs quiver in the sunlight.

In the corner of the field is a rough pavilion faced with half-timber, and a white flagstaff with the colors of the Celminster Cricket Club fluttering at its summit.

Members of the Celminster Club were practising in little knots about the field, and a crowd of small boys were sitting on

a long wooden bench, shouting indescribably, and some were playing mock games with sticks and rubber balls. A few aged inhabitants looked at us with lazy interest and touched their hats.

A little man with a square chin and an auburn mustache came out and grinned at us and asked for Mr. Cartwright. We discovered that he was the local wheelwright and the Celminster captain. He showed us our room in the pavilion and called Bunty "sir." Of course Bunty lost the toss. He always did during that week, and this led to considerably more "chipping," and we turned out to field.

No one who has never experienced it can ever appreciate the tense joy of a cricketer when he comes out to begin a match. The gaiety of the morning, when the light is at its best and all one's senses are alert; the sense of being among splendid deeds that are yet unborn; and then the jolly red ball! How we love to clutch it with a sort of romantic exultation and toss it to one another! For it is upon *it* that the story of the day will turn. It is the scarlet symbol of our well-ordered adventure, as yet untouched and virginal, and yet strangely pregnant of unaccomplished actions. What story will it have to tell when the day is done? Who will drop catches with it? Who destroy its virgin loveliness with a fearful drive against the stone wall?

As I have stated, it happened all so long ago that I cannot clearly remember many of the details of that match, but curiously enough I remember the first over that Dawkin sent down very vividly.

A very tall man came in to bat. The first ball he played straight back to the bowler; the second was a "yorker" and just missed his wicket; the third he drove hard to mid-off, and Bunty stopped it; the fourth he stopped with his pads; the fifth he played back to the bowler again; and the sixth knocked his leg stump clean out of the ground.

One wicket for no runs! We flung the scarlet symbol backward and forward in a great state of excitement, with visions of a freak match, the whole side of our opponents being out for ten runs, and so on. I remember the glum face of their umpire, a genial corn merchant, dressed in a white coat and a bowler hat, with a bewildering number of sweaters tied round his neck, glancing apprehensively at the pavilion. I remember that the next man in was the little wheelwright, and he looked very solemn and tense. The first three balls missed his wicket by inches, then he stopped them. My recollection of the rest of that morning was a vision of the little wheelwright, with his chin thrust forward, frowning at the bowlers. He had a peculiarly uncomfortable stance at the wicket, but he played very straight. He kept Dawkin out for about five overs, then he started pulling him round to leg. The wicket was rather fiery, and Dawkin was very fast. The wheelwright was hit three times on the thigh, twice on the chest, and numberless times on the arms, and one ball got up and glanced off his scalp; but he did not waver. He plodded on, lying in wait for the short ball to hook to leg. I do not remember how many he made, but it was a great innings. He took the heart out of Dawkin, and encouraged one or two of the others to hit with courage. He was caught at last by a brilliant catch by Arthur Booth running in from long leg.

One advantage of a village team like Celminster is that they have no "tail," or, rather, that you never know what the tail will do. You know by the costume that they have a tail, for the first four or five batsmen appear in complete outfits of white flannels and sweaters, and then the costumes start varying in a wonderful degree. Number six appears in a black waistcoat with white flannel trousers, number seven with brown pads and black boots, number eight with a blue shirt and brown trousers, and so on to the last man, who is dressed uncommonly like a verger. But this rallentando of sartorial equipment does not in any way represent the run-getting ability of the team, for suddenly some gentleman inappropriately appareled, who gives the impression of never having had a bat in his hand before,

will lash out and score twenty-five runs off one over. On this particular occasion I remember one man who came in about ninth, and who wore one brown pad and sand-shoes, and had on a blue shirt with a dicky and a collar, but no tie, and who stood right in front of his wicket, looked grimly at Dawkin, and then hit him for two sixes, a four, and a five, to the roaring accompaniment of "Good old Jar-r-ge!" from the row of small boys near the pavilion. The fifth ball hit his pad and he was given out l. b. w. He gave no expression of surprise, disappointment, or disgust, but just walked grimly back to the pavilion. Celminster were all out before lunch, but I cannot let the last man —the verger—retire (he was bowled first ball off his foot) before speaking of our wicket-keeper, Jimmy Guilsworth.

Jimmy Guilsworth was in my opinion an ideal wicket-keeper. He was a little chap and wore glasses, but his figure was solid and homely. He was by profession something of a poet, and wrote lyrics in the Celtic-twilight manner. He played cricket rarely, but when he did, he was instinctively made wicket-keeper. He had that curious, sympathetic mothering quality which every good wicket-keeper should have. The first business of a wicket-keeper is to make the opposing batsmen feel at home. When the man comes in trembling and nervous, the wicket-keeper should make some reassuring remark, something that at once establishes a bond of understanding between honorable opponents. When the batsman is struck on the elbow it is the wicket-keeper who should rush up and administer first aid or spiritual comfort. And when the batsman is bowled or caught, he should say, "Hard luck, sir!"

At the same time it is his business to mother the bowlers on his own side. He must be continually encouraging them and sympathizing with them, but in a subdued voice, so that the batsman does not hear. And, moreover, he must be prepared to act as chief of staff to the captain. He must advise him on the change of bowlers and on the disposition of the field. All of this requires great tact, understanding, and perspicacity.

All these qualities Jimmy Guilsworth had in a marked degree. If he sometimes dropped catches and never stood near enough to stump any one, what was that to the sympathetic way he said, "Oh, hard luck, sir!" to an opposing batsman when he was bowled by a slow long-hop, or the convincing way he would call out, "Oh, well hit, sir!" when another opponent pulled a half-volley for four. What could have been more encouraging than the way he would rest his hand on young Booth's shoulder after he had bowled a disappointing over, and say: "I say, old chap, you 're in great form. Could you pitch 'em up just a wee bit?" When things were going badly for the side, Jimmy would grin and whisper into Cartwright's ear. Then there would be a consultation and a change of bowlers, or some one would come closer up to third-man, and, lo! in no time something would happen.

But it is lunch-time. In the pavilion a long table is set with a clean cloth and napkins and with gay bowls of salad. On a side-table is a wonderful array of cold joints, hams, cold lamb, and pies. We sit down, talking of the game. Curiously enough, we do not mix with our opponents. We sit at one end, and they occupy the other, but we grin at one another, and the men sitting at the point of contact of the two parties occasionally proffer a remark.

Some girls appear to wait, and a fat man in shirt-sleeves who produces ale and ginger-beer from some mysterious corner. And what a lunch it is! Does ever veal-and-ham pie taste so good as it does in the pavilion after the morning chasing a ball? And then tarts and fruit and custard and a large yellow cheese, how splendid it all seems, with the buzz of conversation and the bright sun through the open door! Does anything lend a fuller flavor to the inevitable pipe than such a lunch, mellowed by the rough flavor of a pint of shandy-gaff?

We stroll out again into the sun and puff tranquilly, and some of us gather

round old Bob Parsons, the corn merchant, and listen to his panegyric of cricket as played "in the old days." He 's seen a lot of cricket in his time, old Bob. His bony, weather-beaten face wrinkles, and his clear, ingenuous eyes blink at the heavens as he recalls famous men: "Johnny Strutt he was a good 'un. Aye, and ye should ha' seen old Tom Kennett bowl in his time. Nine wicket' he took agenst Kailhurst, hittin' the wood every toime. Fast he were, faster 'n they bowl now. Fower bahls he bahl fast, then put up a slow."

He shakes his head meditatively, as though the contemplation of the diabolical cunning of bowling a slow ball after four fast ones was almost too much to believe, as though it was a demonstration of intellectual calisthenics that this generation could not appreciate.

It is now the turn of our opponents to take the field, while we eagerly scan the score-sheet to see the order of going in, and restlessly move about the pavilion, trying on pads and making efforts not to appear nervous.

And with what a tense emotion we watch our first two men open the innings! It is with a gasp of relief we see Jimmy Guilsworth cut a fast ball for two, and know, at any rate, we have made a more fortunate start than our opponents did.

I do not remember how many runs we made that afternoon, though as we were out about tea-time, I believe we just passed the Celminster total, but I remember that to our joy Bunty Cartwright came off. He had been unlucky all the week, but this was his joy-day. He seemed cheerful and confident when he went in, and he was let off on the boundary off the first ball! After that he did not make a mistake.

It was a joy to watch Bunty bat. He was tall and graceful, and he sprang to meet the ball like a wave scudding against a rock. He seemed to epitomize the dancing sunlight, a thing of joy expressing the fullness of the crowded hour. His hair blew over his face, and one could catch the gleam of satisfaction that radiated from him as he panted on his bat after running out a five.

He was not a great cricketer, none of us was, but he had a good eye, the heart of a lion, and he loved the game.

I believe I made eight or nine. I know I made a cut for four. The recollection of it is very keen to this day, and the satisfying joy of seeing the ball scudding along the ground a yard out of the reach of point. It made me very happy. And then one of those balls came along that one knows nothing about. How remarkable it is that a bowler who appears so harmless from the pavilion seems terrifying and demoniacal when he comes tearing down the crease toward you!

Yes, I 'm sure we passed the Celminster total now, for I remember at tea-time discussing the possibilities of winning by a single innings if we got Celminster out for forty.

After tea, for some reason or other, one smokes cigarettes. We strolled into a yard at the back of the Bull Inn, and there was a wicket gate leading to a lawn where some wonderful old men whose language was almost incomprehensible were drinking ale and playing bowls. At the side were some tall sunflowers growing amid piles of manure.

Some one in the pavilion rang a bell, and we languidly returned to take the field once more.

I remember that it was late in the afternoon that a strange thing happened to me. I was fielding out in the long field not thirty yards from the stream. Tony Peebles was bowling from the end where I was fielding. I noted his ambling run up to the wicket and the graceful action of his arm as he swung the ball across. A little incident happened, a thing trivial at the time, but which one afterward remembers. The batsman hit a ball rather low on the off side, which the doctor's son caught or stopped on the ground. There was an appeal for a catch, given in the batsman's favor; but for some reason or other he thought the umpire had said "out," and he started walking to the pavilion. He was at least two yards out

of his crease when the doctor's son threw the ball to Jimmy Guilsworth at the wicket. Jimmy had the wicket at his mercy, but instead of putting it down he threw it back to the bowler. It was perhaps a trivial thing, but it epitomized the game we played. One does not take advantage of a mistake. It is n't done.

The sun was already beginning to flood the valley with the excess of amber light which usually betokens his parting embrace. The stretch of level grass became alive and vibrant, tremblingly golden against the long, crisp shadows cast from the elms. The elms themselves nodded contentedly, and down by the stream flickered little white patches of children's frocks. Everything suddenly seemed to become more vivid and transcendent. As if aware of the splendor of that moment, all the little things struggled to express themselves more actively. The birds and little insects in solemn unison praised God, or, rather, to my mind, at that moment they praised England, the land that gave them such a glorious setting. The white-clad figures on the sunlit field, the smoke from the old buildings by the inn trailing lazily skyward, the comfortable buzz of the voices of some villagers lying on their stomachs on the grass—ah, my dear land!

I don't know how it was, but at that moment I felt a curious contraction of the heart, like one who looks into the face of a lover who is going on a journey. Perhaps a townsman gets a little tired at the end of a day in the field, or the feeling may have been due to the Cassandra-like dirge of a flock of rooks that swung across the sky and settled in the elms.

The bat, cut from a willow down by the stream; the stumps; the leather ball; the symbol of the wicket, the level lawn cut and rolled and true—all these things were redolent of the land we moved on. They spoke of the love of trees and wind and sun and the equipoise of man in nature's setting. They symbolized our race, slow-moving and serene, with a certain sensuous joy in movement, a love of straightness, and an indestructible faith in custom. Ah, that the beauty of that hour should fade, that the splendor and serenity of it all should pass away! Strange waves of misgiving flooded me.

If it should be all *too* slow-moving, *too* serene! If at that moment the wheels of the Juggernaut of evolution were already on their way to crush the splendor of it beneath their weight!

Ah, my dear land, if you should be in danger! If one day another match should come in which you would measure yourself against—some unknown terrors! I was aware at that moment of a poignant sense of prayer that when your trial should come it would find you worthy of the clean sanity of that sunlit field; and if in the end you should go down, as everything in nature *does* go down before the scythe of Time, the rooks up there in the elms should cry aloud your epitaph. They are very old and wise, these rooks; they watched the last of the Ptolemys pass from Egypt, they moaned above Carthage and Troy, and warned the Roman pretors of the coming of Attila. And the epitaph they shall make for you—for *they* saw the little incident of Jimmy Guilsworth and the doctor's son—shall be, "Whatever you may say of these English, they played the game."

I think those small boys down by the pavilion made too much fuss about the catch I muffed. Of course I did get both hands to it, and as a matter of fact the sun was *not* in my eyes; but I think I started a bit late, and it seemed to be screwing horribly. Ironical jeers are not comforting. Bunty, like the dear good sportsman he is, merely called out:

"Dreaming there?"

But it was a wretched moment. I remember slinking across at the over, feeling like an animal that has contracted a disease and is ashamed to be seen, and my mental condition was by no means improved by the cheap sarcasms of young Booth or Eric Ganton. We did not get Celminster out for the second time, and the certainty that the result would not be affected by the second innings led to introduction of strange and unlikely bowlers

being put on and given their chance. I remember that just at the end of the day even young "Togs" was tired. He sent down three most extraordinary balls that went nowhere within reach of the batsman, the fourth was a full pitch, and a young rustic giant who was then batting promptly hit it right over the pavilion. The next ball was very short and came on the leg side. I was fielding at short leg, and I saw the batsman hunching his shoulders for a fearful swipe. I felt in a horrible funk. I heard the loud crack of the ball on the willow, and I was aware of it coming straight at my head. I fell back in an ineffectual sort of manner, and despairingly threw up my hands in a sort of self-defense. And then an amazing thing happened: the ball went bang into my left hand and stopped there. I slipped and fell, but somehow I managed to hang on to the ball. I remember hearing a loud shout, and suddenly the pain of impact vanished in the realization that I had brought off a hot catch. It was a golden moment. The match was over. I remember all our chaps shouting and laughing, and young "Togs" rushing up and throwing his arms round me in a mock embrace. We ambled back to the pavilion, and it suddenly struck me how good-looking most of our men were, even Tony Peebles, whom I had always looked upon as the plainest of the plain. My heart warmed toward Bunty with a passionate zeal when he struck me on the back and said: "Good man! You 've more than retrieved your muff in the long field."

I know they ragged me frightfully in the pavilion when we were changing, but it was no effort to take it good-humoredly. I felt ridiculously proud.

We took a long time getting away, there was so much rubbing down and talking to be done, and then there was the difficulty of getting Len Booth out of the Bull Inn. He had a romantic passion for drinking ale with the yokels, and a boy had stuck a pin into one of Ganton's tires, and he had to find a bicycle shop and get it mended. It was getting dark when we all got established once more in the brake.

I remember vividly turning the corner in the High Street and looking back on the solemn profile of the inn. The sky was almost colorless, just a glow of warmth, and already in some of the windows lamps were appearing. We huddled together contentedly in the brake, and I saw the firm lines of Bunty's face as he leaned over a match, lighting his pipe.

The grass is long to-day in the field where we played Celminster, and down by the stream are two square, unattractive buildings, covered with zinc roofing, where is heard the dull roar of machinery. The ravages of time cannot eradicate from my memory the vision of Bunty's face leaning over his pipe or the pleasant buzz of the village voices as we clattered among them in the High Street or the sight of the old corn merchant's face as he came up and spoke to Bunty (Bunty had stopped the brake to get more tobacco) and touched his hat and said:

"Good noight, sir. Good luck to 'ee!"

Decades have passed, and I have to press the spring of my memory to bring these things back; but when they come they are very dear to me.

I know that in the wind that blows above Gallipoli you will find the whispers of the great faith that Bunty died for. Eric Ganton, young Booth, and Jimmy Guilsworth, where are they? In vain the soil of Flanders strives to clog the free spirit of my friends.

"Good noight, sir. Good luck to 'ee!"

Again I see the old man's face as I gaze across the field where the long grass grows, and I see the red ball tossed hither and thither, with its story still unfinished, and I hear the sound of Jimmy's voice:

"Oh, well hit, sir!" as he encourages an opponent.

The times have changed since then, but you cannot destroy these things. Manners have changed, customs have changed, even the faces of men have changed; and yet this calendar on my knee is trying to tell me that it all happened *two years ago to-day!*

And overhead the garrulous rooks seem strangely flustered.

The *Hafrst Fiord*, formerly the *General Roberts*. The flag painted on the vessel's side was put on for war use, and shows its present nationality

A figurehead photographed at Battle Harbor, Labrador

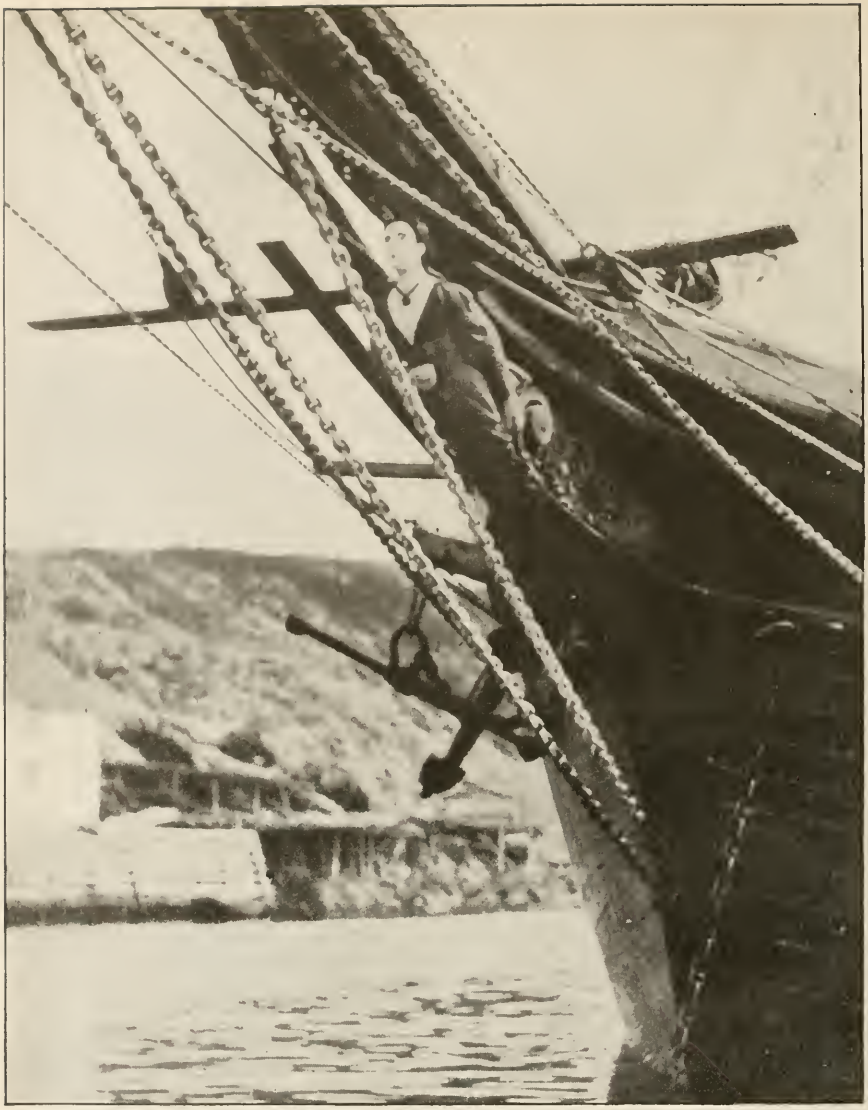
Figureheads of the Old Square-riggers

A Unique Set of Photographs by EDITH S. WATSON

With Explanatory Text by VICTORIA HAYWARD

> Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
> Until ye find a shore amid the skies.—H. D. THOREAU.

THE European War has had a curious influence in bringing back to life the old-time square-riggers just as they were about to disappear entirely, from these waters at least. So evidently was their day over that a few years ago English ship-owners were only too glad to sell whenever they could find a purchaser. But the war came, and now, with the price of deal soaring in England and fabulous sums to be earned by the vessels which can safely carry the freight, the square-riggers have come into their own again. Never before in even their most prosperous days have so many "wind-jammers," as the sailors call them, been seen loading at one time in Nova Scotian and American ports. In Halifax, during last summer, the people of the city used to make excur-



The mascot of a Norwegian vessel, photographed in a Newfoundland port

sions out to Richmond to see the vessels at the wharves or riding in the stream; and in the vicinity of Staten Island and along the New York wharves it is now frequently possible to count a dozen or more square-riggers in sight at once.

Nearly all of these vessels are carrying old-fashioned figureheads such as those shown in the photographs on the accompanying pages. These figureheads, carved in wood, are usually representations of the person for whom the ship

The *Hafrst Fiord's* bow

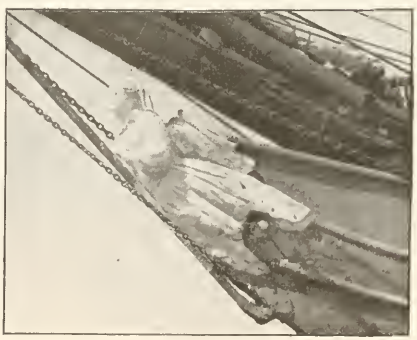
was named, and occasionally these are first-rate likenesses. "Bobs" himself, for instance, stands at the prow of the *General Roberts.*

Formerly the figurehead was considered the mascot of the ship that bore it, but many of those pictured on these pages have lost their original setting either through shipwreck or the natural results of the losing fight between sail and steam, and are preserved here and there, in a garden, perhaps, or on a street-corner, merely as picturesque and artistic ornaments.

Figurehead of the ship *Metropolis*

From
the ship
Honolulu

At the bow of the *Havila*, a photograph taken in West Bay, Nova Scotia



The figurehead of the *Lalla Rookh*, the boat on which Frank T. Bullen, the writer, served his apprenticeship as a sailor

A spirited piece of carving on the *Mary R. Wellington*

This figure now stands in a Newfoundland garden, looking out to sea

This figurehead was found on a wreck at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, and set up in a garden near Providence.

A mascot set up at a street corner in the French town of St. Pierre

Commodore Morris as he looked at the prow of an old New Bedford ship

The former president of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, as the wood-carver depicted him on the bow of his brig, the *R. B. Porter*. The brig was wrecked at the mouth of Diligent River, on the way to Advocate Harbor

Figurehead at St. Johns, New Brunswick, carved by Mr. Rogerson, who has done many of these figures both at Boston and in New Brunswick

A figure of Neptune taken from a wreck and placed in the Admiralty grounds at Bermuda

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XII

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

Dylks had promised his followers that he would perform a miracle to prove to unbelievers that he was God, but on the appointed night he does not appear, and some of the wild spirits of the neighborhood, beginning in mere mischief, at last destroy the cloth that one of his followers had brought for him to change miraculously into a seamless garment.

XIII

THE riot in Hingston's Mill, after the failure of Dylks to appear personally and work the promised miracle, left the question of his divinity where it had been. With no evident change in their numbers on either side, the believers assented, the unbelievers denied. The faithful held that the miracle had been wrought, and the seamless raiment had been torn to pieces by the mob; some declared that they had seen the garments, and tried to keep them from the sacrilege, but had been overpowered. The unfaithful laughed at the pretense, and defied the faithful to show any scrap of the cloth having the form of clothing. The pieces remained with the poor woman who had brought the cloth for the miracle; she carried them home, weeping, and she and her husband remained like the rest, believing and unbelieving as before: but at every chance she scanned the desecrated fragments in secret, and pieced them together, trying to follow the lines of imaginary garments in them.

Throughout the week the excitement raged, silently for the most part, in the breasts of the two parties, but sometimes breaking out in furious affirmation and denial at such points of common meeting as the store, the tavern, and the post-office. There the unbelievers outnumbered the believers, who met for mutual support and comfort at one another's houses, but appeared nowhere in force until the Sunday night following; then they came three to one of the enemy, and filled the Temple to overflowing. Dylks was expected to meet them from the concealment or the absence in which he had passed the days:

the unbelievers said that he was hiding in fear and shame; the believers that he was preaching to the heathen in other neighborhoods, and would come in power and glory, with a great multitude of the converted following him. But the meeting in the Temple was opened by Enraghty, who, in front of the pulpit, rose, saying, "The Good Old Man will not be here to-night, but I will fill his place." A thrill of exultation and disappointment ran through the congregation according as they believed or disbelieved, but they all waited patiently.

Among the many families which had come in internecine enmity, Gillespie and his daughter strained in the unlove which was like hate up to the door of the Temple. He had taunted her with Dylks's failure to work the miracle and with his absence during the week.

"If I could get my hands on him, I would pull him out of his hole, and make him face the people he 's deceived. I 'd show him whether he was God or not."

"If you touched him, your hands would be withered," she said in an ecstasy of faith. "If you will bring me a single hair of his head, I will deny him."

"I 'll remember that," he threatened bitterly, and in the loss of all the dignity of their relation as parent and child he cast a look of contemptuous triumph on her when Enraghty rose and said that he would take the place of Dylks for the night.

"Bring me one hair of his head," she said again.

The people of both sides had supposed that Dylks was sitting behind the pulpit, as his habit was, with his head out of sight, bowed in meditation; but when Enraghty, after a few words, sat down to await the coming of the Spirit, suddenly the minister whose turn to preach would have come that night sprang to his full height in the pulpit and denounced Enraghty's pretense. The believers rose shouting to their feet, and, crying, "He is my God!" stormed out of the Temple in the night, where their voices were heard repeating, "He is my God!" till they swelled together in the hymn which was their confession of Dylks. A few of the unbelievers remained in the Temple, amazed, but the greater part followed the believers into the night.

They had the courage of their triumph through Dylks's failure to work the miracle he had promised, and then his failure to show himself in the Temple; but they pushed on with no definite purpose except perhaps to break up some meeting of his followers, when one of the Hounds, yelping and baying in acceptance of their nickname, broke upon them from the woods they were passing with word that they had found Dylks in Enraghty's house, where the believers were already gathering.

"We 've treed him," he said. "The whole pack 's round the place, and there 's no limb in reach for him to jump to. I reckon it 'll be the best coon-hunt we 've ever had in Leatherwood yit."

Redfield put himself in touch rather than in sight amidst the darkness which the disembodied voices broke upon.

"Enraghty's house? Then we 've got him. Come on!"

The women of the unbelievers had fallen behind and finally gone home, but all the believers, the women as well as the men, had followed their apostle, and now their voices, in praying and singing, came from the house, still hidden by a strip of woodland. In the bewilderment which had fallen upon David Gillespie with the tumultuous rush from the Temple, he had been parted from his daughter; now he fumbled forward on the feet of an old man, and found himself beside Redfield.

"I want you to let me at him first, Jim. I want just one hair of his head."

"Why, don't you know it 's death to touch him?" Redfield jeered.

"I know that," Gillespie assented in the same mood; "but I 'll risk dying for that one hair."

"What do you want with one hair? I 'll get you a handful," Redfield said.

"One 'll do to work the miracle I 'm after."

"What miracle? None o' your seamless raiment, is it?"

"It 's bringing a crazy girl to her senses. She 's said if I fetched her a single hair of his, she 'd renounce him."

"Oh," Redfield said, with respectful understanding. Then he added, "I 'll get you the hair."

The unbelievers crowded to the house in the light from the uncurtained windows. One of them stood tiptoe, peering in while the others waited.

"It 's chuck-full," he reported. "No room for sinners, I reckon."

"Oh, if Dylks is in there, he 'll work one of his miracles and *make* room," another of the Hounds retorted. Redfield stood trying the door. "Locked? Hammer on it! Break it in! Here, give him a shoulder!"

The mob pushed forward, laughing and shouting, and crushed Redfield against the door. The panel cracked and groaned; Redfield called to the crowd to hold back, but suddenly the door opened, and the fanatical face of Enraghty showed itself above Redfield's back.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "This is the Lord's house."

"Then it 's as much ourn as what it is yourn," some one shouted back.

"We want to *see* the Lord," another called. "Just one look, just one lick."

The old schoolmaster lost his self-control.

"There are some of you out there that I 've licked before now for your mischief."

"Yes, we know that," came back. "You did n't lick us enough. We 'd like to have you give us some more."

The hindmost of the Hounds surged against those in front, and the whole mob fell forward upon Redfield: he staggered over the threshold to save himself, and struck Enraghty backward in his helpless plunge.

"Oh, look out there!" the nearest of the mob called back. "You 're hurtin' Mr. Enraghty!"

"Well, we don't want to hurt old Saint Paul," a mocker returned; but they pressed on wilfully, helplessly; they pushed those in front, who might have held back, and filled the entryway and the rooms beyond. In a circle of his worshipers, kneeling at his feet, stood Dylks, while they hailed him as their God and entreated his mercy. At the scramble behind them, they sprang up and stood dazed, confronting their enemies.

"We want Dylks! We want the Good Old Man! We want the Lion of Judah! Out of the way, Little Flock!" came in many voices; but when the worshipers yielded, Dylks had vanished.

A moment of awe spread to their adversaries, but in another moment the riot began again. The unbelievers caught the spirit of the worse among them and stormed through the house, searching it everywhere, from the cellar to the garret. A yell rose from them when they found Dylks half-way up the chimney of the kitchen. His captors pulled him forward into the light, and held him cowering under the cries of "Kill him!" "Tie him to a tree and whip him!" "Tar and feather him!" "Ride him on a rail!"

"No, don't hurt him!" Redfield commanded. "Take him to a justice of the peace and try him."

"Yes," the leader of the Hounds assented; "take him to Squire Braile. He 'll settle with him."

The Little Flock rallied to the rescue, and some of the herd joined them. As an independent neutral, Abel Reverdy, whom his wife stirred to action, caught up a stool and joined the defenders.

"Why, you fool," a leader of the Hounds derided him, amiably, "what you want to do with that stool? If the Almighty can't help himself, you think *you 're* goin' to help him?"

Abel was daunted by the reasoning, and even Sally stayed her war-cries.

"Well, I guess there 's sumpun' *in* that," Abel assented, and he lowered his weapon.

The incident distracted his captors, and Dylks broke from them, and ran into the yard before the house. He was covered with soot and dust, and his clothes were torn; his coat was stripped in tatters, and his long hair hung loose over it.

His prophecies of doom to those who

"'*Now* you can see how it feels to have your own husband slap you'"

should lay hands upon him had been falsified, but to the literal sense of David Gillespie he had not yet been sufficiently proved an impostor; till he should bring his daughter a strand of the hair which Dylks had proclaimed it death to touch, she would believe in him, and David followed in the crowd, straining forward to reach Redfield, who with one of his friends had Dylks under his protection. The old man threw himself upon Dylks and caught a thick strand of his hair, dragging him backward by it. Redfield looked round. He said:

"You want that, do you? Well, I promised." He tore it from the scalp and gave it into David's hand, and David walked back with it into the house, where his daughter remained with the wailing and sobbing women-worshipers of the outraged idol.

He flung the lock at her feet.

"There 's the hair that it was death to touch." She did not speak; she only looked at it with horror. "Why, don't you believe it 's his?" her father roared.

"Yes, yes, I know it 's his; and now let 's go home and pray for him, and for *you*, Father. We 've both got the same God now."

A bitter retort came to the old man's lips, but the abhorrent look of his daughter stayed his words, and they went into the night together, while the noise of the mob stormed back to them through the darkness, farther and farther away.

XIV

THE captors of Dylks chose the Temple as the best place for keeping him till morning, when they could take him for trial to Matthew Braile; but they had probably no sense of the place where he had insolently triumphed so often as the fittest scene of his humiliation. They stumbled in a loose mob behind and before and beside him through the dim night, and tried to pass Redfield's guard to strike him with their hands or the sticks which they tore from the wayside bushes. At a little distance, a straggling troop of the believers followed, men and women, wailing and sobbing, and adoring and comforting their god with promises of fealty in terms of pathetic grotesqueness. A well-known voice called to him:

"Don't you be afraid, God Almighty! They can't hurt a hair of your head," and the burst of savage mirth which followed Sally Reverdy's words drowned the retort of a scoffer:

"Why, there ain't hardly any left *to* hurt, Sally."

The noise of the talking and laughing and the formless progress of the mob hushed the nearer night-voices of the fields and woods; but from a distance the shuddering cry of a screech-owl could be heard, with the piercing call cry of a killdee in a pasture beside the creek. The people, friends and foes together, made their way unlighted except by the tin lantern which some one had caught from where it stood on Enraghty's gate-post.

With this one of the unbelievers took his stand at the door of the Temple after Redfield had passed in with his prisoner, and lifted it successively to the faces of those trying to enter. He allowed some and refused others, according as they were of those who denied or confessed Dylks, and a Hound at his elbow explained, "Don't want any but goats in here tonight."

The common parlance was saturated with scriptural phrase, and the gross mockery would have been taken seriously if the speaker had not been so notoriously irreverent. As it was, the words won him applause which Redfield and his friends were not able to quell. The joke was caught up and tossed back and forth; the Little Flock outside raised their hymn, the scoffers within joined in derision, and carried the hymn through to the end.

Dylks sat shrunken on the bench below the pulpit, his head fallen forward and his face hidden. Redfield and one of his friends sat on each side, and others tried to save Dylks from those who from time to time pushed forward to strike him. They could not save him from the insults which broke again and again upon the silence; when Redfield rose and appealed

to the people to leave the man to the law, they came back at him with shrieks and yells.

"Did the law keep my family from bein' brok' up by this devil? My wife left me and my own brother won't speak to me because I would n't say he was my Saviour and my God."

"I 'm an old woman, and I lived with my son, but my son has quit me to starve, for all he cares, because I believe in the God of Jacob and he believes in this snorting, two-legged horse."

"My sister won't live with me because I won't fall down and worship her Golden Calf."

"He 's spread death and destruction in my family. My daughters won't look at me, and my two sons fought about him till they were all blood."

The accusings and upbraidings thickened upon him, but Dylks sat silent except for a low groan of what might have seemed remorse. He put his hand to the place on his head where the hair had been torn away, and looked at the blood on his fingers.

A woman stole under the guard of his keepers, and struck him a savage blow on the cheeks, first one and then the other.

"*Now* you can see how it feels to have your own husband slap you because you won't say you believe in such a God as you are, you heathen pest!"

The guards struggled with her, and a man stooped over Dylks and voided a mouthful of tobacco juice in his face; another lashed him on the head with a switch of leatherwood—all in a squalid travesty of the supreme tragedy of the race. As if a consciousness of the semblance touched the gospel-read actors in the drama, they shrank in turn from what they had done, and lost themselves in the crowd.

The night wore away, and when the red sunrise began to pierce the dusk of the Temple, where some had fallen asleep, and others drowsed as they walked to and fro to keep themselves awake, Redfield conferred with his lieutenants. Then they pulled their captive to his feet, not roughly, and moved with him down the aisle and out of the door. They left some of the slumberers still sleeping; of the others not all followed them on their way to Matthew Braile's, up through the woods and past the corn-fields and tobacco-patches: but with those of the Little Flock who had hung night-long about the Temple, singing and praying to their idol, they arrived, some before and some after the prisoner, at the log cabin of the magistrate. He was sitting after his habit in his splint-bottomed chair tilted against the porch wall, waiting for the breakfast which his wife was getting within. As the crowd straggled up to the porch, he tilted his chair down, and came forward with a frown of puzzle.

"What 's this?" he demanded; then, catching sight of a woman's eager face among the foremost, his frown relaxed, and he said, "Don't all speak at once, Sally."

"'Deed and 'deed, I 'm not a-goun' to speak at all, Squire Braile; but if you want to know, you can see for yourself that they 've got the Good Old Man here, and from the tell I 've hearn they want you to try him; they 've been hittun' him over the face and head all night." She looked defiantly round on the unbelievers, who so far joined in the squire's grin as to burst into a general laugh, and a cry of "Good for you, Sally! You 're about right." Braile referred himself to Redfield, who mounted to the porch with the other guards, and the tattered and bedraggled Dylks among them.

"What are you doing with this man, Jim?"

"We 've brought him to you to find out, Squire Braile. You know who he is, and all the mischief he 's been making in this settlement. We don't need to go into that."

"Wish you 'd step in there," the squire said, nodding toward the room opposite the kitchen, "and bring me out the Laws of Ohio. You know where it is."

His recognition of Redfield as a law-student pleased the Herd of the Lost, and one of the guards said:

"All right, Jim. We 'll hold him."

As Redfield disappeared within, the squire called after him:

"Bring out my table, too, will you? We 'll have the trial here."

"That 's all right as fer as it goes, Squire," one of the crowd before the cabin called out, "but there ain't room enough for us up there."

"Well," the squire answered, "you 've got the whole State of Ohio down there. I reckon you can find room in it, if you stand close."

He turned the joke on the crowd, which acquiesced with cheers. When Redfield returned with the large book and the small table he had been sent for, the squire drew up to them and proclaimed silence in the court. Then he said: "Who complains against this man? You, James Redfield?"

"I arrested him, but I don't complain of him more than the rest. You know what he 's been doing in Leatherwood, as well as other places, for the last month or six weeks. We want his mischief stopped; we want to see what the law can do about it. We could have lynched him, but that ain't the right way, and so we all feel."

"Well, we 've got to make a start somewhere," the justice returned. "What 's he accused of? What do *you* accuse him of?"

"Well, for one thing," Redfield said rather reluctantly, "he professes to be Almighty God."

"And he *is* God, the Most High Jehovah, Maker of Heaven and Earth," came in a varying cry from the believers who had gathered increasingly on the skirts of their enemies.

Their voices seemed to put life and courage into the prisoner, who for the first time lifted his fallen face and looked at the justice with a light of hope in his dulled eyes.

"You hear that," the old squire addressed him. "Is that your name? Are you God?"

"Thou sayest," the prisoner answered with a sudden effrontery.

"That will *do!*" the old man shouted. He might have been willing to burlesque the case from his own disbelief, but he could not suffer the desecration of the hallowed words; and Dylks shrank from his eyes of fierce rebuke. "Stand away from him," he added to the guards. "Now, then, have you folks got any other charge against him? Has he stolen anything? Like a mule, for instance? Has he robbed a hen-roost? Has he assaulted anybody or set a tobacco-shed on fire? Some one must make a charge; I don't much care what it is."

The old man scowled round on the people nearest him and down on the crowd below. The believers waited in anxious silence; the unbelievers applauded his humor with friendly laughter, and a kindlier spirit spread through them; they were beginning to see Dylks as a joke.

"Redfield,"—the squire turned to the young man,—"let 's have a look at the Laws of Ohio, in such case made and provided." He opened the book which Redfield put on the table before him, and went carefully through the index; then he closed it. "There don't seem," he said, "to be any charge against the prisoner except claiming to be the Almighty; he pleads guilty to that, and he could be fined and imprisoned if there was any law against a man's being God. But there is n't, unless it 's some law of the Bible, which is n't in force through reënactment in Ohio. He has n't offended against any of our statutes, neither he nor his followers. In this State every man has a right to worship what God he pleases, under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest him or make him afraid. With religious fanaticism our laws have nothing to do unless it be pushed so far as to violate some public ordinance. This I find the prisoner has not done. Therefore he stands acquitted."

A roar of protest, a shout of joy, went up from the crowd according to their belief or unbelief. After his first plea Dylks had remained silent in becoming meekness and self-respect; now he looked wildly round in fear and hope, but he did not speak.

"Clear the way, you!" the squire called

"'What 's this?' he demanded; then, catching sight of a woman's eager face among the foremost, his frown relaxed, and he said, 'Don't all speak at once, Sally'"

to the people about him and below him, and he got stiffly to his feet. He took the arm of the prisoner at one side, and said, "Here, Jim Redfield, you take this fellow's other arm," and as the young man helplessly obeyed, "Now!" he commanded, and with Dylks between them, they left the porch and passed through the severing crowd of friends and foes before the cabin. While they hesitated in doubt of his purpose, Braile led the way with the prisoner, acquitted, but still in custody, toward the turnpike road where the country lane passing the cabin joined it a little way off.

The crowd straggled after in patient doubt, but when the squire halted with his captive and bade Redfield move back, the suspicions of the unbelievers began to stir.

"Now, put!" the squire said in a low voice, and loosed his hold. Dylks lifted his head alertly as he was accustomed to do when he gave his equine snort, but now he made no sound. He leaped forward, and ran with vast bounds up the smooth turnpike toward the wall of woodland where the whiteness of the highway ceased in the shadow of the trees. He far outdistanced the foremost of his pursuers, who stopped to gather the broken stone heaped along the roadside, and under the rain of these and the storm of curses that they sent after him, he escaped into the forest.

"Well, Abel," the squire said to Reverdy, whom he found, not unexpectedly, at his elbow when he looked round, "he may not be much of a god, but he 's a good deal of a race-horse, even if he did n't give his snort."

"Look here, Squire Braile," Redfield broke out in the first realization of his defeat, "I 'm not sure your decision was just right."

"Well, you can appeal the case to the Supreme Court, Jim," the old man returned. "It 's my *breakfast*-time," and he stamped stiffly away down the pike and up the road to his cabin, followed by the blessings of the Little Flock.

The Little Flock had remained in stupefaction at the junction of the country road and the turnpike, helplessly watching the flight of their idol from the Herd of the Lost. When Dylks vanished in the dusk of the forest, and the last of those who had followed him came lagging breathlessly back, and dropped from their hands the broken stone which they had unconsciously brought with them, the Little Flock involuntarily raised their hymn, as if it had been a song of triumph—an inglorious triumph, but an omen of final victory, and of the descent of the New Jerusalem in Leatherwood.

"Never mind," one of the herd panted, "we 'll have him out of that gulf of dark despair yit!"

"The Lord will put forth His might," one of the Flock defied him; "but if you fellows want to feel the arm of flesh here and now, come on!"

The squire put himself between the forces.

"I want you to keep the peace; I command the peace," he said with magisterial dignity.

"Oh, all right, Squire," a Hound applauded him. "We know you 're on our side."

"Brother Braile is on the side of righteousness," the champion of the Flock declared.

The squire turned a frowning face upon him.

"If the law could have held your god, he 'd have been on his way to the county jail by this time. Now, you fellows, both sides, go home, and look after your corn and tobacco; and you women, you go and get breakfast for them, and wash up your children, and leave the Kingdom of Heaven alone for a while." The weight of condemnation was for the Little Flock, but there remained discomfort for the Herd of the Lost. "And you," the squire turned to them,—"you let these folks worship any stock or stone they 've a mind to; and you find out the true God if you can, and stick to Him, and don't bother the idolators. I reckon He can take care of Himself. I command you all to disperse. Go home! Get out! Put!"

The saints and the sinners felt alike the

mystical force of the law in his words and began to move away, not without threats and defiances, more or less straggling, and not altogether ceasing even after they had lost sight of one another in their parting ways.

Redfield stayed to walk home with the old man.

"Of course, Squire Braile," he said, "this ain't the last of Dylks, and it ain't the last of *us*. It 's a sin and a shame to have the thing going on among us. You know that as well as I do. It 's got to be stopped. If he 'd got his just dues from you—"

"You young fool," the squire retorted kindly, "have n't you gone far enough yet in your Blackstone to know that justice is one thing and law is another? I gave Dylks his legal deserts."

"Blackstone says the law is the perfection of reason."

"Well, you think it don't seem to be so in the State of Ohio. But I reckon it is, and so long as we look after our own souls, we can't do better than let others look after theirs in their own way. Come in and have some breakfast." He paused before his cabin with the young man.

"No, not *this* morning, Squire Braile." Redfield lingered a moment, and then he said askingly, "I did n't see old Mr. Gillespie anywhere this morning."

"I did n't notice. Where it comes to a division in public, he does n't usually take sides against his daughter."

"He won't have to, after this."

"What do you mean?"

"Did n't you know she told him once that if he would bring her a hair of Dylks's head she would deny him? I helped him to a whole lock of it."

"Oh, *you* did that?" There was condemnation in the squire's tone, and as if he had been going to express a more explicit displeasure, he hesitated. Then he said, "Well, I must be going in," and turned his back upon Redfield, who turned again into the turnpike road and took his way homeward past the long and deep stretch of woods where Dylks had found refuge.

(To be continued)

Old

By GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF

I AM lonely.
I sit in proper waiting, my black silk
Trimmed with wrist-frills of yellowing real lace,
My skirt arranged in folds of dignity,
My tortoise comb worn high. From mother's chair,
The high-backed rocker of mahogany,
I watch the people walking past my house.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.
I whisper to the pictures of my dead,
Stare-eyed upon the gray stone mantelpiece.
Time was, I thought they used to answer me;
He smiled, then. But one year came in the night
And stole my little sister's voice, and one
Came shufflingly, with hunger-horrid tread,
And took his smile. Since then I hate all years.
I listen to the footsteps pass my house;
The living do not know me, and the dead
Forget.
I am lonely.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.

A Collection of Autographs

By AGNES REPPLIER

Author of "Books and Men," etc.

THERE is a shadowy tradition that Atossa, the beautiful and many-husbanded daughter of Cyrus, after whom Mr. Matthew Arnold named his murderous cat, was the first collector of autographs and autographic letters. Who wrote these precious parchment rolls, and what became of them in that mad age of strife, are points upon which even tradition is serenely silent. They disappeared, as did, in later days, the great collections of Cicero and Pliny; and as the Roman Empire sank to its fall, and a new civilization rose slowly into wild and hazardous existence, men found scant leisure for their alphabets and set scant value on the written page.

It was not until the comparative tranquillity of the sixteenth century permitted the curse of Cadmus to reassert its influence over the human heart that we see emerging from the gloom, his name long since forgotten, a Bohemian country gentleman with an "Album Amicorum," in which were fairly transcribed the signatures, or the marks, of all the jolly friends and neighbors who daily rode with him to the chase. Little did this modest collector dream of the example he was setting to the world; but a hundred years later the new fashion had found such favor in Germany, England, and France that when Loménie de Brienne, statesman and litterateur, died in 1666, the letters and manuscripts he had accumulated were highly valued by his heirs, and were sold, after much bargaining, to Louis XIV, who placed them in the library of Versailles.

From that day to this the passion for collecting has burned with unabated zeal, and the history of autographs would furnish an admirable commentary on the history of literature. A letter from Sterne, begging an insignificant loan, was recently sold in London for forty pounds; another from Goldsmith, bemoaning his poverty, for over thirty pounds; and one from Burns brought twice the sum of his yearly salary in the excise. On the other hand, the wily hunter, stalking his game through coverts dim and mean, chances now and then on some long-hidden treasure; and the pleasure of possession is prefaced by the keener pleasure of the chase and by the supreme joy of outwitting a stupid world. Thus the carelessness of Lord Monteagle made it possible for the priceless manuscripts of Somerset House to be sold in 1840 as waste paper to a Yarmouth fishmonger, and the blunder was not discovered until after a thrice-fortunate antiquarian had possessed himself, at the price of a few herrings and soles, of a number of these precious documents, including the bellicose correspondence of Henry VIII and Clement VII, Latin themes in the childish scrawl of little Edward VI, and secret-service accounts signed with the initials of fair Mistress Gwyn.

Still more recently the culpable neglect of the Italian Government permitted a mass of valuable manuscripts, the rich spoils of many monasteries, to be plundered from the Collegio Romano, where they lay unsorted and neglected. The chance discovery of a poor scholar that two ounces of butter he had bought in a little shop were wrapped up in an autograph letter from Columbus led to an investigation, and it was found that a dishonest porter, thinking it small harm to steal stolen goods, had been selling these documents for a few cents to all the market people of his acquaintance.

Such opportunities are not likely to occur again, and every year makes the labor of the collector more arduous, more costly, and more barren of results. Museums and colleges absorb all valuable manuscripts; open sales are few and far between; dealers are no longer able to supply their most generous patrons. It would

not be possible now to amass a collection of autographs and autographic letters as far-reaching and complete as that of Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia. Patience, perseverance, and decision are the qualities essential to a man who must wait like a cat at the mouse-hole and spring like a cat at the mouse. Mr. Dreer waited forty years for one letter, a really characteristic letter, of Fielding's, and then time and determination brought him his desire.

For what gives to this collection, now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, its unique significance is not its magnitude, the nine thousand letters and documents it embraces; or the royal, papal, and saintly signatures scattered freely along the lines; or such rare autographs as Milton's and Ben Jonson's, which we gaze at with a sort of rapture; or even that long, gentle, courteously sardonic remonstrance against the lingering process of the law, signed "Galileo G." These things excite us strangely for a moment because they are epitomized history, and they bring close to our hearts the realization of things well known, yet unconsidered. Their possession may justly gratify the passion of the collector who feels that a bit of yellow paper bridges the centuries and links us irremediably with the past; but the supreme merit of a really great collection of autographs lies, and must always lie, in its illustrative value, and Mr. Dreer's steadfast determination was to secure as far as possible characteristic letters; not documents or insignificant two-line notes or formal business communications, but letters which stand for the men and women who penned them.

This is what made his task difficult; this is why fifty years seemed all too short for its accomplishment; and this is why our pleasure in reading these precious relics is not mere idle amusement at seeing how poets and statesmen wrote their names. It is the deep delight of coming into sudden contact with those master minds who have made or marred the fluctuating standards of the world.

Here, for example, is a lengthy and very urgent letter from John Calvin to George, Count of Würtemberg and Montbéliard. It is dated Geneva, July 12, 1558, and is at once dignified and crafty, respectful and imperious, suave and belligerent. The writer deplores the growth of "schisms," hints plainly enough that the noble count has not served the faith with unbroken zeal, laments the unjust imprisonment of "an unfortunate comrade," and denounces in no sparing terms the ambition of one Pierre Loussain, whom, he protests, he has loved and served as a brother, but for whom he plainly cherishes the cordial animosity of a true reformer. Such a letter is purely representative. Though written to one greatly superior in rank, every word breathes relentless spirit and determination, the spirit and determination of the inquisitor, a character equally at home in Spain and Switzerland.

By the side of this self-revelation we may place a somewhat shorter missive from Lorenzo the Magnificent to Giovanni de Lanfredini, then living in Rome. The great Florentine entreats his friend to obtain for him from the pope permission to eat meat during the coming Lent, alleging that he is suffering from a complication of disorders, the first and foremost being gout, which should have inclined him to a meager diet. He is sadly doubtful as to his chances of obtaining this coveted dispensation, and he is unwilling that his request should be made public, to the scandal of Christendom. "Beg this favor of the Holy See in all secrecy, and despatch word to me privately," he writes; and there is a ring of real anxiety in the lines little befitting the most lordly of the Medicis, under whose imperious will "Florence the Fair" was putting on her robes of splendor, "too beautiful," said Charles V, "for the common traffic of life, and worthy to be shown and seen only upon holidays."

In the fields of American history and English literature Mr. Dreer's autographs are of inestimable value. They embody material which can hardly be found elsewhere. The collection embraces fifty-seven letters from Washington, to say nothing of signed documents, and those

lottery-tickets with which Fortune tempted him sorely, and disappointed him persistently. In this correspondence is the last letter he ever wrote, an indignant remonstrance to his overseer, Mr. Anderson, complaining in no stinted terms of his neglected farms and of the filthy pens in which his cattle were herded. The visit of inspection that called forth this letter, with the foul air of the pens, the fatigue, the exposure to a sudden storm of sleet and rain, cost Washington his life; and the painful significance of the brief note is that it contains the death-warrant of the writer.

As for English authors, they stand in serried ranks, from Addison to Cardinal Newman, from Samuel Pepys to Robert Browning, from poor Goldsmith, trying hard to get rid of a friend's manuscript, to Tom Moore, returning cordial thanks for some sprats. Here is a letter from John Dryden, its slanting lines running laboriously uphill, entreating payment from Latimer of "that hundred pounds which is due on my Sallary from Christmasse to Midsummer last," and expressing a hope that as the king was "parcell poet" in furnishing "one of the designes" of his forthcoming comedy, his majesty would at least "keep the jeast in countenance by laughing at it." And here is an admirable letter from Pope to James Eckersall, showing that the fever of speculation that swept over England with the rapid swelling of the South Sea Bubble had affected even the "little Queen Anne's man," who was not easily duped. He writes jubilantly:

I daily hear such reports of advantages to be gained by one project or other in ye Stocks that my Spirit is up with double zeal, in the desires of our trying to enrich ourselves. I assure you my own Keeping a Coach and Six is not more in my head than ye pleasure I shall take in seeing Mrs. Eckersall in her Equipage. To be serious, I hope you have sold the Lottery orders, that ye want of ready money may no longer be any Impediment to our buying in ye Stock; which was very unlucky at that time. I hear ye S. Sea rose since, and should be glad we were in it. I also hear there is considerable to be got by Subscribing to ye new African stock. Pray let us do something or other, whichever you judge the fairest prospect. I am equal as to what Stock, so you do but like it. Let but Fortune favour us, and ye World will be sure to admire our Prudence. If we fail, let 's e'en keep the mishap to ourselves. But 't is Ignominious (in an Age of Hope and Golden Mountains) not to venture.

This is worthy of the man who set all his friends hard at work collecting subscribers for his translation of "The Iliad," and who wrote to Caryll that the epigram he most admired began with "Received" and ended with "Alexander Pope." And still more characteristic, if possible, is a letter of Samuel Richardson's to Miss Granger, one of the many fair correspondents who absorbed his time and attention. The lady, it seems, had expressed her confident belief that no girl who had reached the mature age of twenty-one could ever be misled as to her duty. She must always know what was right. Richardson, however, was of the opinion that at twenty-one girls are charming, but not wise, and he declared that he had known women of fifty or sixty who had not yet arrived at years of discretion. He concludes with gentle reproach:

I wish, my dear Miss Granger, that you had vouchsafed to consider the History of Clarissa more attentively than you can have done. Dr. Young is pleased to call it "The Whole Duty of Woman." I wish, if it were in any way worthy of that Title, the Ladies would look upon it (as it was designed) as something more than a mere Novel, or Romance, or Kill-time. That there was a necessity for some such Piece to be written, I have had a Multitude of Proofs since its Publication. Oh! that I could not say I have met with more Admirers of Lovelace than of Clarissa.

Poor Richardson! The enthusiasm of the perverse female sex for his scoundrel of a hero was to him a source of lifelong

irritation. Even when he had given these wayward creatures a model man to admire, the hussies turned wearily from good *Sir Charles*, and went back smiling to *Lovelace*. The author of "Clarissa Harlowe" knew more about women than any other man of his generation; yet was he fain to acknowledge that they were the least comprehensible of God's creatures.

Others learned this lesson well. There is in the Dreer collection a long letter from Burns to Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose), a tender, confused, pitying, evasive letter, full of those arguments that never convince and consolations that seldom console. The poet writes passionately:

> Your fame, your welfare, your happiness are dearer to me than any gratification whatever. Be comforted my love, the present moment is the worse. The lenient hand of Time is daily and hourly either lightening our burden, or making us insensible to the weight. A decent means of livelihood in the world, an approving God, a peaceful conscience, and one firm trusty friend,—can anybody who has these be said to be unhappy? These are your's.

A sharper note of pain is struck in a letter of Lord Byron's to Lord Holland, dated Pisa, May 11, 1822. Poor little Allegra has died in her convent school at Bagnacavallo, and Byron, who loved the child, admits with dull surprise that her loss is one of the keenest sorrows he has felt in all his troubled life. He is too proud to enlarge upon this grief to one who could not be expected to share it, or even to sympathize warmly; but the heaviness of his heart forces some despondent words from his pen, and he breaks away from the subject only to inveigh bitterly against the enmity aroused in England by the publication of "Cain," "a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless production." As a fact, the angry attack of British pietism upon this scriptural drama was ill understood by its author. There were times when he sinned with open eyes and smiling lips; but "Cain," though it deeply offended, was never meant to offend.

Three of the best letters in the collection are from Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. Fielding writes at great length to Lyttelton, congratulating him on his recent marriage, and adroitly seizing this propitious moment to beg his interest for an ardent young lover who cannot well marry without place or prospect. It is a kind and manly appeal. The lover's name is Moore. He is clever, estimable, and had already attracted Lyttelton's attention, and won from him a promise of the first vacant post. Moreover, and this is what excites Fielding's compassion:

> He is attached to a young creature of the most apparent Worth, who returns his Affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blessed but a moderate Portion of the greatest of human Evils;—so Philosophers call it, and so it is called by Divines, whose word in the matter is to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the Philosophers were.

Smollett's letter is valuable because of its biographical character. It was written in May, 1763, to Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey, and is an amiable response to one of those ruthless applications for personal details less common, let us hope, in Smollett's day than in ours. The writer lays pardonable stress on his own irreproachable respectability, a matter about which Mr. Smith has only too plainly evinced grave doubts; and asserts that his only resemblance to *Roderick Random*

> consists in my being born of a reputable Family in Scotland, in my being bred a Surgeon, and having served as a Surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the Expedition to Carthagene. The low Situations in which I have exhibited Roderick, I never experienced in my own Person. I married very young, a native of Jamaica, a young Lady well known and universally respected, under the name of Miss Nancy Lascelles; and by her I enjoy a comfortable, though moderate Estate in that Island.

It is pleasant to know that even a moderate estate was left after the ruinous lawsuit which swept away two thirds of Mrs. Smollett's patrimony. It is equally pleasant to read Sterne's letter to Dodsley, not for any tale of prosperity it has to relate, but because it is at once so modest and so resolute, a really wonderful missive to be sent by an author to a publisher. Dodsley is hesitating over "Tristram Shandy's" chances of success,—we know he subsequently refused the trifling sum of fifty pounds for the copyright,—and Sterne, while far from resenting these commercial doubts, expresses a sane confidence, as well he might, in the excellence of his work. There is not a more sensible letter in all this wonderful collection save and except a short model business note from Maria Edgeworth to *her* publishers, Messrs. Baldwin & Craddock, declining firmly, but courteously, to burden a new edition of her stories with prefaces, notes, or biographical gossip. "Such simple tales as mine need no explanation, and my life, wholly domestic, can afford nothing useful or amusing to the public," she writes, with a fine sense of propriety as antiquated as is her delicate and legible penmanship.

It is with genuine delight that the lover of literature turns over these yellow sheets, these messages that have long survived the hands that wrote them. Here is Swift, who was ever reproaching poor Stella with her misspelt words, dispensing "from a dizzy, aking head" information anent the rights and privileges of deans; and here is the poet Gray vowing that when he heard Delaval playing upon the water-glasses he "thought it was a Cherubim in a box." Here is Sir Henry Wotton bewailing, in the summer of 1615, the unwelcome presence of the camps. "For what sinn, in the name of Christe, was I sent hither among souldiers, being by my profession Academical, and by my charge, Political."

Here are a few prim lines of invitation from Samuel Pepys, a formal and elegant note from John Evelyn to the Earl of Godolphin, a brief letter from Chatterton, beautifully written pages from Addison and De Foe, and a most virtuous epistle from Horace Walpole, lamenting alike the sins of Whigs and Tories, and congratulating himself on the noble sincerity which had won him the ill will of both. And here is a sensible, humorous family letter from Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra. She writes:

Your inquiry after my Uncle and Aunt were most happily timed, for the very same post brought an account of them. They are again at Gloucester House, enjoying fresh air, which they seem to have felt the want of in Bath, and are tolerably well, but not more than tolerable. Mrs. Welby takes my Aunt out airing in her Barouche, which gives her a headache,—a comfortable proof, I suppose, of the usefulness of the new carriage when they have got it. You certainly must have heard, before I can tell you, that Colonel Orde has married our cousin, Margaret Beckford, the Marchioness of Douglas' sister. The papers say her father disinherited her; but I think too well of an Orde, to suppose that she has not a handsome independence of her own.

Few of these letters can be quoted entire, for in the indolently industrious days when people found leisure for friendship they found leisure for correspondence as well. They wrote page after page in an unhurried fashion that proclaims their mastery over time—time that now drives us all in harness, with whistling whip to mend our broken speed. Compare the civil haste in which we are wont to acknowledge a chance "author's copy" with this stout, closely written sheet from Wordsworth, who condescends to criticize in detail some verses sent to him; then, by a natural transition, passes on to the faults of Lord Byron's poetry, and the excellence of his own, a subject which never permitted abbreviation, and which on this occasion takes up all the rest of the paper.

It is hard to think of any living man being as discursive as Coleridge, from whom we have two very characteristic letters. He has, it appears, "endeavored to disseminate Truth by political Lectures," and the usual reward of the truth-teller

has been liberally meted out to him. "Mobs and Mayors, Blockheads and Brickbats, Placards and Pressgangs have leagued in horrible Conspiracy against me." He has also fallen in love, and, "in expectation of emigrating on the Pantisocratic plan," is paying his addresses to Miss Sarah Fricker. "Independently of the Esteem which her person and polished understanding may be supposed to have inspired in a young man," he writes wordily to George Dyer, "I consider myself as under particular ties of Gratitude to her, since, in confidence of my Affection, she has rejected the Addresses of two suitors, one of them of large Fortune,"—foolish young woman!—"and by her persevering attachment to me has disobliged her Relations in a very uncomfortable Degree."

Uncomfortable enough the lady found herself later on, even though the failure of the Pantisocratic emigration plan spared her a portion of the misery prepared for her wedding dower. There is a delightful letter from Carlyle in the Dreer collection, too long, alas! to be quoted, in which he expresses his "total, deep, irreclaimable dissent" from all such partnership-in-nothing schemes that involve retiring from the world, digging the soil, and living exclusively upon vegetables. No man more loudly scorned his fellowmen than did Carlyle, but none knew better than he how hard it is to get along without them. In a second letter we behold this chronic grumbler, this Caledonian Diogenes, purring like a cream-fed cat over the presentation of a "Penny Tract" devoted wholly and unreservedly to his praises. "Criticisms from natural blockheads," he roundly asserts, "are of no value to gods or men,"—we all know, alas! the unappreciative fashion in which natural blockheads are wont to criticize, —but this is indeed a tract of discrimination, "a friendly, solid, rational, interesting tract, sagacity and honest good sense speaking from every line of it." Ah, well!

What author's heart can praise despise?

Here is Southey, who begins a letter with a decent pretense of interest in George Dyer's new volume of essays, and then slipping, Wordsworth-like, into a more congenial strain, describes enthusiastically his own unrhymed verse and the principles which governed it, offering in an access of generosity to send specimen odes to Dyer for examination. "You would perhaps find them useful in your essay on metre," he suggests affably, "for tho' as yet unique, I think they will not always be so."

It is comforting to turn from such effusions to the simple, courteous, straightforward letters of Sir Walter Scott; to Edward Gibbon, prudently refusing his "vote and interest" in a coming election lest he should "make an enemy, without having the power to effectually serve a friend"; and to Shelley, assuring Mr. Graham that his [Graham's] "heavenly Ode deserves to be ranked with the most exquisite productions of Pindar." Nor can we pass by a most amusing and energetic protest from Thomas Hood, who has received from Mrs. Elliot something which purports to be writing, but which more closely resembles the unfamiliar intricacies of a Chinese puzzle. Like *Tony Lumpkin,* Hood is convinced that the inside of a letter contains the cream of the correspondence; but as his utmost efforts can decipher nothing but the address and the signature, he has decided to put it carefully away, hoping that when he is famous and dead, "the mysterious billet signed 'Georgina' may suggest to an imaginative Biographer some little romantic episode to introduce into the even tenor of my life."

Hood had the more right to object to his friends' enigmatic scrawls inasmuch as he himself wrote a beautifully clear and legible hand, as fine as the famous penmanship of Lord Chesterfield, who is represented in the Dreer collection by one of those long, strenuous letters to his little son, the most over-counseled child in Europe. It is full of the usual advice, admirable, parental, futile. The boy is urged to study hard, to excel all his companions, to behave with invariable politeness. "Mere Learning without good Breeding is Pedantry, and good Breeding without

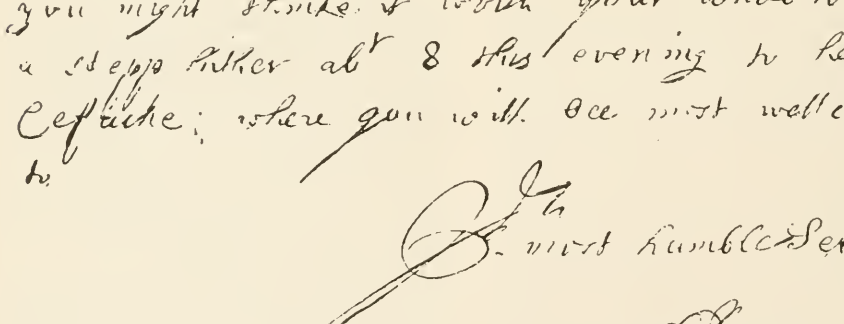
Learning is frivolous." He is also bidden, though this is only an afterthought, to be good. "I say nothing to you now as to honour, Virtue, truth, and all moral duties, which are to be strictly observed in all ages and at all times, because I am sure you are convinced of the indispensable necessity of practising them all,"—Philip is ten,—"and of the infamy, as well as the guilt, of neglecting, or acting contrary to any."

Was ever the uphill path of rectitude pointed out with such easy reliance, as if that stony climb cost no effort and threatened no failure? The "indispensable necessity" of practising "all moral duties" is so much a matter of course that it hardly needs the father's suggestion, much less the father's aid. And by the side of this comfortable assurance let us place a last letter from one who fought his way step by step up the steep road of life, who knew what was meant by doubt, discouragement, repeated failures, and that splendid mastery which helps the world to hope. Two weeks before he died Dr. Johnson wrote thus to Mr. Ryland:

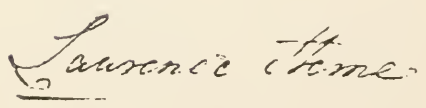
I have for some days, to speak in the lightest and softest language, made no advances toward health. My breath is much obstructed, and my limbs are wells of water. However, I have little reason to complain. My mind is calmer than in the beginning of the year, and I comfort myself with hopes of every kind, neither despairing of ease in this world, nor of happiness in another.

I shall not, I think, return to town worse than I left it, and, unless I gain ground again, not much better. But, God, I humbly hope, will have mercy on me.

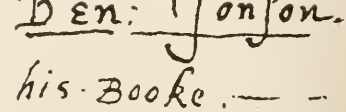
Here, indeed, is "tonic and bark for the mind." Mr. Dreer in his lifetime held this letter of Dr. Johnson's to be the most precious of all his vast collection—a collection which cost fifty years of unremitting toil and endeavor. It was toil sweetly repaid, endeavor crowned with success. "Autographic letters," said that enthusiastic antiquarian, M. Feuillet de Conches, "promise better things than the satisfaction of a sterile curiosity. A rich harvest of unhoped-for revelations wait sleeping in their folds."



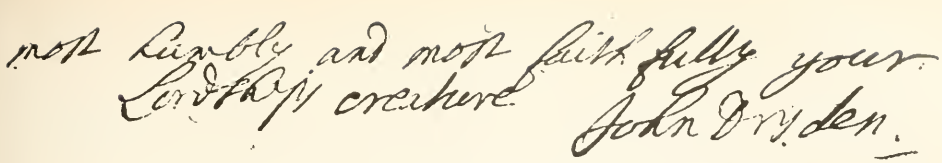
Signature of Samuel Pepys



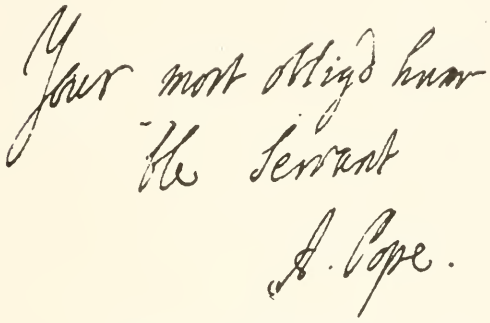
Signature of Laurence Sterne



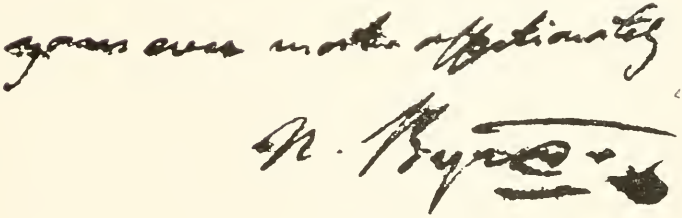
Ben Jonson's rare signature



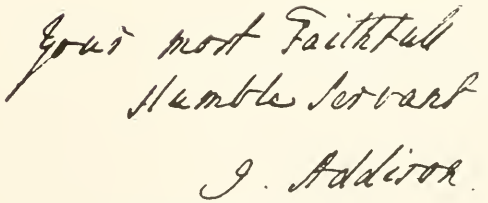
Dryden's signature. Letter asks payment of his salary as laureate



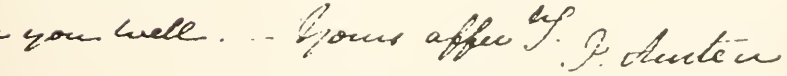
Signature of Alexander Pope



Signature of Lord Byron



Signature of Joseph Addison



Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra

of the Evil abovementioned. I beg you will do me the Favor of making my Compliments to your unknown Lady, and believe me to be with the highest Esteem, Respect, and Gratitude

Sir,
Yr. most Oblig.
most obed.
humble Servant
Henry Fielding

To the Honble
George Lyttelton Esqr.

Letter from Henry Fielding

praise, for Truth is my sole ~~Author~~ Object; & it is some proof, when one offends both Sides.

I am Sr
yr most obliged
& obedient Servt
Hor. Walpole

"A most virtuous epistle from Horace Walpole"

there are few Old Acquaintance than you and I;
I am Sr with great Truth
Sr. Your most Obedient
humble Servt
Jonath Swift

Signature of Jonathan Swift

I shall, I think, not return to town much
I hope to, and unless I gain ground again, not much
better. But, God, I humbly hope, will have mercy on me.

I am

Dear Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Sam: Johnson

Lichfield Oct. 6. 1784

Letter from Dr. Johnson, written two months before his death

I have now complied with your request, & beg in my turn you will
commend me to all my Friends in America. I have endeavoured more
than once to do the Colonies some service; & I am

Sir, your very humble Servt
T. Smollett

London May 9 1763

Letter of Tobias Smollett, written to an unknown American correspondent

di voler esser l'ultimo à portare co tutte Cattoliche. e
questo è quanto mi occorre dirgli: favorirsami di far reu.
à dett. Gonsoly, e mi dirami la sua gra, et il S.G. proffi.
da Bello. Gi. Litosto 1627
Galileo P.V.M.R.

Ser. Obligo. Galileo G.

A remonstrance against the lingering process of the law, signed "Galileo G."

"'Yes, she was a person of consequence'"

The Veil

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Author of "The Quality of Genius," etc.

Illustrations by Gerald Leake

"ONE changeless tradition is upheld by all my fellow-aliens who study your glorious country," said the young Swiss biologist in his slow, accurate English. He twisted his glass in stubby, pink-and-white fingers; his blue, guileless eyes held a meditative gleam. "Namely, the unswerving convention which they all obey in describing your most gracious phenomenon, the American woman.

"Consider the uncounted volumes of impressions of America. These eminent observers may cross swords on every other theme, but your woman! For her all voices chant one harmonious peal. She may or may not be supremely beautiful, brilliant, charming; but young or old, lovely or commonplace, she differs forever from her Old-World sisters: for alone among all womankind she is supremely transparent. Her motives, her desires, are as clearly to be seen as through crystal. Never the fair unknown; always the fair obvious. *Eheu!*

"However, I myself once turned observer, and studied a woman of your America—the woman who is in my mind to-night. She was, you may say, the exception which proves this crystal rule, although, *Dieu sait,* she may not be the sole exception.

"It was a raw, cold night in autumn. We stood, a group of wrathful passengers, in the Pullman office in Boston and called down anathema upon the ticket-seller because he could not assure us of our reservations upon the Night Limited. My look was bent upon that woman because of her dignity of aspect. She had neither youth nor beauty, she was small, meager, graceless; yet, withal, she was distinguished, she was almost imperial. I perceived that she was a personage, one to whom beings of another class were creatures of outer darkness. Perhaps this impression was enhanced by her one costly adornment—a veil of superb black Spanish lace, closely swathing, yet not softening, her face, which had the hue, the texture, of a face graven in gray stone. She was even more imperial when it came her turn to address the agent. At those few words, spoken in a low, serene voice, the agent's bland unconcern became the red, enraged chagrin of the small boy who dares not even put forth his tongue in defiance. On the young face of the traveler beside me I saw a commiserating grin.

"'Genus, *virago,*' said I.

"'Yep. Species, *lone plute;* habitat, Brookline,' he replied, with a pensive air. His face, the face of a harlequin, lighted with mischief. Later, after we had taken our places in our car, he glanced across at our veiled lady. Yes, she was a person of consequence. That told itself in the grieved deference of the train conductor, who, august in gold braid and buttons, hovered humbly near. My neighbor continued: 'You 'll find a few specimens in every large city, but New England is their happy hunting-ground. The Fenway swarms with 'em. Unmarried women, age forty up, thin-blooded Puritan snobs, with money by cart-loads, and culture to throw to the birds. They 're a sumptuous high-brow brigade, but the whole ten thousand of 'em rolled together can't boast a drop of the warm red blood that flames in the cheek of the grimiest little Bridgie that ever blundered ashore at Ellis Island. So it 's me for Ellis Island,' he added, in his patois inscrutable, yet picturesque. 'But this specimen once had a whack at better things. Look at her hands.'

"Our lady, sheathed in her rich veil,

litted her hands to arrange her hat; those hands shone as white as pearl. They were large, yet slender; supple, young, set on wrists molded like the wrists of a goddess. Under that ivory perfectness you saw the strength of steel.

"'She would have been the greatest pianist of the century if grandpa had n't been a Signer and grandma a *Mayflower* descendant,' the youth went on in his sad, tranquil tone. His harlequin countenance grew grave. 'Once or twice, years ago, I heard her play in somebody's drawing-room. Play? Whe-ew! She could play to tear the heart from your breast, then fill it with fire and glory and delight. She ought to be perched on a pedestal, wearing a scratchy laurel crown, this minute. But, alas! Beacon Hill would have hoisted its sacrosanct eyebrows if a Copley, a Salem Copley, a Peabody *and* a Bromfield, should ever perform for the gross public ear. So she 's settled back meekly into her tight little Beacon Hill niche. She 's locked up all that passion and splendor, and thrown away the key. She 's chucked her talent into the ash-heap. And, take it from me, she 's the grimmest, bitterest old maid in the Essex County Blue Book. Serves her right for falling down and worshiping Beacon Hill's eyebrow. But sad luck it is for the rest of us.'

"None the less philosophically he switched on his reading-light and left me to my own thoughts. They led me far from Beacon Hill's straight heights. Yet I caught myself glancing at the woman opposite, erect, calm, her wonderful hands now hidden, her face gray stone beneath the rich veil. That veil tantalized. Could that mask be lifted, would not those harsh features betray one trace of the long struggle? For even your thin-blooded Puritan snob does not lock away all passion and delight with a light and careless hand, and golden talents do not repose tranquilly in the ash-heap.

"Perhaps, fatigued by my reflections, I dozed; for as if through sleep that terror fell—crash on crash on crash; then followed a rocking plunge; then came eternity of night.

"At last I awoke. I was lying trapped, choking in a blind, black smother. My body was bent double; my legs were a mass of pain; my head was pressed upon to bursting. All this I could endure. But what I could not endure was the darkness—the hell of darkness. Panting, I glared into that unfathomable night. Miles away I saw a tiny gleam.

"I struggled toward that pale spark. I could not move one inch. Maddened, I raved, I fought, like any other doomed beast. The dim gleam vanished. Then agony overwhelmed me; I screamed aloud.

"'They will come back with the light. They are searching for us now,' said a voice. It was a woman's voice, very low and clear. I screamed again, but now in mad gratitude; for now I knew: I was not alone in the trap.

"My left hand was free. I clutched out wildly. My fingers tangled in something silky-soft, a weft that clung like cobweb, a woman's veil. I groped farther. My hand was seized and clasped tight in a small warm, steady hand. It gripped hard over my great trembling paw.

"'They will come back with the light. They will find us very soon.' The low voice spoke again, and the soft hand tightened on mine so gently, as if it soothed a child. A child I was, I fear, a great sweating, gulping booby. And there we lay in the blackness, pinned down, not daring to move, and waited, waited.

"It seemed a lifetime before the train crew reached us. They hacked and wrenched and pried. At last a space opened. I could crawl free.

"'Hike out, youse! No time to waste,' some one shouted. I was close to the gap. I will say that I had enough of decency to hold back.

"'Go on.' From the darkness the soft hand gave me a quick push.

"'You first, madam.'

"'Nonsense! Do as I bid! I will follow.'

"I crawled to the gap. The men seized my arms and dragged me through. I lay gasping on the frozen ground. I did not

try to move. I was on the blessed earth, under the blessed open sky. Then out rang that voice, imperious, high:

"'Stop, men! Don't try to lift me out. Swing that lantern down. There 's another man here; he 's unconscious. If I have light, I can pull him from under. There!'

"The brakeman swung his lantern down. There was a thud, a clatter. Now he and the conductor, crouched at the gap, were lifting out a limp, blood-stained form, the face of a harlequin, but whiter than any chalk, my young and jaunty fellow-traveler. And now they were dragging out a woman, a small, thin, elderly woman whose black clothes were smeared with blood and dust, but whose face, framed in the veil, half torn away, showed pallid and as unmoved as a face of stone.

"The men laid the boy beside me. The woman stumbled across the track. She held the lantern close, and looked at me sharply. Then, with a murmur of relief, she turned and began to feel of the boy's legs and arms. It is not possible that I can make you understand how quick she was, how quiet, how deft. Her hands flashed over him, flexed, prodded, tested, with the speed of light.

"'No broken bones, but a hard shock. He is reviving now. But you have a bad gash on your head and some ugly bruises. Give me your handkerchief; I 'll tie up that cut. Then, if you can move, come with me. We must get the other passengers out, and quickly.'

"Even as she spoke, she had bandaged my forehead. Together we blundered down the track, guided by the brakeman's lantern, our one light in that abyss of dark. But, no. Down in the river-bottom shone another light—the red, smoking glare of the overturned engine.

"You have heard of that wreck. Engine, tender, mail-car, and the first two Pullmans, flying down-grade at high speed, struck a broken rail, and were hurled over an embankment into water and quicksand, twenty feet below. Engine and tender plunged deep into the mire, but the mail-car, an ancient coach of wood, split in two, then heaved itself on top of the tender, and lay swaying, a mass of splintered boards and iron, ready to fall at a touch. Of the hundred-odd passengers, few were dangerously hurt, not one fatally. Most of us were on the three rear Pullmans, which were overturned, but remained on the embankment. You will recall the rejoicing head-lines, so brutal, so naïve: 'Wreck Of The Limited Results Providentially! Only Trainmen Killed!'

"It was an accurate statement. To the engineer the end must have come like a thunderbolt. When we had crawled out through water and mire as far as we dared, and peered at the mass of red-hot iron, seething, half-submerged, we knew that furnace could hold no life. But the fireman—

"'He might 'a' jumped, then been caught under the tender,' said the brakeman. 'Maybe, if that mail-car was n't stacked on top—and if he was n't pinned down too near the boiler—'

"'We 'll never reach him. He 's smothered in the sand, or else crushed to death. We 've got to look after the passengers. My train! My Limited, piled up like this!' the conductor muttered. He was a big, blustering, handsome man, but his gilt-braided cap had been knocked off. Losing that demolished all his dignity. In the dim light, his bald head, with the livid bruises, was a spectacle preposterous and forlorn.

"'Yes, he 's got to wait for the wrecking-crew. Dead or alive, we could n't never get him out.' The brakeman started away. But the woman grasped his arm.

"'He will not wait for the wrecking-crew. You wade out, close to the tender, and hold the lantern. I 'll wade around the engine, and grope in the water on the farther side till I find him.'

"We tried to hold her back. The brakeman swore and entreated. The old conductor babbled miserably. I got hold of her dress, and hung to it like a stubborn baby. She would have to wade, in the black darkness, through water and quicksand, how deep no one could say.

She would have to grope through mire and wreckage, with not one chance in a thousand of finding the fireman. Above her would sway the heap of junk that had been the mail-car, and now hung on edge, toppling. At any moment the whole swaying mass might pitch down. And even if by miracle she should find the boy, and find him not held down by wreckage, how could she drag his heavy body back? 'F'r the big hulkin' young husky he is, ma'am, twice the size of yerself.' More, they must not wait to help her. Passengers first. It was the law of the road. 'We 're goin' back to the passengers, ma'am. We got to.'

" 'Hold that lantern for me, you, then!' She thrust the lantern into my hand, seized my arm, and thrust me up the muddy slope of the embankment. 'Hold it high, now. And steady! Don't you dare let it fall and go out!'

"Dizzy, shaking with weakness, I stood and held the lantern, as high as my wavering arm could lift it. Straight out into the icy black water she strode, knee-deep, waist-deep. Her veil had slipped from her head. I remember how the river wind tossed its black folds, even as it blew the thick smoke that eddied round her.

"A moment we men stood watching, too amazed and daunted to speak or move. Then that small dark, urging shape disappeared behind the dark heap that had been the engine.

"Wait? It was five minutes, perhaps. But it was to me as if we waited hours on hours. Three able-bodied men we were, and sorely needed among the wrecked coaches. We had no right to waste precious moments on this mad hope. But not one of us moved. I do not think we could move. At last a faint hail.

" 'Two of you wade out around the engine. Bring the lantern.'

"Obediently the brakeman and I splashed out toward that commanding voice.

"She was standing at the farther side of the tender, leaning against it for support against the icy current that swept her knees. She held a limp form against her shoulder: a big ghastly-faced boy of twenty, his eyes shut, the blood oozing from a broad cut on his forehead.

" 'He was lying unconscious in the mud. He 's badly hurt and half-drowned. One of you take hold of his knees. I 'll carry his shoulders. Careful with that lantern, now!'

"Dazed, the brakeman obeyed her. Half dragging, half carrying that dead weight, the two floundered back. Just as they reached the foot of the embankment there was a crash, a sucking thud. The mail-car pitched over and drove deep into the mire at the very spot where the woman had stood, that helpless shape in her arms, barely a minute before.

" 'Here, ketch ahold!' The brakeman put the body down for a moment, and took the lantern from my hand. Then he raced after the conductor, who was already running down the track at top speed, back to the overturned Pullmans. I knew I must go, too, but first I helped the woman to drag the body up the bank. There I left her, and ran after the men.

"Mercifully, little remained for us to do. Most of the passengers had already fought their way out of the wreck. It was a curious scene. People stood about in the freezing darkness, blank, quiet. Those who were injured made no moan. Even the winds seemed dazed to silence.

"In a fence-corner I found my young traveling acquaintance, very wan, but quite clear of wit. Together we wandered away down the track. I think we both had a vague wish to find the woman, to speak our thanks. But when we saw her we forgot.

"She had set one passenger to building a fire of planks. She had ordered another out of his overcoat. She had seized bandages, right and left: a lace frill from one woman, a necktie from a man, the silk lining of her own cloak. Some one had torn it out at her bidding. Before her, moveless clay, lay the young fireman. Jaw set, that colorless, lean face narrowed to an edge of steel, she was working over him like a field-surgeon. The skill, the strength, the tenderness of that small

"'I saw the law of life and death pushed aside by two frail human hands, those white, slender, imperious hands. I saw, *Hélas!* what am I that I dare try to tell?'"

grim, silent creature! No. One finds no words to tell.

"We asked timidly if we might aid. She motioned us back. One saw that we were not wished. We were in the way. We crept off down the track as if we moved in some dull, endless dream.

"After a while we crept back again. The boy still lay supine, his broad, well-featured young face a little more ashen, a little more sunk and gray. The woman still worked over him. She had put on tourniquets, and stopped the frightful bleeding; she had washed off the mire, and bandaged his bruised forehead. Now she was rubbing his big, cold, grimy hands. Her own hands flashed as swift as wings in the wavering light. As I watched their sure, flying movements, I felt a queer, bewildered wonder. Those hands of genius, which could pour out music to overflow your heart—

"The night lagged on. It seemed an eternity before the first relief engine roared in. It brought blankets and brandy and stretchers, and, best of all, a doctor, a smart suburban doctor, snatched down to our aid like a god from a cloud, and feeling, one regrets to say it, distinctly heaven-born. He bent and examined the fireman hastily. Then he turned to the woman. She had not looked up. Her eyes were fastened always on the clay-white face on her knee.

"The doctor gave her half a glance. That half-glance perceived her torn and muddy blouse, the mired skirt frozen to her knees, her disordered hair. Assuredly, it perceived nothing more.

"'My good woman, you have done admirably,'—he spoke with brisk, arrogant authority,—'but your patient is past all aid. Leave him, and help me see to the passengers. It can be a matter of only a few minutes now.'

"I looked at him. I looked at the woman. Then, in that very gate of life and death, I felt myself strangling with wild, dismayed laughter. And close at my side I heard my companion's gulp of rapture:

"'Oh, Lord! *Oh,* Lord! Now just watch him get his!'

"A moment she pondered. A faint smile crossed her face.

"'Very well, my good man. If the time is so short, I can surely be spared—till then. In the meantime you may go.' Her eyes swept him, shriveled him, then their cold flame blazed upon the waiting ring of us. 'Go, I say—every one!'

"They went, all save myself. I had not the wits to haul my undesired carcass away. I sat huddled by the fire, and stared and stared at the woman, her narrow, calm face, her grim mouth, her dark, impenetrable eyes, fixed always on the dying face on her knee. Perhaps I had some dim prescience, yet, in my wildest dreams I could never vision—"

He stopped abruptly, and wrung the stem of his glass between his strong fingers. His blond, stolid face twitched queerly. His voice grew a little husky.

"What I saw then, my friend, is past believing. Scarcely can I myself believe the warrant of my own senses. I am a biologist, remember. I am not an imaginative person. I perceive that two and two make four. I know that never, while the world lasts, can two and two make five. But, hark you, in that hour I sat by and watched the iron certainties of life put by and made a mock of. I saw the law of life and death pushed aside by two frail human hands, those white, slender, imperious hands. I saw, *Hélas!* what am I that I dare try to tell!

"Then, glimmering up the track, like a sick, tired ghost, came the conductor. He bent his bruised head; he put out his hand.

"'Madam, I beg you, come away. It is not possible that you should save him.'

"She did not seem to hear. She did not even look up. A moment the man stood, fretted, irresolute. Then he stumbled away.

"She did not see him go. She was stooping over the boy. Her hands clasped him, her face bent to him, illumined. And then I saw, and saw without wonder, only with a great awe, that it was not life alone she would bestow. In all reverence, I say it: it was her love she gave."

Again his even voice grew a little hoarse.

"Yes, perhaps it was the eternal miracle that I looked upon. There I watched her—watched this woman who had never borne a child, this cold New England virgin, withered on her stalk, as she sat there, with that broken, miry young body gathered to her lean breast. And minute by minute I winced for shame, but could not turn my eyes away. For it was as if the veil before that woman's deepest being was flung aside, while I, barbarian, stood and gaped, open-mouthed, as at some white, hidden shrine. So it was that I looked in upon the real woman, profound, unchanging as the stars. Not the musician, so crowned with talent, so sourly thwarted, not the great lady, insolent and bland; but the intrinsic woman, the very flesh and spirit of Mary, Mother—her eyes of love, her hands so eager to give, her very breast of motherhood. With those hands, so wise, so gentle, she had bound his torn limbs. Now, with all the might of her soul, she would urge that failing soul back to the weary flesh.

"Then at last it was gray dawn. And the smart suburban doctor, much subdued, no longer pompous, stood beside us once more. Very deferentially he bent to feel the boy's wrist.

"'The ambulance is here at last, madam. A motor-car has been sent for you, and there are several telegrams for you. Your friends are much concerned. We will take the boy to the hospital. You have done marvels! I had not dreamed—' He broke off, mumbling apologies.

"She rose, reluctant. She said no word as the men laid the boy on the stretcher. Only she stood and looked and looked at him, at that faint, unmistakable hue of returning life on his still face.

"Then I saw that the tears were streaming down her face.

"No, she was not beautiful enough to dare tears. Few women are. I remember, too, that her cheek was pitifully flushed and stained, her thin mouth quivering. But I know that from my one glance at that weeping face I had bowed my head; for it was to me as if I had looked upon the face of an angel.

"Then in a moment she raised her head. Her trembling lips set into harsh, even lines. She took up her torn coat and thrust it on.

"'Your limousine is waiting, Miss Bromfield,' ventured the conductor. He gazed at her with a mournful eye. 'The —this gentleman represents the railroad company. He regrets, as do we all, the inconvenience to which you have been put. If you will speak with him—'

"'Ah.' Her cold eyes perused the stout, obsequious personage at his side. 'I will refer the gentleman to my attorneys. I do not care to make any statement. That is all.'

"She grasped the rich, torn folds of her veil and drew them close over her face. As she put it on, it was as if she put on once more the austere mask of her icy panoply. Beneath it her eyes hardened, her lips grew cold; her face grew as harsh and pale as a granite wedge.

"'Where is my car, Conductor? Put it at the service of the injured passengers. I 'll go with the ambulance.'

"We gaped after the ambulance as it plunged away. One last glimpse we had of the lean, small figure, erect on the intern's seat. Even beneath the soft shadows of her veil that face was a profile cut in gray stone.

"Then, close at my side, I heard a weak chuckle.

"'Genus, *virago*. The grimmest, bitterest old maid in the Essex County Blue Book.' It was the voice of my jaunty fellow-traveler. He was sniveling, frankly and quite ridiculously. He blew his nose with a gesture tragic and abased. With his plastered jaw, the droll, white furrows which tears had streaked down his smoke-blackened face, he looked more than ever the harlequin. And, like the harlequin, he must bedizen his thought in foolery. Yet he put it all into words,—our chagrin, our amazement, the reverence unspeakable that filled our hearts,—into his own patois, atrocious, serene. 'Say, old man, had n't we better guess again?'"

Jackson Square and the Cathedral of St. Louis, New Orleans

A Democratic Despot

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part VI. Chapter VIII

ANDREW JACKSON was sixty-two years old when he became President, and "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," though seven years before, in a fit of disgust and temporary ill health, he had retired to his estate to pass the sunset of his life in stock-breeding and horse-racing.

Washington had given him his first office in 1791, making him United States district attorney "for the whole district south of the Ohio." He took part in the convention that formed a state constitution for Tennessee, and represented her in both branches of Congress within a few months of her admission to the Union. What little impression he made upon his colleagues and upon the staid city of Philadelphia was then unfavorable. Jefferson, who was presiding officer of the Senate, remembered that he was "so passionate he would choke with rage when he attempted to speak."

He had not the judicial temperament, yet in 1798 he was made judge of the supreme court of Tennessee, and held the office successfully for about five years. Thus he had more than twenty years of experience, legislative and judicial, to his credit before he came into his own as warrior. But nature will out, and even on the bench his methods were militant. "Though unlearned in the law, he knew well how to enforce order," says General Scott, who tells a picturesque tale of Judge Jackson having himself summoned as a posse to

subdue an offender who proved too much for the sheriff, descending from the bench, personally knocking the culprit into submission, placing him before the bar, and then remounting to pronounce sentence, proceedings unusual, but eminently suited to the emergency.

To keep his own counsel, to move straight toward his object, to strike hard, and to care little what precedents were broken by the blow were his invariable rules of action. "The red tape was never made that could bind those lean muscular limbs of his," says a biographer. He had little opportunity and no desire to learn the technic of arms. As President he held cabinet counsels in small esteem. He was willing to be judge, sheriff, and posse in one, and he would doubtless gladly have acted as an overwhelming majority in Congress, but not as a unanimous vote, for opposition was as the incense of battle to his nostrils.

His military fame began with the campaign against the Creek Indians in 1813, when, in addition to the usual hazards of Indian warfare, he faced mutiny and starvation among his own troops. He rode along the rebellious line, threatening to shoot the first man who turned homeward; he himself set the example of living upon acorns; and he brought to a victorious end an expedition unimportant in itself, but one that combined with others to bring about notable results.

Tecumseh, the moving spirit among the Indians of the Northwest, had recently fallen at the battle of the Thames, in Canada. His scheme for a federation of the tribes perished with him, and this campaign of Jackson's broke the power of the Indians in the Southwest as well, making it possible for military forces to move where they would through territory that the Indians had heretofore held against all comers.

This campaign had also an important bearing on the war with England. At the beginning of his expedition he informed the secretary of war that he had no scruples whatever against crossing the border and carrying the flag to Mobile, Pensacola, or St. Augustine, the excuse for such invasion being that England was occupying these places and profiting by the hospitality of Spain. The administration's cautious answer, not forbidding this, but pointing out that it was necessary first to make sure that Spain willingly allowed England to occupy her territory, reached Jackson after the war was well over. Meantime he forged ahead and did what he saw fit, his success shining brighter by contrast with the gloom elsewhere. As a reward, he was appointed from the volunteer service into the regular army, which he had twice before tried to enter.

Then came his high-handed and brilliant defense of New Orleans, carried on very much as he conducted his campaign against mutiny and desertion, by force of indomitable will and heartening example. He had several thousand good men, each one of whom could shoot straight and think for himself, but who together made up a very badly disciplined army. They were of many nationalities and of every complexion under the sun. One of the small gunboats in the river was manned by New-Englanders; another by a swarthy crew drawn from the sailor population of the water-front, Portuguese, Norwegians, West Indian Spaniards, and French smugglers like the notorious brothers Lafitte, who in this time of stress scorned British overtures and rendered Jackson such service that their former misdeeds were pardoned. The local militia was made up of blacks and whites, French and Americans, among them a band of free negroes. Jackson had a few regulars, but they were raw and new to the service; his chief hope lay in the Tennessee volunteers, who reached him over nearly impassable roads on the very day that the British commander forced his way through watery lanes of swamp and bayou into the Mississippi River, only a few miles below New Orleans. His volunteers were the sort with which Jackson had won his victories over the Indians—frontiersmen in leggings and coonskin caps, of unquestioned bravery and unerring aim, and only a shade less determined than Jackson himself.

In the final encounter the British commander Packenham had double the numbers at Jackson's disposal, all veterans seasoned in Napoleonic wars; but they were too well trained to presume to use the brains the Lord had given them. Packenham mistook the character of his opponent, and threw away much of his usual caution, so that the two generals met on an equality of rashness, if not of numbers. They had also the same material out of which to build redouts, Mississippi mud, for the tale that Jackson defended New Orleans from behind bales of cotton has been relegated to fable. At the end of the battle, after barely half an hour of fighting, the British works were battered to pieces, while those of the Americans came out of the ordeal almost uninjured. The British loss was twenty-five hundred, including the commanding general; that of the Americans was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Nothing further need be said either in eulogy of American marksmanship or British courage.

There were picturesque features in the defense, apart from the fighting. The tact of the "Tennessee barbarian" in handling the high-spirited inhabitants of New Orleans was equaled only by his success in bending them to his will. He pressed rich and poor, slave and free, into his service; proclaimed military law, put a stop to all business except the imperative one of preparation, and after his victory over the British completed his conquest of the people by calling upon the Rev. Abbe Dubourg to hold public services of thanksgiving in the cathedral, by allowing himself to be crowned with laurel by the gentle nuns of the Ursuline convent, who had prayed for him during the battle, and by a personal court scene of dramatic intensity.

During the preparations for defense he had paid small heed to civil authority. A judge tried to interfere when he proclaimed martial law. He ignored the writ, ordered the arrest of the judge, and sent him beyond the military lines. After civil authority was restored, the judge returned the compliment by arresting Jackson and fining him a thousand dollars for contempt of court. By this time Jackson was the idol of the city, and the audience in the crowded court-room seemed on the point of becoming an angry mob. Jackson mounted a bench, begged his friends to show their regard for him by showing respect for the law, paid his fine, and turned to depart; whereupon the populace went quite mad, and, taking the horses from his carriage, dragged it to his hotel, shouting all the way. Twenty-five years later Congress, with no little oratory and ceremony, remitted the fine.

General Scott, whose professional admi-

The Hermitage, Jackson's home near Nashville, Tennessee

John Quincy Adams

Andrew Jackson

ration for Jackson was tinged by personal dislike, thought him all wrong in this struggle with the courts. "For the glorious defense of New Orleans, Congress voted thanks and a gold medal," he wrote in his autobiography. "That measure of justice was short at both ends. Censure and a monument should have been added."

At the end of the war the army was reduced to a peace footing, but Jackson remained in the service, and in 1817 another Indian campaign brought him before the public in a far from agreeable light. Florida still belonged to Spain, and the Seminole Indians had a way of making sudden raids across the border into Georgia. The Spanish colony offered them a safe place of retreat after an orgy of murder and pillage. It was also a refuge for white criminals of many nations and kinds, who added their iniquity to the forays. The raids became so frequent and daring that Jackson was ordered to put an end to them. The exact degree of authority given him was later a subject of bitter dispute. He claimed that he had distinct orders to invade Florida, and that the Government knew and approved his belief that eastern Florida should be taken and held as indemnity for outrages upon our citizens. The administration denied this.

Whatever his orders, he did not stop until he had taken Pensacola and accidentally executed two Englishmen that he found there helping the Indians. This raised a storm at home and abroad. Resolutions of censure were introduced in both branches of Congress, and debated to the exclusion of all other business, in one house or the other, for the space of twenty-seven days. The House finally voted to sustain him, while the Senate laid the resolution on the table, Clay making a speech arraigning Jackson, for which he was never forgiven.

In Monroe's cabinet discussion was equally violent, though not made public. Long years afterward Jackson learned that Calhoun, secretary of state, had favored disavowing Jackson's acts and holding him to account, and on the instant his previous admiration for the South Carolinian changed to undying hate. John Q. Adams upheld him, being the only member of the cabinet to do so, and cited authorities on international law and instances of history to prove that the impetuous general was well within his rights. Jackson learned of this at the time, but ungratefully pooh-poohed the attempt to thrust him into the academic past.

"Damn Grotius!" he said. "Damn Pufendorf! Damn Vattel! This is a mere matter between Jim Monroe and myself."

Jim Monroe meanwhile, with Adams's help, framed a reply to Spanish protests which was a triumph of diplomacy, since it upheld Jackson, promised to give up Pensacola to any one authorized to receive it, and offered Spain a sum of money for the territory in dispute, thus managing successfully to be on every side of the question at once. And Spain, seeing that Florida would sooner or later pass into our hands, took the reply and the cash in a friendly spirit, concluding a treaty in 1819 by which she transferred her colony to the United States for the sum of five million dollars.

The first important act of Monroe's second term was to appoint Jackson governor of the new Territory of Florida, a position the annoyances and embarrassments of which the hero of New Orleans found to outweigh its advantages. It was from this office that he resigned in disgust to pass his declining years in Tennessee. But he was too much a born leader of men to be content with molding the destinies and promoting the victories of horses and cattle.

He returned to the United States Senate in 1823, and in 1824 Adams, alive to the strength the general's popularity would add to his own unemotional ticket, suggested that the vice-presidency would be a nice place for his old age. Jackson was in truth less than four months older than Adams. The idea of deliberately accepting second place to anybody did not appeal to him, but his claim to first place was worked up so effectively during the campaign of 1824, largely through the efforts of his friend Major Lewis of Tennessee, a most adroit politician, that the House of Representatives had to choose between him and Mr. Adams.

General Lafayette was in Washington at the time this vote was taken, and witnessed the meeting between Adams and Jackson that night at the White House. Jackson hastened to congratulate the successful candidate, and the newspapers noticed and praised the cordiality of victor and vanquished. Perhaps the influence of the kindly Frenchman smoothed over the rough edges of the situation. They did not long remain smooth. Clay was unforgiven because of his speech of censure, and when Jackson learned that Clay was to be Adams's secretary of state, the charge of bribery rose naturally to his impulsive lips. With the passing days his ire grew to include Adams as well, and in October of that year he resigned his seat in the Senate and came out squarely as a candidate for President in the next election, still more than three years in the future. His charge was corruption in high places. "Shall the Government or the people rule?" he asked, coining a good phrase that carried far; and soon he was accusing Adams, in effect, if not in words, with being a usurper, and calling him and his administration "these enemies of liberty."

His election was an innovation. The American Presidents heretofore had been men of a different type, differently educated, and achieving the Presidency as the crowning honor of a long official career. Jackson's civil experiences had been sufficiently varied and stretched over a sufficient length of years, but were more remarkable for energetic disregard of precedent than for carrying out the laws. This, however, troubled the rank and file of his followers very little. Jackson was a candidate from the new West, where short cuts through means to ends were the fashion, and his military record, always a formidable asset in this peace-loving land of ours, was eminently satisfactory.

His political methods were largely those of the military chief. This campaign of 1828 showed on both sides a more thorough organization and more skilful use of party machinery than any that had gone before. Feeling ran high, and quarter was neither given nor asked. The "silk vestings, printed with excellent likenesses of the candidates," and the tape-needles stamped with their names, which can still be found among the treasures of granddaughters of that generation, were hidden under a deluge of abusive pamphlets. Hand-bills spread abroad woodcuts of scurrilous import. One headed by a row of coffins charged Jackson with premedi-

tated murder in duel and in court-martial. Another, issued by Jackson's partizans, showed John Quincy Adams using a horse-whip on a crippled old soldier who dared come near him to ask a favor. Newspapers published extras full of slanders and refutations in a succession that would seem slow enough now, used as we are to a dozen editions in a morning, but were then a marvel of journalistic enterprise.

After Jackson's election his party machinery was not allowed to rust. He and his friends were astute enough to see the "penetrating" power of the press, and used it throughout his administration.

"Every deputy postmaster is required to insert in his return the title of every newspaper received at his office for distribution," Mrs. Trollope was told while in Washington. "This return is laid before the secretary of state, who, perfectly knowing the political character of each newspaper, is thus enabled to feel the pulse of each limb of the monster mob."

David Crockett, whose career in Congress was cut short by Jackson's mandate in 1831, testifies that "each editor was furnished with the journals of Congress from headquarters, and hunted out every vote I had missed in four sessions whether from sickness or not, no matter, and each was charged against me at eight dollars, a day's pay. In all I had missed about seventy votes which they made amount to $560, and they contended I had swindled the Government out of that sum, as I received my pay as other members do." That, and making spurious engagements for him to speak all over his district which he could not keep, because knowing nothing about them, while his opponents took care to be on hand to ridicule and denounce him, cost him his seat. But at the next election he was ready for them, and won despite their tactics.

Rachel, wife of Andrew Jackson
In a locket worn by the President

When Jackson was renominated and re-elected in 1832, his running-mate was Martin Van Buren of New York, whose whole life had been spent in adroit manipulation of his fellow-voters; and in this union of political forces and methods of East and West the country saw something in political team-work the like of which it had not dreamed. This same year 1832 saw the beginning of the system of nominating Presidential candidates in national conventions and of setting forth party aims in party platforms. But the "spontaneous unanimity" of Jackson's renomination was doubtless greatly aided by his firm hold upon the press.

At the time of his first election Jackson's wife was still living. Her name was dragged into the canvass, and she was subjected to rougher usage than should fall to the lot of any woman. She died in the Christmas season preceding his inauguration. He was devotedly attached to her, and a wave of personal sympathy swept over the country. The crowds that gathered to greet him on his lonely way to Washington met him with a respectful silence more eloquent than applause. Being American crowds, they remained for the most part covered as their ranks opened for the gaunt old man in deep mourning who walked bareheaded among them in the chill air. "He looked," said a for-

eigner who saw him, "like a gentleman and a soldier."

It was on February 11, the day the electoral votes were counted, that he arrived in Washington and took up his residence at Gadsby's, an inn famous in stage-coaching days. He declined to call upon President Adams, implying that he could not bring himself to touch the hand of a man who had attained office through unworthy means. He busied himself with the office-seekers, who rushed to Washington in incredible numbers, likewise avoiding Adams, to flock around the power that was to be. Adams, resenting this breach of etiquette, took no official or social notice of his successor, and left the city on the third of March, neither he nor any member of his cabinet remaining to welcome Jackson to office.

But the populace was there in force. Never had Washington seen such inauguration crowds. A man of the people had been elected President at last, and the people came rejoicing to see him take his oath. "They really seem to think the country has been rescued from some danger," wrote Webster.

On the morning of the fourth of March those fortunate to secure a commanding position on Capitol Hill looked down upon Pennsylvania Avenue alive with carts and carriages full of women and children, their male escorts walking beside them. At last a small company of men was seen marching compactly through this crowd up the middle of the avenue, one tall figure holding his hat in his hand while the wind played through his wilful gray locks. There was something military in the sight, something most unmilitary in the rabble of people shouting themselves hoarse in acclaim of the spare, erect figure. It was an expression of popular will and popular trust that gripped the heart and sent an ache to the throats even of those who feared the "Tennessee barbarian" and his host.

After taking the oath of office, Jackson returned to the White House on horseback, followed indiscriminately by white and black, rich and poor, men, women, and children, who swarmed over the lawn and through the rooms of the Executive Mansion, where no police provision had been made for such an onslaught. The courageous old warrior was forced that day to do what he seldom did: he retreated, and sought refuge in his old quarters at Gadsby's. Current rumor had it that a quantity of china and cut glass to the value of several thousand dollars was broken in an attempt to get refreshments to the multitude, and that finally great tubs of punch were carried out in front of the house, but that "hogsheads would not have been enough."

No man has had warmer supporters or bitterer enemies than Jackson, and of no man have more contradictory descriptions been written than of him. He had innate dignity. Webster thought him "more presidential" than the other candidates in 1824, when the others included the imposing Crawford, the learned Adams, and Clay with all his magnetism. A life of hardship made him look all of his sixty-two years, but his long, straight legs still bore him well, and his long, narrow face under the iron-gray hair tumbling all ways at once was illuminated by small, but wonderfully alert, blue eyes that seemed to "scintillate light."

He was not arrogant, although "not a man to suffer a difference of opinion with equanimity." He was simply so sure of being right that the possibility of being wrong did not find lodgment in his brain; and being energetic in the cause of right, things happened wherever he might be.

Things began to happen the moment he was President. He hated fiercely, and at this instant hated no man more bitterly than Henry Clay. Van Buren, who was to succeed Clay as secretary of state, was governor of New York and could not immediately assume the new office. But Jackson did not purpose to leave Clay in possession one minute longer than the law required. As he was starting to the Capitol to take the oath, he thrust a paper into the hands of Colonel James Hamilton of New York, son of Alexander Hamilton, saying:

"Colonel, you do not care to see me inaugurated."

"Indeed I do," the other protested. "I came here for that purpose."

"No," Jackson insisted. "Go to the State House, and as soon as you hear the gun fired, I am President and you are secretary. Go, and take charge of the department." This was the manner of his first appointment, and the others were quite as arbitrary.

Fewer than seventy-five people had been removed from office during the forty years of the Government's existence. Washington had removed nine and recalled one foreign minister; John Adams also removed nine; Jefferson thirty-nine; Madison five, three of them defaulters; Monroe had displaced nine, and John Quincy Adams two. Sentiment in favor of a short tenure of the higher federal offices had gradually increased, helped on by the refusal of both Washington and Jefferson to be President a third time. In 1820 a law had been passed making four years the legal term for certain federal financial offices, and in the States it became more and more unusual for governors to serve more than two or three successive terms, while in some of them the entrance into office of a new governor was a signal for turning out the appointees of his predecessor. But it was through Jackson that the idea of rotation in office reached the national civil service. He came into power on a wave of reform, making the question, "Shall the Government or the people rule?" do alternate duty with charges of bribery and corruption; and in the first year of his Presidency he made 690 removals, selecting successors on some whimsical plan of his own that he did not trouble to explain to his supporters. "No thought appeared to be given to the fitness of the persons for their places," according to Colonel Hamilton. "I am sure I never heard one word in relation thereto, and I certainly had repeated conversations with him in regard to these appointments."

There was doubtless need of change. Forty years of undisturbed possession had given time for old age to creep in and occupy the chairs of many minor officials; one of the great bureaus was known as the "Octogenarian Department." But such wholesale turning out spread terror through the government service. When Jackson had been President only a week Clay compared the plight of the office-holders to that of the inhabitants of Cairo in time of plague. "No one knows who is next to encounter the stroke of death or, which is with many of them the same thing, to be dismissed from office. You have no conception of the moral tyranny which prevails here." And against this moral tyranny he inveighed in the drawing-rooms of society, "reclining," as was his fashion, perhaps the fashion of the day, on friendly and comfortable sofas, while the air pulsated to his rich eloquence, and his hearers, many of whom were feminine, and most of whom were suffering in apprehension, if not in fact, from the acts of the new tyrant, fervently wished that Providence had seen fit to make this wise statesman President.

The Senate, dazed and hypnotized, confirmed Jackson's many appointments as they were sent in. Webster was convinced that it would have rejected half of them if freed from the compelling power of his popularity with country constituents.

The charges of corruption, which had been lavishly used, had been sadly overworked, but Jackson made the most of the very small proportion of fraud he did discover. The only official of any prominence caught robbing the Government, a fourth auditor of the Treasury, whose stealing amounted to about two thousand dollars, was promptly convicted and placed in a cell, over the door of which Jackson, with grim ferocity, ordered a label to be placed reading, "Criminal Department."

Thus he started on his term of office, opinionated, energetic, and sincere. He was soon at daggers' points with Calhoun, who had accepted the Vice-Presidency on the understanding that Jackson wanted only one term and that he was to be his successor. The President was as bitter as ever against Clay and had quarreled with

every member of his cabinet except Van Buren, the secretary of state, who was as diplomatic as his chief was dictatorial, and deliberately set himself to humor Jackson's eccentricities with a view to mastering the situation and climbing into the Presidency. Fortune favored him in this by throwing a social scandal into the political arena, one of those small tempests that carry large consequences.

The cause of the trouble was the vivacious lady lately married to General Eaton, Jackson's secretary of war. She was referred to in Washington as Bellona, because she was plucky and a stirrer-up of strife. The ladies of the cabinet thought they knew entirely too much about her past both as Peggy O'Neil, the jolly and clever daughter of a local innkeeper jesting with her father's patrons, and later as the wife of a purser in the navy who had chosen to end his earthly troubles by blowing out his brains. They had no intention of taking such a person into their exclusive circle, and, drawing their skirts about them, refused to sit at table with her or to attend receptions to which she was invited. Mrs. Calhoun sided with them, thus helping to widen the breach between the President and the Vice-President. Van Buren, on the other hand, in the freedom of widowerhood, sided with the testy Jackson and acquired merit thereby. Jackson chose to believe the attack on Mrs. Eaton an attempt to drive her husband out of the cabinet, and suspected Clay of being at the bottom of it. It was in a way a repetition of attacks that had been made upon his own wife. His political animosity, his gallantry,—he was an ardent defender of slandered virtue,—and his natural pugnacity were all aroused. He stormed, and ordered his cabinet to order their wives to treat the wife of his secretary of war with respect. The poor cabinet, caught between the upper and nether millstones of Presidential and domestic tyranny, signified that it was helpless. One man, braver than the rest, answered that he could not allow the President to interfere in the management of his household and that he was willing to resign. Jackson thundered that he had not made a cabinet to please the ladies, but to govern the country.

In his encounter with the ladies of Washington, Jefferson had routed them. In this more serious affair the more wilful President had to submit. Gradually the matter died down, but not before it put an end to all cordiality between him and the heads of the departments, Van Buren only excepted. They remained heads of departments and nothing more. When Jackson wished advice or help he received it from a group of half a dozen men personally agreeable to him, but without official position or responsibility, who became known as his kitchen cabinet. One of them was Major Lewis, who had ably managed his campaign in 1824. Another was Amos Kendall of Massachusetts and Tennessee, whom Harriet Martineau described as a "twilight person" working with "goblin extent" and "goblin speed" in the affairs of his chief. Another was Francis P. Blair, who long remained a power in politics. These men were honest enough, but deft and crafty, working his bidding with consummate skill and keeping the public guessing.

In this their chief was no whit behind them. One element of Jackson's interest for friends and foes alike was his unexpectedness. Nobody was quite sure what he would do next. Some laid this to studied design, some to the natural expression of a temperament the very violence of which had its fascination. His favorite threat was to "cut off the ears" of any one who differed with him: his favorite oath, "By the Eternal," a euphemism for a shorter word that would have greatly distressed his pious wife.

His intentions were uniformly good. The summing up of his foreign policy, "Ask nothing but what is right, submit to nothing wrong," was really the summing up of his attitude toward the world. When not angry he was just. When angry, which often happened, the chances of his being just were about fifty in a hundred. Long experience had taught him also that a certain amount of bluster was effective.

Henry A. Wise insisted that he was a consummate actor, and that often his towering passions were simulated for a purpose; but the moment the door closed behind one of his victims he would resume his pipe with a chuckle and say, "He thought I was mad."

He smoked, Mr. Wise tells us, "as he did everything else, with all his might," puff, puff, whiff, whiff, until the room was so blue it was difficult to see the spare figure sitting with knees crossed, the long reed pipe-stem resting in the hollow between them and extending nearly to the floor. Naturally choleric, he had the tenderness that goes with a warm, rich nature. Benton surprised him at his home in Tennessee sitting beside the fire in the twilight fondling a lamb and a little child. He seemed a bit embarrassed at being caught thus off his guard. Kendall, his trusted friend and amanuensis, said that in all their intercourse he never saw him in a rage or heard him swear.

Last portrait of Jackson

On the whole, he usually acted better than his friends dared hope. Buchanan, himself a model of propriety in dress and deportment, tells of going to inform him of the visit of a distinguished English lady, and of finding him looking more than usually unkempt and unpresidential behind his haze of tobacco smoke. Gathering his courage, Buchanan asked respectfully if his Excellency did not wish to make some change in his toilet before granting the interview. Jackson eyed him while he knocked the ashes out of his pipe with great deliberation and answered:

"Buchanan, I want to give you a bit of advice that I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made his fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently." And "presently" he appeared shaven and brushed, in clothes of ceremony, with a manner so gracious and cordial that the lady exclaimed on leaving, "Your republican President is a royal model of a gentleman."

Naturally hospitable, his home in Tennessee was overrun with guests, among whom he moved more as a fellow-guest than as a host. Sometimes he sent out and compelled friends to come in. Learning that the son of Daniel Boone was staying at a near-by inn, he sent him the message, "Your father's dog should not stay at a tavern where I have a house." He did not leave his hospitality behind him in Tennessee, but as President lived up to what he considered the requirements of the position, spending all his salary in a hospitality both lavish and generous, though himself partaking sparingly of only milk, bread, and vegetables even at state dinners.

In Tennessee he had kept his coach, with four handsome grays and servants in suitable livery, and was so much inclined to follow such fashions that "plain John Brown of Virginia, an old Revolutionist and one of the near 200,000 freemen which I hope have taught Congress a lesson not soon to be forgotten," felt constrained after his election to warn him against the pomp and frivolity at Washington which could be pardoned in "Gen-

eral la Fiatte" because of the "volatile fancy of a Frenchman," but no truly wise man should be pleased by it. Jackson understood the homely, well-meant advice, and indorsed it, "A friendly letter—worth reading. Private."

While ignorant of books, Jackson talked remarkably well, though occasionally mispronouncing or even misusing words. He did not write with ease, but knew enough to use the talents of one better educated. Amos Kendall, that "twilight person," served him as scribe. Jackson dictated his ideas through a cloud of smoke, Kendall writing and reading aloud paragraph by paragraph, Jackson correcting for greater clearness of meaning, and the collaboration going on until of a sudden the younger man would be astonished at the masterly power of the President's thought. Jackson had the keener mind, Kendall the readier pen. The two combined well, and their joint political letters are a marvel of apparent frankness covering subtle suggestion.

While on the subject of Jackson's literary accomplishments it is permissible to recall the fact that Harvard gave him the degree of LL.D. He had been a judge and presumably a lawyer, but the absurdity of conferring this degree upon a man who heeded no law but his own will weighed heavily on a part of the Cambridge community. President Quincy of the college was approached and solemnly asked if it could not be avoided.

"Why, no," he replied. "Since the people have twice decided that this man knows law enough to be their ruler, it is not for Harvard College to maintain that they are mistaken."

Jackson rose from a sick-bed to receive the degree. At sight of him the critical Cambridge audience was moved to something like admiration, the younger Quincy tells us, and he goes on to repeat the apocryphal story of how Jackson responded to President Quincy's Latin speech. What he really did was to answer in a few modest words of English spoken so low as to be scarcely heard. But rumor had it that he replied:

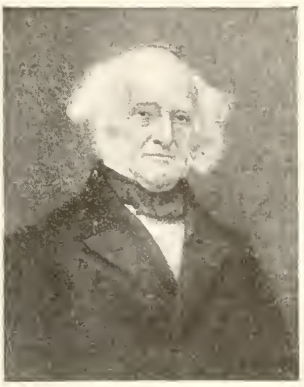
"Caveat emptor: corpus delicti; ex post facto; dies iræ; e pluribus unum; usque ad nauseam; Ursa Major; sic semper tyrannis! quid pro quo; requiescat in pace."

"The story was on the whole so good as showing how the man of the people could triumph over the crafts and subtleties of classical pundits that all Philistia wanted to believe it. And so it came to pass that as time went on part of Philistia did believe it, for I have heard it mentioned as an actual occurrence."

That part of the voters who resented the tyranny of "King Andrew" rallied around Clay, and taking to themselves a name consecrated by English usage to the opposition, became the Whig party, while Jackson's partizans, especially the unlettered, who saw in him a man pure in motive like themselves and strong enough to put his theories into practice, loyally acclaimed all his acts as much from devotion to the man as from belief in his policies. Thus early in his administration the country found itself again divided into two great political camps. The distinction even entered the kitchens, where Whigs and Democrats became the names of two breakfast breads, the receipts of which survived down to the date of a childhood not yet remote. Democrats were rich and smooth and crumbly, almost like pound-cake, a little deceptive corn-meal smuggled into the flour adding to their specious air of butter and sugar richness. Whigs were a sort of popover, very high and imposing to look upon and very empty in the middle.

It was an invidious distinction. The Whigs numbered among them men of solidity and substance quite as much as their opponents. In fact, substance in the monetary sense was one of the crimes charged against them by the Democrats. The Whigs advocated the National Bank, which Jackson, for reasons wholly sincere, though partly personal—and it was hard for him to consider anything impersonally—bent every energy to destroy. This became the great issue of his second term. The overshadowing question of his first term was Nullification.

At some time in his political career Jackson favored a constitutional amendment making a President ineligible for renomination. But circumstances alter cases, and whatever prejudices he may have had against a second term vanished utterly as the election of 1832 drew near. Although Nullification was an issue, he himself seemed to take greater interest in the overthrow of the National Bank, for which he had conceived intense dislike.



Martin Van Buren

The charter of the National Bank of 1816 would not expire until 1836, but in 1832 Clay introduced a bill for its renewal. This was passed, and Jackson, not the man to decline such a challenge, promptly returned the bill with a veto message that made an excellent campaign document, whatever its merits as a treatise on finance. Soon afterward the great party conventions chose as their respective candidates the defender of the bank and the champion of its suppression, making it the chief issue of the campaign.

In one sense it was a contest between town ways and country prejudices—the distrust of the farmer for the methods of the man of business. Jackson, the people's candidate, adored in the rural districts, championed hard coin, and his "yellow boys" were contrasted sonorously against "Clay's rags" and the paper notes issued by the bank. This was one of the few questions upon which Clay, Webster, and Calhoun were all agreed; but the rural population still far outnumbered that of the towns, and Jackson won. His victory was made more decisive by a wave of anti-Masonry, one of the semi-patriotic, semi-religious agitations against secret societies that sweep over the country at intervals. A weak member of the order of Masons had attempted to reveal its secrets, and soon after mysteriously disappeared. This added a touch of grisly human tragedy to the campaign, and the cleverness of Democratic managers made it a potent counter-irritant to the bank question, winning thereby many a voter from Clay's standard.

Jackson received 219 electoral votes, and Clay only 49. Fortified by this tremendous majority, Jackson gave his will free rein during his second term, using the veto power more frequently than all previous Presidents and conducting himself generally after the manner of a warm-hearted, well-meaning tyrant.

He pursued his war against the banks, dismissing one secretary of the treasury who refused to remove government deposits from the national banks to state banks already in existence, and appointing in his stead the same Roger B. Taney who later became Chief-Justice of the United States, and achieved a lasting and unenviable place in the history of American slavery by his famous Dred Scott Decision.

The President's removal of government deposits to state banks precipitated a long discussion in Congress, but neither Clay's eloquence nor Webster's arguments, nor the combined oratory of a three months' Senate debate sufficed to turn Jackson from his purpose. He honestly believed the National Bank corrupt, distrusted and personally disliked its president, and cherished the scheme for its downfall with the devotion of parenthood.

Clay's final effort, a personal appeal made to Vice-President Van Buren upon the floor of the Senate, to use his great influence with Jackson to defeat the measure, was met by studied insolence. That usually well-mannered politician meant to succeed Jackson and did not purpose to endanger his chances by a quarrel.

Clay thereupon introduced a resolution censuring Jackson, which was passed by the Senate, but not agreed to in the House. Another senator instantly moved that this gross insult to the President of the United

States be expunged from the record, a motion that he repeated at intervals for the next three years, until it was agreed to, and the book was brought in with much solemnity, black lines drawn around the resolution, and the words "Expunged by order of the Senate" written across it. Jackson gave a great dinner to the expungers and their wives.

Contrary to Jackson's expectations, suppression of the bank did not work unalloyed good. For a time, indeed, there was an illusion of great prosperity. Large transactions in public lands took place, and increased imports went on piling up revenue. By 1855 the national debt was virtually extinguished. As a means of disposing of the government funds that still went on accumulating, non-interest-bearing loans were made to the States in proportion to their population, on the understanding that part of the money was to be used in establishing a system of public schools. This was a favorite project of Clay's.

But the great apparent increase in wealth all over the country brought its own troubles. A craze for all kinds of speculation took possession of the people. Internal improvements on a scale too big for even the marvelous growth of America, and private enterprises of every degree of imprudence, were begun. The number of state banks—"Jackson's Pets" they were called—greatly increased, and "wild-cat" banks sprang into being, difficult to distinguish from actual counterfeiting, since they had no more solid claims to respectable business life than "a mythical home, a resounding name, and a supply of handsomely engraved notes." What little hard money had previously been in circulation speedily disappeared under a drift of state bank-notes good, poor, and utterly irredeemable.

Jackson tried vainly to counteract all this by ordering the coinage of gold and silver, and forbidding the issue of paper money in denominations smaller than five dollars. Then, against the opposition of his cabinet, he issued the famous Specie Circular, which announced that after a certain date only gold and silver would be received in payment for public lands. Far from helping matters, this made them worse, and Jackson's ill-considered measures resulted in the serious panic of 1837, during which the next administration reaped the harvest of his valiant attempt to bend the laws of trade to his stubborn will.

The spoils system, Nullification, and war upon the National Bank had given the country much to talk about during his first four years of office. The other four were quite as prolific. The bank remained an ever-present issue. Nullification, though defeated, let loose the slavery question to be argued in its moral as well as in its economic aspects, with immoral and uneconomic accompaniments of riots, lynchings, and incendiarism even in New England, where Whittier was stoned, and a gallows was erected before Garrison's Boston home. Anti-Masonry, a minor issue of the campaign of 1832, was followed by a wave of anti-Catholic feeling in which church property was attacked and destroyed. The unexpected evils of the new banking system led to much suffering. Bread riots and the gutting of flour warehouses resulted. One victim of this violence issued a card pointing out that wanton destruction of an article is not the way to make it cheaper or more plentiful. A grim truth, but hard to impress on an angry mob.

While Jackson's whole administration was a season of growing lawlessness, there is one aspect in which this turbulence appears natural and not at all to be regretted. It was the country's age of belligerent optimism, a season comparable to the fighting age of the growing boy, who is not so much bellicose as boy. It is his youthful way of expressing dissatisfaction with things as they are, and also the optimistic young faith that is in him that things as they are can be altered for the better.

Jackson, the commanding figure of the administration, came in for much praise and much blame. He was the first President upon whose life an attempt was

made. A pistol was aimed at his heart at the distance of only a few feet as he was leaving the Capitol after attending a congressional funeral. The percussion-cap failed to act, and the would-be assassin tried again with another pistol ready in his left hand. The wiry old President rushed upon him with blazing eyes and uplifted cane, and at the same instant a bystander felled the man to the ground. He was so evidently insane that he was never brought to trial.

Public feeling, stirred by discussion, took absurd forms of revenge. One young eccentric vented his spite by sawing off the head of an image of Jackson that had been placed as a figurehead on one of the old war-ships. He accomplished this queer task on a dark and stormy night, when the sound of wind and rain drowned the noise of his saw. The vandalism raised a great outcry—almost as great as though the surgery had been performed upon Jackson himself. A reward of a thousand dollars was offered for the offender, but he remained undiscovered, until years later he chose to boast of the exploit.

Jackson's tomb

Democratic party managers were skilful enough to turn much of the distress into political capital. There was some talk among Jackson's admirers of a third term, but it was not encouraged by him or by the man who meant to succeed him. The Whigs meanwhile were so divided among themselves that they failed even to hold a national convention.

Van Buren was triumphantly elected, and on a beautiful and balmy fourth of March, the kind of inauguration day that dawns once in twenty years in Washington to lull suspicion of that treacherous date, with its blizzard possibilities, Jackson and his chosen successor rode down Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House to the Capitol in a barouche made from timbers taken from the old frigate *Constitution*. It was upon the older man that the eyes of the vast crowd rested rather than upon the smug and smiling Mistletoe Politician whose fame and fortune had been nourished on the virile sap of Old Hickory. There was silence, not so much in distrust of the new incumbent as in tribute to the passing of a man of mark. It may be, as one of his critics declared, that the outgoing President owed everything to a chance of battle, the victory at New Orleans, "that springboard from which General Jackson vaulted into the saddle." But once in the saddle he had ridden gallantly, stopping at no obstacle, and had never been unhorsed. He had been obstinate, and often blinded by passion, but on the whole he was leaving the difficult office more popular than when he entered it, an achievement equaled only by Washington and Jefferson.

Now as he was laying down the cares of office and passing into the solemn shadow of old age there was silence as the two rode down the avenue. But after the ceremony was over, when Jackson began to descend the steps of the Capitol to his carriage, the feelings of the multitude broke forth in a tribute of real affection. The old man bowed in acknowledgment in the kingly way he sometimes had, and those who were near enough saw that his thin, wrinkled face worked with emotion.

(To be concluded)

Pride

By JULIAN ROTHERY

"PRIDE," exclaimed Big Andy, with a toss of his white beard—"what if the top of those two graves don't exactly shine with civic pride? For real human pride, Injun pride, the big one with the cross, the grave of Blackfoot Nell, holds more down in it than any other spot in this green earth." The rover of the peaks paused, and gazed dreamily down the silent trail.

I often rode in to the old, dying mining-camp of War Eagle, which, tucked away in a remote corner of the national forest I administered, slumbered serenely beneath the gathering decay of years. Evidently my remarks about the neglected condition of the two crumbling stone cairns I had noticed by the Lucky Shot Mine stirred memories in the old prospector. So I moved to the shady side of his cabin porch and passed over my tobacco-pouch. Gaunt and battered, this derelict of the camp's long-ebbed golden tide sat in silence. His bony, blue-veined hands, thrust far from the ragged jumper-sleeves, slowly rammed the tobacco home, and the smoke appeared to conjure up before his eyes the men and women of the camp's wild zenith. A genial reminiscent light brightened the time-furrowed face, while his soft voice fell with that rich mellowness that comes to aged dwellers of the open.

"Yes, sir, pride and Blackfoot Nell is all one and the same word to me. She had more than enough for herself, Doc Howard, and all of War Eagle here. So bristling much that there ain't any of it left in these hills since her day. Just an ignorant Injun squaw she was, with a brain that would only hold one idea at a time, but the prancingest critter that ever ranged this upper country.

"You see, those Blackfoot Injuns were the pick of the plains; no Piute or Digger blood about them, but genuine go-getters, the whole outfit of them. Nell was a true shoot off the mother lode. They don't make women like that these days. She broke the mold.

"But folks is queer, white or red, and she takes up and lived with a white scrub named Doc Howard, as ornery sneak of a quitter as ever hit this camp. For two years she stuck to him through a gladsome string of dirty tricks high, wide, and crooked enough to dishearten any lady who did n't have such an ancient family and such a rosy complexion. Them two sure' raises ructions enough about this camp to accommodate the most particular. Howard drifts from rough to tough, and finally jumps himself off by holding up the stage, shooting Jack Reilly, the driver, and lifting six thousand dollars in gold-dust.

"A feller had n't really ought to act that way, and we was getting more civilized than we was the first year or two, and our vigilante committee takes the case under serious advisement. Carl Steinman is our sheriff, and he 'spicions this Doc Howard before he ever tried to get out of camp, and nabs him. But we can't find that gold, though we hunts everywhere. Doc Howard he keeps shut tight, and the squaw she says she don't know, and when an Injun says he don't know, you might as well give it up and hunt a new trail. It peeves us that we can't locate that dust, and also we can't forgive that bad-actor feller for shooting Jack Reilly, for there war n't a finer boy in the camp than he was.

"So the very next thing we does is to try the murderer, and our maiden effort in the self-governing justice line was this regular rip-snorter of a murder trial, with frills and fixings fit to astonish Dan'ul Webster, as Bill Hickey, that ran our first newspaper, would put it. Slick-Fingered Joe, who run the straightest game in camp, is nominated judge, and Dynamite Dick, on account of his peppery spirit, is elected prosecuting attorney. Old man Kelley is foreman of the jury; I 'm jailer

and rides herd on the calaboose. We hold that trial in the Palace Saloon, and that shebang was packed plump tighter than the bottles filled the shelves. It was sure a rollicking, roaring court scene. Slick-Fingered Joe, using a single jack for a judge's gavel, pounds order on the bar.

"We all learns a lot at the trial about this feller Howard. He war n't a doc at all, not even horses, corns, or divinity; he 'd only got some small doses of education back East, where he hailed from. 'Pears like wine, women, and considerable song had kind o' nipped that education in the bud, and his folks had shipped him out here, thinking it might make a man of him. We admits all that, for the salubrious climate and mountain scenery, as Bill Hickey used to say, would make a man out of anything that had the makings in it, from a stone statue to an Egyptian mummy; but in the case of this Howard, well, it was a blind lead and a slim chance.

"As a starter, Dynamite Dick offers a few well-chosen remarks about the brand of manliness shown in shooting a humdinger of a six-hoss driver like Jack Reilly with a sawed-off shot-gun at twenty feet, and that, too, when Reilly was n't looking. He appeals to Slick-Fingered Joe to reverse the allegation and issue some kind of location notice and serve it on those gourd-headed wallopers back East who sent the cuss out here and who had oughter be soaked as fellow-conspirators, allowing as how we were under no oblibe-gosh-darn-gations to them. Slick-Fingered Joe he can't quite stand for that, and he pounds whangity-bang on the saloon bar with his hammer, like he had six inches of hard granite to drill before chuck-time, and sings out that he 'll clear the court. Then three or four of the boys slaps their hands to their guns, real good-natured-like, and looks around to see who is anxious to take the contract to clear the room. Notwithstanding these small digressions, the trial proceeds, and the life and liberties of this Bigelow Coolidge Howard, as his full name was, were further panned and spread upon the records. A rotten pile they made, too.

"The defense tries to make out that it war n't really murder, and that Howard did n't cal'late to even shoot—much, and that the regrettable accident and sudden demise of the victim were merely due to those things that Julius Cæsar, referring to booze, states 'tend to make the character effeminate.' I often wondered since if this Cæsar chap ever knew the kind of red-eye we drinks up here, or if he was acquainted with women like Blackfoot Nell. But we 'd only got good and started on this justice deal when Doc Howard loses his nerve like a trapped bob-cat and breaks down completely, owning up he done it. He cries and sniffles considerable, but finally tells us the whole story.

"Because he 'd made a clean breast of it, some of the jurors were favoring letting him off easy; but because he would n't tell what he 'd done with the sack, it riles us some, and Foreman Kelley at last carries the day by declaring that 'any galoot that rams both barrels of shot into another bloke's cranium, and does the same accidental' and careless-like is a blamed sight more dangerous to have loose than a dozen bad actors and a band of renegade Injuns to boot, and under them circum-dam-stances he oughter to be shot himself.' So a verdict of guilty comes in, and attached thereto is an order of execution—by a firing-squad.

"Well, leaping Judas! the Palace Saloon is a wild riot. Some of the boys turns loose a few shots easy-like. Slick-Finger comes down smash with his hammer on the bar, and the bottles jumps a foot. Everybody is roaring but Doc; he just slumps in all to once, like he 's made of mush. He 'd 'a' fell clean over if Steinman had n't grabbed him. He never was sandy; he only tried to be rough and could n't. But Nell! She just looms up above all that racket, never batting an eye. Stands there, head up and solemn, like she was looking into the sky to see if the wild geese were flying south. That woman sure had airs enough to throw envy into the Queen of Sheba.

"Being jailer, I 'm charged with keeping the would-be bad man under my wing

for two days, seeing that 's Saturday, and they feel like giving him Sunday to pray on, figuring he needs it bad enough, for he ain't a desperate character, but just a worthless sort of a fruit. He was educated all right and well raised, but it war n't on the right lines.

"Blackfoot Nell she 'd never had any education, being only a squaw, and only had room for one idea in her head; but she seems to savvy him, and he depends on her and won't speak much to anybody else. Those two is sure different, but they seem to line up first-rate and get along fine. She comes down to the corral to see him, and, let me tell you, it 's a twisty sort of a sight. He was a young-looking feller, kind o' handsome, with a pleasant way, and maybe he 'd been decent if he 'd worked on that lead good and hard. He pokes his hands through the door bars and whines like a licked pup. He pours it all out on her, and, what is more, she seems to know how things are. I 've figured it all out since; that man and that squaw sure sets a heap by each other; I 'll grant 'em that. He could act real nice, too, when he wanted to, and I reckon not many men had acted nice to Nell.

" 'I can't do it, Nell! I can't, I can't, walk out there and get shot! I never can. I 'll fall down; my knees will cave in. Will I feel the shot? Will they throw me to the coyotes? Oh, woman, for the love of God! get me off!' And then a lot more. I was plumb harrowed up, and hardly gets my nerve back when she comes a-sailing out calm and steady, head up like she was looking for them wild geese in the sky. Back of those black eyes of hers I could n't help wondering what she thought of him—that Injun woman who 'd seen men of her own color march out to torture with a grin on.

"Sunday she 's back again, and I 'm a little bit leery. I lets her in to chin with him through the barred door while I skips outside and picks a little daub of mud from the chink in the logs close to his cell and flaps my ear up, real friendly-like. Howard he starts in again shaking and shivering and begging her to get him off. She stands there in her flappy clothes and deerskin moccasins for quite a spell, and then she says in her funny Injun way:

" 'Maybe so I can do.' It sure has a powerful effect on Doc Howard, and they start whispering, but so blame' low I can't hardly hear.

" 'How? How?' he asks, Injun fashion, too.

" 'The gold, the gold; for heap gold the sheriff he no shoot 'em. Where you cache the gold?' And I knows that sneaking cuss had hid that dust for a get-away stake, and never told his woman.

" 'Why? Why?' he says, and I know he 's 'spicious.

" 'For the gold the sheriff he no shoot 'em,' says she.

" 'How so?'

"Then that Injun woman starts to tell him her scheme. Says she has offered Steinman all the dust if he 'd help get Howard off, and Steinman had agreed. Only he was scared of the boys if he pulled off that rescue too rank, and figured it would be safer to stage a dummy execution and use blank-ca'tridges. Nobody could catch on then, and Doc Howard could topple over when the guns cracked; then they would stick him in his coffin and later put a sack of sand in his place. It is a mighty pretty trick as she had it laid out, and Howard he revives immediately.

"Mean to the very end he is, and kind o' gets cold feet about disclosing where the gold is cached; but he sees there 's no other way out, and leans over to tell her. Here is my chance, and I am just straining my ears forward like a mule to catch it all, and then he whispers so low that I can't hear a damn' word, just something about 'fire,' that 's all. Well, I sure am stacked ag'in' it, and the more I thinks, the more I don't know what to do. I want to get that gold back for the reputation of the camp and the thousand dollars' reward that 's offered. As to 'fire,' I can't make no sense in that at all unless it 's the big piece of burnt timber over here about a mile to the westward. I can't think clear, and just has brains enough to cal-

'late it would be best to stick to Steinman like a tick to a bull, and locate the gold through him; for if that squaw got a sniff of things, she 'd never tell nothing, come hell or high water.

"I 'm sure some surprised at this Steinman a-figuring to double-cross us that way; though we ain't none of us known him long, he strikes us all as the real sort. He 'd been a United States marshal over to the Green Horn camp, too.

"So I sits alone, and decides that execution is due to come off if I has to hold a post-mortem with my own gun, and I also allows that Steinman won't get away with that dust unless he eats it. Nary a wink does I sleep that night. I 'm all excited, and swears I 'm going to trim Doc Howard, Carl Steinman, and that squaw if it is my last act. But I might as well admit right here that I don't do no such a thing, and that Nell's plan goes bang through exactly as she 'd figured it out in spite of me. She sure' does scheme it nice and pass me a few jolts.

"The next day, along before sun-up, Steinman and five of the boys comes down to the jail all glum and quiet. Steinman looks so big and strong that I gets a bit scary; he was a regular nailer of a man. He just steps over into his own office, unlocks the door, and snaps out sharp and cold:

" 'There is five Winchesters, and so as you won't have any blood on your conscience, I 'll say that one of them is loaded with a blank-cartridge. Don't open the chambers. That blank may be in any man's gun.'

"Well, I goes and trots out Doc Howard, and Steinman steps over to tie his arms, speaking gruff-like.

" 'Come, it ain't a-going to be as hard as you think.' But I pats my little six gun and thinks to myself it will still be tolerable hard. Out we march, and there is Blackfoot Nell, in all her beads and her pride, waiting, and a feller driving a wagon with a new shiny coffin on it. Howard he starts like a deer when he sees that coffin, and says he ain't anxious to ride on that kind of a wagon; feels more like walking. We are all agreeable, and heads for the Lucky Shot Mine as a convenient and suitable spot for this execution.

"I 've seen a lot of men when they were jubilant, some that struck it rich, some bound back East again, some that were going to get married, and some that were elected to Congress; but this here Doc Howard he has 'em all faded. The perkiest geezer I ever see. His head is cocked up, and his chist is swelled out like a drumming grouse; spunky enough he looks now, and happy, too. He 'pears like he was thinking of his new chance or maybe of his folks back home. Blackfoot Nell is just the same way. It 's getting redder and redder in the east; sunrise is beginning to flash. The creek seems to chatter like fiddlers playing a jig, the wind swings through the pines, and it 's a fine fresh day. It 's a queer procession, the camp a-sleeping below, them two high steppers up ahead, a coffin banging along behind, and me nursing a gun, and planning to trim the whole of 'em. Ahead I sees the gravel cut in the hillside there by the Lucky Shot. When we gets there, Steinman ties a bandage over Doc's eyes, pins a paper target over his heart, and backs him up again' that gravel bank. There he stands, face up and shoulders square as a soldier on dress-parade. He looked brave enough to charge all hell with a dipper of water. Blackfoot Nell is standing off to one side with her chin tipped up like she was looking for them wild geese in the sky. The sun heaves up over the summit of War Eagle Mountain yonder, bright and beaming, red as blood. There ain't no words; no, not a one. Just as the sun pops up, Steinman raises his right arm, and the boys, about twenty yards away, brings level their rifles, steady as prison bars. He drops his arm quick before any one expects it, never giving a command. Sudden as lightning, those guns rip out, while the echoes roll across the cañon. Scared stiff, I swings up through the smoke. Steinman was spreading a blanket over Howard, who was a-lying there on the ground all twisted up.

I grips my gun and walks straight up to them, so rattled I don't see or hear much. I bucked up, and pulled off that blanket.

"I 've seen heaps of curious sights in my day, heaps of 'em, but, so help me, suffering saints, that was one that hit me like a ten-pound sledge-hammer, and darn nigh flattened me. There 's Doc Howard all right, with his eyes bandaged and the gosh-awfullest look on his face I ever saw on a human. He is plumb dead, for you could cover with the palm of your hand all four holes where them bullets had smashed through his heart. I 'm knocked galley west and crooked. Somehow I comes to and looks up, and sees Blackfoot Nell a-standing by, gazing at the corpse; right there I gets wallop number two. She has never turned a hair, calm as a mummy. That execution was some surprise to Doc Howard all right, but none to Blackfoot Nell.

"While we are walking back to camp I drops in alongside of Steinman, and still kind o' dazed I says:

" 'Carl, I figured you war n't going to shoot that feller. I 'm ashamed to admit I thought that of you, but I did.' He turns and looks at me once with those eyes like blue tempered drills, and then with that jaw of his that shuts like a bear-trap he clips out the words:

" 'Ever know me to bungle a job yet?'

"And I knows right then and there that the man or woman never lived who had the nerve to even try and buy him off his job, not with all the gold in the grand Northwest.

"Maybe this all don't sound so very proudful, and it don't look that way. Looks like that Injun woman had just lied and wheedled the gold out of him, and then left him to get shot. Anyhow, that 's the way I figured it out; so I watches to see what she would do with the bag of dust. And, sure enough, as I 'm waiting out on the trail that very night, along slides Nell, sailing out of camp with the sack in her hand, bound God knows where.

"Here is my chance a-coming; so I steps out square into the trail in front of her. She stops dead, draws herself up, glaring at me bristly as a horned toad, but never says a word.

" 'Nell,' I begins, easy-like, 'I reckon I 'll have to take that there sack,' a-pointing to the one she held.

" 'How?' she grunts, squaw-fashion.

" 'That gold there has cost considerable blood. You give it to me, and right now, too,' I replied. She stiffens up, proud as a porcupine.

" 'Ugh,' she snorts, squeezing more damned contempt into that one word than I ever heard before or since. 'Gold? Huh, no good.'

" 'Give me that bag,' I shouted, 'and quick, too!'

"She stops and thinks a minute, then passes it over serene as you please.

"Right there I got another jolt, and a pretty hard one, too. That sack only weighs about two pounds, and just holds Howard's old bullet-ripped shirt and a few gimcracks. That 's everything, every blessed thing. Her own tribe would never have her back again, and she was lighting out to a new country with nothing but that! Just a bullet-ripped shirt to prove how game her man had died. She sees I 'm flabbergasted, and breaks into her funny squaw cackle.

" 'Gold,' she snorts again, uppity as a hog on ice—'gold no good.'

"I realizes she 'd played her high card, and had me guessing. Then I thought of one to beat hers, and tried for a high stake.

" 'Look at here,' I says, kind o' savage. 'I want that bag of gold-dust. Now you tell me where it is, and pretty damn *pronto,* too, or I 'll blab it to every soul in War Eagle that your man was a sniveling coward and only because you lied to him about a fake execution did he buck up nerve enough to face the music. Him thinking all the time he was going to get off, and acting brave, while really he had n't the courage of a pack rat.'

"That fixed her. She just crumpled up. Her one idea was busted all to blazes. I followed up my play close.

" 'Yes,' says I, 'I had my ear up ag'in'

a crack in the jail wall, and I heard every blasted lie you fed that poor fool of a coyote of yours.'

"She pulls herself up solid as a stump, and says real dignified:

" 'Maybe so I make 'em parley.'

"Well, I parleyed heap Injun, promising I 'd never squeal what a coward Doc really was if she 'd tell me where the gold lay hid. So we struck a bargain.

" 'Good,' she grunts. 'Make 'em trade.'

"I never did tell, either, not a blame word, until Nell died 'most twenty years ago. She traveled clean back here to cash in, too. Now she 's dead and buried under that pile of stones you saw there by the Lucky Shot Mine, planted alongside that poor whelp Doc Howard, just as she wanted to be.

"So I thought the game was over, that she had played her last card, until she told me where it was that gold was cached. When I figured that all out, I knew there was n't one woman in a thousand, white or red, that ever held a hand like Nell's. That woman had just one idea in her life, and gold was n't it, for I found that dust was cached right where Doc Howard first put it, right where it was safe, and where Blackfoot Nell might have taken it easy for a get-away stake.

"It was under the fireplace in the very cabin where they 'd lived."

Dedication to Edmund Gosse

By JOHN DRINKWATER

SOMETIMES youth comes to age and asks a blessing
Or counsel or a tale of old estate,
Yet youth will still be curiously guessing
The old man's thought when death is at his gate;
For all their courteous words, they are not one,
This youth and age, but civil strangers still—
Age with the best of all his seasons done,
Youth with his face toward the upland hill.
Age looks for rest while youth runs far and wide;
Age talks with death, which is youth's very fear;
Age knows so many comrades who have died,
Youth burns that one companion is so dear.
So, with good will and in one house, may dwell
These two, and talk, and all be yet to tell.

But there are men who in the time of age
Sometimes remember all that age forgets:
The early hope, the hardly compassed wage,
The change of corn and snow and violets.
They are glad of praise; they know this morning brings
As true a song as any yesterday:
Their labor still is set to many things;
They cry their questions out along the way.
They give as who may gladly take again
Some gift at need; they move with gallant ease
Among all eager companies of men;
And never signed of age are such as these.
They speak with youth, and never speak amiss.
Of such are you; and what is youth but this?

The Better Half of Russia

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Author of "Jim Hands," etc.

"YOU will learn in America that this great war will have its benefits," the doctor said. "It is teaching us that we are strong; it has issued a call commanding us to organize and act not only in war, but in peace; it has taught us to see a world larger than the world of our family doorstep. It has shown us that we can do all the necessary old duties and have energy and desire to accept new labors. This morning at breakfast my children spoke of Russian victory. I said to them that the great Russian victories were in the new thought and visions of the people."

The doctor did not speak of any class or sex; she made no distinction between different kinds of Russian hearts and Russian heads. There are almost twice as many men, women, and children in the empire as in our States, and the doctor seemed to include them all. The doctor was nearing middle age, but was still pretty even in a severe woolen suit. She was an attractive and competent woman.

The reason for her disregard of sex is not difficult to define. Russia is the foremost undeveloped country in the world. Like its own flat, gray expanse of physical surface, beneath which untouched treasures of resource lie, a crust of mystery covers the human resource of the Russian millions. The charm of Russia is not in its romantic, hazardous, youthful past, but in the suppressed seething of human force beneath the crust. What will burst up through it? What will this war, cracking open the surface, rending the cover, let loose?

When I went to Russia to put my ear where I could hear beneath the crust the new bubble and heaving of potentiality, the volcanic seething which the war has filled with new tremors, I did not think of the Russian woman at all.

Yet she is of extraordinary importance, not, however, as a part of a woman's movement, but as a part of a great human movement. Her progress and her potentiality are so interwoven with the progress and potentiality of her country that the story of the woman parallels the story of the new war-awakened Russian nation.

It is the women, I think, who to-day possess a vision calmer than that of the Russian men. From a woman I received the coolest and the wisest analysis of the politics of the empire and the most sensible forecast of the struggle between the people and the bureaucracy. Through a woman I obtained the greatest fund of information about the future commercial development of the land and about the opportunities for American business. A woman drew for me the clearest picture of what was needed to organize for military victories. It was the woman of Russia who, without distortion of self-interest or prejudice or fear, could see what the new human growth required of compromise with the present form of the Government and what of a fight to a finish. And that is the most delicate question which Russia must determine in the decade which follows the final peace.

In Russia there are three classes of women, just as there are three classes of men, that those who know little of the empire must distinguish from one another. The first is that of the peasants.

Perhaps it cannot be reiterated too often that Russia is a land of peasants. The first thing that one will be told in the capital is this: "Petrograd is not Russia. Russia has more than a hundred and twenty-five million peasants. About three fourths of the people in the empire live in rural communities or on isolated farms; three fourths are engaged in agriculture; two thirds are illiterate, and eighty-seven per cent. of the peasant women cannot read or write. To know the true Russian one must go to the villages."

To consider the Russian woman without due regard for the overwhelming numbers of peasant women varying in types and customs according to the districts from which they come is to exclude the mass.

The women of the nobility and the small merchant class make up the second group; but there is only one of these to about 130 of the class of peasants.

But there is a third class. Among Russian women, as among Russian men, this third class is characterized not by its exclusion from the other two classes, which are classes of high birth or wealth or lack of wealth and birth, but by intellectual characteristics. This class is called the *intelligentsia*, and an individual member of it is called an intelligent.

Sophie Kovalevskaja, professor of mathematics, one of the pioneers of woman suffrage in Russia

"Define an intelligent," suggested a war correspondent from the United States who had a distaste for generalities.

The Englishman who writes articles upon Russian manners and customs slid down into his chair, the French diplomatic attaché scowled, an American who for seven years has done business in Kieff, Moscow, and Warsaw coughed, and the two Russians, one a journalist and the other a member of the Duma, smiled sourly.

The Petrograd editor, running his long forefinger about his collar as if seeking relief from asphyxiation, said:

"An intelligent is an educated person, from a university, perhaps engaged in a profession, and perhaps with ideas of reform for Russia."

"And yet there is Leonid H——," said the Frenchman, dreamily, looking across the tables, at which well-gowned and smiling ladies, vastly different from the women of London and Paris, sat just as if war was not going on. "He never saw a university; his hobby is individual study. He is in no learned profession, has no idea of reforming Russia, and is a bureaucrat."

"But he, too, is an intelligent," the Englishman said, and the others nodded.

"Ah, there it is as always—an intelligent is an intelligent," the journalist cried out in despair.

The member of the Duma said:

"Let us say that an intelligent is one who thinks."

"Who thinks—" repeated the Englishman, waiting for more.

"Who thinks or talks or writes of change," finished the Russian. "An intelligent is an intelligent."

"It will do," they all said.

The Russian *intelligentsia*, however, has in its vague membership a startlingly large proportion of women. The last two I heard conversing together were a countess of immense wealth and the daughter of a peasant of the Tver district who speaks six languages and at the age of nineteen has published two pamphlets. It was two o'clock in the morning, and two professors in the university were present; but it was I, an American, who first felt that it was necessary to go. The zealous intelligent will sit up until dawn, apparently believing that this, the latest discussion, may summon the destiny of the country. There is a taste for debate, an appe-

tite for the last dregs at the bottom of the world's barrel of intellectuality; and among all the eager Russian minds, most of which, as an incident, suffer from the inevitable pains of theories and pretenses which cannot be made realities, I found none so eager as those of Russian women.

But the women of all these groups are touched by this fact: the war has served to bring into higher light the character of the Russian people as a people. Something of the veil behind which the Slav finds a complacent content has been torn aside by the emergencies of belligerent days. A titled Englishwoman, pouring soup for the miserable refugee stream near the Warsaw station in Petrograd, said to me:

"You know by this time how baffling is Russia. It is a country of extremes and contradictions. It accepts life as life comes, saying, 'What does it matter?' but in meditation it builds a new world for itself. It flares up in emotional tests of its power and sinks back into philosophic lethargy. It is cheerful four fifths of the time and contemplates suicide for a contrast. It is aware of autocratic suppression, but maintains the strongest kind of individualism. It is irreverent, but none the less religious feeling and religious forms grip the daily life of it. It is without conceit, admits its shortcomings with excellent good nature, and yet has profound faith in its own irresistible destiny. And will you believe that it is the women of all classes who have shown the largest response?"

The position of women is a reasonably accurate barometer of the civilization of men, and from their history in Russia there is evidence that the empire is not badly named "backward Russia."

As to the woman of the first class, the peasant woman, she has been the victim of endless labor. She is expected to care for the house, provide clothing, and prepare all food. She often tills a plot of ground on her own account, and labors in the planting and the harvest.

"And education has barely touched our peasant woman," said my friend, leaning over the wall of the River Neva in a thoughtful mood. "Those who go away from the villages to the cities and the gymnasia? Ah, yes; but I refer to the education which reaches out to the country. And yet it is education which has already done something to help the position of the peasant woman. It is badly needed, for not only does it give the woman a sense of being more than a beast of burden, but it will raise her in the respect of our men. You see, we think women who are beasts of burden are much nearer emancipation than they would be if they were uncreative parasites. That is the strength of the peasant woman of Russia. Here is a bit of paper. I have gone to a bureau for these figures, and you must show them to Americans."

She had taken her statistics from compilations made over ten years ago, but the figures of the Russian census showed that in rural economy and in industry and manufactures more women were employed than men!

"You may be sure that education is needed by the peasant woman," she went on. "You see what a part she plays in our farm life, which is the life of the nation. Well, she as well as the man must be prepared to receive instructions in modern methods of farming. With our great resource in soil and our tremendous production, we are still primitive farmers."

I remembered that the average yield of wheat per acre in England and Germany was over twenty bushels and in Russia less than eight.

"And we are backward even in the fight to live," she added. "Russia, particularly peasant Russia, has the highest death-rate in the world, and the infant-mortality in the country districts is beyond belief, increasing despite all the work of the zemstvo doctors. Russia has a vast resource of healthy human beings, but she may lose it.

"The point, however, is this: the woman of Russia is wholly different from the woman of America. I understand that in America a party of women seeks to have a right to other occupations than mother-

hood; they call that their woman's movement. Ah, what a cruel jest it appears to the women of Russia! Our peasant women have almost an equality with men in productive labors. While this is labor of the hands and is done in detached communities and there is no education, the position of our women will be very bad. Fundamentally the question of right and wrong is settled by the fact that the man can strike harder with the fist than can the woman.

"So the problem of our peasant women is different from the problem of the women of America. But industry has been coming in, and it makes a change. First of all, men go to the centers. Women follow, and even displace the men. And children follow the women. But in this way the peasant woman becomes freer, no matter what the cost."

She had touched upon a great problem of Russia, that of underpaid female and child labor. Cotton and hardware manufacturers had already told me something of the fearful competition of men, women, and children for employment in industrial centers. Recently Russia's industry has shown a marked tendency to centralize in a few industrial cities of mushroom growth. The peasants leave the country, and the ancient communal idea of the agricultural class shows signs of fading away. At first the peasant, always land-mad, but whose land-holdings grow smaller because the population is increasing faster than acreage is acquired, plans to earn money in the cities to buy new fields. But the drift is really in the other direction. The women follow the men to the gregariousness of the centers. The war has augmented the movement, and the cities are molding the new social life of Russia despite the fact that probably even with the refugees and the congregating movement which the war has brought not more than sixteen per cent. of the population is in them.

The factory wage-earner is the new type of lower-class Russian woman, and her influence spreads back into the agricultural class.

"For the moment we see some horrible things," I was told by a settlement worker. "We see the peasantry furnishing vast numbers of prostitutes, most of them very young. We see the great supply of female labor driving itself into starvation wages through its willingness to work in industries. But, after all, it is promising of a better position for women. On the farm the woman has been too often a beast of burden. Once she or her relatives have a taste of the outer world, there will be a new life of the intellect and a new and better relation between husband and wife. The independent earnings of women will tend to create new property laws fairer to women. The Slav woman will find herself. Put education within her reach, and she responds in a way that surprises us all."

To this settlement society, which, like others in Petrograd, exists through the gifts and energy of advanced Russian women and despite the misgivings of some authorities, there come on Sundays hundreds of peasant girls who are now industrial workers. The contrast between their faces and those of girls in the villages is astonishing. The girl who has stayed on the soil has a happier expression, but the film of an inactive mind often covers her countenance. These settlement visitors, whose clothes are much uglier and whose faces are much harder, look into one's eyes without the rural shyness, and send forth a friendly challenge. They have tasted of thinking life. And this fact lifts their heads and perhaps their spirits out of the mire into which they may have had to put their feet. I do not believe that this new thinking life comes to them with any consciousness of sex-differences. Women who for generations have shared in productive manual labor, and now have not been behind the men of their class in finding a way through the muck of Russia's industrial growth toward larger expressions of self, look upon themselves as Russians and human beings before the idea occurs to them that they wear long hair and by its symbol are set apart in a class to fight with self-interest some kind of

class battle. I have seen evidence enough that when they are aware of fighting a battle at all they are aware only of fighting the battle of all the people, men and women, for new freedom.

In the industrial communities the men, too, slide into the point of view that regards a woman first as a co-worker. She is capable of bearing children, but that is not against her; she is a co-worker. The whole drift is toward this recognition. Women are not only accepted as members of political parties, but they are accepted in the labor organizations, which, by the way, the Government prohibits, and are admitted to the coöperative societies that sprang up to perform the "harmless" functions of the unions.

"The industrial labor class is our great menace," I was informed by a reactionary bureaucrat. "The rural peasantry is controllable; it does not seek innovations. But the working-class is dangerous. It organizes for revolt, furnishes the terrorists, and seeks to become intelligent. And the women you mention are in the forefront."

I confess that I found some sympathy with the bureaucratic fear of revolt. The autocratic Government of Russia is at least a government. At times it takes terrible and often stupid measures to suppress the people. A censorship, whether in war or peace, that aims to deceive is in the eyes of awakening intelligence a fact more irritating than those truths which the censorship can conceal. The fact that only half-truths go about in rumors leads to exaggerations. Secret police activities have stimulated rather than restrained the spirit of revolt. But were revolt to come successfully, the people of Russia could not to-day supply a government which would last. The intelligent class might set one up; but it would be too idealistic to be firm, and the unintelligent mass and mob would tear it down. It would be a Mexico raised to the *n*th power; and it is fortunate that the war and other influences have come to give the people a national spirit and a sense of restraint and, in the end, a more deliberate manner of seeking reform.

"And yet even if the radical women are too eager for action, they must be credited with a large contribution of singleness of purpose," said a woman professor in one of the institutes. "I believe they wait with more restraint than the men. You must not forget the pain that comes to those men and women who acquire the education to see clearly, to think theories out, and then are utterly incapable of doing anything. This explains why reforms have appeared almost hysterical. I am an old woman, and I have seen the gloom and cynicism and the bitterness which have come to men of the *intelligentsia* when reaction has surged back, sweeping the people off their feet because they were exhausted by their own march of protest. Nothing is so unwholesome as the desire to put thoughts into action without the ability to do so. This produces diseased minds and accounts for waves of suicide and for the Russian trait which you have named badly 'Oriental sullenness.'"

She had turned the subject from the uneducated Russian woman to the educated Russian woman, the nobility and the *intelligentsia*. Unconsciously, however, she had expressed her primary interest, which lay in the "intelligent" Russian woman, whether she be countess or schoolmistress. And, after all, when one speaks of advanced Russian women, one is speaking of that class. Though it is numerically slight compared with the uneducated peasants, it is the significant class. Every new day of the many I spent in Russia added to my admiration for it.

The conception of Russian women to which many Americans cling, reluctant to let it go, as if it were a sacred tradition, is that of sabled, cooing, powdered, lithe, and languorous ladies who are irresistible, and invite from hearthside to suicide. Any one who has seen Russian gentlemen in Moscow or Petrograd, with opera-glasses, lost in admiration for cabaret singers and dancers who would disgrace the management of a patent-medicine show could be convinced that the American notion of Russian beauty must be in some particulars faulty. There are women of too much

Russian soldiers in one of the hospitals maintained by a woman's society

weight of body and features whom one sees about in the cities, and there is a large class of most refined and hospitable ladies who represent society and whose many titles mean little, because titles in Russia descend on the all-inclusive principle. It is nice to say, "I have just been at the princess's to lunch," or, "The countess dropped me a note," but it means little. One day a maid in a Russian home in which I was having tea announced that the prince had come back from the front with a little wound, and was again at the door offering to buy rags. The ragman was in fact a prince; but I have ceased to give my word for it, because many Americans, even in Russia, refuse to take the fact seriously. One who wishes to be gallant will mark the charm of the minds and the graciousness of the manner of many in the class of society women, which includes many titled persons. Many are fascinating women whose minds are better trained and whose manners, though more direct, are more considerate and whole-hearted than those of our own "best people." But the "intelligent" woman in Russia looks without admiration upon the woman who is living as a respectable ornament. One of them, who has wealth and yet works eight hours a day in social service, spoke of the charming idlers as "the mewing women."

"I do have affection for some of them," she said, "but they mew so! This war is helping them to find out that they may stop mewing and do something; I have seen many of the young daughters of their kind plunged in work in our hospitals for the wounded. I have two nieces who are going every day and really working. Ah, a good taste of usefulness will change them so that they will never be content to be dolls again. They will cease to mew. The flatness is truly leaving their faces."

The active, educated, self-expressive women of Russia who from whatever cause owe their stimulus to gymnasia, institute, or university do not have flat faces. Russian women are not pretty; many are ugly, but they have that beauty of active minds and excellent hearts. The modern Russian woman has not much art in dress; there is little between the furbelows of

those who pay much attention to styles and the dowdiness of the woman who is dowdy by nature or merely too busy to pay attention to clothes or too restricted in means. There is more modesty in Petrograd or Moscow than in New York or Chicago; in Russian cities the adventuress imitates the woman of society rather than the woman of society the adventuress.

"Education has produced this type of woman," I said to a young American girl who had come to Russia in war-time to study the Russian women.

"There must be something else," she answered. "The women of Russia have fought for their education for over sixty years. And more than that, the Russian woman seeks her education for reasons in the main different from those of the American. Many of us at home go to schools and universities with a general idea of absorbing culture and preparing ourselves to make a good intellectual appearance; but to-day I have been at the woman's college, and through one of the teachers I have talked to a great number of the students, and it began to dawn upon me that in Russia most women seek education as means to actual service in life, as a pathway to real productive labor. They, like ambitious Russian boys, have a desire to join in the actual fight for progress."

The impression that the bureaucracy has constantly opposed elementary education is not correct. Scattered responsibility, clumsy plans, and financial limitations have been the real enemies of general and compulsory education. The population of Russia is rural, and to bring schools to all at once is nearly impossible. Furthermore, the schools maintained by the organization of the orthodox religion under the Holy Synod are suspected by the intelligent Russian of being seats of reaction. On the other hand, the liberal teachers of the city and district, the municipal and zemstvo schools, are suspected by conservatives of being the sources of radical and heretic doctrines. The zemstvos, or local self-governments, have done more practical work in extending the system of education than any other agency. Their schools, of which there are more than twenty thousand, are usually open to both boys and girls and give a four-year course. The city schools usually require a longer training. But toward these two classes of schools even the most reactionary supporters of the autocracy are forced to take an indulgent attitude. Why? Because if any educational system is to be set up, and no one dares to oppose it, then it is better for the bureaucracy that the system be in charge of authorities rather than a system which exists by private or coöperative management of the people and beyond government control.

Above the elementary schools which are beginning to lift the mass of Russian women from a wretched illiteracy there are gymnasia and institutes. The latter are mainly for the daughters of landed gentry, bureaucrats, and the nobility, and correspond, except in tuition fees, to our expensive boarding-schools for girls of affluent families. The members of the court have founded many such institutes, and these turn out the cultivated, unproductively brilliant "mewing women." They furnish opportunities for the girl not a member of the upper class who is striving to find a career of usefulness and ambition.

"Into higher education the Russian woman has pushed her way," I was told by the secretary of one of the institutions for women on the Vassily Ostrov. "To be sure, there has been no marked resistance on the part of men as men. Keeping women out of institutions would appear to the average Russian intelligent as sensible as keeping out men with light hair and admitting those with dark complexions, or distinguishing between fat and thin persons. I believe we have less sense of sex difference than even you American men, who are said to look with indulgent good nature upon women's desire to be your mental equals. And yet our women had to assert their right to the fullness of intellectual development and to their right to enter the learned professions."

The college in which these words were spoken is a vast rectangular, gloomy struc-

Home for children of soldiers maintained in Petrograd by the Russian Society for Equal Suffrage

ture filled with endless classrooms and laboratories. As the president took us about, introducing us to both men and women professors and instructors, I noticed that the curriculum had in it much of the exact sciences and little of history, sociology, or political economy; the thumb of government authority had left its mark. But six thousand girls are enrolled in this one institution in Petrograd, and there is in the direct, cheerful, active manner of these girls a promise which it would be hard to find among any other group of women in the world. Those students to whom I was introduced looked squarely into my eyes without self-consciousness, and though hand-shaking is much more of a custom in Russia than in the United States, there was something in the thrust and grip of these girls which spoke of better partnership between the sexes than yet has reached full development.

"The higher education for women began early in Russia," said the president. "You will hear of the young woman who in 1861 walked into a medical-school lecture in one of the provinces, and, with note-book opened, but without comment, took up the course. The faculty had never thought of such a situation, and there being no good reason to refuse, they admitted her. But it was before that year that this college was founded with an endowment of not more than fifty English pounds."

From the middle of the last century the women of Russia have asserted their eagerness for professional training. Teaching, surgery, medicine, and government service have attracted the greatest number. When the medical schools were closed to them, they went to Switzerland and other foreign countries. A Russian girl took a doctor's degree at Zurich in 1867. In the early seventies the admission of women to medical courses became a settled practice in Russia. In 1876, women surgeons in numbers distinguished themselves at the front in the Servian-Turkish War; the same distinguished service has been given by them in the Russo-Japanese War and in the present conflict. To-day women physicians are as prominent as

men, and in some cities there are many more female than male dentists. More than sixty-two per cent. of the teachers in the zemstvo schools are women, and the census of 1897 showed that there were four women to every five men in the state and public services.

I went to a Sunday-night musicale at the home of a Petrograd merchant. The hostess has five children. The eldest daughter has left school to enter the relief work of the war; the wife has to manage the household, and at present is taking care of two refugees from Poland. She belongs to many organizations of women, but despite her outside interests, her children—if one is tolerant of the unaffected self-assurance of Russian children—are attractive young persons, and her hospitality is of the constant, all-hours, and informal kind.

"Will you have a cigarette?" a guest asked her.

"Oh, no," she said. "I have my work to do this evening. Cigarettes are bad for one's efficiency."

I asked about her work.

"Why, she is a distinguished mathematician," I was told. "She has been engaged for several years in work the Government is doing—charting the Northern seas. She is a government hydrographer."

The women of Russia are not self-conscious concerning their abilities. If one expresses surprise at their work, they express wonder at the surprise. "Why not?" they ask.

The Russian monthly for women, patterned after our own women's magazines of "fashion, fiction, and fact," and many other periodicals, are edited by women, and women are often in charge of the business management as well.

One of my acquaintances in Petrograd was an active, diminutive widow whose son asked eternally, and to my embarrassment, questions concerning the fighting strength of the United States. His mother does not regard it as remarkable that she is a political reporter and an international correspondent, sending daily telegrams to a London publication about the fortunes of war on the Russian front. In her study she has covered the walls with military maps and her book-shelves with manuals of military science, and it is impossible to convince her that there is anything extraordinary in her attempt to master strategy.

"I have a mind. It can grasp these things or it cannot," she says. "If it can, well and good. It will not be because I am a woman that it can. If it cannot, it will not be because I am a woman that it cannot. And so—"

Women in Russia have not advanced to the degree that they do not foster women's organizations. No people are fonder of societies and associations than Russians. There are associations of arts, technical associations, musical clubs, and endless societies, but efficiency in joint action is not yet a virtue of the Russians. They are too individualistic. The Government frowns upon any coöperative body which aims to do anything, and the Russians lack practice in acting together. Assembly is always dangerous even when it is not clear that there is any political significance in it. Not many months ago members of the American and English colonies in Petrograd went out into the country for a picnic. The affair was conducted in a somewhat stately fashion, and proud men and elegant dames joined in the celebration. They were all put under arrest by the local police for conducting an unlawful assembly.

Russian women, however, have shown skill in making their organizations effective. I went to typical settlements which are maintained by women's societies. Unlike our own settlements, they rely upon the coöperative labors of members more than upon their endowments. When the national relief committee under Prince Oldenburg called upon districts of cities and upon towns for the establishment of hospitals, the "intelligent" women of Russia came to the forefront in the business administration in these.

"The movement for woman suffrage in Russia occupies a peculiar position," I was told by one of the women reporters who

Scene in one of the kindergartens which the Russian Society for Equal Suffrage maintains in Petrograd

had been attached to daily papers in Moscow and Petrograd. "We feel the influence of Finland, where women vote and hold office just as men do," she went on. "There are many reasons why women in Russia would want to vote, and occasionally they are granted the privilege. For instance, when long ago, before the war, the first steps were taken against drunkenness and local option was tried, the women were allowed to cast ballots because it served the purpose of the imperial council to allow them to do so. But you must not forget that even male suffrage in Russia is not what it seems under our so-called constitutional rights. The first desire of the people is for any extension of suffrage, but whether to men or women is not for the moment vital. The question of women suffrage is somewhat lost in that larger question."

None the less there are active suffrage societies. They are forbidden to maintain an existence, but under various guises they persist. The presiding officer of one of them in Petrograd talked freely enough about their work.

"We increase our membership-list constantly, and some prominent members of the Government who are considered reactionary would be surprised to find their wives and daughters secretly interested in our movement," said she. "Russian women are sent abroad to attend international conferences of the suffrage movement. We keep ourselves informed as to what other countries are doing, but we are very different from your woman-suffrage societies. We spend much of our energy trying to show that women can be practical and efficient in government. For instance, I understand that in America if one goes to a woman-suffrage society and says, 'We need better education; therefore draw a bill for the assembly,' your women say: 'We do not understand education. If we did, we would draw no bill. We bother with no political questions but woman suffrage."

I smiled.

"Well, how can they say so?" she exclaimed. "They must convince by showing in deeds how worthy they are in politics. They must seize all opportunities for political expression. How can any one know their worth until they do so? So we are busy working for good measures. I have helped to draw a bill for compul-

sory education to be put before the new Duma. We women must practise for political fitness."

When I left Petrograd for Mohileff in an army-train, a young soldier who shared my compartment, on his way to the front, leaned out of the window to say good-by to a young girl. An old artillery officer explained to me in French that they were married, but both had been attending universities, and both expected to be doctors. The young Slav giant, with his flaxen hair and clear skin, roared with laughter, though somewhat nervously, and the girl, tall, well-poised, rested her large hands on the window-sill and chatted with a smiling countenance. They were Spartans.

The train started. The girl ran behind a post, where he could not see her, but I could, and buried her face in her arm, shaking with emotion. The young blond giant turned to me, and with tears in the corners of his eyes gripped my knees and poured forth in a low, thick voice a flood of Russian words.

"Ah, he desires to communicate to you," the old artillery officer said in French—"he desires to communicate to you that it is not difficult to say good-by to an ordinary pretty woman to whom one is married and whom one loves, but that it is much more difficult if she is also one's best friend."

Perhaps there is in this a deserved tribute to the best of the better half of Russia.

The Snare of the Tropics

By RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

He of the North should shun the South:
Its fruits are wormwood in his mouth.

Too brilliant wings, too bright a sky
Daze him and blind the inner eye.

Strange flowers like scented velvet flames
Stir feelings which his will disclaims;

And soon the sly, narcotic air
Makes his own flesh a secret snare.

Fearful, he faces now the night
Of fevered perfumes, flaring light.

A million miching evils creep
Into his once stout-gated sleep.

He broods, throws off each human bond,
Lured by the wilderness beyond.

The noose of parasitic vines
A snake about his rash heart twines.

The jungle drags him to his knees;
He dreads, then worships, its disease.

Miasmic fingers pluck his brain;
Back to the North he turns. In vain!
He cannot find his soul again.

CURRENT COMMENT

The Philosophic Future

IF we accept from our modern materialistic philosophy the premise that the philosophies of the past were all creatures of the conditions of life in the past, and that our present philosophies have been similarly produced and molded, then there is in our life to-day a movement of thought and a change in philosophy that give the present a significant aspect, and promise for the future a queer turn.

We are told that when man lived under the feudal system his religion arranged itself in a similar feudal system, with a feudal king in heaven ruling over a celestial court, and delegating his authority to representatives on earth who derived their powers from him, not from their subjects. We are told that when the feudal period passed into that age of trading and industry which has been called the era of handicraft, the King of Heaven became the First Cause or the Great Artificer; the individualism of independent workmen instituted the doctrines of natural liberty and the rights of man; and man lived in a world that had been created for him, for his use and benefit. We are told that with our modern period of machine industry there arrived the mechanistic theories of life and a universe that were neither ruled by a Most High nor created by a First Cause—a universe of blind forces by which life had been mechanically evolved, a universe in which man, an equal victim with all the other animals, preyed on them and was preyed upon by them, as irresponsible as they, and as incapable of any intelligent self-direction against the forces that molded him and his social system.

But now, against this last conception of science, there has arisen a wide revolt. The most popular philosopher of the day is Henri Bergson, who has attacked the mechanistic theory on the ground that it explains how the blind forces of nature have controlled evolution, but does not account for that urge of life, that *élan de la vie* which has propelled life along the lines of evolution; and in his theories of instinct and the adaptive powers even of plants, he has allowed life not a mind precisely, and not a purpose, but a sort of impetus, as of determination to achieve, that seems in its blindness to see further than intelligence can (as in the case of instinct) and to develop intelligence as it develops organs, in order to move against the resistance of the inert matter within which it works. Scientists like William M'Dougall, who began as a mechanistic philosopher, are writing books like his "Body and Mind," in which the old doctrines of animism are restated; and if they do not boldly reinstall the soul that was left out of man by the mechanistic theory, they listen at the door of the closed throne-room and declare that the chamber is occupied by some mysterious sovereign—call it a soul or what you will. There has sprung up a religion that denies the very existence of matter and is eagerly received. A whole crusade of social progress is being preached upon the doctrine that society is guilty of all its sins of poverty and injustice and can redeem itself from them by taking thought. Industrial Germany is pointed to as an example of what a nation can do to control the course of its own growth, to guide and educate itself toward its future, and to study and take advantage of the social and economic laws of progress so as to accelerate their action, instead of blindly drifting with them or rowing desperately against them, as the nations of the past have done.

And if we accept all this new philosophy as the product of new conditions of life,—as the old philosophies were the creatures of old conditions,—then the mechanistic theories of existence must be passing away chiefly because our machine era is passing into a new period of directed science, purposeful invention, and the sovereignty of mind over matter and its laws

and over society and its progress. What such a change would imply imagination itself can hardly picture. It would be as if man, the victim of nature, having spent all the generations of the past in first blindly worshiping and then blindly serving the powers that controlled him, was at last to find the strength and faculty to control himself and them. It would mean that Germany's "will to power" is going to be imitated by its neighbors, and that the nations are all to be as purposeful as so many self-made men, and purposeful in some form of state socialism, with little of the old individual liberty and laissez-faire of the past. It would mean that our future governments are to be administered by experts and scientists, whose rule would be obeyed, as we obey physicians, because we wanted our country to "keep fit."

The Uses of Adversity

THE survivors of the San Francisco earthquake spoke with enthusiasm of the fraternity of mutual aid and kindliness that inspired the victims of that disaster and made life to them, in the midst of its ruins, seem something more right and noble than it had ever been in its security. In the Ludlow tent colony of Colorado the striking miners of a dozen antagonistic nationalities suffered destitution together in midwinter, half-starved, and exposed, with their wives and children, to all the adversities of cold and want and armed inhumanity; and yet through all their stories of their misery there is the evidence of an extraordinary good-fellowship that gave a gala air to their encampment, the happiness of a society united in sympathy, a delighted concord between alien races that were glad to find their old prejudices unfounded. Now in the great calamity that has wrecked Europe we are hearing daily of the resolute cheerfulness of the German people or the calm and dignified exaltation of the French. And Professor Jacks of Oxford, writing in "The New Republic" on "The Peacefulness of being at War," speaks of "the peace of mind" that has come to all England, "the spirit of fellowship, with its attendant cheerfulness" that is in the air, "the exhilaration" that every one feels, the contentment of the young officer at the front who writes that at last he has found his "proper job," and even the relief of the chronic sufferer from insomnia who confesses, "Since the war I have slept remarkably well."

An alarmed commentator on Professor Jacks's article demands of his readers, "Is this condition of 'peacefulness' so supreme a human good that it makes war the best form of international relationship?" No more, one might answer, than the experience of San Francisco proves that earthquake and fire are the best promoters of social harmony. It is not their relations with the Germans that make the English feel at peace; it is their relations with one another. The miners of the Ludlow colony were not cheered by their enmity to the armed mine-guards, but by their amity with their fellow-workers. Like the citizens of San Francisco, who were shaken out of their social strifes by being shaken out of every material possession for which they had been striving, the peoples of Europe find themselves serene in the satisfaction of the primitive herd instinct of coöperation which man, under favoring conditions, is always happy to indulge.

For it would seem that the envies and enmities of our ordinary life have their tap-root in the disparity of our possessions, and any disaster that reduces us to a state of common human exposure cuts off these enmities at their source. The laboring men of England and Wales felt so little of Professor Jacks's "peacefulness" that they went on strike against the demands of war-time work despite the general cry of "Treason!" but returned to their mines and their munition factories as soon as the Government promised that their employers should not be allowed to make an exorbitant profit out of the needs of the nation. Modern man is a fairly wholesome and friendly animal who loves to

move in a mass, rubbing shoulders with his file-mates, cheered by the approval of his fellows, and relieved from the chafing of his own egotism against the competitive good fortune of his neighbor. The peacefulness of being at war comes surely from the fact that war allows us to enjoy this gratification of our gregarious instinct unthwarted by the envies of peace and prosperity. In our ordinary day it takes a determined social worker like Judge Lindsey or Jane Addams to luxuriate in the unselfish hardships of a life devoted to the common good. In war we are all of their mind, and enter into something of their dignity.

The Poe Portrait

The Editor of THE CENTURY.
Dear Sir:

I am satisfied in my own mind that the portrait you printed in your April issue as "An Unpublished Daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe" lacks authentication. The daguerreotyper's art was not invented until the year 1839, and not well in vogue until some years afterward. As John Allan died in 1834, it was impossible for him to have any daguerreotype among his effects, as your text states he had.

I am familiar with the court proceedings at Richmond, Virginia, when a cousin of Mrs. Pryor, whose testimony is also recorded there, attacked the will of her grandmother, the second Mrs. Allan. It was brought out in the case that Mrs. Allan, shortly before her death, went about the house packing up pictures and doing other odd things which lawyers characterized as "the old lady losing her grip upon her affairs." The only legacy she left her grandchild was a small portrait of her father. I have little doubt that the picture you published was a family heirloom of her immediate family, which she had hidden away without telling its history. John Allan Galt, a namesake and near relative of John Allan, whose father was also Allan's executor when he died, left some interesting "Poe-Allan" reminiscences. He told that John Allan left private papers and other matters in a trunk, which he stowed away at his place of business after his second marriage. Among them were the unpublished Poe letters, now owned by the Valentine Museum at Richmond, Virginia. His father carried this trunk with its contents to Fluvanna County, Virginia, where as a boy he had frequently examined them. Mrs. Pryor never saw them. I have had them fully traced. Other Allan personal effects went through a public auction sale, so this daguerreotype could hardly have been very carefully preserved among the effects of John Allan.

I have also met a person who had importuned the second Mrs. Allan for a memento of Poe, and she finally gave him a small table as the only thing in her possession that she associated with him.

It is a fact, which I have never seen in print, that Poe never used tobacco. The group picture has him with a rather modern-looking cigar in his hand.

Those who knew and were familiar with Miles George and Thomas Goode Tucker find no likeness to them in your published group picture.

Finally, Mr. Edward V. Valentine, the Richmond sculptor, who is a connection of the Allan family, visited that home, and knew all the sons, recognizes one of the pictures in your published group as "Willie Allan," one of the three sons of the second Mrs. Allan. The face of his companion, sitting with a glass in his hand, is most familiar to him, and he thinks that later he will be able readily to recall his name, as well as to identify the alleged Poe portrait as that of a member of a well-known early Richmond family.

(Signed)
J. H. WHITTY.

(On behalf of Miss Lilian McG. Shepherd, THE CENTURY feels it necessary to state that according to the recent testimony of Mrs. William Price Pryor herself, Mr. Whitty's statements concerning

the Allan heirlooms are incomplete and misleading; Mrs. Pryor inherited from the Allans a great many things, and the Poe portrait was part of the Allan estate. Furthermore, in the opinion of some experts, the daguerreotype in question could have been made from a pastel after John Allan's death, while in that of one expert it represents Poe in about the year 1840. In this latter case Miss Shepherd's idea that the daguerreotype belonged to John Allan would be an error; in either case, however, Mr. Whitty's opening, and chief, argument against the authenticity of the portrait would be demolished. THE CENTURY has little doubt that the daguerreotype actually represents Poe.—THE EDITOR.)

"Industrial Relations"—a Correction

Editor of THE CENTURY.

Dear Sir:

In the May issue of your magazine, in an article called "Industrial Relations," you say:

Mr. Taft, being at the close of a Presidential term, with troubles of his own requiring no little attention, generously handed over the appointment of the commission to his successor, perhaps as a genial bit of Presidential hazing, and doubtless accepted by the Presidential neophyte in like spirit.

.

There seems to be a misunderstanding on the subject. I have a letter from William H. Taft, dated August 25th, 1912, wherein he said:

Dear Mr. Lewisohn:

I have to appoint nine men on an Industrial Commission. It is one of the most important tasks I have. I would like to consult you in regard to the personnel of the commission.

Mr. Taft appointed a commission, and I was one of the appointees. The Senate did not confirm Mr. Taft's appointments, and it went over to the following spring, when President Wilson made new appointments, which were confirmed by the Senate and which constituted the commission that had charge of the matter. May I ask you to publish this in your next issue?

I remain,

Yours very truly,

ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

ERRATUM.—An unfortunate transposition occurs in THE CENTURY for July in the legends of two illustrations by Mr. Pennell in the paper on Edinburgh. "The Tolbooth, High Street" should read "The Playhouse Close, First Theater in Scotland," and vice versa.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

My Tailor

A Study in Still Life

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE always stands there, and has stood these thirty years, in the back part of his shop, his tape woven about his neck, a smile of welcome on his face, waiting to greet me.

"Something in a serge," he says, "or perhaps in a tweed?"

There are only these two choices open to us. We have had no others for thirty years. It is too late to alter now.

"A serge, yes," continues my tailor; "something in a dark blue, perhaps."

He says it with all the gusto of a new idea, as if the thought of dark blue had sprung up as an inspiration. "A dark blue, Mr. Jennings,"—this is his assistant,—"kindly take down some of those dark blues."

"Ah!" he exclaims, "now here is an excellent thing." His manner as he says this is such as to suggest that by sheer good fortune and blind chance he has stumbled upon a thing among a million.

He lifts one knee and drapes the cloth over it, standing upon one leg. He knows that in this attitude it is hard to resist him. Cloth to be appreciated as cloth must be viewed over the bended knee of a tailor, with one leg in the air.

My tailor can stand in this way indefinitely, on one leg in a sort of ecstasy, a kind of local paralysis.

"Would that make up well?" I ask him.

"Admirably," he answers.

I have no real reason to doubt it. I have never seen any reason why cloth should not make up well. But I always ask the question as I know that he expects it and it pleases him. There ought to be a fair give and take in such things.

"You don't think it at all loud?" I say. He always likes to be asked this.

"Oh, no; very quiet indeed. In fact, we always recommend serge as extremely quiet."

I have never had a wild suit in my life; but it is well to ask.

Then he measures me, round the chest; nowhere else. All the other measures were taken years ago. Even the chest measure is only done, and I know it, to please me. I do not really grow.

"A *little* fuller in the chest," my tailor muses. Then he turns to his assistant. "Mr. Jennings, a little fuller in the chest; half an inch on to the chest, please."

It is a kind fiction. Growth around the chest is flattering even to the humblest of us.

"Yes," my tailor goes on—he uses "yes" without any special meaning—"yes, and shall we say a week from Tuesday? Mr. Jennings, a week from Tuesday, please."

"And will you please," I say, "send the bill to—"

But my tailor waves this aside. He does not care to talk about the bill. It would only give pain to both of us to speak of it.

The bill is a matter we deal with solely by correspondence, and that only in a decorous and refined style never calculated to hurt.

I am sure from the tone of my tailor's letters that he would never send the bill, or ask for the amount, were it not that from time to time he is himself, unfortunately, "pressed," owing to "large consignments from Europe." But for these heavy consignments I am sure I should never need to pay him. It is true that I have sometimes thought to observe that these consignments are apt to arrive when I pass the limit of owing for two suits and order a third. But this can only be a mere coincidence.

Yet the bill, as I say, is a thing that we never speak of. Instead of it, my tailor passes to the weather. Ordinary people always begin with this topic. Tailors, I notice, end with it. It is only broached after the suit is ordered, never before.

"Pleasant weather we are having," he says. It is never other, so I notice, with him. Perhaps the order of a suit itself is a little beam of sunshine. Then we move together toward the front of the store on the way to the outer door.

"Nothing to-day, I suppose," says my tailor, "in shirtings?"

"No, thank you."

This is again a mere form. In thirty years I have never bought any shirtings from him. Yet he asks the question with the same winsomeness as he did thirty years ago.

"And nothing, I suppose, in collaring or in hosiery?"

This again is futile. Collars I buy elsewhere, and hosiery I have never worn.

Thus we walk to the door in friendly colloquy. Somehow, if he failed to speak of shirtings and of hosiery, I should feel as if a familiar cord had broken.

At the door we part.

"Good afternoon," he says. "A week from Tuesday—yes,—good afternoon."

SUCH is, or was, our calm, unsullied intercourse, unvaried, or at best broken only by consignments from Europe.

I say it *was;* that is, until just the other day.

And then, coming to the familiar door for my customary summer suit, I found that he was there no more. There were people in the store unloading shelves and piling cloth and taking stock. And they told me that he was dead. It came to me with a strange shock. I had not thought it possible. He seemed, he should have been, immortal.

They said the worry of his business had helped to kill him. I could not have believed it. It always seemed so still and tranquil, wearing his tape about his neck and marking measures and holding cloth against his leg beside the sunlight of the window in the back part of the shop. Can a man die of that? Yet he had been "going behind," they said (however that is done), for years. His wife, they told me, would be left badly off. I had never conceived him as having a wife. But it seemed that he had, and a daughter, too, —at a conservatory of music,—yet he never spoke of her; and that he himself was musical and played the flute, and was the sidesman of a church, yet he never referred to it to me. In fact, in thirty years we never spoke of religion. Now it was hard to connect him with the idea of it.

As I went out I seemed to hear his voice still saying, "And nothing to-day in shirtings?"

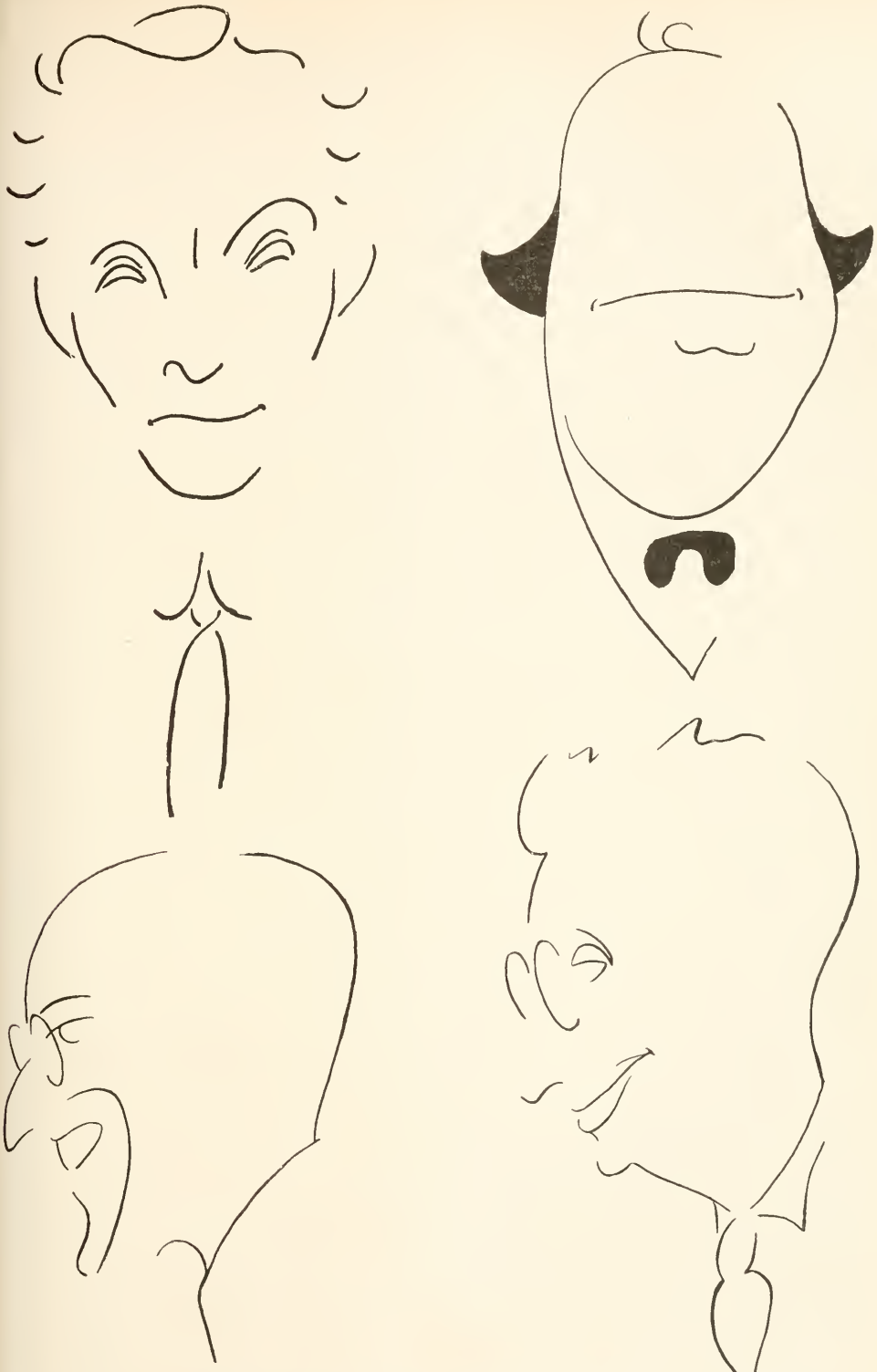
I was sorry I had never bought any.

There is, I am certain, a deep moral in this; but I will not try to draw it. It might appear too obvious.

Triolet of the *Thé Dansant*

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

MY Betty is a charming miss,
And all the carefuller for that.
In dancing, one 's so near a kiss
(My Betty *is* a charming miss),
She, just to keep me at a dis-
Tance, wears a sweet, but broad-brimmed,
hat.
My Betty is a charming miss,
And all the carefuller for that.



Four Conspicuous Americans

Indicated by Gluyas Williams

Finance and Banking

By H. V. CANN

BEGINNING with this issue, THE CENTURY will publish each month hereafter an article on financial and banking subjects of interest to the general reader.—THE EDITOR.

IT has become a mere platitude to speak of the great reforms and improvements in American banking brought about by the new law of 1913. Every one knows how the central reserves of gold and credit have been mobilized and what the benefits are of the sound note issues that are adjustable to the needs of the country.

These newly created safeguards against the old-time panics are such outstanding features as to overshadow other advantages now enjoyed by the public from the daily operations under the same law. Readily available reserves and an ample supply of currency afford the very necessary provision against emergencies, yet for ordinary times and in the day-to-day work of financing the industry and commerce of the country other new developments are equally or more important. A low and stable rate of discount has for the first time been made effective throughout the country. A considerable volume of trade is being cheaply financed by bankers' acceptances. A national discount market has passed the first stages of development. Many economies are apparent in the settlement of domestic exchanges through a central gold fund.

Perhaps more important than all in ultimate effect upon American banking is the beginning of branch banking by the national banks. If many follow the lead of the two or three who have started to operate domestic and foreign branches, the possibilities for American banking are unlimited. Most people agree that branches abroad are needed, but opinions differ when a domestic branch bank system is proposed.

Years ago there used to be discussions of the relative merits of single independent banks and branch banks. The uninformed contended that a community is better served by a small locally owned bank than by the branch of a large institution. Those who are experienced in both kinds of banking do not doubt the superiority of the branch system that for more than two hundred years has been tried under every conceivable condition. It grows in usefulness and strength everywhere. In fact, in every important country except the United States the day of the small bank is almost ended. During this generation the private bankers and small banks in Great Britain have gradually merged with large institutions until there are now only about half as many as there were twenty years ago. The present number is seventy-nine, with 9100 branches. The branches have doubled in number during the same period, and there is one for about every five thousand people. One bank operates a thousand branches, several have over five hundred branches, and all except the Bank of England have over a hundred. The same tendency is observed on the Continent and in Canada; the process of amalgamation, the gradual decline of the small banks, has left only about half the number that were doing business twenty-five years ago. The twenty-two head offices in the dominion operate three thousand branches there and seventy-five elsewhere. Competition has given the Canadians a bank office for about each twenty-five hundred people. Here the national and state institutions combined show an average of one for each four thousand inhabitants. The state banks furnish some examples in a small way of efficient branch-bank service. But only by a recent ruling has it been made possible for a national bank to

(*Continued on page 46 following*)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

From the original in the Louvre

"La Finette," by Jean-Antoine Watteau

(Timothy Cole's Wood-engravings of Masterpieces)

THE CENTURY

Vol. 92 SEPTEMBER, 1916 No. 5

The Magazines of the Trenches

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Are You a Bromide?" etc

IN the dining-room of a village inn, dingy and dim, two officers sat one rainy afternoon smoking at a map-strewn table. It was November 28, 1914, "somewhere in France." I may mention confidentially that it was in Champagne, only three kilometers from the front line of trenches; that one man was Brigadier-General Nodaillac, and the other was that Lieutenant-Colonel Paty du Clam who became famous at the trial of Dreyfus. He was in command of the 17th Regiment of Territorials.

"Colonel," said the general, "it looks to me as if we were in the trenches here for some time. There 'll be no great advance until spring, anyway. Don't you think the men need cheering up a bit? It strikes me that it might be a good idea to give 'em a little fun, something to talk about except mud and blood and Germans; put 'em in good humor, you know; prevent their fretting too much about home." Pulling at his mustache thoughtfully, he added: "I wonder if we could n't find some one to get up a little paper of some sort—print it on the mimeograph, say, at the surgeon-major's headquarters —comic journal, you know. I hear they started one in the 18th a couple of weeks ago, and it 's a great success."

Said the colonel, enthusiastically:

"Holy blue! General, I know the very man! Literary chap, too, a Parisian. *You* know, Reboux!"

"Good! Put him on the job at once; tell him to be as funny as he can." And the general turned to his orderly, who had just entered and saluted.

As three haughty German officers with monocles, prisoners of war, were escorted in to be interrogated, Colonel Paty du Clam threw on his cloak and went out into the rain. Between lines of shattered walls, mere shells of houses, blackened, broken, like decayed teeth, with the fallen bricks neatly piled in rows on the narrow sidewalk; past roofed-in corners, desolate kitchens where old women and old men, and even children, too, seemingly as old, still managed to exist and smile; down the little crooked, cobbled street, crowded, noisy with automobiles, trucks, auto-buses, bicyclists, horses, and soldiers,—soldiers everywhere, going and coming,—ambulances, horse-shoers clinking at anvils, peddlers of wine, brave little laundresses, he walked till, just outside the village, in the great square courtyard of an abandoned farm, now the regimental hospital, full of wounded, he found a soldier with a Red Cross badge on his arm. This smallish, clean-bearded, brown-eyed man was Paul Reboux, secretary to the surgeon-major. A few months earlier he had been known as the author of a famous book of paro-

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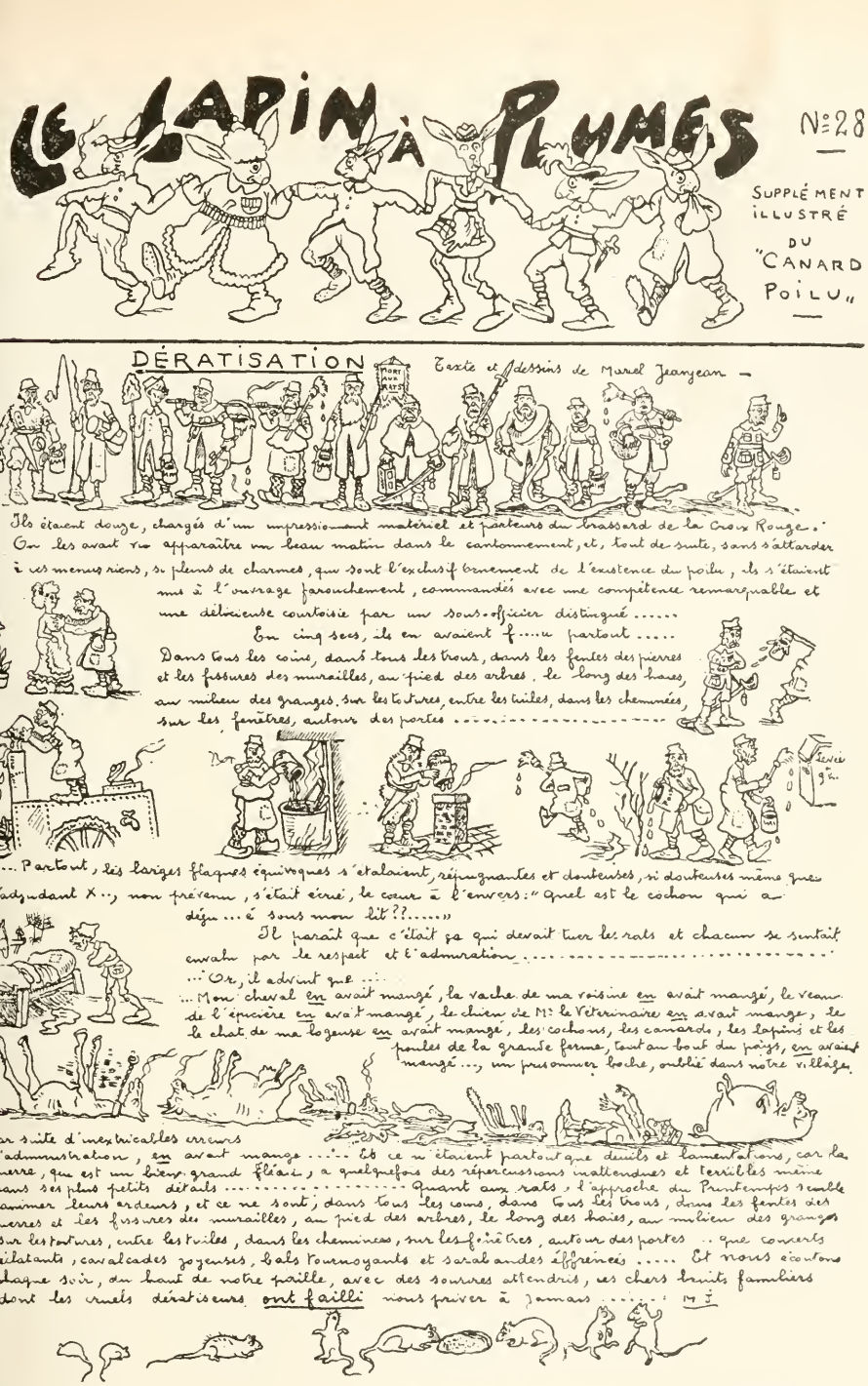
Le marchand de journaux
ICI ON VEND LES JOURNAUX
Ses Petits Métiers
à l'ami Jehan Richus
Je suis un gonze ed'la Fill'louse,
J'suis bon à tout et propr'à rien,
Je sais juste compter jusqu'à douze,
Le prix normal d'un litr'de vin.
J'm'ai engagé pour la Grand'guerre,
Je fais mon d'voir — on est un homm'! —
Mais quand on se r'pos' sur l'arrière,
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium!
J'en fais pour Pol's, Tolor, Eugène
Qu'ont des poul's qui languiss'nt de bas,
J'en fais aussi pour ma Marraine
Mm'de la haut', que j'connais pas —
Paraît qu'elle a des mains si basses,
Plus douc's que des tinoleum;
Ell'dort s'ing mettr'plein ses p'tit's paillasses,
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium!
Un jour, dans une échauffourée
Les Boch's m'avaient fait prisonnier,
Et leur chef, un' sal'tit' carne,
Recherchait à m'faire jaspiner.
Quels travaux qu'on fait dans vos lignes?
Combien qu'vous êt's, au minimum! —
J'y réponds: Ton blair dans mon pigne!
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium!
Je m'ai évadé tout en douce
J'ai repris ma place au rot'front,
Et, comme avant, entre deux s'cousses,
J'fais mon p'tit truc — J'les vends dix sous!
Quand c'est qu'j'irai en permittance
J'le m'rett' du métal, bath aux pomm's!
Je l'porterai à la Banqu'de France!
J'fais des bagu's en aluminium!
Poilu 1e
p.c.c.
P.Ch.
Le cheminot de tranchées
Le tuyau de rats
Le marchand de conserves...
Le fabricant de bagues
Le "fricoteur" amateur...

A typical page by Marcel Jeanjean, the comic artist of "Le Canard Poilu"

dies, "*À la manière de*——," and as the literary critic of "Le Journal." At present he was opening a wooden case of medicines with a German bayonet.

Here, with the incessant thunder of the artillery in their ears,—no uncommon sight there to see the earth half a mile away suddenly jump up in big fountains,—the project for the new publication was discussed. And that night, after the des-



A page of "Le Lapin à Plumes," the illustrated supplement of "Le Canard Poilu"

The text and sketches, by Marcel Jeanjean, tell the story of some Red-Cross rat-chasers who poured rat-poison in every conceivable place and succeeded in killing everything but the rats

perately wounded had been treated, and mere trifles such as broken arms and legs had been hustled away in ambulances bumping to the rear, Paul Reboux sat down on a shoe-box and tried to be witty. By candle-light he began to write, all

alone, the first number of "L'Echo des Tranchées."

Next day, at odd moments, he copied his compositions on wax stencil-paper for the mimeograph, designed and lettered a fancy title, and little by little filled two closely written sheets. It was not long before he was pressing over his jokes and pleasantries the same roller that only that afternoon had printed off the surgeon's reports of dead and wounded and missing.

Early next morning a priest in spectacles appeared, but no such priest as *you* ever saw—a priest in faded, blood-stained, mud-worn uniform of what had once been blue and red; for this was before the shoddy "horizon blue." To his back was strapped a package containing a few hundred copies of the new journal, and he gaily bicycled to the trenches.

Just behind the firing-line the soaking reserves, huddling over their little fires in the rain, seized the papers as Parisians mob a news-kiosk on the boulevard at four o'clock when a battle is raging. Grinning, one by one they withdrew to their dugouts and shelters to sit down and roar over the quips and puns of their newly discovered merry-maker.

Then forward went the newsboy-soldier-priest with the rest of the edition, entering the long, narrow *boyaux,* weaving in and out through the labyrinth of trenches, each marked with a facetious name; stooping at "Sardine Street" to avoid German sharp-shooters, spattered with earth as a big shell exploded at "Without-Fear Cross-Roads," passing solitary sentinels at unexpected corners, turning right, turning left, picking his way over the slippery foot-boards of "The Boulevard de la Gaiété," crouching back against slimy clay walls to let stretcher-bearers pass with their groaning burdens in the narrow "Street of Pretty Girls," through mud and blood and puddles, clear to the first line.

Here sat men playing cards or stretched out asleep under the roofs of logs and earth, or stood ready with rifles and field-glasses at the loopholes, or listened with telephones at their ears. And here the men of the 17th read and re-read the new paper, laughed, quoted, criticized; then folded it carefully away to be sent home to their wives.

It was a brave little number, that first single sheet of foolscap, breathing the life of the trenches. It began with a short article entitled "At the Front," telling how glorious that term would be to future generations. There was a characteristically Rabelaisian quotation from Rabelais—Reboux had n't yet got quite into his stride—and a description of the trenches regarded as a system of little villages. "So much good humor [in the naming of the streets] under shell-fire," the editor remarked, "is a form of smiling heroism." Then followed an essay on Teutonic pastimes, with special reference to the brutality of dueling in German universities. There were skits on the kaiser, of course; for no trench journal is complete without a reference to Guillaume, the *Kronprinz,* K.K. bread, and *Kultur;* and there was other Gallic wit not easily translatable into our more-restrained tongue.

The next issue was of four pages, and thereafter the paper was published about every ten days, except during the Battle of Champagne. "The Echo of the Trenches" was a hit from the start. But Paul Reboux was not satisfied with his success till he had made the man at the front feel that those at home were thinking and praying and working for him. The result was a journalistic victory. In that "limographed" paper of a few hundred circulation there began to appear the most brilliant names of all France. Mme. Bartet, the popular comédienne of the Comédie Française, contributed a stirring article, so did the famous Marcelle Tinayre. Brieux wrote for it, and Henri de Régnier and Alfred Capus and Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies. More academicians volunteered—Théodore Botrel, Paul Hervieu, Gabriel Hanotaux, Edmond Rostand.

But even these names did not satisfy the editor of "The Echo of the Trenches," and so one day he made bold to write to the president of the republic himself. On

The staff of "L'Echo des Tranchées" at work

the day the reply was received the regiment was "in repose" at a little village some twenty kilometers from the front. M. Reboux hurried excitedly to headquarters with the news.

Now, in this war scarcely anything is more dangerous than for a wife to visit her husband at the front, and, naturally, among women, nothing is more desirable than to penetrate the army zone. Wherefore, despite man-made laws, they do it, and thus provide the merriest chapter in the history of the conflict. Dressed as *demi-mondaines,* I have known those who have made their way, trembling in terror at the flirtatious officers in railway-carriages, clear to the regiment's cantonment, there to pass their husbands on the streets of the villages without daring even to bow. One countess I could name bought a lace-seller's stock and walked ten miles to meet her husband. But, once there, it was fatal to be seen in his company. With other men she could promenade, drink tea, flirt; but the only way to see her lawfully wedded spouse was to hide with him in a furnished house and never go outside in his company.

Well, on this day, gendarmes had just arrested and brought to headquarters two such ladies, charged with the crime of undue intimacy with their husbands, and tearfully awaiting their sentence. Paul Reboux entered, waving a sheet of paper at the colonel.

"What d' you think," he exclaimed—"I 've got a contribution from Raymond Poincaré, president of the republic!"

The gendarmes drew themselves up with a jerk and gave the military salute.

"Sacré bleu!" cried the colonel, "is that so? Officers, let these women go—with a reprimand."

Now, long before this, however, the

ABONNEMENTS

France un an. . . . 5 fr. | S'adresser à l'*Echo des Gourbis*
Étranger un an. . . 10 fr. | 131e Territorial de Campagne
SECTEUR POSTAL 54

Le Numéro
5 c.

Directeur Général : Pierre CALEL. | *Directeur Artistique :* Franc MALZAC. | *Directeur Administratif :* Jean CAZES.

POUR NOS MARRAINES

Elles sont tout à fait gentilles les marraines des poilus. Elles ont pour leurs filleuls des attentions pleines de délicatesse Elles leur donnent un peu de bien-être, des gâteries, ce n'est pas de trop, un peu de beau rêve, ce n'est pas de trop non plus. Ce sont des fées lointaines, mystérieuses et bienfaisantes. De même qu'autrefois *ses anciens* se battaient pour leur Dame, le poilu, aujourd'hui se bat un peu pour sa Marraine. Il faut qu'elle soit contente de son filleul. Ne lui a-t-elle pas envoyé sa photo? Ne lui dit-elle pas à la fin de chaque lettre qu'elle l'embrasse? Pour qu'elle soit fière de lui et pour qu'il soit digne d'elle, le poilu fait des exploits.

Et elles?... Eh bien, nous les avons vues pendant une courte permission. Elles les aiment aussi leurs braves filleuls. Elles attendent leurs lettres; elles parlent d'eux; elles content leurs mots naïfs et héroïques. Vous verrez qu'a ce petit jeu-là, il leur arrivera bien sûr d'avoir sauvé la France. Mais il faut régulariser tout cela.

Ça ne peut finir que par un contrat en bonne et due forme. Aussi pour immortaliser ces unions patriotiques, nous avons décidé de créer le *Certificat de Marraine*.

Plus tard ce ne sera peut-être pas le souvenir le moins émouvant de cette guerre où les émotions ne manquent pas. Les marraines garderont précieusement leur certificat et le mettront à la place d'honneur qu'*elles* méritent.

Naturellement, il faudra autant que possible remplacer sur le certificat les dessins qui représentent le filleul et la marraine par la photo de la marraine titulaire du certificat et par la photo de son filleul.

Et maintenant, poilus, envoyez à vos marraines leur *certificat* que voici à la première page de l'*Echo des Gourbis*. Je vous *certifie* que vous leur ferez plaisir.

CERTIFICAT DE MARRAINE

créé par *L'ÉCHO DES GOURBIS*, journal des Tranchées, 131e Territorial, Secteur 54.

N° 2263

Je soussigné (1) _____

soldat au (2) _____

certifie *que M* (3) _____

a été ma marraine pendant la guerre, à partir du (5) _____ 191 .

Fait à (4) _____ , *le* (5) _____ 191 .

Signature :

Pierre Calel

(1) Nom et prénoms. (2) Indiquer le régiment, la compagnie, etc. (3) Madame ou Mademoiselle, suivie de nom, prénoms et adresse. (4) Au front ou à l'hôpital, etc (5) Date.

The *marraine's* certificate of "L'Echo des Gourbis"

trench journals had become an established institution, the idea flowering rapidly all along the front. The first one published was a small sheet called "The Echo of the Argonne,"—the names run much to echoes: echoes of the trenches, of the *boyaux,* of the "marmites"; echoes of the ravine and cross-roads and huts (*guitounes*),—and it called itself "the best informed of the region," though just what region the censor

Janvier 1916
(Paraît le 8 Février)
Le Filet
- Né le 2 Xbre 1914 -
3e Année - N° 12 -
- CHEZ LA MARRAINE -
- : « C'est mon 'filleul' ! Comme il est gentil ! »
- Rédacteur en chef : Gabriel Courtial - 303e d'Infant.ie - Secteur 175 -

The *marraine* meets her *filleul*

did not permit it to say. After two typewritten numbers the editor sent his copy back to the nearest town and had the issue regularly printed.

But meanwhile "Le Son du Cor" had discovered a press and type in the ruins of a village, and printed its own paper back in the second line, or at cantonment, farther in the rear. These three journals, therefore, became typical of three different kinds of papers. All are written and edited in the trenches. One group is actually printed there, also, on hectograph or cyclostyle or mimeograph; another class

is printed in the nearest village, on the regiment's own printing-press, or, as in the case of "Le Lapin à Plumes," for instance, on a lithographic press; while those of the last group are sent farther away, and return with a more professional appearance. I have discovered so far the existence of some ninety different papers, and the number is still growing. The English army already boasts sixty-three exclusively trench journals, most of which, however, are printed in England.

The editors of these frisky sheets are for the most part found in the surgical staff of the army, where a semi-permanent establishment and a more convenient *cagna*, or domicile, make journalism practicable, though even in those semi-ruined houses an occasional shell is apt to fall, as it did one day on the editorial room of the "Echo des Marmites," sadly interfering with the forthcoming issue; or bursting in the *guitoune* of the "Poilu du 37e" while the commandant was correcting and censoring the copy, and calmly continuing to correct and censor it! The whole libretto of an operetta, in fact, subsequently played in cantonment, was composed by two men of the 509th by the light of a night-lamp in a bomb-proof excavation while a strong German attack was in progress less than a mile away to the left. But business does at times interfere with the editor's pleasure. The three young sergeants, Lavaud, Ferré, and Salmon, who write, illustrate, and print on a hand-press the "Poil de Tranchée" near the bloody and now historic little town of Vaux, have often had of late (during the Battle of Verdun), as one of them wrote me, to "leave the pen and take up the bayonet."

The largest and most important sheet, —the most important-looking, at least,— a very professionally dressed affair, is the "Poilu," printed at Châlons-sur-Marne with upward of eighteen thousand circulation, although the "Diable au Cor," the organ of the Chasseurs Alpins, familiarly called the Blue Devils, claims an edition of eighteen thousand copies. The smallest of all is "La Voix du 75" (62d Artillery), a printed four-paged sheet less than five inches long and three wide; and one, "L'Echo des Marmites," is unique in being beautifully and painstakingly engrossed and lithographed in Paris. The machine-printed journals publish on an average two or three thousand in every issue, while the hectographed and cyclostyled sheets content themselves with only a few hundreds.

Several lay claim to being issued the nearest to the front lines, but I think no one of them can be actually printed much nearer than the "Petit Boyau." That blurred little sheet I gave up in despair until one day I received a letter from Lucien Blondel, the editor, a type-setter who, with a priest and a silk salesman, composes its almost illegible contributions. Now it seems to me one of the most interesting of them all.

"Since July," he wrote me, "our journal has been printed in the trenches only eighty meters from the *Bosches;* and it is n't so funny, either, always, with the earth falling into the ink and the machine. The rain and the German shells are also frequently of the party, not to speak of the rats, which frequently eat up our gelatin roller."

As for the writing itself, I doubt if any magazine can beat the record of the adventurous little "Poilu du 37e," which is also one of those published not by Territorials, but by the active army. Guy d'Abzac, the grenadier editor of the 3[illegible] Battalion, wrote me that the articles in his paper are often composed within twenty-five meters of the *Bosches.* "Our newsboy distributes the paper even during bombardment of the trenches, and the soldiers recklessly go out to meet him, and then return to read the little *canard* by the flickering light of a candle fixed in the wall while the tornado of machine-gun rages outside."

But my favorite, I confess, is "Le Canard Poilu,"—*canard* is the slang name for the trench journals,—or, rather, its still more brilliant supplement, "Le Lapin à Plumes," illustrated by Marcel Jeanjean. Jeanjean, before the war, was a clerk in

Les Joies de la Permission

Ah ! zut... vivement la tranchée... que je me repose!

The joys of the *permission*, as pictured in "L'Echo du Boyau"

the Bank of France. Now he is famous as an artist through his screamingly funny, naïve sketches, almost devoid of technic, which give by far the best idea of the life at the front that has yet been vouchsafed.

But how choose among so many! Humor and sensation, pathos and poetry and horror! To dip into those sparkling little magazines is to be inspired again with the wonderful vigor of French art, French wit, French *verve*. "Rigolbosche," "Marmita," "Chéchia," "Le Mouchoir," "Le Son du Cor," "Crapouillot," "La Première Ligne"—why, their very names thrill one. The "Anti-Grouch," the "War-Cry," the "Echoes of Trenchville," the "Fusillade," the "Indiscreet Poilu," the "Periscope," the "Terrible Poilu-torial," the "Flea," the "Glow-worm," the "Voice of the 75!" France has banned the "Merry Widow," but she has the "Merry War," and even "Our Laugh," and "Oh, Fine!" (*"Ah, Bath!"*). And under those vivid names, bit by bit, in prose and verse, in riddle and fable, essay and story, is written the thrilling epic of the trenches.

You remember your college weekly? Well, except that these are published in the great open air University of Patriotism and Pain, these trench papers are, in their amateur abandon and enthusiasm, not unlike the fooling of college boys. Almost all affect comic subtitles, and announce editorially that they are "connected with special (barbed) wire." A subscription to "Le Diable au Cor" is good "forever, or for the duration of the war." "L'Echo des Guitounes" (144th Infantry) calls itself "a political, economic, fantastic, and intermittent journal, the only great intermittent possessing a re-

frigerating-apparatus enabling it to furnish the news perfectly fresh in all weather. Also the only one enterprising enough to publish the news before it occurs!" "Bellica" is a "heroico-gay" magazine. "L'Echo des Marmites" (309th Infantry) is "the only daily published once a week." "L'Echo de Tranchéesville" (258th Brigade) is a "decadent organ, not at all political and only very slightly literary."

Parodies, of course, abound. There are also puns innumerable; some, notably "Le Mouchoir" (73d Division), are all puns. Turning the blurred pages printed in black and violet and green, one finds multitudes of good laughs that cannot be translated into English; and many more, likewise, that, as the journals are "for men only," one would not care to if one could.

Strong meat is not for babes, and "the *poilus* of 1914–15–16," as Jacques Bompard says, "have proved in more than one way that they are not young ladies. . . . Don't forget that it is a case of enlivening men virtually half buried in the snow."

"No, we wrote little about the tragedies of the front," said M. Reboux to me. "You see, we are so used to suffering and fatalities that, if a comrade is shot at our side, after the first shock, the first aid, the clutch at the throat, and the heartache, our next thought is of dinner and when the hot coffee will arrive. And so, though we did insert lists of the dead and wounded and missing in our paper, we usually followed it with a joke to keep up the men's spirits."

But not always, evidently. Gabriel Courtial, the editor of "Le Poilu" (of the 303d), was not afraid to trust his readers with this poem:

THE DEAD MAN

For eight long days at Les Eparges it rained.
In open burial-pits our dead still lay
In muddy water, rising higher each day
As at our long, grim task our muscles strained.

It was a sturdy Norman lad we bore.
He had been strong; well had he done his part
Before that German bullet found his heart.
The stretcher-bearers struggled on, and swore,

Stumbling at every step, saved every time,
Till one at last, side-slipping, lost his hold.
Feet-first, down fell the body, stark and cold,
Splashing our faces with the pit's dank slime.

We wiped our eyes and looked. And oft, indeed,
The memory weighs upon me like remorse;
For, fallen upright in the mud, the corse
Down in the pit, eyes open, seemed to plead.

He seemed to supplicate, "No! no! not *there!*"
Poor lad! We knew what horrors were beneath.
I seemed to hear the chattering of his teeth
In the chill dampness of that cruel air.

'Mid the infernal guns' incessant din
We paused, till huskily the sergeant said:
"We have no time to waste. Bury your dead!"
We pushed the body gently down—and in.

And as he fell, his eyes, I thought, expressed
One last reproach; then, like a docile child,
Into the mud he sank, and almost smiled,
As lying down to his eternal rest.

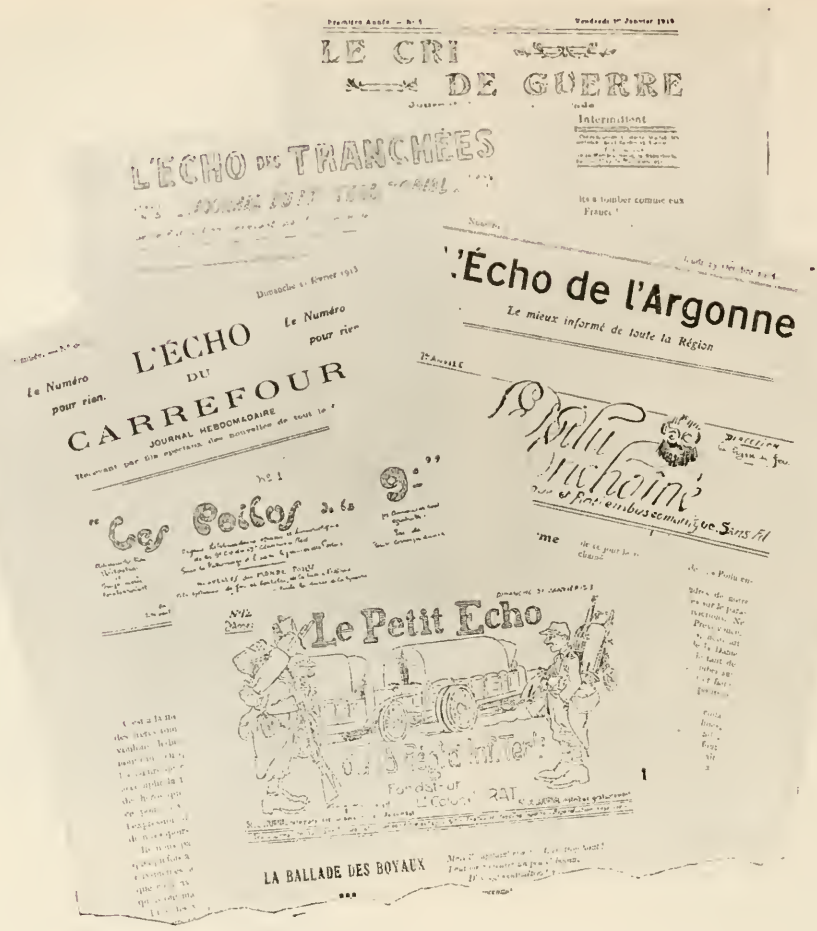
Alas! our hearts are hardened with much pain;
But when I think sometimes of that brave lad
I shiver still. It was as if I had
Seen him, once dead, before me die again.

But even death is often made a jest in the trenches, and the commanders now know well the priceless value of these laughs. Perhaps not the least of the reasons why the French have held on so tenaciously is because the army chiefs have encouraged so willingly these merry little magazines. Often the editors are excused from all other work. How pay the expenses? Why, every officer in the regiment gladly puts his hand into his own pocket. In fact, so adjuvant has proved this spirit of mirth that even the official "Bulletin des Armées" has at times been disapproved for its good humor and its comedies; as early as August 19, 1915, the minister of war telephoned to Marcel Sembat, "Write me an article for the bulletin; nothing grandiloquent or resounding, you know, and above all not a bore!"

Entrance to the editorial office of "Le Poilu"

Indeed, the "Bulletin des Armées de la Republique," since it changed its character on March 22, 1915, has become virtually a journal of the trenches, though openly recognizing the need to distract the *poilu* from his hardships. Edited under the supervision of the minister of war, one of its functions is that of a sort of review of reviews, reprinting the best drawings, contributions, and jokes from the trench magazines. The lively change in its color is due to the wisdom of General Gallieni, who, before retiring, announced the idea thus: "Founded at the beginning of hostilities in order to replace the daily papers in the army zone, little by little it has, in virtue of the nature the war has taken, lost its utility as a mere newspaper." Strategy, in other words, being now a matter of complicated details rather than large movements of troops, there is little active news to print. The "Bulletin" appears as a sixteen-page sheet every Wednesday, with a supplement on Saturdays. It is a real magazine, modern style, and extremely readable, with science, poetry, history, and an original feature—a series of competitions, puzzles, problems, etc., bringing in thousands of answers from the *poilus* every month. It contains humor quite as fierce as any little violet-ink journal of the trenches.

If the famed *furia francesa* therefore, when denied physical expression with the sword and bayonet, turns at times to a rather ferocious wit, surely we, who sleep in beds and keep our feet dry and warm and eat three times a day, should not criticize too severely the wit of the trenches. At any price gaiety is cheap if it enlivens with laughter the ordeal of patience in the strain of this war of locked horns.

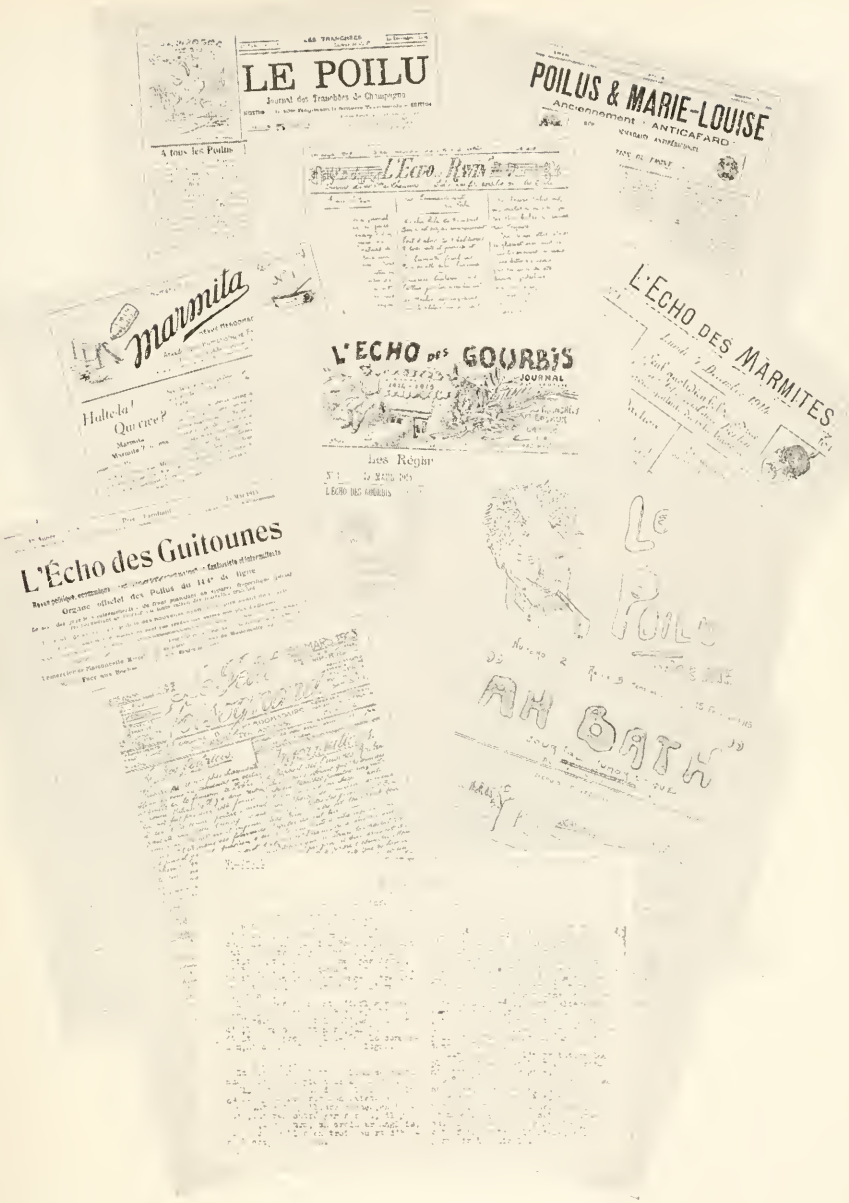
Jokes at the expense of the *Bosches* are, of course, always in order. One popular tale in "Le Poilu," apropos of the proverbial German treachery on the battlefield, tells of two French soldiers who, after an engagement, came across a heap of German slain, and heard a moaning voice: "Help! help! I 'm alive!"

A group of the leading trench magazines

"Don't you listen to him," said one Frenchman to the other. "Come on; these *Bosches* are such damned liars you can't believe a word they say."

One of course expects patriotic and sentimental poems of all kinds to fill these French trench papers. But whom would you expect to find the most popular man in the French army? Joffre? Castelnau? Gallieni? Navarre, the aviator who has brought down fourteen German aëroplanes? Never, not in an army of France! No, it is the company cook, the beloved, the ridiculous, the courageous, the even heroically reckless *cuistot,* God bless him! who often disdains the shelter of the *boyaux* and carries his kettles of soup right through shell-fire, whom all French poets delight in praising. A score of poems in his honor I might quote. But looking for a more original note, I found this spirited marching-song, written to an air from "The Belle of New York." I wish I might give more than this first stanza of its splendid jauntiness, that confident, rakish mood of *ne pas s'en faire,* which is the modern trenchant French for "I should worry!" It was written by Captain Faure and Lieutenant Comte of the 296th.

NOBODY KNOWS

We have obeyed, but who commands?
  Nobody knows!
Nobody questions or understands.
  Nobody knows!
And what it is we march to meet;
Whether it 's victory or defeat,



A few representative title-pages

As along the road our column goes?
Nobody knows!
Perhaps in good warm straw we 'll lie;
Perhaps we 'll fight; perhaps we 'll die.
Nobody knows!
Perhaps our destiny leads the dance
Again across the fields of France;
Perhaps to Belgium, hunting our foes.
Nobody knows!

Nobody knows; but in private life,
Safe in the rear of this din and strife,
Are the shirks who know *we* will ward
the blows;
And that we 'll hold, and win, we suppose
Every one knows!

Really to appreciate the wit of the firing-line, one should know something of

French argot. Now, there is an almost complete dialect of French slang; many dialects, in fact. Every trade, every province, every class of life, every quarter of Paris, indeed, has its own private vocabulary. But not enough even is a knowledge of the idiom of the boulevards nowadays; for new conditions have arisen, creating a new language to express them. Thousands of Frenchmen who never spoke slang before now speak scarcely anything else along the long intrenched line where college professors and millionaires rub shoulders with Apaches and countryfolk, and royalists with socialists, for on the "Boum Voilà!" (3d Zouaves) an editor of "l'Action Française" now actually collaborates with a once-ardent opponent on "La Guerre Sociale"!

Scarcely any one who has read anything of the war, however, has failed to learn at least a few of the most-used words. He knows, of course, that *poilu* (hairy) means a soldier at the front, that *marmite* (pot) means shell, and *pruneau* (prune) means bullet, *Bosche,* a German, and *copain* (a good old-French word lately revived) a comrade. But the words which have created a whole literature in the trench journals and in the Parisian papers are *permission, embusqué,* and *marraine.*

The *marraine* really needs a chapter to herself. She and her adopted *filleul* have furnished the great jokes and the prettiest romances of the war. It all began seriously and even sadly enough. The pathetic condition of the soldiers from the invaded Northern districts of France appealed immediately to the warm hearts of Frenchwomen. Thousands of men were fighting in defense of France whose own homes had long since been abandoned and overrun, whose mothers, wives, sisters, and children were missing, whether dead or imprisoned it was impossible to know. For months they had heard no news of those whom they best loved. Not a letter, not a package, not a cigarette, no warm clothing or money, came for them. Why should not their countrywomen who sympathized with their suffering, mental and physical, each adopt as a godson some soldier from the North, and treat him as a true godmother should? So proposed a Paris paper. The idea, once started, spread like wild-fire. There were other soldiers, too, without friends. Officers recommended deserving men, and a stream of friendly, consoling, affectionate letters began to arrive for the lonely *poilus.* Mufflers and warm clothing came; chocolate and sardines, pipes and pencils, books and knives, came. The list of volunteer *marraines* grew daily.

Men began to find not only a *marraine* apiece, but several, and the *vaguemestre* at the front was loaded daily with packages. The relationship began to be flavored with romance; working-girls took up the work with enthusiasm not wholly altruistic; shopkeepers wrote; ladies of the aristocracy boasted of their own *poilus;* one told another, and she told a friend. The correspondence became enormous.

The idea, of course, was captivating to the men in the trenches, and the scheme has now developed into the most picturesque flirting system ever conceived. Not that there are many who are not *sérieuse* and in dead earnest, and not that all do not faithfully fulfil the first duty of a *marraine*—that of sending regular friendly letters and as regular gifts; but, with such opportunities for romantic correspondence now open that were never before possible for the *jeune fille,* it is not to be wondered at that the correspondence is apt to grow interesting when an imaginative young woman writes to a lonely, susceptible man.

Mothers that, before the war, would have been horrified, now calmly look over their daughters' love-letters and smile; after all, it is only her *filleul,* and every *poilu* wears a halo these days. Of course the women of the upper classes take good care that their daughters adopt men from low-enough walks of life, so that Joséphine or Angèle shall be in no danger of a *mésalliance;* but love laughs at locksmiths. Only the other day I heard a handsome officer, home on permission, say to an indulgent baroness, "For Heaven's sake!

Editorial staff of the "Echo des Marmites," 309th Infantry, now in the Vosges

Kitty, *can't* you find me a young, pretty *marraine?*" And I fear he had many strings to his bow already. Well, these long winter nights are dull in the trenches. If they really *want* to write letters, why—

And so the poems multiply on the subject. Let me choose one, Beaufieuron's (Captain Marquiset) in the "Poilu" as the prettiest suggestion of these charming flirtships:

EXCUSES TO MY MARRAINE

Godmother mine, after eight days of pleasure,
Not to refer to the pleasanter nights,
Now I appreciate fully the measure
Of your delights.

Theaters, dinners, and joys beyond telling,
Presents and teas and affairs just as nice,
Wine, fruit, and nuts (I was used to the shelling),
What paradise!

By far the best moment was just when I started,
Drunk with your loveliness, reckless with bliss,
Back of your ear I pressed, nowise faint-hearted,
One little kiss!

Siren you were, and you charmed me completely;
I lost my head, just as sure as you live!
Won't you excuse, if I beg of you sweetly?
Won't you forgive?

When the war 's over (please pray for it nightly),
The very first moment I see your sweet face,
That which I stole I 'll return quite contritely
Back in its place!

"L'Echo des Gourbis" (131st Territorials), however, took the subject more seriously. It has published, and distributes free to soldiers, a certificate they may fill out in due form, acknowledging that they have been duly adopted by Madame or Mademoiselle So-and-so, and have received kind treatment at her hands. These proud records are presented to the *marraines,* and doubtless thousands are framed and hung on the wall in pride.

There is one precaution, however, which makes the game safe for the most timid little godmother. It has become an unwritten law that when her adopted *poilu* comes from the front on *permission,* the *marraine* has the privilege of either receiving him or refusing to see him.

Most of the comedies in the magazine are founded upon the surprises of this first meeting with the unknown correspondents. The obvious mismatings fill the comic artists' soul with glee.

Regarding those same *permissionnaires* who, since the spring of 1915, have been familiar sights on the streets of Paris, the trench journals have much to say—those slouching, weary, shop-window-gazing, muddy, bearded men with their *musettes* slung over their shoulders, with, apparently, nowhere to go, and not much desire to go anywhere except to sleep. One of them meets a young recruit who is growling at the hardships of his *dépôt*.

"Why," says the youngster, "we have to sleep on beds no more than two feet wide!" It takes Jeanjean to depict the look of utter contempt upon the face of that *poilu* who has not even seen a bed for eighteen months.

"Above all, *don't* ask him how he killed the *Bosche!*" says one *marraine* to her husband while her *poilu* is at dinner. "Every time he tells about that fight he gets so excited he smashes all the dishes!"

Of these precious eight days' leave the following list from "l'Echo des Marmites" gives some typical delights:

THE GREATEST JOYS OF THE *POILU*

At a little village in the rear

To walk on a real sidewalk, and stop and look at shop-windows.

To give yourself up to the joys of buying a lot of things you have no need of.

To see women who dress a little like *Parisiennes*.

To come across a pastry-shop when you least expect it—and fill up.

In Paris

To be received at the Gare de l'Est as a real *poilu*.

To sleep in a bed with lace-trimmed sheets.

To ride in a taxi after having known nothing but your own legs as a means of locomotion for months and months.

To walk as far as you like without fear of forgetting your mask for asphyxiating gas.

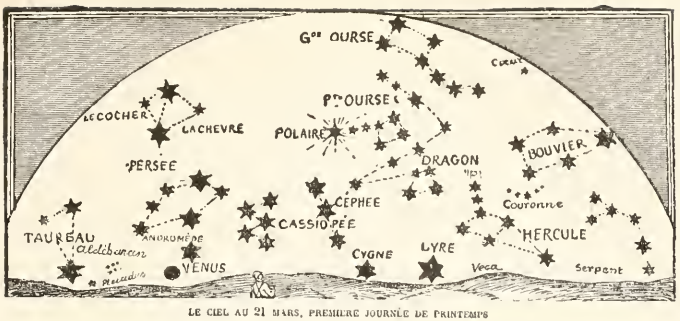
To press the button of a house elevator and be carried up.

To go and see your adopted godmother, and find that she is young and pretty, while your chum discovers *he* has been writing to an old lady.

New slang, too, since the war, is the word *embusqué*, which means one who, through cowardice or selfishness, plus influence, stays at home, or obtains some situation in the army far from the front. It is a term of opprobrium worse even than *Bosche*. I have actually seen boys well kicked for calling it out to suspiciously clean and sleek-looking Parisians. But the *piston*, or "pull," works powerfully in France, and there are many uniforms in Paris far too clean and neat for the trenches. The men at the front, however, say little on this topic; it would be too much like boasting of their own devotion. Those who cannot contain their contempt make up choice packages of assorted live specimens of the *Pulex irritans*, and mail them to the more notorious shirks, to be opened as "souvenirs from the front."

Oh, the fleas, the cannon, the rats! Oh, the mud and the everlasting tinned "monkey," and the hours of waiting, waiting to be relieved! But men must be busy at something; they can't play *manille* all day. And so they began first to make little lanterns out of hollowed turnips, with wicks of string coated with beef fat, then penholders out of German cartridges, ornaments of German helmets, and inkstands. And then came the rings, and rings and still more rings, and rings till they were seen on the fingers of everybody in France. Several trench journals offered prizes for the best specimens, which became more elaborate, more artistic every day.

The fuses of the German .77 shells offered tempting material for ingenuity. You melt one up in a little pot, and pour it into a gun-barrel mold; you saw up the



LE CIEL AU 21 MARS, PREMIERE JOURNÉE DE PRINTEMPS

Astronomy for the common soldier: a map of the sky from the official "Bulletin des Armées"

tube so obtained into little sections, and in the trenches and in the second line, back "on repose," you file and whittle, and whittle and file, carving ornamental forms or inlaying with copper; and, if you have it,—and sometimes if you don't,—you put in a bit of red or green glass "from the cathedral at Rheims."

But every mother and wife, every sweetheart and daughter, wants a genuine trench ring, not to speak of the *marraine,* who, of course, *must* have one, or two or twenty. A *genuine,* yes; for, alas! every other shop in Paris now has its machine-made imitations. Last Christmas week I was walking along the grands boulevards with a crafty *poilu* on *permission.* As we passed the booths on the sidewalk he stopped at each to pick up a ring from the plateful on the counter.

"Hand made?" I would ask.

Scornfully, he would examine it with an expert's eye, only to put it down with a contemptuous *"Jamais de la vie!"* No file-marks.

Among the innumerable stories and poems on the subject, P. Fichter, in "Rigolbosche," best shows how the craze has affected the men in the trenches. I need translate only the two last stanzas:

BAGUOMANIA, OR RINGOMANIA

A humble carpenter am I,
But now deliriously I ply
The unfamiliar trade of making rings.
The aluminium I need
Is getting scarce, so scarce, indeed,
I 've melted up my pannikin and things.
I 've melted up my cup and spoon,
I 've melted fork and plate, and soon
My pals will find *their* dishes taking wings.
I 'll beg or borrow, steal or buy;
What stratagems I 'll have to try!
I *must* have aluminium for rings!

I fear I 'll never finish all
My orders. Every day they call
For every form, for every shape of rings.
They write for clover-leaves and hearts,
For buckles, flowers, Cupid's darts.
Each day the mail a new entreaty brings.
I have no time for grub or booze,
And even when I try to snooze,
In dreams the thought of aluminium clings!
I rise at night to saw and file;
I 'm sure I 'm going nutty while
I tinker in the trenches at my rings!

Read this list of experiences from "L'Echo des Tranchées," knowing that every one has been actually lived not only by the men of the 309th, but by thousands and hundreds of thousands of men along the line from Nieuport to Ferrette, and you will have small doubt that men who can laugh and hold like that will fail to win.

THE GREATEST SENSATIONS OF A *POILU* AT THE FRONT

In the night to run against a corpse and fall on it.

To eat only one meal, day or night, for eight days running.

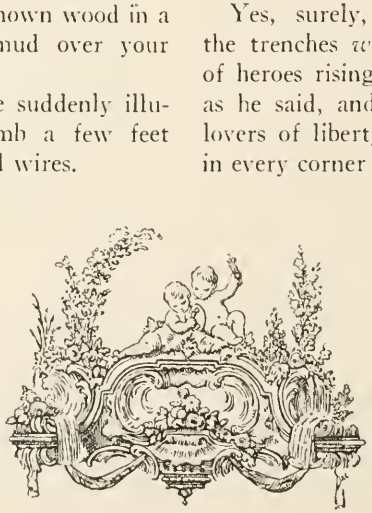
Not to eat at all for two days.
To go over a field of battle two days after an engagement.
To sleep, with no trenches, in the open air near the enemy.
To live for forty-one days in a trench without getting out.
To stay for six days in water half-way up to your knees, with only one meal (at night) and no shelter.
To endure for twenty-four hours a precise and copious bombardment by the enemy's big guns.
To watch for the first time the seriously wounded taken to the rear.
Not to wash for fifteen days.
Not to shave or change your linen for thirty-five days.
To keep awake every instant for three days and three nights.
To throw yourself down, to avoid deadly shells, your nose in the middle of a pile of dismembered corpses.
To spend a night as sentinel beside a cow that has been dead for fifteen days.
To sleep, sheltered only by branches, under the snow for eighteen days.
To be grazed by a spent shell that falls at your feet without exploding.
To see your best friends killed at your very side.
To be awakened in cantonment by a shell bursting on the roof.
To crawl three or four hundred feet on your hands and knees.
To tramp through an unknown wood in a dark night with the mud over your ankles.
On patrol, at night, to be suddenly illuminated by a light-bomb a few feet from the enemy's barbed wires.

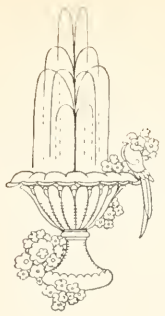
And so now we may read a part of the letter which Paul Reboux that day waved so triumphantly in the headquarters of Colonel Paty du Clam. We may understand a little better, perhaps, these lines written by Raymond Poincaré, President of France:

This gaiety, which you keep even in the face of danger, is one of the most charming forms of the French spirit. Every time I find myself among you, your heroism seems the greater because of your joyous spontaneity and freedom from care. May the "echo of the trenches" be heard not only to the extremes of France, but in every part of the world!

Does it sound a little inadequate, perhaps even a little banal? But who can speak adequately of this sublime spirit of the trenches? We are so used to banality, to the same inevitable superlatives, that, in the face of such smiling fortitude and determination, we have no words left to express our admiration. All the old heroics have come true; so common is bravery and loyalty and self-sacrifice in the anonymous nobility of the French army that it is only through such glimpses of gaiety and pathos as are given in these journals, written by the *poilu*, of the *poilu*, for the *poilu*, that one can guess at the character of that five hundred tangled miles of patriotism.

Yes, surely, the inspiring echoes of the trenches *will* be heard, the laughter of heroes rising over the roar of cannon, as he said, and will be reëchoed by the lovers of liberty, equality, and fraternity in every corner of the world.





The Red Month

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

I

GOLDEN morning!
Hello! hello!
Echoes of song—the meadow-lark twittering,
Spill of the swallow.

II

Dance on the slopes of bright dew, and come singing,
Beloved girl!
On the grass red with apples come dancing, come running!
Hark, how the thrush sings!
Mark, how the wind leaps!
Morning is here,
Bold morning is here.

III

Come across the grasses!
Come swift across the grasses!
Quicker! quicker! Leap with your hands up!
Dance with knees up,
Gold hair flying,
White teeth bare!

For we shall go laughing straight through the orchard, and scatter
Dew lit with sun,
And we shall go romping beneath green boughs low with apples
And over the stone wall,
Scrambling through briers,
Race in the woods—the wind-loud woods,
The woods with the dead leaves flying.

V

Your cheeks, belovèd, are fresher than pansies to the touch,
Dewy pansies.
Pluck handfuls of wild grapes;
And here 's a grape for you,
And here 's a grape for me,
Tart, sharp, to crush against the palate,
Staining red lips blue.

VI

The thrush—is he up?
The mole—peers he forth?
Is the young dog running in the scent of the squirrel?
Who has washed the heavens blue,
And set the sun there?
Oh, make a cup of your hands, and in the clearing
Catch cups of sunshine, loveliest, for me!

VII

And come now in coolness where the thin spring tinkles,
And the brown wren dips her wings.
O my beautiful!
Come now and gathered be all in an armful,
Under leafy oak-boughs, here where the wasps sing,
O my beautiful!
Kiss my lips, and let me know
That the ripe month, the red month,
September, the glorious,
Has tapped the gold-wine of the sun
And sluiced it into our hearts,
And piped it into our hearts, darling,
So happy, happy are we!

VIII

And, hark! the warbler!
He whistles! whistles!
This kiss, and *this* kiss!
Golden morning!
Hello! hello!

Like Michael

By H. G. DWIGHT

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WHAT was he like?

H'm, what are people like? Some of them are like dogs, perhaps; some of them are like pigs; some of them are like hyenas. A few of them are like sunflowers; more of them are like white mice; a lot of them are like fishes in aquariums. I have an idea that most of them are like you and me. But what are we like? If we happen to be like Greek gods,—which we are n't,—if we have red hair or yellow eyes or humps on our backs, if we stammer or compose operas or put poison in our mother-in-law's soup, it is possible to make out for us a likely enough *dossier*. How far does that *dossier* go, though? It tells less than a tintype at a county fair. Yellow eyes or godlike legs, even the ability to compose operas, have nothing to do with the way we react when we inherit a billion dollars or lose our last cent, when our wives get on our nerves or the boiler of the ship we are on blows up at sea. And what on earth are you to say about people like Michael, who are neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, good nor bad? Or people whose wives never get on their nerves and whose boilers never blow up? Yet they have their *dossier*. Why not? They do nine tenths of the work of the world. They lay its stones one upon another, after furnishing an inexhaustible supply of hands to lay them. They commit its follies, suffer its sorrows, and pay the bill.

What was Michael like? My good man, you loll there with your ungodlike leg over the arm of your chair and you

lightly propose to me the ultimate problem of art! One would think you were Flaubert,—or was it Guy de Maupassant?—who made it out possible to tell, in words that have neither line nor color, that are gone as soon as you have spoken them, how one grocer sitting in his door differs from all other grocers sitting in doors. I have spent hours, I have lost sleep, over that wretched grocer of Maupassant's, and I have n't learned any more about him than when I began, except to suspect that Maupassant—or was it Flaubert?—wanted to be Besnard and Rodin, too. I grant you that no grocer looks exactly like another; but that is n't Maupassant's business—to tell how a grocer looks. The thing can't be done in words. Nor is it enough for your grocer to sit in his door. He must say something, he must do something, or words won't catch him. And then how do you know why he said or did that particular thing or what he would say or do at another time?

And you have the courage to ask me, between two whiffs of a cigarette, what Michael was like! How the deuce do I know? I never had anything particular to do with him. He was like fifty million other people with darkish hair and lightish eyes and youngish tastes whom neither their surroundings nor their inner devil have beaten into distinction. If I tried to tell you what a man like that is like, I should land you in more volumes than *Jean Christophe*. I can only tell you what he was like at two very different moments of his life, in two entirely different places. Perhaps you are naturalist enough to construct the rest of him out of that. I am not.

Michael, now—why should a man like that disappear? Surely not for the few thousand dollars that disappeared with him. Nothing was the matter with him. He had a good enough job. He was married to a nice enough girl. He would have prospered and grown fat and begotten a little Michael or two to follow his example. But those reaping and binding people suddenly take it into their heads to send him over there, and he disappears like a collar-button in a crack. And we all make a terrific hullabaloo about it, when the thing to make a hullabaloo about is that one man may get all geography to reap and bind in while another may never get outside his village. The business in itself was far simpler than one of Michael's confounded reapers and binders.

I SUPPOSE you know Aurora, Mrs. Michael that was? I began stepping on her toes at dances twenty years ago, and I could tell you what she is like. This country is a factory of Auroras. Dozens of her go by that window every day, all turned out to sample as if by machinery, all run by the same interior clockwork, all well made, well dressed, well educated in the American sense; also well able to milk a cow or to carry one on their backs, but preferring to harangue clubs all day, to dance all night, in any case to circumvent the ingenuity of life in playing us nasty tricks. They won't do anything they don't like, and they shut their eyes to the dark o' the moon.

Aurora lived to learn that there are other ways of circumventing the tricks of life than by reaping and binding. She longed for higher things, for wider horizons than those of North Bluff, Indiana. Above all things she burned for two which cohabit not too readily under the same roof—culture and romance. So when Michael was unexpectedly sent to the East she accompanied him only as far as Paris. My relations with her, I regret to say, were such that she did not confide to me what she thought when Michael failed to turn up again. You can easily see, however, that Michael translated, Michael probably murdered, Michael made, at all events, for once in his life, mysterious, was a very different pair of sleeves from the Michael whom she had not considered important enough to see off on his Orient Express. Aurora was not the one to miss that. It put her in the papers. It made her a heroine. It invested her with the romance for which she thirsted. It also invested her with ex-

"She was capable of choosing an occultist for her second husband"

tremely becoming mourning. Yet I fancied once or twice that I detected in her a shade of annoyance. She was capable of choosing an occultist for her second husband, but in the bottom of her heart she hated people to be as indefinite as Michael had been. She naturally did not like, either, a rumor of which she caught echoes, that Michael had run away from her. Well—

When Aurora heard that I was going to Constantinople, she asked me to find out what I could. It was quite a bit afterward, you know, and she had already entered the holy bonds of wedlock with her occultist. But she could n't quite get over that exasperating indefiniteness of Michael's. She wanted to put a tangible tombstone over him, with a quatrain of her own composition, and the occultist's symbol of the macrocosm. Wayne, too,—Michael's uncle and one of the reaping and binding partners,—suggested that I look quietly about once more. What the partners principally minded, of course, was their money. They got no end of free advertising, you know, what with the fuss the state department made, and all. People who had sat in darkness all their lives, never having heard of a reaper and binder, suddenly saw a great light when the Bosporus was dragged and Thrace and Asia Minor sifted for an obscure agent of reapers and binders. I ended by finding out about Michael long after I had given up trying to find out. It was nothing but an accident. I never told Wayne. I never told Aurora. I never intended to tell you. Another accident! But is n't it aggravating how one's best stories always have to be kept dark?

So the romantic Aurora, as I told you, sat in Paris like a true American wife, inviting her soul in the Louvre—both *musée* and *magasins*—while the unromantic Michael set forth for that bourn whence he was not to return with his reaper and binder under his arm. I believe he did very little with it. He was n't born to reaping and binding. Reaping and binding had been thrust upon him by the uncle to whom he applied at a desperate moment for a job. Like most of us, you see, he did n't know what he wanted. I 'm not sure he ever found out. Aurora, however, must have helped him, in a back-handed way, to find out that he had n't got what he wanted. And so did that sudden journey of his. He had never been anywhere before in his life.

Michael was caught by Stamboul; took an astonishing fancy to that bumpy old place and those mangy dogs and those fantastic smells and those inconvenient costumes and those dusty bazaars and all the trash that is in them. He bought quantities of it. Rugs and brasses and I don't know what kept uncannily turning up long after he had dropped through his crack. Aurora received them tearfully as tributes to herself, and I believe they paved the way for her next adventure. Michael's successor is an antiquary as well as an astrologer, and he keeps an occult junk-shop on a top floor in Union Square.

That junk, as it happened, was just what played so fateful a part in Michael's adventure. He bought a good deal of it from a certain antiquity man who knew English better than any one else Michael ran across in the bazaars. Finding Michael a promising customer, the antiquity man said he had better stuff stored away in a khan outside the bazaars. And Michael of course was delighted to go and look at it. Do you wonder? The khan was one of those old stone houses in Mahmoud Pasha that have a Byzantine look about them, with their string-courses of flat bricks, the heavy stone brackets of their projecting upper stories, the solid iron cages of their windows, and their arched tunnels leading into courts within courts, where grape-vines grow and rugs lie fading in the sun. The antiquity man took Michael up some stone stairs into one of the galleries overlooking a court, and then into a series of dirty little stone rooms full of all sorts of queer-looking boxes and bundles. And some of the boxes and bundles were opened with great ceremony, and Rhodian plates were brought forth for Michael to admire, Persian tiles and Byzantine enamels. You know the sort of thing.

Michael, our reaper and binder, liked it. I can't say how intelligently he liked it; but he had discovered a new world, and he liked it well enough to go back again and again. I must say that I don't remember very much about it myself. I do remember, though, that the most fantastic-looking people—Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Tatars, Heaven knows what—carry on fantastic-looking activities there. Any number of blowpipes and forges flare in those dark stone rooms, where goldsmiths and silversmiths make charms, amulets, reliquaries, little Virgins to hang around your neck, little votive hands and feet to hang on an icon, silver rings for Turks who think it wicked to wear gold, and filigree chains, pendants, and lamps in the Byzantine tradition. That 's where most of the antiques sold in the bazaars come from.

Michael liked it so much that he spent more time in that extraordinary maze than was good for his reapers and binders. The people got to know him by sight, and they let him rummage around by himself. So when Michael turned up at his particular antiquity man's one afternoon to look at some pottery, and the antiquity man happened to be out, he was given coffee and left more or less to his own devices. Nobody could talk to him, you see, and the antiquity man was coming back. Michael prowled mildly about, finding nothing much to look at but packing-cases and kerosene tins, those big rectangular ones that everybody in the Levant hoards like gold. He presently recognized, however, on top of a pile of boxes, a basket that he had seen at the antiquity man's shop in the bazaars—a basket, with an odd little red figure in the wicker, containing embroideries. He managed to get it down, and found it unexpectedly heavy. It turned out to be full this time of broken tiles. He poked them over. Each bit was worth something for a flower on it or an Arabic letter or a glint of Persian luster. But as he poked down through them, what should he come across but some funny-looking metal things, some round, some square, some with clockwork fastened to them. Bombs! He proceeded very gingerly to replace the bits of tile.

Just then he became aware that the antiquity man had come in quietly and was looking at him.

"What the devil have you got here?" asked Michael, with a laugh. "An ammunition factory?"

The antiquity man shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"I have better than that. I have a Rhages jar for you to look at if you will come this way."

A Rhages jar! I don't suppose Michael had ever until that moment heard of a Rhages jar. However, he followed the antiquity man into another room even more crowded with boxes and tins; and there, to be sure, the Rhages jar was put into his hands. But the place was so dark he could hardly see it.

"If you will excuse me another moment," said the antiquity man, "I will get a light."

He was gone, as he said, only a moment. When he came back a servant followed him, carrying a candle—a big porter whom Michael already knew by sight, in baggy blue clothes and a red girdle. Michael nodded to him, and the man salaamed. Then the antiquity man pointed out to Michael, by the light of the candle, the beauties of the Rhages jar. As he did so another man came in, an older man with extraordinary scarlet streaks in his beard. He gravely saluted Michael and took the candle from the porter, who went out. The porter very soon returned, however. This time he carried a tray on which was one of those handleless little cups of Turkish coffee in a holder of filigree silver. The antiquity man set down the Rhages jar.

"Won't you have a cup of coffee?" he said, making a sign to the porter.

"No, thank you," replied Michael. That was one thing about Stamboul he did n't altogether like—that eternal sipping of muddy coffee.

"Oh, but just one!" insisted the antiquity man. "Why not?"

"I 've had one already," answered Michael. "I 'm not used to it, you know. It keeps me awake."

The antiquity man smiled a little.

"But not this coffee," he said. "I think you will find that it does not keep you awake."

It began to come over Michael that there was more than the coffee that he did n't like. Was it the air in that stuffy, dark little stone room? Was it the way in which the three men looked at him? Was it that basket of broken tiles?

"No, thanks," he said. And he added: "Let 's go out where we can see. It 's too hot in here, too."

He looked around for the door. He could n't see it from where he stood. The antiquity man said something, and the porter stood aside. Michael stepped past him, around some big boxes. The door was there. Michael suddenly heard it click; but in front of it a fourth man stood in the shadow. He did not move when Michael stepped forward. He stood there in front of the door, with his hands in his coat pockets. Michael was quite sure he did n't like that.

"*Pardon,*" he said, "I want to go out."

The man shook his head. At a word from the antiquity man, however, he moved aside, keeping his hands in his

"That junk, as it happened, was just what played so fateful a part in Michael's adventure"

pockets. Michael reached out for the door. It was locked.

He liked that least of all. He had a sudden impulse to pound the door, the man beside him. Yet the next moment he was ashamed of it. He turned around. The others had come forward, around the boxes, the antiquity man, the big porter with the tray, the old man carrying the candle. In the light of it Michael looked at the other one, the one who had shut the door. He was young and very dark, with a scar across his chin. Michael looked at them all. What in the world had come over them? Could it be that they took that basket of tiles too seriously? Could it be that they, too, were not what they seemed, that under their first friendliness were dark and uncanny things? All the old wives' tales that Westerners hear of the East came vaguely, yet disquietingly, back to him. It was with an effort that he folded his arms and turned to the antiquity man.

"Your methods of doing business," he remarked, "strike me as being rather peculiar."

"It is a peculiar business," said the antiquity man.

"Is it your idea that people should be forced to buy Rhages jars whether they want them or not?"

"The Rhages jar is not for sale," replied the antiquity man.

"Oh," exclaimed Michael. "Then what is the matter? What are you after?"

"Not your money," said the antiquity man. "Please believe that, sir. And please believe that we are very sorry. It is—what shall I say?—what we call here kismet, fate. If you had not chanced to notice that basket, if you had not taken it down and examined it, nothing would have happened."

"What have I to do with that?" burst out Michael. "Is it my fault if you put baskets where people can see them and then go away? Am I responsible for your carelessness?"

"Your question, sir, is unfortunately most just; but that is a part of the kismet—that having been careless ourselves, we are obliged to make you pay for it."

"Well, how am I going to pay?" demanded Michael. "Spend the rest of my life in here?"

The antiquity man hesitated before answering.

"Yes, sir," he said at last softly. And he added, "Will you have your coffee now?"

Michael could hardly take it in. What did the fellow mean? Then something in the way the antiquity man looked at him made him remember about the coffee—that it would not keep him awake. For the life of him he could not help looking down at it. How was it that he did n't happen to drink it when they first brought it in? And if he had— He stared at the stuff in its pretty silver holder. Behind it something bright caught a flicker from the candle—a knife in the porter's girdle. Why not? They all carried them. Yet his eye traveled to the pocket of the dark young man by the door. All of a sudden Michael knew as well as if he saw it that there was a revolver in that pocket, and that the young man had his finger on the trigger. Michael's eyes traveled on, up to the eyes of the young man, to the eyes of them all. What strange, glistening, dark eyes they all had, too dark to see into! He found all of a sudden that he felt a little cold. He was even afraid for a moment that he was going to tremble. What really preoccupied him, though, was how the thing had happened. How could such a thing happen so suddenly? It had all been perfectly simple and natural—his work for his firm, his journey abroad, his coming to Constantinople, his prowling in the bazaars, his happening to buy a gimcrack of the antiquity man, his introduction to this queer old place, his pawing over those broken tiles. It was all so simple. It would, at any step, have been easy to avoid. And it was so unjust, it was so fantastically unjust. How could things end as incredibly as that? How could he let them end like that? He was one, and they were four, and they were armed, and he was not. But he would n't

take it sitting down. The Anglo-Saxon in him stiffened his back and set his teeth. He began looking around stealthily, at the bare stone walls, at the littered floor, for something to get hold of. He would show them yet.

"You must not think," said the antiquity man, "that we have no sympathy for your position. But do not think, either, that any—any display of the emotions will help you. No one can possibly hear."

That was the moment when Michael found it hardest to keep his head. If he had been a little younger he probably would not have kept his head. "Display of the emotions!" But he realized at last that for some incomprehensible reason they meant business. He hoped his emotions did not display themselves in his voice.

"Look here," he said, "I see you are n't pickpockets, and I see that by accident I have discovered something you do not wish known. Well, if you had kept quiet I might never have thought of that basket again. Or I might now try to buy your Rhages jar—for any figure you might name. As it is, I give you my word of honor that never so long as I live will I breathe a word to any human being. You know me. Don't you believe what I say? But if you don't, I will sign my name to any document you care to draw up. If you ever hear of my breaking my word, I am willing to take the consequences."

At this the old man spoke for the first time. Michael could not understand what he said. He did not even recognize the language in which the old man spoke. He had a curiously deep voice. The antiquity man answered incomprehensibly. Then he turned back to Michael:

"I do believe what you say. I

"'Yes, sir,' he said at last softly. . . . 'Will you have your coffee now?'"

do not question your word or your honor. But, unfortunately, we cannot take any chances, even the most remote. And impressions, you know, even the strongest of them, like love and grief, have a way of losing their force. Suppose we let you go. There might come very naturally a time when your recollections of this incident would lose their intensity, or when you would regard your promise as less important than you do now. Why not? Life is like that. Life would be intolerable if it were not like that. Things happen, and then other things happen. I have not the honor of any great acquaintance with you, but it is conceivable that you might sometime be offered wine which you could not refuse, or that a beautiful woman might make an impression on you, or that a company of distinguished men might be relating interesting experiences, and before you knew it the story of this afternoon would slip from you. Or you might dream aloud. You might have a fever. These possibilities, I admit, are very remote, or the probability of any harm resulting to us. Still, you never can tell. Stories have a strange way of traveling. Sometimes they travel from New York to Constantinople. We have known cases. For that reason we—have prepared that cup of coffee. We must secure ourselves against one chance in a thousand."

Michael saw it. He was like that. He had that fatal little flaw of the artist, of being able at times to see the other side. He saw it then as distinctly as he saw the four dark faces, the candle burning quietly in the dark little room, the dark shapes and shadows of the boxes. He wondered what dark, strange thing was hidden here that meant so much to these men. He wondered about the men themselves, whom he had taken so casually.

"Your life, of course," the antiquity man went on, "is very precious to you. That we perfectly understand. While life is seldom satisfactory, it contains, after all, a great deal for one still as young as you. And one always hopes, often with reason. We ask you to believe that we understand that. We also ask you to believe that no one of us has any personal reason for wishing you harm. We excessively regret the necessity of asking you to drink that cup of coffee. We shall continue all our lives to regret it. Nevertheless, you can perhaps understand that there may be reasons why even your life is of less moment to us than the possibility of your some day forgetting for an instant the promise you now so sincerely make."

Michael still saw it. He saw, too, what had been growing steadily clearer, that this was an antiquity man among antiquity men. But what he saw best of all through that strange candle-light was a sudden vision of the outer sun, out of which he had stepped so lightly. He saw it so vividly that his voice had in it a thickness he did n't like.

"I understand. But there are chances and chances. For instance, can a man disappear like that, even in Constantinople, and no questions be asked? When I fail to go back to my hotel to pay my bill will they say nothing? When I fail to go back to my country will my friends say nothing? Of course not. There will be a row. It may not be to-morrow, it may not be the next day,—I do not pretend to be a person of importance,—but sooner or later questions will be asked. And sooner or later you will have to answer some of them. What will you say then?"

"We have thought of that," answered the antiquity man. "We can see that if it is dangerous to let you go from here, it is also dangerous to let others come to look for you here; but by the time they come they will at least find no baskets of broken tiles." He gave Michael a moment in which to take it in. "If the matter be at last traced to us, it will be a simple one of robbery and murder. For that reason we shall have to keep whatever valuables you may have. We are very sorry that we shall not be able to send them back to your family."

"My money belongs to my firm, not to my family," said Michael. "If you keep it, you will take not only my life, but my honor. It certainly will not be to your

interest to prevent them from thinking that I have stolen it and run away."

"You are right," said the antiquity man. "But I do not need to tell you that human actions are usually misunderstood. Even you, perhaps, do not understand that our own motive is not an interested one. There is only One who understands. I may point out to you, however, that we run the risk of suffering from a similar imputation. It will probably be thought that we have killed you for your money. And you must realize that in that case I, perhaps all of us, stand an excellent chance of following you—wherever you go. But that chance we take more willingly than the other."

He said it simply, without gestures, without airs. Michael could not help seeing it and rising to it. He even could not help liking the antiquity man. Evidently it was not a common affair in which he had happened to tangle himself. He saw it, but somehow he felt his sense of reality slipping. He had often wondered vaguely enough, as one does when the sun is warm about one and the end of life is very far off and incredible, what the end of life would be like—how it would come, whether he would make a fool of himself. But of all the possibilities he had imagined, he had never imagined this little stone room in Stamboul and this candle and these shadows and these four inscrutable, dark faces of men whom he did not know. Was he making a fool of himself now to say, as he did, thickly:

"Give me your cup of coffee." He

"The antiquity man . . . lifted the coffee-cup . . . and dropped it on the stone floor"

tried to clear his throat. "But you might at least tell me first what all this fuss is about. Or are you afraid I shall tell them in the next world?"

He saw a light in the antiquity man's eye. The old man saw it, too. There ensued a conversation between them, in which the young man, his hand still in his pocket, joined. The porter stood statuesque, with his tray of poisoned coffee. Michael, left to himself, began to feel his sense of reality come back.

"Look here," he said, "my coffee is getting cold."

The antiquity man smiled.

"My friend here"—he pointed to the old man—"has made a suggestion. He seems to have taken a fancy to you. In fact I may assure you that we are all pleased at the way you have received the very disagreeable things we have unfortunately had to say to you. Some men, in the circumstances, might have been abject. You might have begged, bribed, wept, fainted, what do I know? We have seen —and we feel sure, as we did not at first, that you did not come here on purpose to find—that basket of tiles."

He narrowed his eyes a little as he looked at Michael, making another of his eloquent pauses. Michael did n't like it, but he could n't help asking:

"Well, what is your suggestion?"

"Are you willing," asked the antiquity man, slowly, "to change your religion?"

"Change my religion?" echoed Michael, uncomprehendingly. "I 'm afraid I have n't much religion to change."

"All the better," returned the antiquity man. "So it is with most people of intelligence. If, however, you were willing to change your religion, if you were also willing to change your language, your name, your home, your wife even, for others as different from them as can be conceived, if you could bring yourself to make that sacrifice and to become one of us, it would not be necessary for you to drink that cup of coffee."

Michael saw it. He caught his breath. But—

"I must ask you to decide quickly," said the antiquity man. "We all have affairs, and if it should become necessary for us to answer those questions of which you spoke, it would be better for witnesses to be able to say that we were not in here too long this afternoon."

Michael saw that, too. And all the blood in him quickened at the chance of life. Life! His life had not been such a success. Why not wipe the slate clean and start over again? It ironically came to him that Aurora would call that romance—to be cornered here like a rat in a trap while four men he did n't know stared at him with a candle. But why, on the other hand, should he give in to them? That was cowardice, even if it was irony, too, to die for what he did n't want and did n't believe in. The immensity of the dilemma was too much for him. Irresistible force, immovable obstacle—that flashed inconsequently into his head. Was the light going out? The room grew darker. He tried to clear his throat.

The antiquity man suddenly reached forward, lifted the coffee-cup out of its silver holder, and dropped it on the stone floor. Michael stared down stupidly at the bits of broken porcelain. They were like the bits of broken tiles. He wondered if his trousers were spattered.

The young man took his hand out of his pocket and opened the door.

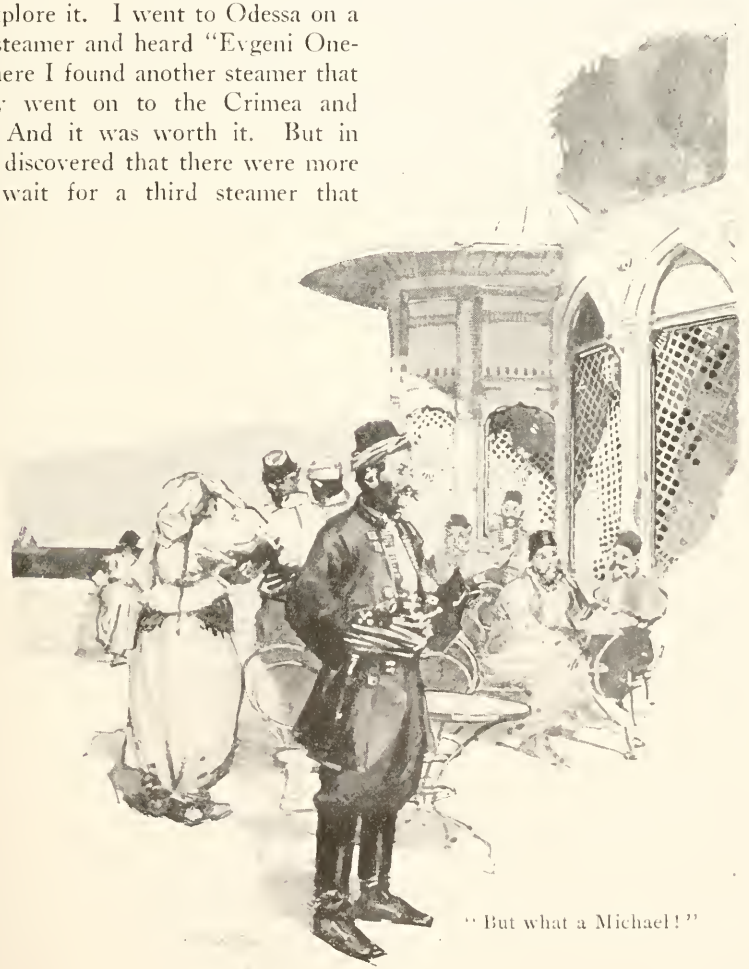
How do I know? I don't. I only know what Michael told me, and that was n't much. He was like that, you know. A good deal of it he did n't know himself, and the rest he would n't tell. And here you want to know who and when and where and why! O Lord, if you people would only let a man tell his story and stop when he is through! But you at least must know that Constantinople has been a very lively place for the last ten years.

I went out there, as I told you. Although it was a good while afterward, I saw everybody who had seen Michael. Yes, I saw the antiquity man, too. He even sold me the Rhages jar! But I thought nothing about him, and witnesses

had seen Michael drive away from the door in a closed carriage. What no witness had seen was the number of the carriage or the door it drove to. I came across a story of a carriage driving at dusk through the open draw of the bridge, and I asked myself if Michael was still sitting in it. That version, at any rate, is the one now accepted by Aurora. She has given up the tombstone and the quatrain. She sees that it is n't every lady who can boast one husband at home among the stars and another sitting in a brougham at the bottom of the Golden Horn.

So I gave Michael up. And finding myself out there it seemed to me a pity, having gone so far, not to go farther. The Black Sea is right there, you know, not half so black as it is painted, and enticing you to explore it. I went to Odessa on a Russian steamer and heard "Evgeni Onegin." There I found another steamer that obligingly went on to the Crimea and Batum. And it was worth it. But in Batum I discovered that there were more days to wait for a third steamer that would take me back to Trebizond and Constantinople than there were sights to see. I therefore decided to go home by rail, which meant that I would be able to tell my great-grandchildren that I had seen the Caspian.

I 'm afraid I shall have to tell my great-grandchildren that the Caspian is very little to look at, at least from Baku. It has no color, and it smells outrageously of kerosene. Baku, however, is something to look at. It is a kind of Pittsburgh dipped in Asia, and it tickled me beyond measure. Not so long ago it was a wretched fishing-village inhabited chiefly by Persians and Tatars who were too stupid to sell their land to prowling oil-prospectors. So those same Persians and Tatars now roll in gold. And they don't



"But what a Michael!"

know what on earth to do with it. The consequence is that nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Baku. But what a fantastic hodgepodge of civilization and barbarism! What types! What costumes! What morals! Above all, what automobiles, satin-lined, emblazoned, gilded, jeweled, skithering there on the edge of Asia!

It 's too good to be true, but I sha'n't tell you about it. What I want to tell you about is a park the Russians have made there on the shore of their Caspian. They always do those things well, you know. No green thing will grow for miles around Baku, but those Russians have coaxed a few trees to sprout in tubs in that tidy little park, and bands far better than I ever heard in Central Park play you Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakof, not to say Wagner and Verdi and Bizet. And you should see the extraordinary crowds that listen—the Russians, the Persians, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Lesghians, the Tatars, the wild, the swarthy, the fiery, the rainbow-colored! My son, when in doubt, go to Baku.

Well, I sat there in their park one afternoon, sniffing their Caspian, tapping my foot in time to their "Glinka," when I suddenly made two discoveries. The first was that that coon-song we used to sing when we were young, "Lou, Lou, I love you," came out of "Life for the Czar." The other was that Michael was looking at me. But what a Michael! Mustached, sun-burned, long-coated, high-booted, strangely capped, with a gaudy dagger stuck in his belt! I knew him, for I was thinking about him. I grinned.

Michael grinned, too.

"I thought you were going to be melodramatic," he said, "and call on your Creator and make a row generally. As it is, let 's have a chat."

We had a chat. The smell of kerosene always reminds me of that chat. At the time I thought it the most interesting chat I ever had. That was before I proposed to Mary.

"I suppose they think I took the money, eh?" Michael finally asked.

"Yes," I said. "They think you took it."

"H'm. I 've made it up to them without their knowing it. So that 's all right. And Aurora?"

I told him about Aurora. He was longer with his "H'm" that time. Do you know, I believe the fellow was human enough to be jealous of an astrologer whom he did n't envy! However, he ended by throwing out another

"So that 's all right."

"And you?" I permitted myself to ask.

He did n't answer at first. He sat there playing with the handle of his dagger and staring at the dirty green of the Caspian.

"How 's a man to know whether he 's all right or all wrong?" he said at last. "I know I 'm alive, at any rate, and I can't say I 'm sorry. In fact, I don't believe I ever knew it before. I own an oil-well and cattle on a thousand hills. On one of them I have a house to live in and a horse to ride and a wife to beat. I do it, too. I 've learned that much," he pronounced darkly. "And I have a kid. Great boy! He does n't know a word of English, and he never will. So I shall never go back. I could now, if I wanted to. But once in a while," added Michael, inconsequently enough, "I come down here to listen to the band."

Now, can you imagine a man being like that?

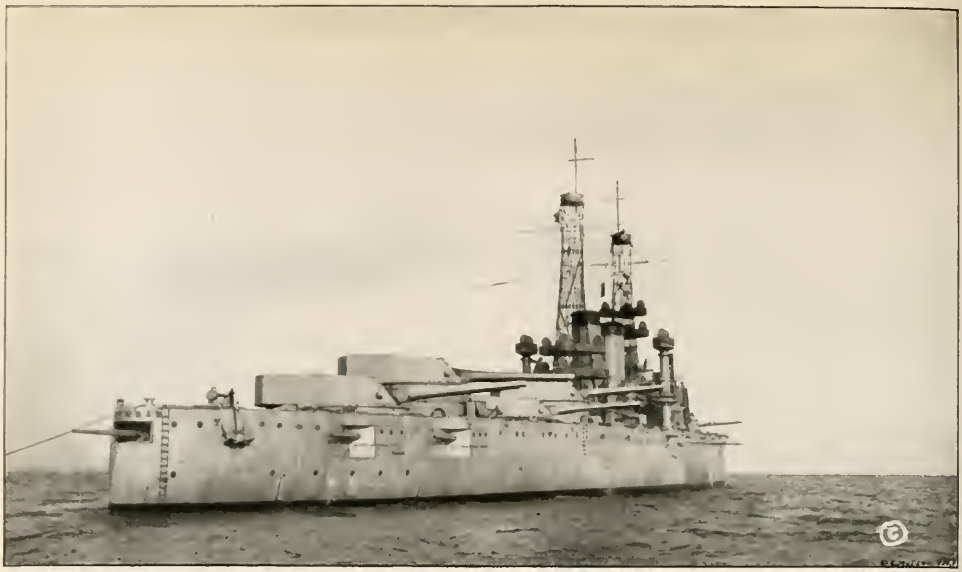
Firing a five-inch gun at night aboard the dreadnought *Arkansas*

The United States Navy in Action

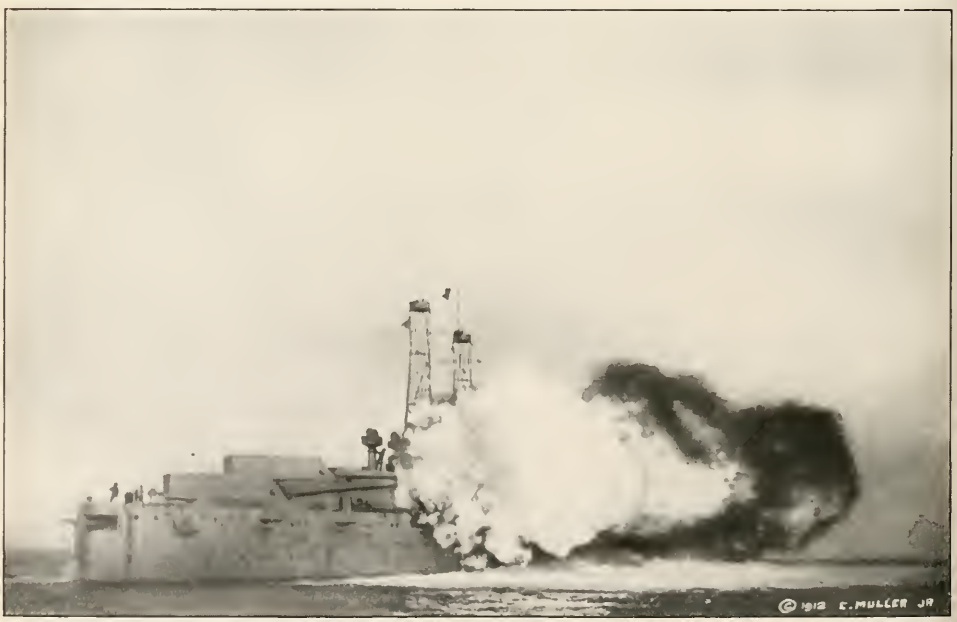
A group of photographs by
E. Muller, Jr.

The destroyer *McDougall* making a smoke-screen

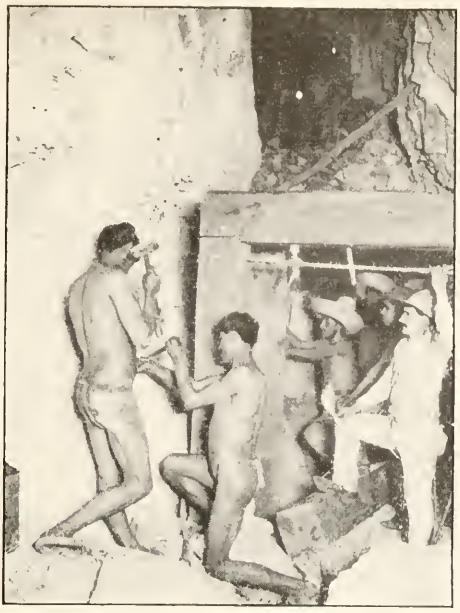
The dreadnought *Oklahoma* in the East River, New York



The dreadnought *Arkansas* cleared for action, showing twelve twelve-inch guns on her broadside



The dreadnought *Arkansas* firing a broadside



Working a heading by hand

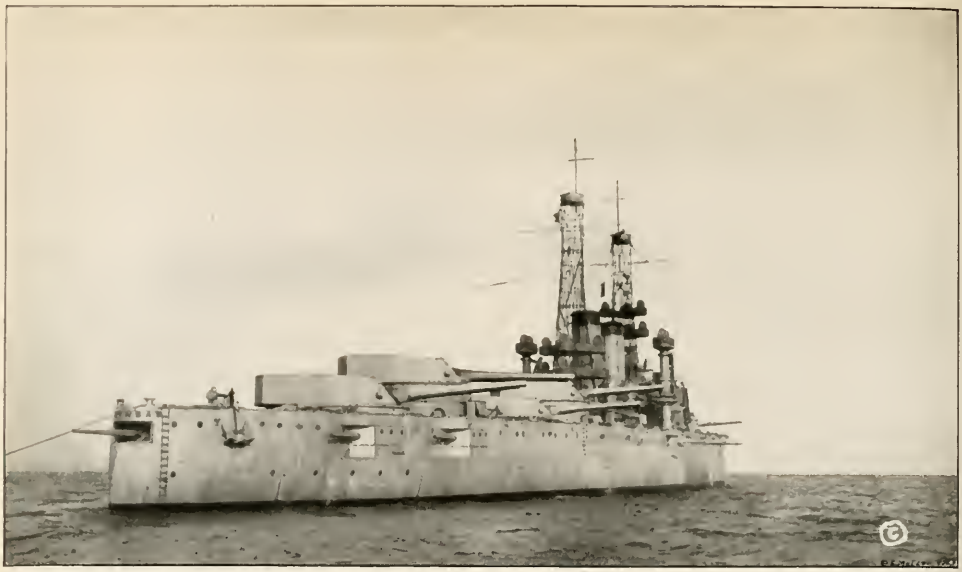
Working in a Mexican Mine

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," etc.

Photographs by the author

A CLASSMATE of my boyhood is superintendent of the group of mines round about Guanajuato, in central Mexico, and when I announced my intention of taking a temporary job in one of them, we chose Pinguico. The ride to it, 8200 feet above the sea, up along and out of the gully in which Guanajuato is built, and by steep, rocky trails, sometimes beside sheer mountain walls, opens out many a marvelous vista, but none to compare with that from the office veranda of the mine itself. Two thousand feet below lies a plain of Mexico's great table-land, stretching forty miles or more across to where it is shut off by an endless range of mountains, backed by chain after blue chain, each cutting the sky-line in more jagged, fantastic fashion than the rest, the farther far beyond Guadalajara and surely more than a hundred miles distant, where Mexico falls away into the Pacific. On the left rises deep-blue into the sky the almost perfect flattened cone of a lone mountain. Brilliant, yet not hot, sunshine illuminated even the far horizon, and little cloud-shadows crawled here and there across the landscape. The rainy season had left on the plain below many shallow lakes that reflected the sun like immense mirrors. From the veranda it seemed quite flat, though in reality by no means so, and one could all but count the windows of Silao, Irapuato, and other towns, the second, though more than twenty miles away, still in the back foreground of the picture. Thread-like, brown trails wound away over the plain and up into the mountains, here and there dotted by travelers crawling ant-like along them a few inches an hour. Take the most perfect day of late May or early June in our North, brush off the clouds, make the air many times fresher and clearer, add October nights, and multiply the sum total by 365, and it is more easily understood



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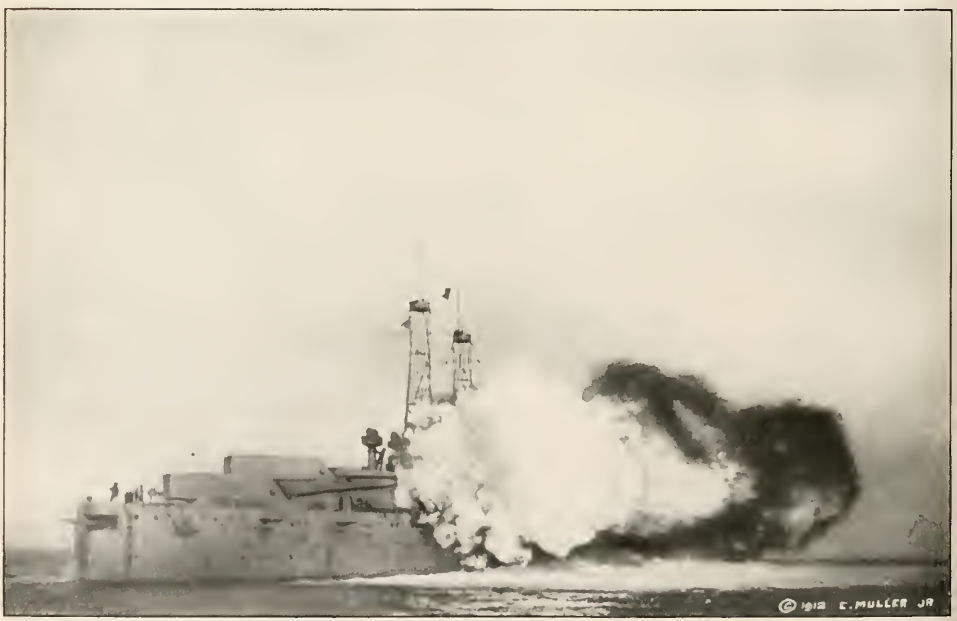
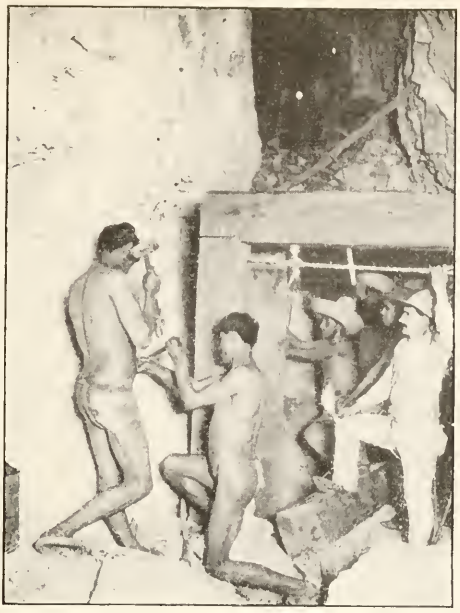


The dreadnought *Arkansas* firing a broadside



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why Americans who settle in the Guanajuato region so frequently remain there.

The room I shared with a mine boss was of chilly stone walls and floor, large and square, with a rug, two beds, and the bare necessities. The mine mess, run by a Chinaman, furnished meals much like those of a 25-cent restaurant in Texas, at the rate of $5 a week. No Mexican was permitted to eat with the Americans, not even with the "rough-necks." When the whistle blew at seven next morning, some forty peons, who had straggled one by one in the dawn to huddle up together in their red serapes among the rocks of the drab hillside, marched past the timekeeper, turning over their blankets at a check-counter, and with their lunches, of the size of the round tortilla at the bottom and from four to six inches high, in their handkerchiefs, climbed into the six-foot iron ore-bucket until it was completely roofed with their immense straw hats. Near by those of the second night-shift, homeward bound, halted, to stand one by one on a wooden block with outstretched arms to be carefully searched for stolen ore by a tried and trusted fellow-peon. A pocketful of "high-grade" might be worth several dollars. The American *jefe* sat in the hoist-house, writing out requisitions for candles, dynamite, and kindred supplies for the *jefecitos* of the hundred or more peons who were still lined up before the shaft.

With the last batch of these in the bucket, we white men stepped upon the platform below it and dropped suddenly into the black depths of the earth, with now and then a stone easily capable of cracking a skull bounding swiftly with a hollow sound past us back and forth across the shaft.

Not infrequently in the days to come some accident to the hoist-engine above left us to stand an hour or more packed tightly together in our suspended four-foot space in unmitigated darkness. For this and other reasons no peon was ever permitted to ride on the platform with an American. Twelve hundred feet down we stepped out into a winding rock gallery nearly six feet wide and high, where fourteen natives were loading rock and mud into iron dump-cars and pushing them to a near-by chute. Even at this depth flies were thick. A facetious boss asserted they hatched on the peons. My task here was to *sacar muestras,* or, "take samples," as it was called in English. From each car as it passed I snatched a handful of mud and small broken rock and thrust it into a sack that later went to the assay office to show what grade of ore the vein was producing.

Once an hour I descended to a hole far beneath by a rope ladder, life depending on a spike driven in the rock above and a secure handhold, for the handful of "pay dirt" that peons were grubbing down out of a lower *veta,* a long, narrow alleyway of soft earth and small stones that stretched away into the interior of the mountain between solid walls of rock. No inexperienced man would have supposed this mud worth more than any other. But silver does not come out of the earth in minted dollars.

In the mine the peons wore their hats, a considerable protection against falling rocks, but were otherwise naked except for their sandals and a narrow strip of once white cloth between their legs, held by a string around the waist. Some were well built, though all were small, and in the concentrated patch of light the play of their muscles through the light-brown skins was fascinating. Working thus naked seemed much more dangerous; the human form appeared much more feeble and soft delving unclothed in the fathomless, rocky earth. Many a man was marked here and there with long, deep scars. It was noticeable how character, habits, dissipation, which show plainly in the face, left but little sign on the rest of the body, which remained for the most part smooth and unwrinkled.

The peons were more than careless. All day long dynamite was tossed carelessly back and forth about me. A man broke up three or four sticks of it at a time, wrapped them in paper, and beat the mass into the form of a ball on a rock at my

Some of the peons under Mr. Franck's charge about to leave the mine

feet. Miners grow so accustomed to this that they note it, if at all, with complete indifference, often working and serenely smoking seated on several hundred pounds of explosives. One peon of forty in this gang had lost his entire left arm in a recent explosion, yet he handled the dangerous stuff as carelessly as ever. Several others were mutilated in lesser degrees. They depend on charms and prayers to their favorite saint rather than on their own precautions. Every few minutes the day through came the cry, *"Stá pegado!"* that sent us scurrying a few feet away until a dull, deafening explosion brought down a new section of the vein. Not long before there had been a cave-in just beyond where we were working, and the several men imprisoned there had not been rescued. So that now and then a skull and portions of skeleton came down with the rock. The peons had first balked at this, but the superintendent had told them the bones were merely strange shapes of ore, ordered them to break up the skulls and throw them in with the rest, and threatened to discharge and blacklist any man who talked of the matter.

By law a Mexican injured in the mine could not be treated on the spot, but must first be carried to Guanajuato, often dying on the way, to be examined by the police and then brought back to the mine hospital. Small hurts were of slight importance to the peons. During my first hour below a muddy rock fell down the front of a laborer, scraping the skin off his nose, deeply scratching his chest and thighs, and causing his toes to bleed, but he merely swore a few round oaths and continued his work. The hospital doctors asserted that the peon has not more than one fourth the physical sensitiveness of civilized persons. Many a one allowed a finger to be amputated without a word, and as chloroform is expensive, the surgeon often replaced it with a long draft of *mescal* or *tequilla,* the native whiskies.

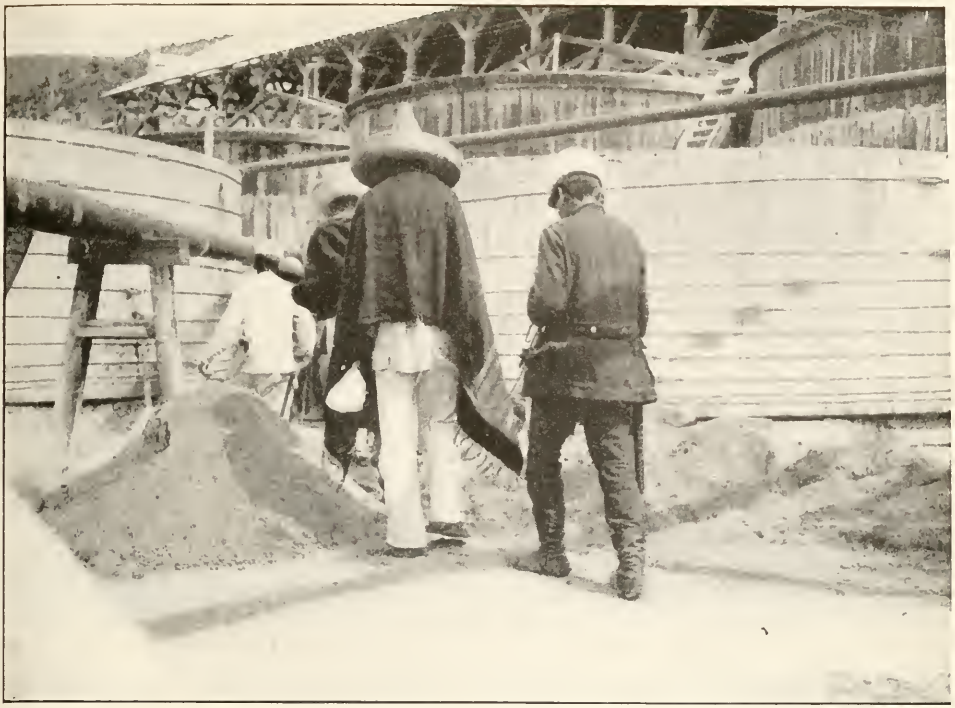
Outwardly the peons were very deferential to white men. I could rarely get a sentence from them, though they chattered much among themselves, with a constant sprinkling of obscenity. They had a com-

plete language of whistles by which they warned each other of an approaching *jefe*, exchanged varied information, and even entered into discussion of the alleged characteristics of their superiors in their very presence without being understood by the uninitiated. Frequently, too, amid the rumble of the *veta madre* pouring down her treasures, some former Broadway favorite that had found its way gradually to the theater of Guanajuato sounded weirdly through the gallery as it was whistled by some naked peon behind a loaded car. A man speaking only the pure Castilian would have had some difficulty in understanding many of the mine terms. Many Indian words had crept into the common language, such as *chiquihuile* for basket.

Perhaps seventy-five cars passed me during the morning. Under supervision the peons worked at moderately good speed; indeed, they compared rather favorably with the rough American laborers with whom I had recently toiled in railroad gangs, in a stone-quarry of Oklahoma, and in the cotton-fields of Texas. The endurance of these fellows living on corn and beans is remarkable; they were as superior to the Oriental coolie as their wages to the latter's eight or ten cents a day. In this case, as the world over, the workman earned about what he was paid, or, rather, succeeded in keeping his capacity down to the wages paid him. Many galleries of the mine were "worked on contract," and almost all gangs had their self-chosen leader. A peon with a bit more standing in the community than his fellows, wearing something or other to suggest his authority and higher place in the world,—such, perhaps, as the pink shirt the haughty *jefecito* beside me sported,—appeared with twelve or more men ready for work, and was given a section and paid enough to give his men from fifty to eighty cents a day each and have something over a dollar left for himself.

Miners' wages vary much throughout Mexico, from twelve dollars a month to two a day in places no insuperable distances apart. Conditions also differ greatly, according to my experienced compatriots. The striking and booting of the workmen, common in some mines, was never permitted in Pinguico. In Pachuca, for example, this was said to be the general practice, while in the mines of Chihuahua it would have been as dangerous as to do the same thing to a stick of dynamite. Here the peon's manner was little short of obsequious outwardly, yet one had the feeling that in crowds they were capable of making trouble, and those who had fallen upon gringos in the region had despatched their victims thoroughly, leaving them mutilated, and robbed even of their clothing. The pleasant part of it all was one could never know which of these slinking fellows was a bandit by avocation and saving up his unvented anger for the boys who ordered him about at his labors.

It felt pleasant, indeed, to bask in the sun half an hour after dinner before descending again. Toward five I tied and tagged the sacks of samples and followed them, on peon backs, to the shaft and to the world above, with its hot and cold shower-bath, and with the Chinaman's promise, thanks to the proximity of Irapuato, of "stlaybelly pie." Though the American force numbered several of those fruitless persons that drift in and out of all mining communities, it was on the whole of rather high caliber. Besides "Sully the Pug," a mere human animal, as hairy and muscular as a bear, and two "Texicans," as those born in the States of some Mexican blood and generally a touch of foreign accent are called, there were two engineers who lived with their *chinitas*, or illiterate *meztizo* Mexican wives, and broods of peon children down in the valley below the dump-heap. Caste lines were not lacking even among the Americans in the "camp," as these call Guanajuato and its mining environs. More than one complained that those who married Mexican girls of unsullied character and even education were rated "squaw-men," and more or less ostracized by their fellow-countrymen, and especially countrywomen, while the man who



Ore-thieves being led away to prison

"picked up an old rounder from the States" was looked upon as an equal.

The speech of all Mexico is slovenly from the Castilian point of view. Still more so was that of both the peon and of the Americans who copied the untutored tongue of the former, often ignorant of its faults, and generally not in the least anxious to improve, or indeed to get any other advantage from the country except the gold and silver they could dig out of it. Laborers and bosses commonly used *pierra* for *piedra; sa' pa' fuera* for "to leave the mine"; *croquesí* for "I believe so," commonly ignorant even of the fact that this is not a single word. In the mess-hall were heard strange mixtures of the two languages, as when a man, rising to answer some call, shouted over his shoulder, *"Juan, deja mí pie alone!"* Thanks to much peon intercourse, almost all the Americans had an unconsciously patronizing air even to their fellows, as many a pedagogue comes to address all the world in the tone of the school-room. The Mexican, like the Spaniard, never laughs at the most atrocious attempts at his tongue by foreigners, and even the peons were often extremely quick-witted in catching the idea from a few mispronounced words. "The man with the hair ——," I said one day, in describing a workman I wished summoned; and not for the moment recalling the Castilian for curly, I twirled my fingers in the air.

"Chino!" cried at least half a dozen peons in the same breath.

Small wonder the Mexican considers the gringo rude. An American boss would send a peon to fetch his key or cigarettes or on some equally important errand; the workman would run all the way up hill and down again in the rarefied air, removing his hat as he handed over the desired article, and the average man from the States would not so much as grunt his thanks.

On the second day the scene of my operations was changed to the eighth level, a hundred feet below that of the first. It was a long gallery winding away through the mountain, and connecting a

mile beyond with another shaft opening on another hill, so that the heavy air was tempered by a constant mild breeze. Side shafts just large enough for the ore-cars to pass pierced far back into the mountain at frequent intervals. Back in these it was furnace hot. From these the day-gang took out 115 car-loads, though the chute was blocked now and then by huge rocks that must be "shot" by a small charge of dynamite stuck on them, a new way of "shooting the chutes" that was like striking the car-drums with a club.

The peons placed in each gallery either a cross or a lithograph of the Virgin in a shrine made of a dynamite-box, and kept at least one candle always burning before it. In the morning it was a common sight to see several appear with a bunch of fresh-picked flowers to set up before the image. Most of the men wore a rosary or charm about the neck, which they did not remove even when working naked, and all crossed themselves every time they entered the mine. Not a few chanted prayers while the cage was descending. As often as they passed the gallery-shrine they left off for an instant the vilest oaths, in which several boys from twelve to fourteen excelled, to snatch off their hats to the Virgin, then instantly took up their cursing again. Whenever I left the mine they begged the half-candle I had left, and set it up with the rest. Yet they had none of the touchiness of the Hindu about their superstitions, and showed no resentment whatever even when a gringo stopped to light a cigarette at their improvised altars.

Trusted miners hired to search the others for stolen ore as they leave the shaft were sometimes waylaid on the journey home and beaten almost or quite to death. Once given a position of authority, they were harsher with their own kind than were the white men. The scarred and seared old Pinguico searcher, who stood at his block three times every twenty-four hours, had already killed three men who thus attacked him. Under no provocation whatever would the peons fight underground, but lay for their enemies only outside. A shift-boss in a neighboring mine remained seven weeks below, having his food sent down to him, and continued to work daily with miners who had sworn to kill him once they caught him on earth. One of our engineers at another mine had long been accustomed to hand his revolver to the searcher when the shift appeared and to arm himself with a heavy club. One day the searcher gave the superintendent a "tip," and when the hundred or more were lined up they were suddenly commanded to take off their *borrachas*. A gasp of dismay sounded, but all hastily snatched off their sandals, and something like a bushel of high-grade ore in thin strips lay scattered on the ground. But a few mornings later the searcher was found dead half-way between the mine and his home.

Some of the mines round about Guanajuato were in a most chaotic state, especially those of individual ownership. The equipment was often so poor that fatal accidents were common, deaths even resulting from rocks falling down the shafts. Among our engineers was one who had recently come from a mine where during two weeks' employment he pulled out from one to four corpses daily, until "it got so monotonous" that he resigned. In that same mine it was customary to lock in each shift until the relieving one arrived, and many worked four or five shifts, from thirty-two to forty hours, without a moment of rest, swallowing a bit of food now and then, with a sledge in one hand. "High-graders," as ore-thieves are called, were numerous. The near-by Sirena mine was reputed to have in its personnel more men who lived by stealing ore than honest workmen. There ran the story of a new boss in a mine so near ours that we could hear its blasting from our eighth level, long, dull thuds that seemed to run through the mountain like a shudder through a human body, who was making his first underground inspection when his light suddenly went out, and he felt the cold barrel of a revolver against his temple. A peon voice sounded in the darkness close to his ear:

Bricks of gold and silver ready for shipment. Each is worth something like $1250

"No te mueves, hijo de ——, si quieres vivir!"

Another light was struck, and he made out some twenty peons, each with a sack of "high-grade," and was warned to take his leave on the double-quick and not to look around on penalty of a worse fate than that of Lot's wife.

Bandit gangs were known to live in out-of-the-way corners of several mines, bringing their blankets and tortillas with them and making a business of stealing ore. Not even the most experienced mining engineer could more quickly recognize "pay dirt" than the peon population of Guanajuato vicinity.

Though he is obsequious enough in ordinary circumstances, the mine peon often has a deep-rooted hatred of the American, which vents itself chiefly in cold silence, unless opportunity makes some more effective way possible. Next on his black-list comes the Spaniard, who is reputed a heartless usurer who long enjoyed protection under Diaz. Third, perhaps, come the priests, though these are endured as a necessary evil, as we endure a bad government. The padre of Calderón drifted up to the mine one day to pay his respects and drink the mine health in good Scotch whisky. Gradually he brought the conversation around to the question of disobedience among the peons, and summed up his advice to the Americans in a vehement explosion:

"Fine them! Fine them often and much! Of course," he added as he prepared to leave, "you know that by the laws of Mexico and the *santa iglesia* all such fines go to the church."

Intercourse between the mine officials and native authorities was almost always worth listening to. My disrespectful fellow-countrymen were much given to mix in with the most courteous Spanish forms of speech asides in English which it was well the pompous official natives did not understand. I reached the office one day to find the chief of police just arrived to collect for his services in guarding the money brought out on pay-day.

"Ah, señor mío," cried the superintendent, *"Y cómo está usted? La familia buena? Y los hijos,*—I 'll slip the old greaser his six bones and let him be on his way,—*oh, sí, señor. Cómo no? Con muchísimo gusto,*—and there goes six of our good bucks and four bits and,—*Pues*

adiós, muy señor mío! Vaya bien! If only you break your worthless old neck on the way home,—*Adiós pues!*"

Excitement burst upon the mess-table one night. Rival politicians were to contend the following Sunday for the governorship of the state, and the Liberal candidate had assured the peons that he would treble their wages and force the company to give them full pay during illness, and that those who voted for his rival were really casting ballots for *los gringos* who had stolen away their mines. All this was of course pure campaign bunco; as a matter of fact the lowest wages in all the mines of Mexico were in those belonging to the then Liberal president of the republic, and accident pay would have caused these insensible fellows to drop rocks on themselves to enjoy its benefits. For several mornings threatening political posters had appeared on the walls of the company buildings. But this time word came that Liberal posters had been stuck up in the galleries of the mine itself. The boss sprang to his feet, and without even sending for his revolver went down into the earth. An hour or more later he reappeared with the remnants of the posters. Though the mine was populated with peons and there was not then another American below ground, they watched him tear down the sheets without other movement than to cringe about him, each begging not to be believed guilty. Later a peon was charged with the deed, and forever forbidden to work in the mines of the company. The superintendent threatened to discharge any employee who voted for the Liberal candidate, and, though he could not of course know who did, their dread of punishment no doubt kept many from voting at all.

A few mornings later I was given a new job. The boss led the way, candle in hand, half a mile back through the bowels of the mountain, winding with the swinging of the former ore vein. This alone was enough to get hopelessly lost in even without its many blind-alley branches. Now and then we came upon another shaft-opening that seemed a bottomless hole a few feet in diameter in the solid rock, from far down which came up the falsetto voices and the stinking smell of the sweat of peons, and the *rap, rap* of heavy hammers on iron rock-bars; but we had only started. Far back in the gallery we took another hoist, and descended two hundred feet more, then wound off again through the mountain by more labyrinthine burrowings in the rock, winding, undulating passages, often so low we must crawl on hands and knees, with no other light than the flickering candles, half showing shadowy forms of naked, copper-colored beings, the shadows often giving them fiendish faces and movements, until we could easily imagine ourselves in the realms of Dante's imagination. In time we came to a ladder leading upward into a narrow, dark hole, and when the ladder ended, we climbed some forty feet higher on our bellies up a ledge of rock to another heading, along which we made our way another hundred yards or more to where a dozen naked peons were operating compressed-air drills. We wormed our way like snakes over the resultant debris to the present end of the passage, where more peons were drilling by hand, one man holding a bar of iron a few feet long that another was striking with a five-pound sledge that luckily never missed its mark. This was indeed working *in* Mexico. It would have been difficult to get farther into it, and one could but dully wonder if he would ever get out again.

We were evidently very close to the infernal regions. Here, indeed, would have been a splendid setting for an orthodox hell. Peons whose only garment was the size of a postal card, some even with their hats off, glistened all over their brown bodies as under a shower-bath. In five minutes I had sweat completely through my garments, in ten I could wring water out of my jacket; drops fell regularly at about half-second intervals from the end of my nose and chin. The dripping sweat formed puddles beneath the toilers, the air was so scarce and second-hand that every breath was a deep gasp; nowhere was a sign of exit, as if we had been

Peon miners being searched for stolen ore as they leave the mine

walled up in this narrow, low-ceiled, jagged-rock passageway for all time.

My work here was to take samples from the "roof." A grinning peon who called himself Bruno "Básques" (Vasquez) followed me about, holding his hat under the hammer with which I chipped bits of rock from above, back and forth across the top of the tunnel every few feet. The ore ran very high in grade here, the vein being perhaps six feet of whitish rocky substance between sheer walls of ordinary rock. One could but reflect on the strange inquisitiveness of man that first caused him to prowl about inside the earth, like a mole, looking for a peculiar kind of soil or stone which no one at first sight could have guessed was of any particular value. The peons, smeared all over with the drippings of candle-grease, worked steadily for all the heat and stuffiness. Indeed, one could not but wonder at the amount of energy they sold for a day's wages, though of course their industry was partly due to my gringo presence. We addressed them as inferiors, in the "tu" form and with the generic title *hombre,* or, more exactly, in the case of most of the American bosses, "húm-bray." The white man who said "please" to them, or even showed thanks in any way, such as giving them a cigarette, lost caste in their eyes as surely as with a butler one might attempt to treat as a man. I tried it on Bruno, and he almost instantly changed from obsequiousness to near-insolence. When I had put him in his place again, he said he was glad I spoke Spanish, for so many *jefes* had pulled his hair and ears and slapped him in the face because he did not understand their "strange talk." He did not mention this in any spirit of complaint, but merely as a curious fact and one of the many visitations fate sees fit to send those of her children unluckily born peons. His jet-black hair was so thick that small stones not only did not hurt his head as they fell from under my hammer, but remained buried in his thatch, so that nearly as many samples were taken from this as from the roof of the passage.

Thus the sweat-dripping days passed, without a hint of what might be going on in the world far above, amid the roar and pounding of air- and hand-drills; the noisy falling of masses of rock as these broke it loose; the constant ringing of shovels; the rumble of iron ore-cars on their thread-like rails; cries of *"Está pegado!"* quickly followed by the stunning, ear-splitting dynamite blast; screams of *"No vas echar!"* as some one passed beneath an opening above, of *"Ahora sí!"* when he was out of danger; the shrill warning whistling of the peons echoing back and forth through the galleries and labyrinthine side tunnels as the crunch of shoes along the track announced the approach of some boss; the shouting of the peons "throwing" a laden car along the track through the heavy, smoke-laden air, so thick with the smell of powder and thin with oxygen that even experienced bosses developed raging headaches, and the Beau Brummel secretary of the company fell down once with dizziness and went to bed after the weekly inspection.

When the first day was done I carried the ten sacks of samples—via Bruno's shoulders—through the labyrinth of corridors and shafts to be loaded on a car and pushed to the main shaft, where blew a veritable sea-breeze that gave those coming from the red-hot pockets a splendid chance for catching cold that few overlooked. In the *bodega,* or underground office, I changed my dripping garments for dry ones, but waited long for the broken-down motor to lift me again to pure air.

In the days that followed I was advanced to the rank of car-boss in this same level, and found enough to do and more in keeping the tricky car-men moving. A favorite ruse was to tip over a car on its way to the chute, and to grunt and groan over it for half an hour, pretending to lift it back on the rails; or to tuck away far back in some abandoned "lead" the cars we needed, until I went on tours of investigation and ferreted them out.

After the shower-bath it was a delight to stroll up over the ridge back of the camp and watch the night settle down over this upper-story world. Only on the coast of Cochin China have I seen sunsets to equal those in this altitude. Each one was different. To-night it stretched entirely across the saw-toothed summits of the western hills in a narrow, pinkish-red streak; to-morrow the play of colors on mountains and clouds, shot blood-red, fading to saffron, growing an ever-thicker gray down to the horizon, with the unrivaled blue of the sky overhead, all shifting and changing with every moment, would be hopelessly beyond the power of words. Often rain was falling in a spot or two far to the west, and there the clouds were jet black. In one place well above the horizon was perhaps a brilliant pinkish patch of reflected sun, and everything else an immensity of clouded sky running from Confederate gray above to a blackish-blue lower down that blended with range upon range to the uttermost distance.

There was always a peculiar stillness over all the scene. Groups of sandaled mine peons wound noiselessly away, a few rods apart, along undulating trails, the red of their serapes and the yellow of their immense hats giving the predominating hue. In the vast landscape was much green, though more gray of outcropping rocks. Here and there a lonely telegraph-wire struck off dubiously across the rugged country. Rocks as large as houses hung on the great hillsides, ready to roll down and destroy at the slightest movement of the earth, like playthings left by careless giant children. Along some rocky path far down in the nearer valley a small horse of the patient Mexican breed, under its picturesque, huge-hatted rider, galloped sure-footed up and down steep faces of rock. *Cargadores,* bent half double, with a rope across their brows, came straining upward to the mine. Bands of peons, released from their underground labors, paused here and there on the way home to wager cigarettes on which could toss a stone nearest the next mud-puddle. Flocks of goats wandered

in the growing dusk about steep, rocky mountain-flanks. Farther away was a rocky ridge beaten with narrow, bare, crisscross trails, and beyond lay the old Valenciana mine on the flanks of the jagged range shutting off Dolores Hidalgo, appearing so near in this clear air of the heights that it seemed a man could throw a stone there; yet down in the valley between lay all Guanajuato, the invisible, and none might know how many bandits were sleeping out the day in their lurking-places among the wild, broken valleys and gorges the view embraced. Down in its rock-tumbled valley spread the scattered town of Calderón, and the knell of its tinny old church bells came drifting up across the divide on the sturdy evening breeze, tinged with cold, that seemed to bring the night with it, so silently and coolly did it settle down. The immense plain and farther mountains remained almost visible in the starlight, in the middle distance the lamps of Silao, and near the center of the half-seen picture those of Irapuato, while far away a faint glow in the sky marked the location of the city of Leon.

Work in the mine never ceased. Even as we fell asleep, the engine close at hand panted constantly, the mild clangor of the blacksmith's shop continued unbroken, cars of rock were dumped every few minutes under the swarming stars, the mine pulse beat unchanging, and far down beneath our beds hundreds of naked peons were still tearing incessantly at the rocky entrails of the earth.

Drilling with compressed-air drills in a mine "heading"

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

Synopsis of Chapters I–IX—Winn Staines, the thirty-five-year-old son of a hard-riding English county family, had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and a nature both obstinate and insolent. After years of frontier work with the British army, he returned to England and married Estelle Fanshawe. Estelle was thoroughly selfish, and when Winn was sent to Davos with consumption she did not accompany him, but stayed in England with their baby, Peter. Winn went to Davos and there met Claire Rivers, an English girl of nineteen who was staying there with her brother Maurice and his tutor, Mr. Roper. Winn felt what he took to be an elder-brotherly interest in Claire and Maurice, but it was really love for Claire. And he put off the day of telling her he was married until he dared not do it.

Part II. Chapter X

WINN discovered almost immediately that what assistance he could give to Maurice would have to be indirect. He had not a light hand for weak, evasive, and excitable people, and Maurice did not like to be driven off the rink with "Better come along with me" or "I should think a good brisk walk to Clavedel would be about your mark." Winn's idea of a walk was silence and pace; he had a poor notion of small talk, and he became peculiarly dumb with a young man whose idea of conversation was high-pitched boasting.

When Maurice began telling stories about how he got the better of So-and-so or the length of his skee-jumps, Winn's eyes became unpleasantly like probes, and Maurice felt the élan of his effects painfully ebbing away. Still, there was a certain honor in being sought out by the most exclusive person in the hotel, and Winn's requests, stated in flat terms and with the force of his determination behind them, were extraordinarily difficult to refuse.

It was Mr. Roper who gave Maurice the necessary stiffening. Mr. Roper did not like Winn, and though their intercourse had been limited to a series of grunts on Winn's part, Mr. Roper had felt something unerringly inimical behind each of these indeterminate sounds.

"That man 's a spoil-sport," he informed his pupil. Maurice agreed.

"But he 's beastly difficult to say no to," he added. "You mean to somehow, but you don't."

"I expect he 's trying to manage you," Mr. Roper cleverly hinted.

This decided Maurice once and for all. He refused all further invitations. He had a terror of being managed, and though he always was managed, gusts of this fear would seize upon him at any effort to influence him in any direction favorable to himself. He was never in the least uneasy at being managed to his disadvantage.

Baffled in his main direction, Winn turned his mind upon the subject of Mr. Roper. Mr. Roper was slippery and intensely amiable; these were not qualities with which Winn felt himself capable of direct dealing. He would have liked to destroy Mr. Roper, and he thought that the situation might naturally arrive at this point; but until it did, he saw that he had better leave Mr. Roper alone. "You can't do anything with a worm but tread on it," he said to himself, and in hotels people had to be careful how they trod on worms. There was still Mrs. Bouncing, but a slight study of that lady, which took place in the hall after dinner, put

this possibility out of the question. She called Winn a "naughty man" and suggested his taking her tobogganing by moonlight.

Mr. Bouncing was a side issue, but Winn, despite his own marriage, held the theory that men ought to look after their wives. He felt that if there had been any question of other men he could have managed Estelle; or, even short of managing Estelle, he could have managed the other men. It occurred to him now that perhaps Mr. Bouncing could be led to act favorably upon the question of his wife's behavior.

Mr. Bouncing could not walk at all; he could get out to the public balcony in the sun, and when he was there he lay with the "Pink 'Un" and "The Whipping Post" on his lap and his thermometer beside him. All he asked was that he should have his hot milk regularly four times a day. He hardly talked to anybody at all. This was not because it made him cough to talk,—it did n't particularly; he coughed without being made to,—but because he had exhausted his audience.

There was only one subject left to Mr. Bouncing, and that was his health; after he had told people all his symptoms, they did n't want to hear them any more, and there was nothing left to talk about. So he lay there in the sunshine thinking about his symptoms instead. There were a good many of them to think about, and all of them were bad.

Mr. Bouncing was surprised when Winn sat down to talk to him, and he explained to him at once exactly what the doctors thought of his case. Winn listened passively, and came back the next day at the same time.

This surprised Mr. Bouncing still more, and little by little the subjects between them widened. Mr. Bouncing still talked about himself, but he talked differently. He told Winn things he had never told any one else, and he was really pleased when Winn laughed at a joke he showed him in the "Pink 'Un."

"You can laugh," he said almost admiringly. "I dare n't, you know; that 's one of the things I 'm told not to do, but I often wish some one would come here and laugh at the jokes for me. It 's quite an effort for me sometimes not to burst out; and then, you see, hemorrhage! I knew a poor chap who literally died of it —died of laughing. They might put that in the 'Pink 'Un,' might n't they?"

Winn said he thought one might die of worse things.

"Yes, I know," agreed Mr. Bouncing; "but I 'm not going to be caught like that. I dare say you don't know, but I believe I 'm the worst case in the hotel. I 'm not *quite* sure; that 's what worries me. There 's a Mrs. Maguire who stays in bed. I 've made all sorts of inquiries about her; but people are so stupid, they don't know the right symptoms to ask about, and I can't go in and look at her, can I? And my wife won't. She says one death's-head is enough for her, and I quite see her point. Perhaps Mrs. Maguire's case is partly nerves. My wife thinks I 'm very nervous. So I am, you know, in a way. I have to be careful; but, Lord! when I see the things people do up here, the risks they take! You, for instance. I 've seen you do heaps of things that are perfectly deadly; and yet there you are getting better. Funny, is n't it?"

Winn said it was funny, but he supposed one must take his chance.

"Yes, I know; that is what people keep saying," Mr. Bouncing admitted. "You can take it if you 've got it; but my point is, if you have n't got it, you can't take it, can you? Now, as far as I can see, looking back from the start, you know, I never had a dog's chance. It 's years since I went out in a wind without an overcoat on, and once in the very beginning I got my feet wet; but for the last five years I 've been as careful as a girl with a new hat. I think I shall live till the spring if I don't get influenza. I hope you 'll remember not to come near me if you feel a cold coming on." Winn assured him that he would. "I asked Doctor Gurnet the other day," Mr. Bouncing went on musingly, "if he thought I should ever be able to walk to the post-office

again,—I used to get there and back last winter, you know,—but he would n't give me a direct answer. He said he thought I could rely on the hotel porter. He 's not definite enough—Doctor Gurnet. I told him the other day how difficult it was to get up in the morning, and he said, 'Well, then, why not stay in bed?' But I 'm not going to do that. I believe you go quicker when you stay in bed. Besides, I should be dull lying there in bed. I like to sit here and watch people and see the silly things they do. That young boy you sit at the table with—he won't come to any good. Silly! He thinks my wife likes him, but she does n't; it 's just that she must have her mind taken off, you know, at times, poor thing! I like to see her amused."

"And what about you?" asked Winn. "It seems to me she might better spend some of her time amusing you."

Mr. Bouncing pointed to the "Pink 'Un."

"I 've got plenty to amuse me," he explained, "and you must n't think she does n't look after me. Why, the other day—when I had the high temperature, you know, and stayed in my room—she came to the door after she 'd been skating, and said, 'Still coughing?' That shows she noticed I was worse, does n't it?"

"I 'm sure she must be awfully anxious about you," Winn assented with more kindliness than truth. "But do you care for her knocking about so with young Rivers and that chap Roper? It seems to me she 's too young and too pretty. If I were you, I 'd call her in a bit; I would really."

Mr. Bouncing leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes. This always made Winn a little uneasy, for when Mr. Bouncing's eyes were shut it was difficult to tell whether he was alive or dead. However, after a few minutes he opened them.

"They are five minutes late with my hot milk," he said. "Do you mind just getting up and touching the bell? And you 've got such a sharp way of speaking to waiters, perhaps you would n't mind hauling him over the coals for me when he comes." Winn complied with this request rapidly and effectively, and the hot milk appeared as if by magic.

Mr. Bouncing drank some before he returned to the subject of his wife.

"Yes," he said, "I dare say you would call her in. You 're the kind of man who can make people come in when you call. I 'm not. Besides, you see, she 's young; she 's got her life to live, and, then, ought I to have married her at all? Of course I was wonderfully well at the time; I could walk several miles, I remember, and had no fever to speak of. Still, there were the symptoms. She took the risk, of course,—she was one of a large family, and I had money,—but it has n't been very amusing for her, you must admit."

Winn did n't admit it, because it seemed to him as if it had been extremely amusing for Mrs. Bouncing, a great deal more amusing than it had any right to be.

"Perhaps you think she ought n't to have married for money," Mr. Bouncing went on when he had finished the hot milk and Winn still sat there saying nothing, "but you 're quite wrong if you do. Money is the most important thing there is—next to health, of course. Health and money; one 's no use without the other, of course, but I don't honestly think anything else really matters. I know what the chaplain says; but he 's always been quite strong."

"That 's all very well," said Winn. "I 'm not a religious man myself, but people ought n't to take something for nothing. If she 's married you for your money, she ought to be more with you. She 's got the money, has n't she, and what have you got? That 's the way I look at it."

Mr. Bouncing did not shake his head,—he was too careful for that,—but he looked as if he were shaking it.

"That 's one point of view, of course," he said slowly; "but how do you know I want to have her more with me? She 's very young and strong. I expect she 'd be exciting, and it would n't be at all good for me to be excited.

"Besides, she has no sense of humor. I would n't dream of asking her to laugh at my jokes as I do you. She would n't see them, and then I should n't like to show her the improper ones. They 're not suitable for ladies, and the improper ones are the best. I sometimes think you can't have a really good joke unless it 's improper."

Winn did not say anything; but he thought that however limited Mrs. Bouncing's sense of humor might be, she would have enjoyed the improper ones.

Mr. Bouncing took out his thermometer.

"It is five minutes," he said, "since I 've had the glass of milk, and I think my tongue must have cooled down by now. So I shall take my temperature, and after that I shall try to go to sleep. But I don't believe you are really anxious about my wife; what you 're worried about is young Rivers. I 've seen you taking him for walks, and it 's no use your worrying about him, because, as I 've said before, he 's silly. If he did n't do one silly thing, he 'd do another. However, he 's selfish, too. That 's always something; he won't be so likely to come to grief as if he were merely silly. It 's his sister I should be worried about if I were you."

"Why?" asked Winn, without looking at him. Mr. Bouncing looked at Winn, but he made no answer. He had already got his thermometer in his mouth.

CHAPTER XI

Winn had a feeling that he ought to keep away from her, but Davos was an inconvenient place for keeping away. People were always turning up when one least expected them, or one turned up oneself. Privacy and publicity flashed together in the sunny air. Even going off up a mountain with a book was hardly the resource it seemed; friends skeed or tobogganed down upon you from the top, and carried you off to tea.

Winn had an uneasy feeling that he ought n't to go every morning to the rink, though that was naturally the place for a man who was only allowed to skate to find himself. It was also the place where he could not fail to find Claire. There were a good many other skaters on the rink, too; they were all preparing for the International Skating Competition.

The English, as a rule, stuck to their own rink, where they had a style of skating belonging to themselves. Their style was perpendicular and very stiff; it was by no means easy to attain, and when attained, hardly perhaps, to the observer, worth the efforts expended. Winn approved of it highly. He thought it a smart and sensible way to skate, and was by no means a bad exponent; but once he had seen Claire skating on the big rink, he put aside his abortive circling round an orange. It is difficult to concentrate upon being a ramrod when every instinct in you desires to chase a swallow. She wore, when she skated, a short, black velvet skirt, white fox furs, and a white fur cap. One could n't very well miss seeing her. It did not seem to Winn as if she skated at all. She skimmed from her seat into the center of her chosen corner, and then looked about her, balanced in the air. When she began to skate he could not tell whether the band was playing or not, because he felt as if she always moved to music.

She would turn at first mysteriously and doubtingly, trying her edges, with little short cuts and dashes, like a leaf blown now here and now there, pushed by a draft of air, and then some purpose seemed to catch her, and her steps grew intricate and measured. He could not take his eyes from her or remember that she was real, she looked so unsubstantial, eddying to and fro, curving and circling and swooping. There was no stiffness in her, and Winn found himself ready to give up stiffness; it was terrible the amount of things he found himself ready to give up as he watched her body move like seaweed on a tide. Motion and joy and music all seemed easy things, and the things that were not easy slipped out of his mind.

After a time Maurice would join her to practise the pair-skating. He was a clever skater, but careless, and it set Winn's

teeth on edge to watch how nearly he sometimes let her down. He would have let any other woman down, but Claire knew him. She counted on his not being exactly where he ought to be, hovered longer on her return strokes, pushed herself more swiftly forward to meet him, or retreated to avoid his too impulsive rushes. Winn was always glad when Maurice, satisfied with his cursory practice, left her circling alone and unfettered, like a sea-gull on a cliff.

This was the time when he always made up his mind not to join her, and felt most sure that she did n't care whether he joined her or not.

He had not talked with her alone since their lunch at the Schatz Alp nearly a week ago. Every one of her hours was full, her eyes danced and laughed as usual, the secretive bloom of youth hid from him any sign of expectation. He did not dream that every day for a week she had expected and wanted him. She could not herself have explained what she wanted. Only her gaiety had lost its unconsciousness; she was showing that she did n't mind, that she was not minding. It seemed so strange that just when she had felt as if they were real friends he had mysteriously kept away from her. Perhaps he had n't meant all the nice things he had said or all the nicer things he had n't said at all, but just looked whenever her eyes met his. They did not meet his now; he always seemed to be looking at something else. Other men put on her skates and found her quickest on the rink, and the other men seemed to Claire like trees walking; they were no longer full of amusing possibilities. They were in the way. Then one morning Winn, watching her from a distance, noticed that Maurice did not turn up. Claire actually looked a forlorn and lonely little figure, and he could not make up his mind not to join her.

He skated slowly up to her.

"Well," he said, "where 's Maurice? He ought n't to be missing a good skating morning like this." It suddenly seemed to Claire as if everything was all right again. Winn was there for her, just as he had been on the Schatz Alp; his eyes looked the same, and the intentional bruskness which he put into his voice was quite insufficient to hide its eagerness.

"Oh," she said, "Major Staines, I did n't mean to tell anybody, but I shall tell you, of course. It 's rather sickening, is n't it? Maurice does n't want to go in for the competition any more; he says he can't spare the time."

"What!" cried Winn. "Look here, let 's sit down and talk about it." They sat down, and the music and the sunshine spread out all round them. Everything swung into a curious harmony, and left them almost nothing to be upset about. "He can't throw you over like this," Winn protested. "Why, it 's only a fortnight off the day, and you 're one of the tiptop skaters."

Claire did not say what she knew to be true, that people had been saying that too much to Maurice, and Maurice liked only praise that came his own way.

"I think it 's Mrs. Bouncing," she said dejectedly. "He 's teaching her to skate, but she 'll never learn. She 's been up here for years, and she does n't know her edges! It looks awfully as if he really liked her, because Maurice skates quite well."

"I 'm afraid I 've been of very little use to you about Mrs. Bouncing," Winn said apologetically. "I thought Bouncing might help us, he 's quite a good chap; but I 'm afraid he 's too down in the mouth. Still, I think I may be able to do something if things get to look really bad. Don't worry about that, please. But, by Jove! this skating matter *is* serious. What are you going to do about it?" Anything that stopped sport seemed to Winn to be really serious; something had got to be done about it. "Is n't there any one else up here not going in for it that you could lick into shape?"

Claire shook her head doubtfully.

"They 'd have to give up every bit of their time," she explained, "and virtually hardly breathe. You see, pair-skating is really very stiff. Of course, if I got a

new man, I 'd do most of the figures; but he 'd have to be there to catch me at the right times, and awfully steady on his edges, and waltz, of course."

"What about me?" Winn asked quietly. "I 'm steady on my edges, and I can waltz after a fashion, and I 'd promise not to breathe for a fortnight." He looked at her, and then looked away quickly. He was a damned fool to have offered himself! How on earth was he going to stand a fortnight with her when he could barely keep himself in hand for five minutes?

"Oh," she said, "you!"

Afterward she said a good deal more, but Winn only remembered the way she said "you," because her voice had sounded different, as if she had found something she had wanted to lay her hands on. Of course what she really wanted was to go in for the pair-skating; it was much the most fun.

They began from that moment to go in for it. Winn had to speak to Dr. Gurnet about the skating, because four hours was n't enough, and Claire insisted upon Dr. Gurnet's consent.

Dr. Gurnet had consented, though he had raised his eyebrows and said, "Pair-skating?" and then he had asked who Major Staines had chosen for his partner. Naturally Winn had become extremely stiff, and said "Miss Rivers" in a tone which should have put an end to the subject.

"Well! well!" said Dr. Gurnet. "And she 's a woman, after all, is n't she?" Winn ignored this remark.

"By the by," he said, "my friend 's coming out in about a fortnight—the one I told you about, Captain Drummond."

"I remember perfectly," said Dr. Gurnet; "a most estimable person I understood you to say. In about a fortnight? The skating competition will just be over then, won't it? I am sure I hope you and Miss Rivers will both make a great success of it."

The fortnight passed in a sunny flash. On the whole Winn had kept himself in hand. His voice had betrayed him, his eyes had betrayed him, all his controlled and concentrated passion had betrayed him; but he had n't said anything. He had buried his head deep in the sands and trusted, like an ostrich, to an infectious oblivion. He reviewed his behavior on the way to the rink the day of the international.

It was an icy cold morning; the valley was wrapped in a thick blue mist. There was no sunlight yet. The tops of the mountains were a sharpened deadly white, colder than purity. As he walked toward the valley the black fir-trees on the distant heights took fire. They seemed to be lighted one by one from some swift, invisible torch, and then quicker than sight itself the sun slipped over the edge and ran in a golden flood across the mountains. The little willows by the lake-side turned apricot; the rink was very cold and only just re-frozen. It was a small gray square surrounded by color. Winn was quite alone in the silence and the light and the tingling bitter air. There was something in him that burned like a secret undercurrent of fire. Had he played the game? What about that dumb weight on his lips when he had tried to tell Claire on the Schatz Alp about Estelle? He could n't get it out then; but had he tried again later? Had he concealed his marriage? Why should he tell her anything? She would n't care, she was so young. Could n't he have his bit of spring, his dance of golden daffodils, and then darkness? He really thought of daffodils when he thought of Claire. She would n't mind, because she was spring itself, and had in front of her a great succession of flowers; but these were the last he was going to have. There would n't be anything at all after Claire, and he was n't going to make love to her. Good God! he was n't such a beast! There had been times this last fortnight that had tried every ounce of his self-control, and he had n't touched her. He had n't said a word that that damned yellow-necked, hen-headed chaplain's wife could n't have heard and welcome. Would many fellows have had his chances and behaved as if

they were frozen barbed-wire fences? And she'd looked at him—by Jove, she 'd looked at him! Not that she 'd meant anything by it; only it had been hard to have to sit on the only decent feelings he had ever had and not let them rip. And as far as Estelle was concerned, she did n't care a damn for him, and he might just as well have been a blackguard. But that was n't quite the point, was it? Blackguards hurt girls, and he certainly had n't set out to hurt Claire.

Well, there was no use making any song or dance about it; he 'd have to go. At first he had thought he could tell her—tell her as soon as the competition was over, and stay on; but he had n't counted on the way things grew, and he did n't think now he could tell her and then hold his tongue about what he felt. If he told her, the whole thing would be out; he could n't keep it back. There were things you knew you could do, like going away and staying away; there were others you were a fool to try.

He circled slowly over the black ice surrounded by pink flames. It made him laugh, because he might have been a creature in hell. Yes, that was what hell was like,—he had always known it,—cold. Cold and lonely, when, if you 'd only had a bit of luck, you might have been up somewhere in the sunlight, not alone. He did n't feel somehow this morning as if his marriage was an obstruction; he felt as if it were a shame. It hurt him terribly that what had driven him to Estelle could be called love, when love was this other feeling—the feeling that he 'd like to be torn into little bits rather than fail Claire. He 'd be ridiculous to please her; he 'd face anything, suffer anything, take anything on. And it was n't in the least that she was lovely. He did n't think about her beauty half as much as he thought about her health and the gentle, tender ways she had with sick people. He 'd watched her over and over again, when she had no idea he was anywhere near, being nice to people in ways in which Winn had never dreamed before one could be nice. When people had nothing but their self-esteem left them, no attractions, no courage, no health, she 'd just sit down beside them and make their self-esteem happy and comfortable.

She need n't have been anything but young and gay and triumphant, but she never shirked anybody else's pain. He had puzzled over her a good deal because, as far as he could see, she had n't the ordinary rules belonging to good people—about church, and not playing cards for money, and pulling people up It was n't right and wrong she was thinking of most; it was other people's feelings.

He tried not to love her like that, because it made it worse. It was like loving God and Peter; it mixed him all up.

He could n't see straight because everything he saw turned into love of her, and being with her seemed like being good; and it was n't, of course, if he concealed things.

The icy blue rink turned slowly into gold before he had quite made up his mind what to do. Making up his mind had a good deal to do with Lionel, so that he felt fairly safe about it. It was going to hurt horribly, but if it only hurt him, it could n't be said to matter. You could n't have a safe plan that did n't hurt somebody, and as long as it did n't hurt the person it was made for, it could be counted a success.

Davos began to descend upon the rink, first the best skaters—Swedes, Russians, and Germans—and then all the world. The speed-skaters stood about in heavy fur coats down to their feet

Claire came down surrounded by admirers. Winn heard her laugh before he saw her, and after he had seen her he saw nothing else. She looked like one of the fir-trees when the sun had caught it; she seemed aflame with a quite peculiar radiance and joy. She flew toward Winn, imitating the speed-skaters with one long swift stride of her skates.

"Ah," she cried, "is n't it a jolly morning? Is n't everything heavenly? Are n't you glad you are alive?"

That was the kind of mood she was in. It was quite superfluous to ask if she was

"In his heart there was nothing left to which he could compare her"

nervous. She was just about as nervous as the sun was when it ran over the mountains.

"There does n't seem to be much the matter with you this morning," said Winn, eying her thoughtfully.

The rink cleared at eleven, and the band began to play.

The judges sat in different quarters of the rink so as to get the best all-round impression of the skating. The audience, muffled up in furs, crowded half-way up the valley, as if it were a gigantic amphitheater.

A Polish girl, very tall and slender, with a long black pigtail, swung out upon the ice. She caught the music with a faultless steadiness and swing. Her eyes were fixed on the mountains; her flexible hips and waist swung her to and fro as easily as a winter bird hovers balanced on its steady pinions. Out of the crowd her partner, a huge, black-bearded Russian, glided toward her, caught her by the waist, lifted her, and flung her from side to side in great swirls and resounding leaps. Her skirts flew about her, her pigtail swung round her in the air, her feet struck the ice firmly together like a pair of ringing castanets. The crowd shouted applause as he caught her by the wrists after a particularly dazzling plunge into the empty air, and brought her round to face them, her fixed eyes changed and shot with triumph. The dance was over.

Then a succession of men skaters came forward, whirling, twisting, capering with flying feet. Winn watched them with more astonishment than pleasure.

"Like a ring of beastly slippery microbes!" he remarked to Claire.

"Yes," she said; "but wait." Half a dozen men and women came running out on the rink; with lifted feet, hand in hand, they danced like flying sunbeams.

Then a German pair followed the Polish. Both were strong, first-rate skaters, but the man was rough and selfish; he pulled his girl about, was careless of her, and in the end let her down, and half the audience hissed.

Swedish, Norwegian, French pairs followed swiftly after. Then Claire rose with a quickening of her breath.

"Now," she said, "you!" It was curious how seldom she said Major Staines.

Winn did n't much care to do this kind of thing before foreigners. However, it was in a way rather jolly, especially when the music warmed one's blood. He swept her out easily to the center of the ice. For a time he had only to watch her. He wondered what she looked like to all the black-headed dots sitting in the sun and gazing. In his heart there was nothing left to which he could compare her. She turned her head a little, curving and swooping toward him, and then sprang straight into the air. He had her fast for a moment: her hands were in his, her eyes laughed at his easy strength, and again she shot away from him. Now he had to follow her, in and out, to the sound of the music; at first he thought of the steps, but he soon stopped thinking. Something had happened which made it quite unnecessary to think.

He was reading everything she knew out of his own heart; she had got into him somehow, so that he had no need to watch for his cue.

Wherever she wanted him he was; whenever she needed the touch of his hand or his steadiness it was ready for her. They were like the music and words of a song, or like a leaf and the dancing air it rests upon. They were no longer two beings: they had slipped superbly, intolerably into one; they could n't go wrong; they could n't make a mistake. Where she led he followed, indissolubly a part of her.

They swung together for the final salute. It seemed to Winn that her heart —her happy, swift-beating, exultant heart —was in his breast, and then suddenly, violently he remembered that she was n't his, that he had no right to touch her. He moved away from her, leaving her, a little bewildered, to bow alone to the great cheering mass of people.

She found him afterward far back in the crowd, with a white face and inscrutable eyes.

"You must come and see the speed-skaters," she urged, with her hand on his arm. "It 's the thing I told you about most. And I believe we 've won the second prize. The Russian and Pole have got the first, of course; they were absolutely perfect, but we were rather good. Why did you rush off, and what are you looking like that for? Is anything the matter? You 're not—" her voice faltered suddenly—"you 're not angry, are you?"

"No, I 'm not angry," said Winn, recklessly, "and nothing 's the matter, and I 'll go wherever you want and see what you want and do what you want, and I ran away because I was a damned fool and hate a fuss. And I see you 're going to ask me if I liked it awfully. Yes, I did; I liked it awfully. Now are you satisfied?" He still had n't said anything, he thought, that mattered.

"Oh, yes," she said slowly, "of course I 'm satisfied. I 'm glad you liked it awfully; I liked it awfully myself."

CHAPTER XII

What really surprised Lionel was that Winn looked better than he had ever seen him; he looked younger and keener, and as if some curious and inspiring vigor had been poured into his veins. He dismissed almost impatiently the question of his health.

"Oh, yes, I 'm all right," he said briefly. "I can go back in a year. I 've written to the colonel about it. Look here, I want to talk to you. Don't let 's mess about down-stairs; come up to my room. Yours is next to it. We have a balcony between us. Keep your coat on, and we can sit out there."

It would have seemed to Lionel, if he had n't known his companion so well as for the fact to be incredible, that Winn was nervous. He moved about the two rooms like a man in a fever, with restless, wasteful movements, and when he had got out on the balcony, he turned off the electric light. "We don't need light to talk by," he explained, and then he did n't talk; he just sat speechless in the quiet darkness, brooding under the big, pale stars.

Lionel did not know what to make of him. He himself was shy, with the inborn reserve of a diffident, reflective character; but Winn had never been shy. He had as a rule kept his affairs to himself because he cared very little what anybody else thought of them, but he had made an exception of Lionel. He cared very much what Lionel thought, and he took some pains to explain himself to him. He did not as a rule talk much at a time, but he reduced speech to its plainest elements, saying to Lionel precisely what he meant, with evident gusto, at every favorable opportunity.

Now he evidently wanted to talk, and no opportunity could have been more favorable. They were alone in absolute stillness, the night and the dark built them into an intense and pervasive privacy, and yet whatever Winn wanted to say rose like an impassable wall between them.

Lionel was the first to break the silence. He spoke tentatively, as if he were rather afraid Winn might laugh at him for being fanciful.

"It 's a curious place—Davos," he said; "like being on a ship. I can't explain exactly, but I feel as if we were on deck, pushing along somehow, God knows where, through the dark."

Winn did not laugh; he grunted. This was a shade better than laughter, but it did not carry them much further; it was an uncommunicative grunt.

Lionel started again.

"I was awfully lucky to get out now," he observed. "I did n't think they 'd let me have another leave so soon; but I put up a fight for it. I was determined to get to you. I rather thought from your letters, you know, that you were down and out."

Winn moved restlessly in his seat.

"No such luck," he said grimly. "I 'm just discovering that you can be had in more ways than one. I dare say when I wrote to you I was annoyed at the idea of dying. Well, I 'm not going to die

now, if that 's what you mean—but I 'm considerably more annoyed."

"Well, I can't say I am," Lionel replied. "Whatever else you 're in, you can more or less get out of, you know. I felt rather sick when I thought you were n't going to get out."

"The thing I 'm in now," said Winn, quietly, "I shall never get out of. It 'll last my time. Look here, old chap, I 'm in a mess, a most hideous mess, and I 'm jolly glad you turned up. You can help me a bit,—that is, if you will,—but it 's not precisely easy to talk about."

"I will all right," Lionel answered instantly, "if I can, but you 'll have to let me know a few details. I dare say you need n't say much; if you can just give me an idea."

Winn lighted his pipe and began to smoke. It gave him a chance to pause naturally between his sentences, and he wanted to pause. His heart had a queer way of running fast and making him out of breath at the mere thought of Claire, and now he 'd got to speak of her.

"It 's a woman," he said at last in a jerky, uneven voice, "or, rather, it 's worse than that—it 's a girl. Don't say anything!" Lionel had not attempted to speak; he was smoking thoughtfully, and looking into the black valley, with its sparkling nest of lights. "I know what you must think of me," Winn went on quickly, "because I think the same or worse of myself. She 's just a child. I don't suppose a chap has got any right to have such feelings. Probably not. However, I 've got 'em, and that 's all there is to it. I 've seen a lot of her, but I 've held my tongue."

"Well," said Lionel, "if you 've held your tongue I don't see where the mess comes in. It 's awfully hard lines, of course, but it seems quite straight. We can start for Kamschatka to-morrow if you want to. I only came here for you."

"Yes, I know," said Winn. "It was awfully decent of you, Lionel, but I want rather more of you than that. I don't want you to come off with me at present; I want you to stay here with her."

"How do you mean with her?" asked Lionel. Winn hesitated, then he said:

"I expect it sounds rather mad, but I 'll explain what I mean afterward: I want you to marry her."

"By Jove!" said Lionel, thoughtfully, "that 's rather a tall order! But, my dear old chap, what makes you suppose she 'd look at me—or I at her, as far as that goes? You 're off your chump."

"Wait till you see her," said Winn. "You 'll be able to look at her all right then. I 'll stick it to the end of the week, anyhow; that 'll give you time to make up your mind. Then, if you 're for it, I 'll go over to St. Moritz. There 's plenty to do over there; I want to have a look at the Cresta, anyhow. It 's all perfectly simple, really."

"Yes, it sounds simple," said Lionel, derisively—"as simple as tumbling into the mid-Atlantic. You really are as mad as a hatter, old Winn. Why on earth, being on toast yourself, do you want to have me there? Why not just cut it, both of us? If she 's a good-looker, somebody else is sure to turn up later on; you need n't start providing for her."

"Thanks," said Winn, dryly, "that 's not quite my idea, you know—people turning up later on. I 'd wring their necks if they did. You see, I don't know how to explain it to you quite. What I want for this girl is for her to be taken care of. There is n't another man I 'd have within a hundred yards of her but you. She 's up here now with rather a rotten young cub of a brother. He 's in a mess we 've got to pull him out of. I 'll tell you all about that later. She has n't any people to speak of. There are things—things you can't explain; but I 've talked with her a bit. I fancy she 's the kind of girl that might have a pretty hideous time of it with the wrong man. I could n't stand that. I 've *got* to know she 's being looked after. And there will be some man or other,—there always is,—and she 's—well, I did n't believe girls were innocent before. By God! when they are, it makes you jump. Think what some fellows are like! I could n't run

the risk of leaving her alone; it 's like chucking matches to a child and turning your back on it. For, after all, if a man cares about a girl the way I care about her, he *does* chuck her matches. You can't help yourself; they get to like it even if they don't like you. They 'll want some one afterward."

"To tell the truth," said Lionel, "I don't know much about women. I 've always liked them, but steered rather clear. My father did till he fell in love with my mother, and then it was jolly final. I 've had an idea I 'd rather like it that way. It 's odd when you come to think of it, but I 've never cared for anybody in particular except you and my people, and I 'm twenty-seven. I suppose I must be rather a cold-blooded chap. I 've had a fancy here and there for girls I 've seen, but they were n't strong enough to stand much going into. I could always walk 'em down."

"Well," said Winn, "that 's the way I 'd like you to be—for her. I could n't be now, worse luck, even if I wanted. You can have feelings, fancies, wants, whatever you like to call them, for women; that 's one thing. They can pitch you blindfold into marriage and keep you there against your will, *or* they can start you off with a series of short sprints, with different endings,—I don't say that kind of thing is n't strong,—but they 're tissue-paper and pink ribbon compared with the real thing. When the whole of you gets gripped by some creature that you 'd die, not to *have*,—that 's the other kind of feeling,—but to know was, well, just jolly and comfortable. You want to have 'em, too, of course; but that does n't matter. The other thing does; you 've *got* to know they 're safe."

Lionel sat up straight. The whole affair began to look more serious. There was a tone in Winn's voice which Lionel knew meant an incapacity to give way.

When Winn had got really bitten by an idea, nothing you could say would move him, and even adverse circumstances did nothing but create a further awkwardness. You could n't get over Winn: so that there was nothing left for you but to get over the adverse circumstances.

Lionel turned his attention directly upon them.

"But suppose," he said, "I don't fall in love with her? I might easily like and admire her—I often do like and admire girls —and not want a bit to marry her."

"I don't know what I shall do then," said Winn, slowly, "but I have an idea that that question won't arise. You 'll like her all right. I have n't told you, of course, but she 's clever, like you and your people. She reads authors—real authors." Lionel thought again.

"But if I do like her, and she likes me," he went on, "is n't it going to be pretty damnable for you? Won't it rather break us up, you know—you and me?"

"You 'll have to risk that if you want to help me," said Winn, inexorably. "But though I might keep off for a time, I 'd be pretty sure to come back. After all, the facts would be on my side; I should have done what I wanted, and if she was your wife, I think, in time, I could get to think of her differently, and as for you—no, if you help me out, I sha'n't change like that about you. I don't say I shall like it, I 'm not out to like it, there is n't anything in the whole damned job that it is possible for me to like; but I 'd a lot rather have it that way than any other way."

"That 's all right," agreed Lionel; "but if I do like her and she refuses me, which is the most likely thing to happen, how is that going to work out?"

Winn got up and laid his hand on Lionel's shoulder.

"I rather back you, young 'un, if you want to win," he said quietly. "If she refused you, I should think I had made a mistake; the kind of girl I think she is would n't refuse you unless she cared for somebody else."

"But suppose she does happen to care for you?" Lionel objected.

"Oh, if she cared for me," said Winn, "do you think I would n't know it? She likes me all right. I dare say she 'll be a bit sick at my running off at first, but

she 's—I told you—she 's a child. If she was older, we 'd have to tackle the whole question differently. I 'd get Estelle to divorce me like a shot now if it was n't for Peter, and try my luck; but as far as this thing goes, I have n't got any luck. It 's rather funny when you come to think of it, for it was I who was so damned keen on having Peter! Still, there he is, a jolly little chap, and it would n't do to leave him out of things."

"Your wife—" said Lionel, then he stopped. Winn laughed.

"Ah, she does n't come into it," he said. "I don't blame her, you know, but she never has—it would be quite a bit of luck for her to get shot of me. There 's one thing, Lionel, I have n't told you,—it 's pretty beastly to own up to,—but I funked telling her—telling Claire—that 's the girl, you know—about my marriage. It seems low down of me, I know, but I could n't get it out. I want you to do that for me; she 'd better know."

But this Lionel rebelled against.

"No; look here," he urged, "I can't, I really can't. Of course the whole thing is moonshine and idiocy really,—I never heard of such a plan,—but if I 'm even to look at it, I can't go round telling her things like that about you. Either you tell her yourself or else leave it alone. If she gets to care for me she won't mind knowing, it 'll come out naturally; and if she cares for you, it 's not for me to tell her."

Winn gave in.

"Well," he admitted grudgingly, "you need n't tell her if you don't like to. I 'll mention it to the chaplain's wife before I go; she 'll cackle all over the hotel about it like a hen laying an egg. But I 'd be jolly glad if you 'd see this thing through for me, Lionel."

Lionel stood up; for a time they leaned over the balcony together, looking out at the dim shapes of the mountains, silver shod and glimmering under the stars. The valley was full of darkness, the hotels slept, and all the life of the busy little mountain towns was still.

When they turned back into the light Lionel saw a new expression in Winn's eyes. It passed in a moment, but not until it had sunk deep into Lionel's heart. The look in Winn's eyes had been fear, sharper than the fear of death.

"All right, all right," Lionel said hurriedly. "I 'll go in for it—if I can."

Winn turned away from him and began methodically to close the balcony door.

"Thanks," he said without looking round again. "I 'm sure I 'm much obliged to you."

CHAPTER XIII

Winn was under the impression that he could stand two or three days, especially if he had something practical to do. What helped him was the condition of Mr. Bouncing. Mr. Bouncing had suddenly retired. He had a bedroom on the other side of Winn's, and a sitting-room connected it with his wife's; but Mrs. Bouncing failed increasingly to take much advantage of this connection. Her theory was that, once you were in bed, you were better left alone.

Mr. Bouncing refused to have a nurse; he said they were disagreeable women who would n't let you take your own temperature. This might have seemed to involve the services of Mrs. Bouncing; but they were taken up for the moment by a bridge drive.

"People do seem to want me so!" she explained plaintively to Winn in the corridor. "And I have a feeling, you know, Major Staines, that in a hotel like this it 's one's duty to make things go."

"Some things go without much making," said Winn, significantly. He was under the impression that one of these things was Mr. Bouncing.

Winn made it his business, since it appeared to be nobody else's, to keep an eye on Mr. Bouncing: in the daytime he sat with him and ran his errands; at night he came in once or twice and heated things for Mr. Bouncing on a spirit-lamp.

Mr. Bouncing gave him minute directions, and scolded him for leaving milk exposed to the menaces of the air and doing

dangerous things with a teaspoon. Nevertheless, he valued Winn's company.

"You see," he explained to Winn, "when you can't sleep, you keep coming up to the point of dying. It 's very odd, the point of dying, a kind of collapsishness that won't collapse. You say to yourself, 'I can't feel any colder than this,' or, 'I must have more breath,' or, 'This lung is bound to go if I cough much more.' And the funny part of it is, you do go on getting colder, and your breath breaks like a rotten thread, and you never stop coughing, and yet you don't go! I dare say I shall be quite surprised when I do. Then when you come in and give me warm, dry sheets and something hot to drink, something comes back. I suppose it 's life force; but not much—never as much as when I started the collapse. I 'm getting weaker and weaker every hour; don't you notice it? I never approved of all this lying in bed. I shall speak to Dr. Gurnet about it to-morrow."

Winn had noticed it; he came and sat down by Mr. Bouncing's bed.

"Snowy weather," he suggested, "takes the life out of you."

Mr. Bouncing ignored this theory.

"I hear," he went on, "that you and your new friend have changed your table. You don't sit with the Rivers any more."

"No," said Winn, laconically; "table is n't big enough."

"I expect they eat too fast," Mr. Bouncing continued; "young people almost always eat too fast. You 'll digest better at another table. You look to me as if you had indigestion now."

Winn shook his head.

"Look here, Bouncing," he said earnestly, "I 'm going off to St. Moritz next week to have a look at the Cresta; I wish you 'd have a nurse. Drummond will run in and give an eye to you, of course; but you 're pretty seedy, and that 's a fact. I don't like leaving you alone."

"Next week," said Mr. Bouncing, thoughtfully. "Well, I dare say I shall be ready by then. It would be a pity, when I 've just got you into the way of doing things properly, to have to teach them all over again to somebody else. I 'm really not quite strong enough for that kind of thing. But I 'm not going to have a nurse. Oh dear, no! Nurses deceive you and cheer you up. I don't feel well enough to be cheered up. I like somebody who is thoroughly depressed himself, as you are, you know. I dare say you think I notice nothing lying here, but I 've noticed that you 're thoroughly depressed. Have you quarreled with your friend? It 's odd you rush off to St. Moritz alone just when he 's arrived."

"No, it is n't," said Winn, hastily. "He 'll join me later; he 's staying here at my request."

Mr. Bouncing sighed gently.

"Well," he said, "then all I can say is that you make very odd requests. One thing I 'm perfectly sure about: if you go and look at the Cresta, you 'll go down it, you 're such a careless man, and then you 'll be killed. Is that what you want?"

"I could do with it," said Winn, briefly.

"That," said Mr. Bouncing, "is because you 're strong. It really is n't nice to talk in that light way about being killed to any one who has got to be before very long whether he likes to or not. If you were in my place you 'd value your life, unless it got too uncomfortable, of course."

Winn apologized instantly. Mr. Bouncing accepted his apology.

"You 'll learn," he explained kindly, "how to talk to very ill people in time, and then probably you 'll never see any more of them. Experience is a very silly thing, I 've often noticed; it hops about so. No continuity. What I was going to say was, don't be worried about young Rivers and my wife. Take my word for it, you 're making a great mistake."

"I am glad to hear you say so," Winn answered. "As a matter of fact, I have at present a few little private worries of my own; but I 'm relieved you think the Rivers boy is all right. I 've been thinking of having a little talk with that tutor of his."

"Ah, I should n't do that if I were you," said Mr. Bouncing, urgently;

"you 're sure to be violent. I see you have a great deal of violence in you; you ought to control it. It 's bad for your nerves. There are things I could tell you which would make you change your mind about young Rivers, but I don't know that I shall; it would excite me too much. I think I should like you to go and telephone to Doctor Gurnet. Tell him my temperature is normal. It 's a very odd thing; I have n't had a normal temperature for over three years. Perhaps I 'm going to get better, after all. It 's really only my breathing that 's troubling me to-night. It would be funny if I got well, would n't it? But I must n't talk any more; so don't come back until I knock in the night. Pass me the 'Pink 'Un.'" Winn passed him the "Pink 'Un" and raised him with one deft, strong movement more comfortably up on his pillows.

"You 've got quite a knack for this sort of thing," Mr. Bouncing observed. "If you 'd been a clever man, you might have been a doctor."

Mr. Bouncing did not knock during the night. Winn heard him stirring at ten o'clock, and went in. The final change had come very quickly. Mr. Bouncing was choking. He waved his hand as if the very appearance of Winn between him and the open balcony door kept away from him the air that he was vainly trying to breathe. Then a rush of blood came in a stream between his lips. Winn moved quickly behind him and lifted him in his arms.

Mr. Bouncing was no weight at all, and he made very little sound. He was quite conscious, and the look in his eyes was more interested than alarmed. The rush of bleeding stopped suddenly; his breathing was weaker and quieter, but he no longer choked.

"Look here, old man," Winn said, "let me get your wife."

But Mr. Bouncing signaled to him not to move; after a time he whispered:

"This is the first time I ever had hemorrhage. Most uncomfortable."

"Do let me get your wife!" Winn urged again.

"No," said Mr. Bouncing. "Women—not much good—after the first."

"Don't talk any more then, old man," Winn pleaded. "You 'll start that bleeding off again."

But Mr. Bouncing made a faint clicking sound that might have been a laugh.

"Too late," he whispered. "Don't matter now. No more risks. Besides, I 'm too—too uncomfortable to live."

There were several pauses in the hemorrhage, and at each pause Mr. Bouncing's mind came back to him as clear as glass. He spoke at intervals.

"Not Rivers," he said, fixing Winn's eyes, "Roper—Roper." Then he leaned back on the strong shoulder supporting him. "Glad to go," he murmured. "Life has been—a damned nuisance. I 've had—enough of it." Then again, between broken, flying breaths, he whispered, "Lonely."

"That 's all right," Winn said gently. "You 're not alone now. I 've got hold of you."

"No," whispered Mr. Bouncing—"no, I don't think you have."

There was no more violence now; his failing breath shook him hardly at all. Even as he spoke, something in him was suddenly freed; his chest rose slowly, his arm lifted and then fell back, and Winn saw that he was no longer holding Mr. Bouncing.

CHAPTER XIV

He closed the door to the balcony; the cold air filled the room as if it were still trying to come to the rescue of Mr. Bouncing. Winn had often done the last offices for the dead before, but always out of doors. Mr. Bouncing would have thought that a very careless way to die; he had often told Winn that he thought nature most unpleasant.

When Winn had set the room in order he sat down by the table and wondered if it would be wrong to smoke a cigarette. He wanted to smoke, but he came to the conclusion that it was n't quite the thing to do.

To-night was the ball for the interna-

tional skaters; he ought to have been there, of course. He had made Lionel go in his place, and had written a stiff little note to Claire asking her to give his dances to his friend. He had Claire's answer in his pocket: "Of course I will, but I 'm awfully disappointed." She had spelled disappointed with two s's and one p. Winn had crushed the note into his pocket and not looked at it since, but he took it out now. It was n't like smoking a cigarette. Bouncing would n't mind. There was no use making a fuss about it; he had done the best thing for her. He was handing all that immaculate, fresh youth into a keeping worthy of it. He was n't fit himself. There were too many things he could n't tell her, there was too much in him still that might upset and shock her. He would have done his best, of course, to have taken care of her; but better men could take better care. Lionel had said nothing so far; he had taken Claire skeeing and skating, and once down the Schatz Alp. When he had come back from the Schatz Alp he had gone a long walk by himself. Winn had offered to accompany him, but Lionel had said he wanted to go alone and think. Winn accepted this decision without question. He knew Lionel was a clever man, but he did n't himself see anything to think about. The thing was perfectly simple: Lionel liked Claire or he did n't; no amount of being clever could make any difference. Winn was a little suspicious of thinking. It seemed to him rather like a way of getting out of things.

The room was very cold, but Winn did n't like going away and leaving Mr. Bouncing. By and by he heard voices in the next room. He could distinguish the high, flat giggle of Mrs. Bouncing. She had come back from the dance, probably with young Rivers. He must go in and tell her. That was the next thing to be done. He got up, shook himself, glanced at the appeased and peaceful young face upon the pillow, and walked into the next room. It was a sitting-room, and Winn had not knocked; but he shut the door instantly after him, and then stood in front of it, as if in some way to keep the silent tenant of the room behind him from seeing what he saw.

Mrs. Bouncing was in a young man's arms receiving a prolonged farewell. It was n't young Rivers, and it was an accustomed kiss. Mrs. Bouncing screamed. She was the kind of woman who found a scream in an emergency as easily as a sailor finds a rope.

It was n't Winn's place to say, "What the devil are you doing here, sir?" to Mr. Roper; it was the question which, if Mr. Roper had had the slightest presence of mind, he would have addressed to Winn. As it was he did nothing but snarl—a timid and ineffectual snarl which was without influence upon the situation.

"You 'd better clear out," Winn continued; "but if I see you in Davos after the eight o'clock express to-morrow I shall give myself the pleasure of breaking every bone in your body. Any one 's at liberty to play a game, Mr. Roper, but not a double game; and in the future I really would n't suggest your choosing a dying man's wife to play it with. It 's the kind of thing that awfully ruffles his friends."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. Roper, hastily edging toward the door; "your language is most uncalled for. And as to going away, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Better think it over," said Winn, with misleading calm. He moved forward as he spoke, seized Mr. Roper by the back of his coat as if he were some kind of boneless mechanical toy, and deposited him in the passage outside the door.

Mrs. Bouncing screamed again. This time it was a shrill and gratified scream. She felt herself to be the heroine of an occasion. Winn eyed her as a hostile big dog eyes one beneath his fighting powers. Then he said:

"I should n't make that noise if I were you; it 's out of place. I came here to give you bad news."

This time Mrs. Bouncing did n't scream. She took hold of the edge of the table and repeated three times in a strange, expressionless voice:

"George is dead! George is dead! George is dead!"

Winn thought she was going to faint, but she did n't. She held on to the table.

"What ought I to do, Major Staines?" she asked in a quavering voice.

Winn considered the question gravely. It was a little late in the day for Mrs. Bouncing to start what she ought to do, but he approved of her determination.

"I think," he said at last—"I think you ought to go in and look at him. It 's usual."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bouncing, with a shiver, "I never have seen a corpse!"

Winn escorted her to the bedside and then turned away from her. She looked down at her dead husband. Mr. Bouncing had no anxiety in his face at all now; he looked incredibly contented and young.

"I—I suppose he really is gone?" said Mrs. Bouncing in a low voice. Then she moved waveringly over to a big arm-chair.

"There is no doubt about it at all," said Winn. "I did n't ring up Gurnet. He will come in any case first thing to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Bouncing moved her beringed hands nervously, and then suddenly began to cry. She cried quietly into her pocket-handkerchief, with her shoulders shaking.

"I wish things had n't happened!" she sobbed. "Oh dear! I wish things had n't happened!" She did not refer to the death of Mr. Bouncing. Winn said nothing. "I really did n't mean any harm," Mrs. Bouncing went on between her sobs—"not at first. You know how things run on; and he 'd been ill seven years, and one does like a little bit of fun, does n't one?"

"I should n't think about all that now," Winn replied. "It is n't suitable."

Mrs. Bouncing shook her head and sobbed louder; sobbing seemed a refuge from suitability.

"I would n't have minded," she said brokenly, "if I 'd heated his milk. I always thought he was so silly about having skin on it. I did n't believe when he came up-stairs it was because he was really worse. I wanted the sitting-room to myself. Oh dear! oh dear! I said it was all nonsense! And he said, 'Never mind, Millie; it won't be for long,' and I thought he meant he 'd get down-stairs again. And he did n't; he meant this!"

Winn cleared his throat.

"I don't think he blamed you," he said, "as much as I did."

Mrs. Bouncing was roused by this into a sudden sense of her position.

"Oh," she said, "what are you going to do to me? You 've always hated me. I 'm sure I don't know why; I took quite a fancy to you that first evening. I always have liked military men, but you 're so stand-offish; and now, of course, goodness knows what you 'll think! If poor old George were alive he 'd stand up for me!"

"I 'm not going to do anything to hurt you, Mrs. Bouncing," said Winn, after a short pause. "You 'll stay on here, of course, till after the funeral. We shall do all we can to help you, and then you 'll go back to England, won't you?"

"Yes," she said, shivering, "I suppose so. I shall go back to England. I shall have to see George's people. They don't like me. Will—will that be all?"

"As far as I am concerned," said Winn, more gently, "there is only one thing further I have to suggest. I should like you to promise me, when you leave here, to have nothing more to do with young Rivers. It 's better not; it puts him off his work."

Mrs. Bouncing reddened.

"Oh," she said, "I know; I did n't mean any harm by that. You can't help young men taking a fancy to you, can you? At least I can't. It looked better, did n't it, in a way—you know what I mean. I did n't want people to think anything. If only George had n't been so good to me! I don't suppose you can understand, but it makes it worse when they are."

It seemed to Winn as if he could understand, but he did n't say so. Bouncing should have pulled her up. Winn always believed in people being pulled up. The difficulty lay in knowing how to carry

the process out. It had seemed to Mr. Bouncing simpler to die.

"You 'd better go to bed now," Winn said at last. "People will be up soon. He died quite peacefully. He did n't want you to be disturbed. I think that 's all, Mrs. Bouncing."

She got up and went again to the bed.

"I suppose I ought n't to kiss him?" she whispered. "I have n't any right to now, have I? You know what I mean? But I would have liked to kiss him."

"Oh, I don't believe he 'd mind," said Winn, turning away.

Mrs. Bouncing kissed him.

CHAPTER XV

Winn felt no desire to go to bed. He went out into the long, blank corridor and wondered if the servants would be up soon and he could get anything to drink. The passage was intensely still; it stretched interminably away from him like a long, unlighted road. A vague gray light came from the windows at each end. It was too early for the shapes of the mountains to be seen. The outside world was featureless and very cold.

There was no sound in the house except the faint sound behind the green baize doors, which never wholly ceased. Winn had always listened before with an impatient distaste; he had hated to hear these echoes of dissolution. For the first time, this morning, he felt curious.

Suppose things had gone differently; that he 'd been too late, and known his fate? He could have stayed on then; he could have accepted Claire's beautiful young friendliness. He could have left her free; and yet he could have seen her every day; then he would have died.

Weakness has privileges. It escapes responsibility; allowances are made for it. It has n't got to get up and go, tearing itself to pieces from the roots. He could have told her about Peter and Estelle and what a fool he had been; and at the end, he supposed, it would n't have mattered greatly if he had just mentioned that he loved her.

Now there was n't going to be any end. Life would stretch out narrow, interminable, and dark, like the passage with the windows at each end, which were only a kind of blur without any light.

However, of course there was no use bothering about it; since the servants were n't up and he could n't get any coffee, he must just turn in. It suddenly occurred to Winn that what he was feeling now was unhappiness, a funny thing; he never really had before. It was the kind of feeling the man had had, under the lamp-post at the station, carrying his dying wife. The idea of a broken heart had always seemed to Winn namby-pamby. You broke if you were weak; you did n't break if you were strong. What was happening now was that he was strong and he was being broken. It was a painful process, because there was a good deal of him to break, and it had only just begun. However, this was mercifully hidden from him. He said to himself: "I dare say I 'm run down and fidgety with having had to sit up with Bouncing. I shall feel all right to-morrow." Then the door behind him opened, and Lionel joined him. He was still dressed as he had been when he came back from the ball some hours earlier.

"Hullo!" he said. "I wondered if that was you; I thought I heard something stirring outside. You were n't in your room when I came in. Been with Bouncing?"

"Yes," said Winn; "he 's dead. I 'm looking for some coffee. These confounded, tow-headed Swiss mules never get up at any decent hour. Why are you still dressed? Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Well, I did n't feel particularly sleepy, somehow," Lionel acknowledged. "Are you going to stand outside in this moth-eaten passage the rest of the night, or will you come in with me and have a whisky and soda? You must be fagged out."

"I don't mind if I do," Winn agreed. "We may as well make a night of it." For a few minutes neither of them spoke; then Winn said to him, "Had a jolly dance?"

Lionel did not answer him directly;

but he turned round, and met his friend's eyes with his usual unswerving honesty.

"Look here, old Winn," he said, "it 's up to you to decide now. I 'll stay on here or go with you, whichever you like."

"You like her, then?" Winn asked quickly.

"Yes," said Lionel, "I like her"

"Well, then, you 'll stay of course," said Winn without any hesitation "Is n't that what we damned well settled?"

Lionel's eyes had changed. They were full of a new light; he looked as if some one had lit a lantern within him. Love had come to him not as it had come to Winn, bitterly, unavailingly, without illusion; it had fallen upon his free heart and lit it from end to end with joy. He loved as a man loves whose heart is clean and who has never loved before, without a scruple and without restraint. Love had made no claims on him yet; it had not offered him either its disappointments or its great rewards. He was transformed without being altered. He simply saw everything as glorious which before had been plain, but he did not see different things.

"Yes," he said, "I know we talked about it; but I 'm hanged if I 'll try unless I 'm sure you are absolutely keen. I thought it all out after—after I 'd seen her, and it seemed to me all very well in the abstract giving her up to another man and all that, but when it came to the point, would you be really sure to want me to carry through? I 've seen her now, you know, and I 'm glad I 've seen her. I 'll be glad always for that, but it need n't go any further."

Winn looked past him; he was tired with the long night's strain, and he had no white ideal to be a rapture in his heart. He loved Claire not because she was perfection, but because she was herself. She was faultless to Lionel, but Winn did n't care whether she was faultless or not. He did n't expect perfection or even want it, and he was n't the man to be satisfied with an ideal; but he wanted, as few men have ever wanted for any woman, that Claire should be happy and safe.

"I 've told you once," he said; "you might know I should n't change. I 've got one or two little jobs to see to about Bouncing's funeral. That woman 's half a little cat and half an abject fool Still, you can't help feeling a bit sorry for her I dare say I can get things done by lunch-time; then I 'll drive over the Fluella. I 'll put up at the Kulm; but don't bother to write till you 've got something settled. I 'm not going to mess about saying good-by to people. You can tell Miss Rivers when I 'm gone."

"Look here," Lionel urged, "you can't do that; you must say good-by to her properly She was awfully sick at your not turning up at the ball. After all, you know, you 've seen a lot of her, and she particularly likes you. You can't just jump off into space, as if you were that old chap in the Bible without any beginning or any end!"

Winn stuck his hands in his pockets and looked immovably obstinate.

"I 'm damned if I do," he replied. "Why should I? What 's the use of saying good-by? The proper thing to do when you 're going away is to go. You need n't linger, messing about like somebody's pet kitten."

Lionel poured out the whisky before replying, and pushed a glass in Winn's direction; then he said:

"Don't be a fool, old chap; you 'll have to say good-by to her. You don't want to hurt her feelings."

"What 's it to you whether I hurt her feelings or not?" Winn asked savagely.

There was a moment's sharp tension. It dropped instantly at the tone of Lionel's quiet voice.

"It 's a great deal to me," he said steadily; "but I know it 's not half as much to me as it is to you, old Winn."

"Oh, all right," said Winn after a short pause. "I suppose I 'll say it if you think I ought to Only stand by if you happen to be anywhere about By the by, I hope I shall have some kind of scrap with Roper before the morning 's over. I shall enjoy that. Infernal little beast, I caught him out last night. I can't tell you how;

but unless he 's off by the eight o'clock tomorrow, he 's in for punishment."

Lionel laughed.

"All right," he said; "don't murder him. I 'm going to turn in now. Sorry about Bouncing. Did he have a bad time, poor chap?"

"No," said Winn, "not really. He had a jolly sight harder time living; and yet I believe he 'd have swapped with me at the end. Funny how little we know what the other fellow feels!"

"We can get an idea sometimes," Lionel said in a queer voice, with his back to his friend. Winn hastened to the door of his room. He knew that Lionel had an idea. He said, as he half closed the door on himself:

"Thanks awfully for the whisky."

CHAPTER XVI

Unfortunately, Winn was not permitted the pleasure of punishing Mr. Roper in the morning. Mr. Roper thought the matter over for the greater part of an unpleasantly short night. He knew that he could prepare a perfect case, he could easily clear himself to his pupil, he could stand by his guns, and probably even succeed in making Mrs. Bouncing stand by hers; but he did n't want to be thrashed. Whatever else happened, he knew that he could not get out of this. Winn meant to thrash him, and Winn would thrash him. People like Winn could not be manipulated; they could only be avoided. They were n't afraid of being arrested, and they did n't care anything about being fined. They damned the consequences of their ferocious acts; and if you happened to be one of the consequences and had a constitutional shrinking from being damned, it was wiser to pack early and be off by an eight o'clock train.

Winn was extremely disappointed at this decision; it robbed him of something which, as he thought, would have cleared the air. However, he spent a busy morning in assisting Mrs. Bouncing. She was querulous and tearful and wanted dressmakers and a more becoming kind of mourning than it was easy to procure in Davos. It seemed to Winn as if she was under the impression that mourning was more important to a funeral than a coffin; but when it came to the coffin she had terrible ideas about lilies embroidered in silver, which upset Winn very much.

Mr. Bouncing had always objected to lilies. He considered that their heavy scent was rather dangerous. Mrs. Bouncing told Winn what everybody in the hotel had suggested, and appeared to expect him to combine and carry out all their suggestions, with several other contradictory ones of her own.

During this crisis Maurice Rivers markedly avoided Mrs. Bouncing. He felt as if she might have prevented Mr. Bouncing's death just then. It was a failure of tact. He did n't like the idea of death, and he had always rather counted on the presence of Mr. Bouncing. He was afraid he might, with Mr. Bouncing removed, have gone a little too far.

He explained his position to Winn, whom he met on one of his many errands.

"One does n't want to let oneself in for anything, you know," he asserted. "I 'm sure, as a man of the world, you 'd advise me to keep out of it, would n't you? It 's different for you, of course; you were poor Bouncing's friend."

Winn, whose temper was extremely ruffled, gave him a formidable glance.

"You get into things a bit too soon, my boy," he replied coldly, "and get out of 'em a bit too late."

"Oh, come, you know," said Maurice, jauntily, "I 'm not responsible for poor old Bouncing's death, am I?"

"I don't say you are," Winn continued, without looking any pleasanter. "Bouncing had to die, and a jolly good thing for him it was when it came off; his life was n't worth a row of pins. But I was n't talking about him; I was talking about her. If you really want my advice, I 'll tell you plainly that if you want to go the pace, choose women one does n't marry; don't monkey about with the more or less respectable ones who have a right

to expect you to play the game. It 's not done, and it 's beastly unfair. D' you see my point?"

Maurice wondered if he should be thoroughly angry or not. Suddenly it occurred to him that Winn was waiting, and that he had better see his point and not be thoroughly angry.

"Yes, I dare say I did go a little far," he admitted, throwing out a manly chest; "but between you and me, Staines, should you say our friend Mrs. B. *was* respectable or not?"

"She is n't my friend," said Winn, grimly; "but as she ought to be yours, I 'll trouble you to keep your questions to yourself."

The idea of being angry having apparently been taken out of Maurice's hands, he made haste to disappear into the hotel.

Winn walked on into the village. It was the last time he intended to go there. There was nothing peculiarly touching about the flat, long road, with the rink beneath it and the mountains above. The houses and shops, German pensions and crowded balconies, had no particular charm. Even the tall, thin spire of the church lacked distinction; and yet it seemed to Winn that it would be difficult to forget. He stopped at the rink as he returned to pick up his skates. He told himself that he was fortunate when he discovered Claire, with Lionel on one side of her and Ponsonby on the other; he had wanted the help of an audience; now he was going to have one. Claire saw him before the others did, and skated swiftly across to him.

"But why don't you put your skates on?" she said, pointing to them in his hand. "You 're not much good there, you know, on the bank."

"I 'm not much good anywhere, as far as that goes," said Winn, quickly, before the others came up. Then he said in a different voice, "I hope you enjoyed your dance last night."

Claire paused the briefest moment before she answered him; it was as if she were trying quickly to change the key in which she spoke in order to meet his wishes, and as if she did not want to change the key.

"Yes, I did," she said, "most awfully. It was a heavenly dance. I was so sorry you could n't come, but Captain Drummond told me why."

Winn confounded Lionel under his breath for not holding his tongue; but he felt a warmth stir in his heart at the knowledge that, no matter what was at stake, Lionel would not suffer the shadow of blame to attach itself to him. It had been one of Winn's calculations that Claire would be annoyed at his disappointing her and think the less of him because she was annoyed. He was not a clever calculator.

"Of course I understood," Claire went on; "you had to be with poor Mr. Bouncing. It was just like you to stay with him." She had said a good deal, considering that Mr. Ponsonby and Lionel were there. Still, Winn did not misunderstand her. Of course she meant nothing.

"Well," he said, holding out his hand, "I 'm extremely glad, Miss Rivers, to have run across you like this, because I 'm off this afternoon to St. Moritz. I want to have a look at the Cresta."

Claire ignored his outstretched hand.

"Oh," she cried a little breathlessly, "you 're not going away, are you? But you 'll come back again, of course?"

"I hope so, I 'm sure, some day or other," said Winn. Then he turned to Ponsonby. "Have you been down the Cresta?" he asked.

Mr. Ponsonby shook his head.

"Not from Church Leap," he replied. "I 've got too much respect for my bones. It 's awfully tricky; I 've gone down from below it. You don't get such a speed on then."

"Oh, but, Major Staines, you won't toboggan?" Claire cried out. "You know you must n't toboggan! Doctor Gurnet said you must n't. You won't, will you? Captain Drummond, are n't you going with him to stop him?"

Lionel laughed.

"He is n't a very easy person to stop," he answered her. "I 'll join him later on,

of course; but I want to see a little more of Davos before I go."

"There is n't the slightest danger," Winn remarked, without meeting Claire's eyes. "The Cresta 's as safe as a church hassock. There is n't half the skill in tobogganing that there is in skating. Good-by, Miss Rivers. I never enjoyed anything as much as I enjoyed our skating competition. I 'm most grateful to you for putting up with me."

Claire gave him her hand then, but Winn remembered afterward that she never said good-by. She looked at him as if he had done something which was not fair.

CHAPTER XVII

Winn's chief objection to St. Moritz was the shabby way in which it imitated Davos. It had all the same materials,—endless snows, forests of fir-trees, soaring peaks, and the serene blueness of the skies,—and yet as Davos it did n't in the least come off. It was more beautiful and less definite: the peaks were nearer and higher; they streamed out around the valley like an army with banners. The long, low lake and the small, perched villages, grossly overtopped by vulgar hotel palaces, had a far more fugitive air.

It was a place without a life of its own. Whatever character St. Moritz might once have had was as lost as that of the most catholic of evening ladies in Piccadilly.

Davos had had the dignity of its purpose: it had set out to heal. St. Moritz, on the contrary, set out to avoid healing. It was haunted by crown princes and millionaire Jews, ladies with incredible earrings and priceless furs; sharp, little, baffling transatlantic children thronged its narrow streets, and passed away from it as casually as a company of tramps.

There was this advantage for Winn: nobody wanted to be friendly unless one was a royalty or a financial notable. Winn was as much alone as if he had dropped from Charing Cross into the Strand. He smoked, read his paper, and investigated in an unaccommodating spirit all that St. Moritz provided; but he did n't have to talk.

Winn was suffering from a not uncommon predicament: he had done the right thing at enormous cost, and he was paying for it instead of being paid. Virtue had struck her usual hard bargain with her votaries. She had taken all he had to give, and then sent in a bill for damages.

He was not in the least aware that he was unhappy, and often, for five or ten minutes at a time, he would forget Claire; afterward he would remember her, and that was worse. The unfortunate part of being made all of a piece is that if you happen to want anything, there is really no fiber of your being that does n't want it.

Winn loved in the same spirit that he rode, and he always rode to a finish. In these circumstances and in this frame of mind the Cresta occurred to Winn in the light of a direct inspiration. No one could ride the Cresta with any other preoccupation.

Winn knew that he ought n't to do it; he remembered Dr. Gurnet's advice, and he felt all the better. If he could n't have what he wanted, there would be a minor satisfaction in doing what he ought n't. The homely adage of cutting off your nose to spite your face had always been questioned by the Staines family. They looked upon a nose as there chiefly for that purpose. It was a last resource to be drawn upon, when the noses of others appeared out of reach.

There were, however, a few preliminary difficulties. No one was allowed to ride the Cresta without practice, and it was a part of Winn's plan not to be bothered with gradual stages. Only one man had ever been known to start riding the Cresta from Church Leap without previous trials, and his evidence was unobtainable as he was unfortunately killed during the experiment. Since this adventure a stout Swiss peasant had been placed to guard the approaches to the run. Winn walked up to him during the dinner-hour, when he knew the valley was freest from possible intruders.

"I want you to clear off," he said to the

man, offering him five francs, and pointing in the direction of St. Moritz. The peasant shook his head, retaining the five francs and opening the palm of his other hand. Winn placed a further contribution in it, and said firmly:

"Now if you don't go I shall knock you down." He shook his fist to reinforce the feebleness of his alien speech. The Swiss peasant stepped off the path hurriedly into a snow-drift. He was a reasonable man, and he did not grasp why one mad Englishman should wish to be killed, nor, for the matter of that, why others equally mad should wish to prevent it. So he walked off in the direction of St. Moritz and hid behind a tree, reposing upon the deeply rooted instinct of not being responsible for what he did not see.

Winn regarded the run methodically, placed his toboggan on the summit of the leap, and looked down at the thin, blue streak stretching into the distance. The valley appeared to be entirely empty; there was nothing visibly moving in it except a little distant smoke on the way to Samaden. The run looked very cold and very narrow; the nearest banks stood up like cliffs.

Winn strapped a rake to his left foot, and calculated that the instant he felt the ice under him he must dig into it, otherwise he would go straight over the first bank. Then he crouched over his toboggan, threw himself face downward, and felt it spring into the air.

He kept no very definite recollection of the sixty-odd seconds that followed. The ice rose up at him like a wall; the wind—he had not previously been aware of the faintest draft of air—cut into his eyes and forehead like fire. His lips blistered under it.

He felt death at every dizzy, dwindling second—death knotted up and racketing, so imminent that he would n't have time to straighten himself out or let go of his toboggan before he would be tossed out into the empty air.

He remembered hearing a man say that if you fell on the Cresta and did n't let go of your toboggan, it knocked you to pieces. His hands were fastened on the runners as if they were clamped down with iron. The scratching of the rake behind him sounded appalling in the surrounding silence.

He shot up the first bank, shaving the top by the thinness of a hair, wobbled sickeningly back on to the straight, regained his grip, shot the next bank more easily, and whirled madly down between the iron walls. He felt as if he were crawling as slowly as a fly crawls up a pane of glass, in a buzzing eternity.

Then he was bumped across the round and shot under the bridge. There was a hill at the end of the run. As he flew up it he became for the first time aware of pace. The toboggan took it like a racing-cutter, and at the top rose six feet into the air, and plunged into the nearest snow-drift.

Winn crawled out, feeling very sick and shaken, and as if every bone in his body was misplaced.

"O you idiot! you idiot! you unbounded, God-forsaken idiot!" a voice exclaimed in his ears. "You 've given me the worst ten minutes of my life!"

Winn looked around him more annoyed than startled. He felt a great disinclination for speech and an increasing desire to sit down and keep still; and he did not care to conduct a quarrel sitting down.

However, a growing inability to stand up decided him; he dragged out his toboggan and sat on it.

The speaker appeared round a bend of the run. She had apparently been standing in the path that overlooked a considerable portion of it.

She was not a young woman, and from her complexion and the hardness of her thickly built figure she might have been made of wood.

She wore a short, strapped-in skirt, leather leggings, and a fawn-colored sweater. Her eyes were a sharp, decided blue, and the rest of her appearance matched the sweater.

Winn pulled himself together.

"I don't see, Madam," he remarked slowly, but with extreme aggressiveness,

"what the devil my actions have to do with you!"

"No," said the lady, grimly, "I don't suppose from the exhibition I 've just been watching that you 're in the habit of seeing farther than to the end of your own nose. However, I may as well point out to you that if you had killed yourself, as you richly deserved, and as you came within an ace of doing, the run would have been stopped for the season. We should all have been deprived of the Grand National, and I, who come up here solely to ride the Cresta, which I have done regularly every winter for twenty years, would have had my favorite occupation snatched from me at an age when I could least afford to miss it."

"I have n't been killed, and I had not the slightest intention of being so," Winn informed her with dangerous calm. "I merely wished to ride the Cresta for the first time unobserved. Apparently I have failed in my intention. If so, it is my misfortune and not my fault." He took out a cigarette, and lit it with a steady hand, and turned his eyes away from her. He expected her to go away, but, to his surprise, she spoke again.

"My name," she said, "is Marley. What is yours?"

"Staines," Winn replied with even greater brevity. He had to give her his name, but he meant it to be his last concession.

"Ah," she said thoughtfully, "that accounts for it. You 're the image of Sir Peter, and you seem to have inherited not only his features, but his manners. I need n't, perhaps, inform you that the latter were uniformly bad. I knew your father when I was a girl. He was stationed in Hong-Kong at the time, and he was good enough to call me the little Chinese, no doubt in reference to my complexion. Plain as I am now, I was a great deal plainer as a girl, though I dare say you would n't think it."

Winn made no comment upon this doubtful statement; he merely grunted. His private opinion was that ladies of any age should not ride the Cresta, and that ladies old enough to have known his father at Hong-Kong should not toboggan at all.

It was unsuitable, and she might have hurt herself; into these two pitfalls women should never fall.

Miss Marley had a singularly beautiful speaking voice; it was as soft as velvet. She dropped it half a tone, and said suddenly:

"Look here, don't do that kind of thing again. It 's foolish. People don't always get killed, you know; sometimes they get maimed. Forgive me, but I thought I would just like to point it out to you. I could not bear to see a strong man maimed."

Winn knew that it was silly and weak to like her just because of the tone of her voice, but he found himself liking her. He had a vague desire to tell her that he would n't do it again and that he had been rather a fool; but the snow was behaving in a queer way all around him: it appeared to be heaving itself up. He said instead:

"Excuse me for sitting down like this. I 've had a bit of a shake. I 'll be all right in a moment or two." Then he fainted.

Miss Marley stooped over him, opened his collar, laid him flat on the ground—he had fallen in a heap on his toboggan—and chafed his wrists and forehead with snow. When she saw that he was coming round, she moved a little away from him and studied his toboggan.

"If I were you," she observed, "I should have these runners cut a little finer; they are just a shade too thick."

Winn dragged himself on to the toboggan and wondered how his collar came to be undone. When he did it up, he found his hands were shaking, which amazed him very much. He looked a little suspiciously at his companion.

"Of course," Miss Marley continued pleasantly, "I ought to have that watchman discharged. I am a member of the Cresta committee, and he behaved scandalously; but I dare say you forced him into it, so I shall just walk up the hill and give him a few straight words. Probably you

don't know the dialect. I 've made a point of studying it. If I were you, I should stay where you are until I come back. I want you to come to tea with me at Cresta. There 's a particularly good kind of bun in the village, and I think I can give you some rather useful tobogganing tips. It is n't worth while your climbing up the hill just to climb down again, is it? Besides, you 'd probably frighten the man."

"Thanks," said Winn. "All right; I 'll stay." He did n't want the Cresta bun, and he thought that he resented Miss Marley's invitation; but, on the other hand, he was intensely glad she was going off and letting him alone.

He felt uncommonly queer. Perhaps he could think of some excuse to avoid the tea when she came back.

All the muscles of his chest seemed to have gone wrong; it hurt him to breathe. He sat with his head down, like a man climbing a hill against a strong wind. It was rather funny to feel ill again when he had really forgotten he was up there for his health. That was what he felt—ill.

It was not nearly as painful a feeling as remembering Claire. Unfortunately, it was very quickly followed by the more painful feeling.

When Miss Marley came back, he had the eyes of a creature caught in a trap.

She took him to Cresta to tea, and it did not occur to Winn to wonder why a woman who at forty-five habitually rode the Cresta should find it necessary to walk at the pace of a deliberating snail. It was a pace which at the moment suited Winn precisely.

On the whole he enjoyed his tea. Miss Marley's manners, though abrupt, had certain fine scruples of their own. She showed no personal curiosity and she gave Winn some really valuable tips. He began to understand why she had so deeply resented his trifling with the Cresta.

Miss Marley was one of the few genuine workers at St. Moritz, a member of the old band who had worked devotedly to produce the Frankenstein which had afterward as promptly devoured them. This fate, however, had not as yet overtaken Miss Marley. She was too tough and too rich to be very easily devoured. The Cresta was at once her child and her banner; she had helped to make it, and she wound its folds around her as a screen for her invisible kindnesses.

Menaced boys could have told how she had averted their ruin with large checks and sharp reproofs. She had saved many homes and covered many scandals. For girls she had a special tenderness. She had never been a beautiful young girl, and she had a pathetic reverence for what was frail and fair. For them she had no reproofs, only vast mercy, and patient skill in releasing them from the traps which had caught their flurried young senses; but for those who had set the traps she had no mercy.

Miss Marley was not known for any of these things. She was celebrated for fights with chaplains and sanitary inspectors, and for an inability to give in to authority unless authority knew what it was about. She had never once tried to please, which is the foundation of charm. Perhaps it would have been a useless effort, for she was not born to please. She was born to get things done.

After Miss Marley had talked to Winn for an hour, she decided to get him to join the Bandy Club. He was the kind of man who must do something, and it was obviously better that he should not again tempt fate by riding the Cresta from Church Leap without practice. This course became clearer to Miss Marley when she had discovered that Winn had come up for his health.

"Of course a fellow who was n't seedy would n't have made an ass of himself over riding the Cresta," Winn explained, eying her thoughtfully.

He must have got somehow off his toboggan on to the snow, and he had no recollection at all of getting there. Miss Marley said nothing to enlighten him further. She merely suggested bandy. After dinner she introduced Winn to the captain of the St. Moritz team, and at three

"'I could n't tell you,' he muttered; 'I tried. I could n't'"

o'clock the next afternoon she watched him play in a practice-match.

Winn played with a concentrated viciousness which assured her of two things: he would be an acquisition to the team, and if he felt as badly as all that, it was just as well to get some of it worked off on anything as unresponsive as a ball.

After this Miss Marley let him alone. She considered this the chief factor in assisting the lives of others; and for nearly two hours a day, while he was playing bandy, Winn succeeded in not remembering Claire.

CHAPTER XVIII

Winn's way of playing bandy was to play as if there was n't any ice. In the first few practices it had the disadvantage of a constant series of falls, generally upon the back of his head; but he soon developed an increasing capacity of balance and an intensity of speed. He became the quickest forward the St. Moritz team had ever possessed.

When he was following the ball he took up his feet and ran. The hard clash of the skates, the determined onrush of the broad-built, implacable figure, were terrible to withstand. What was to be done against a man who did n't skate, but tore, who fell upon a ball as a terrier plunges, eyeless and intent, into a rat-hole? The personal safety of himself or others never occurred to Winn. He remembered nothing but the rules of the game. These he held in the back of his mind, with the ball in front of it.

All St. Moritz came to watch the great match between itself and Davos. It was a still, cold day; there was no blue in the sky; the mountains were a hard black and white, and the valley very colorless and clear. There was a hush of coming snow in the air, and the sky was covered by a toneless, impending cloud.

The game, after a brief interval, became a duel between two men: Winn, with his headlong, thirsty method of attack, and the champion player of Davos, Mavorovitch, who was known as the most finished skater of the season.

Mavorovitch never apparently lifted his skates, but seemed to send them forward by a kind of secret pressure. He was a very cool player, as quick as mercury and as light as thistledown. Winn set himself against him with the dogged fury of a bull against a toreador.

"That man 's not brave; he 's careless," a St. Moritz potentate remarked to Miss Marley.

Miss Marley gave a short laugh, and glanced at Winn.

"That 's my idea of courage," she said —"carelessness toward things that don't count. Major Staines is n't careless with the ball."

"A game 's a game," the foreign prince protested, "not a prolonged invitation to concussion."

"Ah, that 's where your foreign blood comes in, your Highness," argued Miss Marley. "A game is n't a game to an Englishman; it 's his way of tackling life. As a man plays, so he reaps."

"Very well, then," remarked her companion, gravely. "Mark my words, Madame; your friend over there will reap disaster."

Winn tackled the ball in a series of sudden formidable rushes; he hurled himself upon the slight form of Mavorovitch, only to find he had before him a portion of the empty air. Mavorovitch was invariably a few inches beyond his reach, and generally in possession of the ball.

Twice Winn wrested it forcibly from him and got half-way up the ice, tearing along with his skates crashing their iron way toward the goal, and twice Mavorovitch noiselessly, except for a faint scraping, slid up behind him and coaxed the ball out of his very grip. St. Moritz lost two goals to nothing in the first half, and Winn felt as though he were merely biting on air.

He stood a little apart from the other players, with his back turned to the crowd. He wished it was n't necessary always to have an audience; a lot of people who sat and did nothing irritated him. Mavorovitch irritated him, too. He did not like a man to be so quiet; the faint *click,*

click of Mavorovitch's skates on the ice was like a lady knitting.

The whistle sounded again, and Winn set upon the ball with redoubled fury. He had a feeling that if he did n't win this game he was going to dislike it very much. He tore up the ice, every muscle strained, his stick held low, caressing the round, flying knob in front; he had got the ball all right, the difficulty was going to be to keep it. His mind listened to the faint distant scraping of Mavorovitch's approach. Winn had chosen the exact spot for slowing up for his stroke.

It must be a long-distance shot or Mavorovitch would be there to intercept him; the longer, the safer, if he could get up speed enough for his swing. He had left the rest of the players behind him long ago, tossing some to one side and outflanking others; but he had not got clear away from Mavorovitch, bent double, and quietly calculating, a few feet behind him, the exact moment for an intercepting spurt: and then through the sharpness of the icy air and the sense of his own speed an extraordinary certainty flashed into Winn. He was not alone; Claire was there. He called it a fancy, but he knew it was a certainty. A burning joy seized him, and a new wild strength poured into him. He could do anything now.

He drew up suddenly, long before the spot he had fixed upon as a certain stroke, lifted his arm, and struck with all his might. It was a long, doubtful, crossing stroke, almost incredibly distant from the goal.

The crowd held its breath as the ball rose, cutting straight above the goal-keeper's head, through the very center of the goal.

Winn was probably the only person there who did n't follow its flight. He looked up quickly at the bank above him, and met her eyes. She was as joined to him as if they had no separate life.

In a moment it struck him that there was nothing else to do but to go to her at once, take her in his arms, and walk off with her somewhere into the snow. He knew now that he had been in hell; the sight of her was like the sudden cessation of blinding physical pain.

Then he pulled himself together and went back to the game. He could n't think any more, but the new activity in him went on playing methodically and without direction.

Mavorovitch, who was playing even more skilfully and swiftly, got the better of him once or twice; but the speed that had given Winn room for his great stroke flowed tirelessly through him. It seemed to him as if he could have outpaced a Scotch express.

He carried the ball off again and again out of the mob of his assailants. They scattered under his rushes like creatures made of cardboard. He offered three goals and shot one. The cheering of the St.-Moritzers sounded in his ears as if it were a long way off. He saw the disappointed, friendly grin of little Mavorovitch as the last whistle settled the match at five goals to four against Davos, but everything seemed cloudy and unreal. He heard Mavorovitch say:

"Spooner never told us he had a dark horse over here. I must say I am disappointed. Until half-time I thought I should get the better of you; but how did you get that devilish spurt on? Fierce pace tires, but you were easier to tire when you began."

Winn's eyes wandered over the little man beside him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said good-naturedly; he had never in his life felt so good-natured. "I suppose I thought we were getting beaten. That rather braces one up, does n't it?"

"Ah, that is you English all over," laughed Mavorovitch. "We have a saying, 'In all campaigns the English lose many battles, but they always win one—namely, the last.'"

"I 'm sure it 's awfully jolly of you to say so," said Winn. "You play a pretty fine game yourself, you know, considerably more skill in it than mine. I had no idea you were not English yourself."

Mavorovitch seemed to swim away into a mist of laughter, people receded, the

bank receded; at last he stood before her. Winn thought that she was a little thinner in the face and her eyes were larger than ever. He could not take his own away from her; he had no thoughts, and he forgot to speak.

Everybody was streaming off for tea. The rink was deserted; it lay a long, gray shadow beneath the high, white banks. The snow had begun to fall, light, dry flakes that rested like powder on Claire's curly hair. She waited for him to speak; but as he still said nothing, she asked with a sudden dimple:

"Where does this path lead to?"

Then Winn recollected himself, and asked her if she did not want some tea. Claire shook her head.

"Not now," she said decidedly; "I want to go along this path."

Winn obeyed her silently. The path took them between dark fir-trees to the farthest corner of the little park. Far below them a small stream ran into the lake; it was frozen over, but in the silence they could hear it whispering beneath the ice. The world was as quiet as if it lay in velvet. Then Claire said suddenly:

"Oh, why did you make me hurt him when I liked him so much?"

They found a bench and sat down under the trees.

"Do you mean you 've sent Lionel away?" Winn asked anxiously.

"Yes," she said in a forlorn little voice; "yesterday I sent him away. He did n't know I was coming over here; he was very miserable. He asked me if I knew about you,—he said he believed you wanted me to,—and I said, 'Of course I know everything.' I was n't going to let him think you had n't told me. Why did you go away?"

He had not thought she would ask him that. It was as if he saw before him an interminable hill which he had believed himself to have already climbed.

He drew a deep breath, then he said:

"Did n't they talk about it? I wrote to her,—the chaplain's wife, I mean; I had n't time to see her,—but I sent it by the porter. I thought she 'd do; she seemed a gossipy woman, kept on knitting and gassing over a stove in the hall. I thought she was—a sort of circulating—library, you see. I tipped the porter—tow-headed Swiss brute. I suppose he swallowed it."

"He went away the same day you did," Claire explained. "Nobody told me anything. Do you think I would have let them? I would n't let Lionel, and I knew he had a right to; but I did n't care about anybody's rights. You see, I—I thought you 'd tell me yourself. So I came," she finished quietly.

She waited. Winn began to draw patterns on the snow with his stick, then he said:

"I 've been a bit of a blackguard not telling you myself. I did n't want to talk about it, and that 's a fact. I 'm married."

He kept his face turned away from her. It seemed a long time before she spoke.

"You should have told me that before," she said in a queer, low voice. "It 's too late now."

"Would it," he asked quickly, "have made any difference—about Lionel, I mean?"

She shook her head.

"Not," she said, "about Lionel."

He bent lower over the pattern in the snow; it had become more intricate.

"I could n't tell you," he muttered; "I tried. I could n't. That was why I went off. You say too late. D' you mind telling me if you mean—you care?"

Her silence seemed interminable, and then he knew she had already answered him. It seemed to him that if he sat there and died he could n't speak.

"Winn," she asked in a whisper, "did you go because of me—or because of you?"

He turned round, facing her.

"Is that worrying you?" he said fiercely. "Well, you can see for yourself, can't you? All there is of me—" He could not finish his sentence.

It was snowing heavily. They seemed intensely, cruelly alone. It was as if all life crept off and left them by themselves in the drifting gray snow, in their silent

little corner of the unconscious, inalterable world.

Winn put his arm around her and drew her head down on his shoulder.

"It 's all right," he said rather thickly. "I won't hurt you."

But he knew that he had hurt her, and that it was all wrong.

She did not cry, but she trembled against his heart. He felt her shivering as if she were afraid of all the world but him.

"I must stay with you," she whispered. "I must stay with you, must n't I?"

He tried not to say "Always," but he thought afterward that he must have said "Always."

Then she lifted her curls and her little fur cap with the snow on it from his shoulder, and looked deep into his eyes. The worst of it was that hers were filled with joy.

"Winn," she said, "do you love me enough for anything? Not only for happiness, but, if we had to have dreadful things, enough for dreadful things?"

She spoke of dreadful things as if they were outside her, and as if they were very far away.

"I love you enough for anything," said Winn, gravely.

"Tell me," she whispered, "did you ever even think—you liked her as much?"

Winn looked puzzled; it took him a few minutes to guess whom she meant, then he said wonderingly:

"My wife, you mean?"

Claire nodded. It was silly how the little word tore its way into her very heart; she had to bite her lips to keep herself from crying out. She did not realize that the word was meaningless to him.

"No," said Winn, gravely; "that 's the worst of it. I must have been out of my head. It was a fancy. Of course I thought it was all right, but I did n't *care*. It was fun rather than otherwise; you know what I mean? I 'm afraid I gave her rather a rotten time of it; but fortunately she does n't like me at all. It 's not surprising."

"Yes it is," said Claire, firmly; "it 's very surprising. But if she does n't care for you, and you don't care for her, can't anything be done?"

There is something cruel in the astonishing ease with which youth believes in remedial measures. It is a cruelty which reacts so terribly upon its possessors.

Winn hesitated; then he told her that he would take her to the ends of the world. Claire pushed away the ends of the world; they did not sound very practical.

"I mean," she said, "have you got to consider anybody else? Of course there 's Maurice and your people; I 've thought of them. But I don't think they 'd mind so awfully always, do you? It would n't be like robbing or cheating some one who really needed us. We could n't do that, of course."

Then Winn remembered Peter. He told her somehow that there was Peter. He hid his face against her breast while he told her; he could not bear at that moment to see in her eyes this new knowledge of Peter.

But she was very quiet about it; it was almost as if she had always known that there was Peter.

Winn spoke very wildly after that: he denied Peter; he denied any obstacles; he spoke as if they were already safely and securely married. He explained that they had to be together; that was the long and short of it. Anything else was absurd; she must see that it was absurd.

Claire did not interrupt him once; but when he had quite finished, she said considerингly:

"Yes; but, after all, she gave you Peter."

Then Winn laughed, remembering how Estelle had given him Peter. He could n't explain to Claire quite how funny it was.

She bore his laughter, though it surprised her a little; there seemed to be so many new things to be learned about him. Then she said:

"Anyway, we can be quite happy for a fortnight, can't we?"

Winn raised his head and looked at her. It was his turn to be surprised.

"Maurice and I," she explained, "have to go back in two weeks; we 've come over here for the fortnight. So we 'll just be happy, won't we? And we can settle what we 'll do afterward, at the end of the time."

She spoke as if a fortnight was a long time. Then Winn kissed her; he did it with extraordinary gentleness, on the side of her cheek and on her wet curls covered with snow.

"You 're such a baby," he said half to himself; "so it is n't a bit of use your being as old as the hills the other part of the time. There are just about a million reasons why you should n't stay, you know."

"Oh, reasons!" said Claire, making a face at anything so trivial as a reason. Then she became very grave, and said, "I *want* to stay, Winn; of course I know what you mean. But there 's Maurice; it is n't as if I were alone. And afterward—oh, Winn, it 's because I don't know what is going to happen afterward —I *must* have now!"

Winn thought for a moment, then he said:

"Well, I 'll try and work it. You must n't be in the same hotel, though. Fortunately, I know a nice woman who 'll help us through; only, darling, I 'm awfully afraid it 's beastly wrong for you. I mean I can't explain properly; but if I let you go now, it would be pretty sickening. But you 'd get away; and if you stay,—I 'll do the best I can,—we shall get mixed up so that you 'll find it harder to shake me off. You see, you 're awfully young; there are chances ahead of you, awfully decent other chaps, marriage—"

"And you," she whispered—"you?"

"Oh, it does n't matter a damn about me either way," he explained carefully. "I 'm stuck. But it is n't really fair of me to let you stay. You don't understand, but it simply is n't fair."

Claire looked reproachfully at him.

"If I don't want you to be fair," she said, "you ought n't to want to be—not more than I do, I mean. Besides—O Winn, I do know about when I go! That 's why I *can't* go till we 've been happy, awfully happy, *first*. Don't you see, if I went now, there 'd be nothing to look back on but just your being hurt and my being hurt; and I want happiness! Winn, I want happiness!"

That was the end of it. He took her in his arms and promised her happiness.

(To be concluded)

A Shadowy Third

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

YOUR arms are strong,
And strongly beats the heart to which they fold me;
But stronger are the memories that hold me.
Sighing, I long
Not for your lips transfigured by their yearning,
But for a quiet mouth to dust returning.
What can I give?
I have no longer anything you crave;
It all was cast with flowers in a grave.
You bid me live,
And, in your pleading, passionate life blooms red;
But louder speaks the silence of the dead.

The chancellor riding with an overseer on his estate

Bethmann-Hollweg and German Policy

By WILLIAM C. DREHER

THE appointment of Bethmann-Hollweg as German chancellor in July, 1909, was an innovation in the history of that office. For the first time a man was elevated to it whose career had been exclusively that of an administrative official. Bismarck, the first chancellor, brought to the position a mighty prestige; he had been ambassador at Paris and St. Petersburg, then Prussian minister president, had carried his country through three successful wars, had established the empire, and left office as a prince. Caprivi bore a splendid military reputation and rose while in office to the rank of a count. Prince Hohenlohe was of the highest and most ancient nobility, had occupied the highest diplomatic positions, and was the uncle of the empress. Bülow was also a diplomatist, had been promoted from the embassy at Rome, and from that stepping-stone reached the chancellorship; and he, too, left office as a prince.

Thus a tradition had become fixed, and a pomp of personality had become attached to the chancellorship. Its first four occupants had magnified their office through birth, rank, military prestige, and success in foreign politics. And what had the fifth chancellor to show to justify the kaiser in elevating him to the position? He was a simple country gentleman, belonged to the lower nobility, with a title that extended back only about seventy years; he had never held a diplomatic post, and was without experience in handling the problems of foreign politics, and all this at a time when the clouds that

finally broke in the present war were visibly gathering above the horizon. In domestic affairs, on the other hand, he had a record of achievement that was highly creditable to him. He had specially fitted himself for the higher administrative service in Prussia, and, once in it, his rise had been rapid. Appointed at the age of thirty as *Landrat* (the chief administrative official of a *Kreis,* or county), he made his way by sheer force of merit, rather than by personal or political influences, through the successive stages of promotion till, at the age of forty-nine, he became, in 1905, Prussian minister of the interior. Two years later he succeeded Count Posadowsky as imperial secretary of the interior, and became at the same time vice-president of the Prussian ministry. Another two years lifted him into the chancellorship.

The educational training of the new chancellor was of the kind best adapted to producing statesmen of the fine old type that is now unfortunately growing too rare in the world. After early instruction under private tutors, he was sent, at the age of thirteen, to Schulpforta, the most famous fitting school in Germany. No other school of its class has trained so many of the leaders of German thought and scholarship. The German *Gymnasien* are deservedly famous for the thorough training they give in the classics, but Schulpforta even excels them in that respect. One can hear it said that the *Secundaner* (a pupil two years removed from his final examinations) of Schulpforta knows more Latin and Greek than other gymnasium pupils who have finished their course. The boys there have one day each week set aside for reading privately Greek and Latin authors outside of their curriculum work. In this way they usually get through all of Homer, most of the Greek tragedies, much of Plato and Tacitus. Bethmann-Hollweg did a thesis in one of those languages in his final year at the school. Besides his thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin, which enables him still to read the classic writers with pleasure, he is able to speak English, French, Italian, and Danish.

After more than five years at Schulpforta, where he completed his course with credit, and was regarded by his classmates as the ablest boy among them, he took up the study of the law at the universities. He also heard many lectures in history, and he mentions a course in the history of art by Anton Springer that greatly impressed him. Most young noblemen at the universities, particularly those preparing to enter the government service, join a corps and waste much time in drinking-bouts and more or less harmless saber-duels. Evidently Bethmann-Hollweg took his work too seriously for such diversions. His university friends—they included a number of Americans—still remember him as a very hard worker. After four years at Strasburg, Leipsic, and Berlin, he made his doctor's degree. Thereupon followed seven years of subordinate work in the law courts, during which time he was studying for the two examinations that were to admit him to the higher government service.

With a mind steeped in the old humanistic culture, he came thus to his lifework. His legal and historical studies had added the practical knowledge which, laid upon such a foundation, goes to the making of an intellectual statesman of the higher type, and his every public utterance reveals the firm and fine texture of mind, the dignity and self-restraint in statement, the gentlemanly treatment of men and things, which are the best fruitage of such a training.

The position of German politics when he became chancellor was complicated and difficult. At home and abroad problems confronted him the solution of which would call for all the wisdom and forbearance, all the will power and endurance, attributed to him by those who knew him best. At home the revenues were in an unsatisfactory shape, and a bitter party wrangle over new fiscal legislation had just culminated in the resignation of Prince von Bülow. Thus he took over with his office a heritage of

Th. Bethmann Hollweg

strife among the parties to which he would have to look for support. In foreign politics also he inherited problems of other men's making that were destined to put his statesmanship to a much severer test; the Morocco imbroglio was becoming more threatening, and Germany's relations with England were highly unsatisfactory.

His appointment was, the country felt

the best that could have been made, though it did not call forth enthusiasm in any quarter. He had never cultivated the art of popularity, had shown himself wholly indifferent to honors, and he did not bring to his position the more or less artificial glamour of his predecessors. Succeeding Bülow, whose speeches often entertained the Reichstag with their flow of wit and graceful literary allusion, it was felt that Bethmann-Hollweg was a rather dry, matter-of-fact speaker, more interested in problems of thought and action than in men and parties. His ability and integrity were not questioned, he was known to be conscientious and critical; but there was a certain fear that his critical faculty was overdeveloped, that while he was weighing the pros and cons of a problem he would miss the time of action. There was in him none of the impulsive heedlessness that makes some men attractive to the big average public; he made no theatrical appeals to passion, and he was thought to lack the robust fighting quality that contributed greatly toward making Bismarck a popular hero. Many persons found in him something of the professor, and he himself had once to reject "the rather outworn mantle of philosophy which friendly contemporaries are ever hanging about my shoulders." As for the political parties, he had steered too independent a course to have won the undivided support of any of them, although he had good friends in all. Even when a young *Landrat* he had curtly refused to grant a political favor with the words, "I am an administrative official, not a political agent." He had permitted himself, indeed, to be elected to the Reichstag in 1890, but he resigned his seat after a few months, and with that he shook off forever the dust of party politics.

As Prussian, and again as imperial, minister he had given affront to the Right and to the Left when his duty seemed to demand this. Soon after becoming imperial secretary of the interior he announced, in an address to the Central Association of German Industrials,—great manufacturers who thought that the country had done about enough for the laboring-classes,—that the policy of social-reform legislation would be resolutely pursued. And he made good his word both as secretary and as chancellor; the important laws of that class enacted during the last nine years are mainly his work. As chancellor he was not long in offending the Socialists and the Progressives by a flat avowal of anti-democratic views. Discussing in the Prussian Chamber in February, 1910, a bill for a moderate reform of the election law, he rejected the proposition that "parliaments are centers of political education from which radiate political education and political culture among the people." On the contrary, he roundly asserted that "the democratization of parliamentary systems in all countries has contributed toward lowering and coarsening political morals." And again: "Political culture and political education are not promoted, but suffer, in proportion as the suffrage is made more democratic."

In connection with the suffrage a quotation may be interjected here from a speech made in 1906 in the Prussian Chamber. Speaking on another election law, he said:

"I see in the effort to elevate the weak among the people a great, perhaps the greatest and most ideal, law of humanity. I want, too, to work with others in realizing it, for work toward its realization must be the pride of every strong man. But this effort must not become the sole and exclusive content of our endeavors and activity. Parallel with it must go the effort to discover the best and most idealistic minds that a people—nay, beyond this that humanity itself—is able to produce, and to choose these as leaders of life. For it is only through the harmonious interworking of both these aims that the line of development, leading upward for the whole people, is worked out."

Seldom has a statesman concentrated more of himself into a brief passage. It contains the essence of his political philosophy,

The chancellor's wife, who died just before the war began

that an aristocracy of intellect and character, not of birth, should place itself at the service of the state for the elevation of the weak and ignorant.

But the chancellor was willing to oppose the Conservatives also, both in word and in act—the Conservatives, in whose traditions he grew up. They took it ill of him that in the spring of 1911 he carried through the new constitution for Alsace-Lorraine with the aid of Socialist votes. Hard upon this followed the "Morocco crisis." It left a deep resentment among what may be called the "stalwart" element of the country, the men who wanted to see the Government pursue in Morocco just such a policy of aggression and land-grabbing as Germany's enemies are now charging her with pursuing in the present war. When the Reichstag assembled in the autumn, after the crisis had passed its acute stage, the discontented factions were prepared for a formidable attack upon the chancellor; and this was made by Heydebrand, the able and influential leader of the Conservative party. To the amazement of the House and the country, the chancellor replied to him in a tone that had hitherto been reserved by ministers for their lectures to the Socialists. He

told the great Conservative leader that "to heat national passions to the boiling-point in promoting utopian plans of conquest and for party purposes is to compromise patriotism"; and he added this stinging rebuke, "A strong man does not need to wear his sword in his mouth."

To get the fine courage of this the reader must recall the fact that it was the Conservatives who had overthrown Caprivi and Bülow. Of course such thrusts cut to the quick. A leading Pan-German organ said the chancellor "is done for; no other one has ever been seen to sink so low"; and another pronounced the speech the "deed of a German Herostratus." But the speech did good in several ways: it drew a sharp dividing-line between the chancellor and that element in Germany which would too lightly draw the country into foreign complications. It strengthened his hold upon the great sober-minded masses of the people, since it gave them the renewed assurance that there was a man of peace, and no political adventurer, at the head of the Government.

In the light of this plain speaking it is interesting to return for a moment to the time of his appointment and to see what was the chancellor's conception of his immediate task in home politics. Upon the reassembling of the Reichstag after he assumed the reins of government he undertook to bring the relations of the parties again into working order; the tension left by the quarrel over the tax bills was to be relaxed. He invited all parties to coöperate with him in constructive work, pointed them to "the impulse to construct which the body politic imposes upon all." "No nation," he added, "can permanently bear the strain of being kept in a state of suspense by party quarrels sensationally aggravated." How he set about his task of healing political wounds is apparent from the foregoing paragraphs. Like a good surgeon, he did not shrink from making new wounds in healing old ones. Certainly no statesman was ever less disposed to smooth his way by fawning and flattery. The writer, who has read nearly all of his speeches, is not able to recall an instance where it might justly be said that he went out of his way to "throw compliments" to any person or party. His appeal is ever to general principles, general sentiments, common interests. In short, he lives and moves politically in an impersonal atmosphere, and that is his strength in dealing with political parties. He compels their respect by living above mere personal motives.

It does not come within the scope of this article to go into the chancellor's foreign policy at any length, its purpose being rather to show what manner of man he is. In pursuing that purpose, however, it is necessary to touch briefly upon his foreign policy. He very early made up his mind that he could do nothing better for the peace of Europe than to try to remove the growing estrangement between Germany and England. Accordingly, about a month after taking office he communicated with the British ambassador, then taking his vacation away from Berlin, and asked him to return in order to hear a plan for burying the differences between the two countries. Negotiations were then taken up, but made very slow progress. The chancellor, however, took the initiative again and again, hoping to reach an understanding which, in his own words, "would exclude the possibility not only of a German-English war, but even of a world war." But his efforts were baffled by two hindrances: one was the German navy, and the other was, as Sir Edward Grey admitted to the German ambassador, the concern on the English side lest an arrangement with Germany should "jeopardize existing friendships with other powers." The failure of the negotiations was a deep disappointment to Bethmann-Hollweg; for though he had begun them with no illusions as to the obstacles in his way, he was willing to pursue even a forlorn hope in promoting his aims of benefiting humanity. Reviewing these negotiations in detail in his speech of August 19, 1915, he admitted that he was charged in certain quarters with political short-sightedness in trying to come to terms with England, and then,

Hohenfinow, the chancellor's home: the house from the park

after referring to the good results that might have flowed from such an understanding, he addressed those doubters in the following words:

"I thank God, gentlemen, that I did it! . . . Could I have dared, with that end in view, to shrink from such an undertaking because it was difficult, and because it again and again had yielded no result? Where it is a case of the utmost gravity in the life of humanity, where the lives of millions of men are at stake, there my motto is, With God nothing is impossible. I would rather perish in such an effort than evade it."

The failure of those negotiations early in 1912 convinced the chancellor of the increasing gravity of Germany's foreign relations, and that conviction was soon to be strengthened by the organization of the Balkan Alliance under the auspices of Russia, followed swiftly by the defeat and dismemberment of Turkey. Russia's restless, ambitious policy in the Balkans, its steady hostility to Austria, and the growing hatred of Germany as Austria's ally on the part of the ruling classes of Russia, caused him to apprehend that grave events were approaching. In these circumstances he asked the Reichstag for a big increase of the army and the levy of a large special military tax. In explaining these measures he unhesitatingly declared his conviction that a danger was arising for Germany in the east.

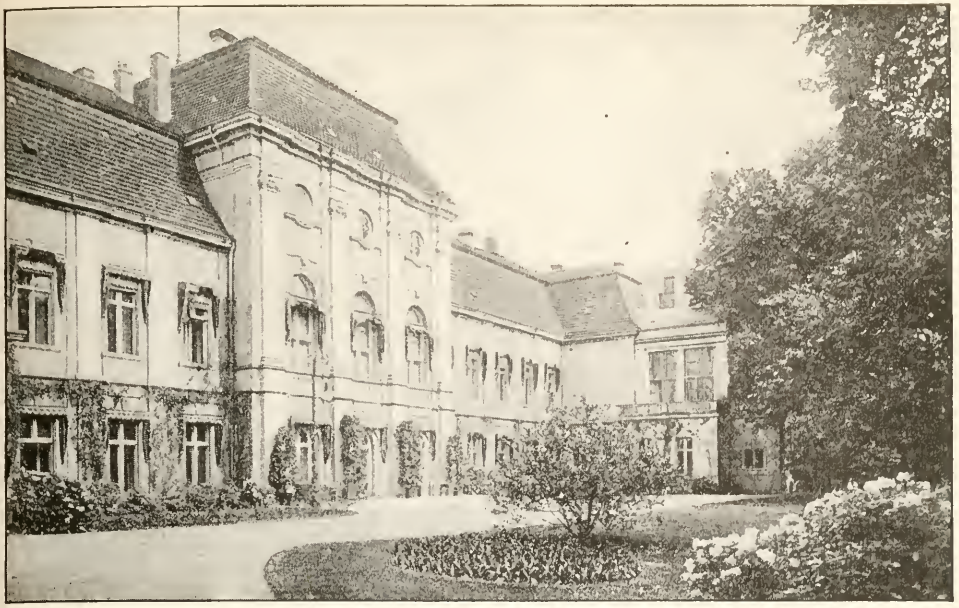
But Americans are now chiefly interested in the chancellor's part in the conduct of the war at sea—in the sinking of the *Lusitania,* in submarine operations, and in the Tirpitz affair. In all these matters it is necessary, as the reader can well understand, to speak with considerable reserve; but the chancellor's position, as the writer conceives it, can be briefly indicated. And first, as to Tirpitz. He was another of the problems inherited by the chancellor. Appointed secretary of the navy in 1897, he at once instituted the policy of building up the navy, and in doing so he also built up an enormous

popularity for himself. By carefully cultivating the press he won a remarkable hold upon the people. A powerful, autocratic personality, he had come to dominate the admiralty general staff, with whose conduct of operations at sea the secretary of the navy has theoretically nothing whatever to do. He only prepares the weapon; the admiralty wields it. Thus everything that was done at sea during the Tirpitz régime was his work. To the obvious question, Why the chancellor did not get rid of Tirpitz at once, after many differences of opinion had arisen? several things should be said. The chancellor is himself a man constitutionally inclined to put up as long as possible with conditions that are embarrassing to him; he is slow and painstaking in reaching decisions. Besides, the great popularity of Tirpitz has already been mentioned; it was not a small matter to oust the popular idol from his position. When, however, it grew more and more painfully obvious that Tirpitz was intruding upon the domain of foreign policy the chancellor took steps to relegate him to his functions as secretary of the navy. Tirpitz refused to be curbed, and sent in his resignation.

The overthrow of Tirpitz speedily caused a great commotion in the country. Despatches of sympathy and loyalty came to him thick and fast from all points of the compass. Petitions were circulated for signatures, demanding that submarine operations be continued along the lines adopted by him, and the Conservative and National Liberal parties announced resolutions of similar tenor, designed to bring on a public discussion of the matter in the Reichstag. Things had certainly come to a remarkable pass when the two most loyal parties behind the Government were ready to take action directly hostile to it, and involving a direct interference with the military authority in the conduct of the war. This little rebellion, however, served to demonstrate that the chancellor was more firmly intrenched in his position and had much stronger reasons for his course than had been supposed. He faced the recalcitrants in a session of the budget committee, frankly explained the logic of the situation, and won them over to his view. Resolutions designed to allay disquietude at home and remove apprehensions in neutral countries were passed, and with that the matter ended.

The war is a special sorrow to Bethmann-Hollweg. His whole nature, as all who know him testify, and as his public career confirms, is preëminently peaceful, and the chief aim of his foreign policy was, as already indicated, to create a firmer basis for the peace of the world. To have had that hope rudely blasted he felt keenly, not, indeed, by reason of its personal bearings upon him, but by reason of the broader interests of his country and the world which he had at heart. Yet the war has not embittered him toward the enemies of his country; it is a positive pleasure to read his war speeches and to note their freedom from outbursts of hate. Only occasionally does he indulge in a bit of irony, like speaking of the "liberal régime of Russian Cossacks" and "England's loving protection of small states." It is highly to his credit that even in his family and among intimate friends he has never been heard to use bitter or insulting words about the statesmen of the Allies. In his public speeches he indulges in no personalities; he explicitly refused in his latest speech in the Reichstag to reply to a personal insult uttered against him by a leading foreign statesman. Moreover, besides the saddening effects of the war upon him from its public aspects, its outbreak was marked by deep personal sorrows for the chancellor. His wife died in May, 1914, and the elder of his two sons was killed on the Russian front in December.

Reference has just been made to his speeches. These attract the hearer more by their matter than by the external graces of oratory. "We have no time for rhetoric," he said in his latest speech in brushing aside strong words used by statesmen of the Allies, and in this sentence he also aptly characterized himself as a speaker. His speeches are admirable for their clearness and simplicity of state-



Garden view of the chancellor's official residence at Berlin. The three windows, one flight up, over the main entrance, open from the hall in which the famous Congress of Berlin was held

ment, for their close adherence to matters of fact and argument, for the skill with which he marshals his facts and brings them to bear with cumulative force upon the main purpose in view. There are striking groupings and contrasts, but no attempt whatever to illuminate his sentences with humor, nothing in the way of apt quotations from his wide reading in good literature; in short, there is no time for rhetoric.

In his manner of delivery, too, there is an equal disregard for the orator's devices. The modulation of his voice, which is of a pleasant baritone quality, adapts itself, indeed, to the movement of thought; but it is merely the modulation of an earnest, intelligent talker. There are no pauses for emphasis, no lingering upon words to kindle sentiment, no passionate ejaculations. Brief, pungent sentences are tossed off with a certain nonchalance, and not a few weighty passages are spoken with hands laid behind his back. There are almost no gestures; only occasionally is the right hand half extended to give emphasis by a quick jerk to a single word, or to be waved back and forth through an important sentence. He makes no attempt whatever to utilize his commanding figure—he exceeds six feet five inches in height—to produce oratorical effects; he never stretches himself to his full height to fling defiance at his enemies, but keeps the head bent forward in an earnest, argumentative position. Before the war, especially when dealing with the humdrum matters of home politics, he usually spoke extemporaneously, after having carefully fixed his line of thought beforehand. His war speeches, on the other hand, necessarily partake of the character of state papers; the outside world is listening with keen interest for his every word. Hence he now writes out his speeches and learns them word for word, his remarkable memory enabling him to do this at odd moments during the day or two before delivery. He is not able to dictate, not having adjusted himself to that method of composition. He uses no notes in speaking, but "never misses a word," as the school-boys say; yet nobody would suspect, so easy and unembarrassed is his manner, that it was a memorized speech.

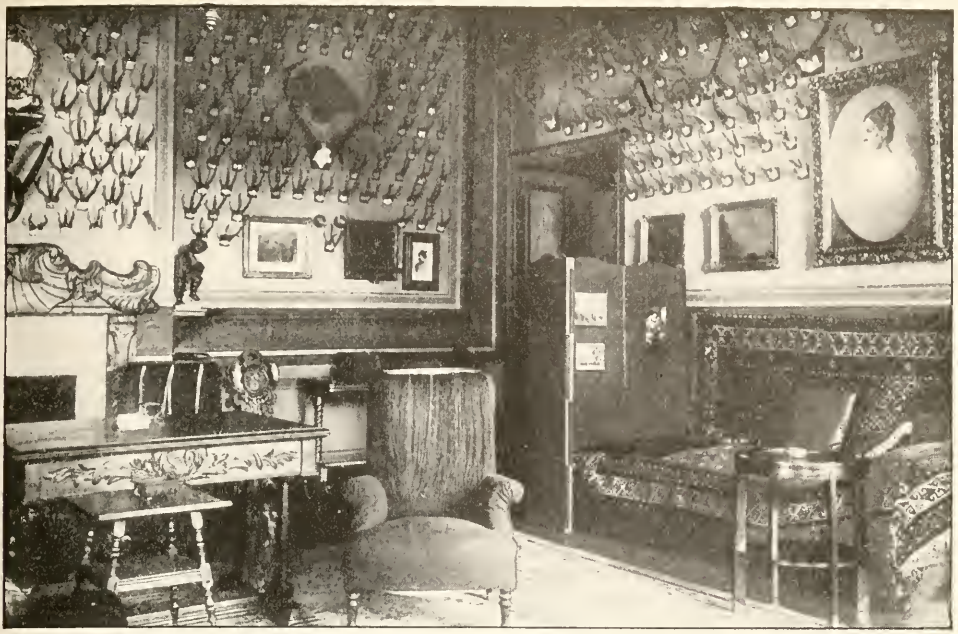
The chancellor is a prodigious worker. He has vigorous health and a tough, wiry body, and few men can spend more hours a day at a desk. At seven o'clock every morning he takes a ride of an hour in the park. Then follows the simple German breakfast that seems so meager to Americans upon first coming to Germany, and the long day's work begins immediately after that. But the day's work is with him a rather indefinite expression, for he often returns to it in the evening, and is sometimes kept at his desk till midnight. He is so absorbed in his work, and has withal so little liking for public functions and ceremonies, that his critics have sometimes seized upon this fact to blame him for being something of a recluse and showing himself too seldom in public. In fact, the chancellor has never utilized the spectacular possibilities of his position to advertise himself and thus to strengthen his hold upon the people. He never even goes to theaters and concerts now, but he did allow himself before the war the occasional treat of a concert of good classical music. At the general army headquarters in the west, where he has spent much of his time since the war began, in order to keep in close personal contact with the kaiser and the military authorities, his labors are less arduous. There he has time to visit the troops along the front. Such outings are no less a pleasure to him than to the soldiers, with whom he is very popular. They not only prize his liberal gifts of cigars, but like even better his easy, man-to-man way of talking with them; for it costs him no effort to make the simplest countryman in the ranks feel at ease in the presence of the first official of the empire.

That is by no means a pose with the chancellor, for he is himself a modest man, simple in all his tastes, and has not a trace of the haughtiness usually attributed to aristocrats in all countries. That he knows how to mingle with the common crowd, forgetting position and rank, is shown by an anecdote told of him. Visiting the aquarium with his wife about two years ago, he became deeply absorbed in watching the marine life in one of the tanks, and did not observe that a considerable crowd had accumulated behind him. Thereupon he was greeted from the rear with the following speech, spoken in the slovenly Berlin dialect:

"You long man there at the front, you can look over all our heads; be so good as to step back to the rear, so that others may also get their money's worth." The chancellor took his place at the rear.

In his private life Bethmann-Hollweg shows a side of his character unsuspected by persons who know him only in his official capacity. Such persons usually have the impression that he has a heavy mind, is without humor, is wholly preoccupied with his work for the state, and would hardly know how to unbend sufficiently in hours of recreation to make himself an agreeable companion. That is a wrong impression. In his family and with intimate friends he gives play to humor, indulges in a bit of nonsense, likes to tell and hear good anecdotes, and is full of light, cheery talk. And in social life he is able to meet the most primary test of character: he has a strong love for children, likes to play with them, and easily wins their confidence and love. In the lifetime of his wife it was his delight, when he had an evening free, to play piano duets with her, being himself a musician of considerable accomplishment. On such occasions he would choose his favorite composers, Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms. He likes Mozart, too, but more modern composers have found no great favor with him. Only for Grieg has he shown much liking; to Wagner he is indifferent.

The chancellor is also a lover of good literature. His favorite author is Goethe, to whom he owes a deep influence upon his intellectual life. He also likes Gottfried Keller, the Swiss writer; but few of the most recent authors have attracted him. He still retains his love for the old classical writers. Here is a characteristic glimpse into the chancellor's life at the time of the grave "Morocco crisis" in 1911. He was then taking his vacation



The workroom at Hohenfinow, with a portrait of the chancellor's late wife on the wall

at his country home, after having fixed with his able secretary of foreign affairs the main lines for its treatment, and was leaving it to him to work out the details of negotiation; and while all the capitals of Europe were tense with political excitement, the German chancellor was reveling in a new translation of Homer, which he read aloud evenings to the ladies of his family.

In American literature the chancellor shows great catholicity of taste. His two favorite authors are Emerson and Mark Twain; but he manages to bring them both under the same category. In a recent conversation he said that both men saw things as they are, that both were lovers of truth. He expressed his enjoyment of Mark Twain's good-natured humor and brilliant wit, and said that "Tom Sawyer" greatly appealed to him. "Mark Twain," he said, "is the perfect story-teller, and Emerson the perfect lecturer." He considers Emerson "America's foremost philosopher and its most illustrious representative among the world's greatest thinkers."

The chancellor inherited his father's estate of six thousand acres, which is situated near Eberswalde, about thirty miles northeast of Berlin. An older brother, who might have inherited it, traveled in America, and liked life there so well that he decided to stay. He bought a farm in Texas, where he spent the rest of his life, and died about a dozen years ago while on one of his visits to Germany. Through that brother and various other sources the chancellor came to know much about America, and the interest thus awakened has long caused him to wish that he might see our country with his own eyes. A great farmer himself, he would be particularly interested in studying American agricultural methods. He farms his Hohenfinow estate himself rather than leasing it in order to rid himself of extra-official cares. His overseers draw up a plan of farming operations for the year, and submit it to him for approval; details are necessarily left for the most part to them. When he was still able to take vacations—namely, before the war—he always spent them at Hohenfinow; but these were rather only periods of reduced work than complete rest. Messengers from the capital were daily coming and going with documents, and

telegraph and telephone completed his connection with official life and its cares. Nevertheless, he always found time for a daily walk or ride over his broad acres, taking delight in seeing things grow, watching the work going forward, and making suggestions to his overseers about things to be done. He has himself gone into agricultural science with considerable thoroughness; he knows the character of soils and fertilization they need. His farm-laborers, drawn from the village of Hohenfinow, are much attached to him, and many of them have worked for him for years. He has his pew in the little church; he caused the building to be renovated just before the war at his own expense and according to his own ideas. His home is a fine old mansion in a moderate rococo style. It is set in a park effectively varied with lawn, pond, and clustered trees. A double row of linden-trees, finely arching, surrounds the park; and farther back are more trees and shrubbery that serve as shelter for the chancellor's pheasants.

For he is, like most German country noblemen, very fond of hunting. The walls of his work-room at Hohenfinow are thickly studded with bucks' horns, the trophies from animals that have fallen before his rifle. He has good hunting-grounds in his own forests, and before official duties engrossed his time too greatly he was wont to invite hunting-parties there from the capital. The kaiser himself has been a hunting-guest at Hohenfinow; a big granite boulder in the forest, with chiseled inscription, marks the spot where he, as Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, felled his first buck, and where later, as young emperor, he planted an oak to commemorate a feat that had given him unbounded joy. Before the war, the chancellor regularly accepted an invitation to hunt in the Bavarian mountains with the king of that state, and at an earlier period he took great delight in excursions to Hungary, where with friends he would spend a week or more in a rude mountain shanty while stalking stags.

When the time comes for Bethmann-Hollweg to lay down the burdens of office he will doubtless spend the rest of his days at Hohenfinow. If the writer has succeeded in conveying to his readers an adequate impression of the chancellor's character, they can easily imagine that his back-to-the-land release will mean for him the return to a life of freedom and rational enjoyment. With the consciousness that he strove unselfishly for high ideals, for his country, for humanity, he will have few regrets for the past, and will not have to reproach himself for the part that he has played in the mighty events that are now shaking the world. He will return to his books, will till his acres, will hunt his forests, and will grow old in rational contentment.

Movement from a Symphony

By CONRAD AIKEN

RHYTHMS there are that take the blood with magic,
Smoothing it out in silver:
Rhythms there are that die in the brain's dark chambers
Like a blowing fragrance.
Whose voice is this, so filling the darkness,
Making the stars so bright?
Who is it that dances before us through the night?
Yet through these rhythms laughter is always breaking,
We dream our dreams, but dream forever waking;
The elfin horns are silenced; the lips we kissed
Are blown aside like mist.

Isolde, leaning among her coffee-cups,
Smiles to me.
Helen of Sparta, bearing a silver tray,
Laughs at me.
Isolde, I will meet you to-night in the moonlight,
And praise your golden hair.
Helen, I will walk with you by the sea-waves,
And kiss you there.

One leaned down from a balcony sweet with jasmine
To blow her kiss to me.
One over cobwebs danced in the cold of the moon.
One came late by the dark of a city wall.
By the dust of a new-made grave one came too soon.

Fall, rhythms! Die, music! My lovers betray me.
They kiss me, and sing, but their brothers are creeping to slay me;
A darkness is in their eyes, foreboding death.
They have conspired with silence to suck my breath.

One ran into the pine-wood, calling me after
With a wave of her hand;
One, with a soft, hypocritical laughter,
Slid through the lips of the sand;
One ran lightly up silver ladders of rain.
I never saw her again.

Fall, rhythms! Die, music! For always, in moonlight,
Soon as I start to praise, and she to love,
The moonlight is shattered, the petals are blown away.
Darkness whistles between us, the music shudders,
The enchantment passes, the audience rises,
The curtain falls, the musicians cease to play.

From a photograph by E. Druet

For the study of the flowers The broken lily

Rodin and the Beaux-Arts

Compiled by JUDITH CLADEL and S. K. STAR

RODIN presented himself at an examination for entrance into the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He was rejected. He presented himself a second time, but with the same result. What was the reason for it? Neither he nor his fellow-students could discover. They used to form a circle about him when he worked. They admired the keenness and precision of his glance, the already astonishing skill of his hand. They told him that he would be accepted. He failed the third time. Finally a fellow-student who was shrewder than the others gave the solution of the enigma. It requires a somewhat long explanation.

The great school is under the direction of the members of the Academy of Fine

Arts. These professors correct the work of the students, set the examinations, and award the prizes. They are recruited from members of the society; are, in short, the representations of official, or conservative, art. Official art is a product of the Revolution of 1789. Up to that time there were not two kinds of art in France. At the most, until the time of Louis XIV only one secession disported itself under the influence of Lebrun, painter to the king. Art was a unit, and its divine florescence stretched from France over all Europe. The church, the kings, and their court of great lords and cultivated ladies were the protectors and, indeed, the inciters, of that flowering of beauty that had grown from the time of the first Capets, indeed from the time of the Merovingians, down to the end of the eighteenth century. The First Empire marked in effect the beginning of the artistic deca-

From a photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris

Rodin in the court of Hôtel Biron

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Poet and the Muse" by Auguste Rodin

dence of Europe and, one may say, of the world. Artists at that time divided themselves into two camps, the conservatives, with, at their head, David and his school, who pictured an art of convention and approved formulas, and the independents, who continued, although in a somewhat revolutionary and extravagant spirit, the true traditions of French art. Among those fine rebellious men of talent of the first order were Rude, Barye, and Carpeaux in sculpture, and le Caron Gros, Eugène Delacroix, Courbet, and Manet in painting.

By a singular contradiction, Louis David was as baneful a theorist as he was a great painter and, above all, an excellent draftsman. That explains itself. The quality of his drawing he owed to the eighteenth century, in which he had appeared and a pupil of which he was; but he derived his esthetic doctrine from the Revolution, which made use of the same sectarian zeal to obtain the triumph of certain false ideas that it used to advance the right principles that was its glory. Through one, David produced works of great worth and some admirable portraits; through the other, he wrought great havoc among artists. The world was, moreover, well disposed to submit to these principles. When art restricts itself to repeating certain attitudes, gestures, approved receipts without having studied or observed them in nature in her constant changes, it is full decadence. If David was able to have his theories accepted, it was because the time was ripe to receive them, to be contented with them; and in declaring the time ripe is only to say that it was a degenerate time, satisfied to be relieved of the task of reflecting, of discovering for itself the laws of beauty, or, in short, of working from the foundation.

Official painter of the Revolution and the Empire, Louis David proclaimed his doctrine with the authority of a pontiff. He made a set of narrow rules which advocated a superficial imitation of the antique, a copying of the works of Greece and Rome, not in spirit, but in letter; not in an accurate knowledge of construction and of the model, which made up their supreme worth, but in their conventional attitudes and expressions.

Even from beyond the grave David continued to rule in the academy of the Beaux-Arts in the name of the artificial idealism which he had proclaimed, and whoever rejected his sorry instruction saw himself without mercy shown to the door of the national schools and academies. They had shown it to Rude, the author of the masterpiece of the Arc de Triomphe, "The Departure of the Volunteers of 1792." They had shown it to the unhappy Carpeaux, treated all his life as a heretic and persecuted by the official class, defenders of the so-called heroic achievements and stereotyped forms. They went to every extreme in their contest with free and determined genius. As a last resort they employed every weapon

of treachery against the undisciplined great, those fallen angels of the false paradise of the Institute—weapons that later they did not scruple to use against Rodin. They accused him of indecency, and in order to strengthen the miserable falsehood, a perverse idiot flung a can of ink on the adorable group of "The Dance," that song of the nymphs, clamorous with youth, laughter, and music.

This digression in the story of Rodin's life explains his whole life. By his manly independence, his persistent refusal to follow the dictates of the school, he naturally found himself placed at the head of those who antagonized the official class. Against an opponent of his strength and obstinacy the struggle naturally took on new energy. It recalled to mind the violence of the famous intellectual quarrels of other days—the quarrel of the Ancients and the Moderns in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that of the Classicists and the Romanticists in 1830.

When Rodin presented himself at the great school, how, in his inexperience, could he foresee the war of wild beasts that rages in the thickets of art? It needed indeed a better-informed comrade to disclose the situation to him. Then his eyes were opened. He understood then that he would only be wasting his time in striving to force the bronze doors that are closed against the influences of great nature and her triumphant light, the implacable denouncer of the false in art. Perceiving it at last, he renounced the thought of entering the school. Later he gloried in the fact that he had done so. Possibly he saw the danger that he would have run of parching his spirit and chilling his eye. "Ah," his friend, the sculptor Dalou, exclaimed long after, "Rodin had the luck of not having been at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts!" Dalou himself had not had that luck, and despite beautiful gifts and a love for the eighteenth century, he had not recovered from the false teaching.

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"Eve" by Auguste Rodin

Rodin, then, without knowing it, had fought his first battle, the slight skirmish to the incessant fight that it was to open. Since that time the name Institute, by which he understood the group of protagonists of a bad form of art, took in his speech a formidable meaning. When he says, "The Institute," he seems to call up some mythological monster, the hydra of a hundred heads, from the malignant wounds of which the brave usually die slowly. For him the Institute has come to mean a company of able men who sub-

stitute dexterity for conscience, who for long toil in obscurity and poverty substitute a premature eagerness for all that it may bring—profitable relations, orders from the state, fortune, and honors. In his opinion all that ought to come slowly in order not to distract the artist from the study that alone can give him strength. To him the rewards are secondary; true happiness lies in untrammeled and passionate toil, in the exercise of growing intelligence that is determined not to be stopped on the road to discovery.

Although the struggle is less clamorous to-day, it has not ended, and it never will be ended, despite the wide fame of the master, now known throughout the world as the greatest living artist. This Rodin understands. What the contestants now seek to conquer is the public, some for the purpose of obtaining from it consideration and profit, and others an appreciation of true art. One class strives to flatter its taste, which is bad; the other seeks to inculcate a knowledge of true art in their own work. At the outset the contest is frightfully unequal, for the ignorance of the public is abysmal. Incapable of discerning true beauty, it relies only on the labels placed by the Institute on its own works and on those of its partizans. They say to a man, "This is the sort of thing that should be admired," and straightway he admires it, if one can apply this expression of the highest pleasure of the spirit to the vapid and dull contemplation that the public accords to the works marked for its approval. No, at most the public does not know how to admire; it does not understand the language of beauty.

At eighteen or nineteen, Rodin, being wholly without fortune, could not continue his studies without quickly finding some means of support. It was therefore necessary for him to earn his own living, and at once he bravely entered upon his work as an ornament-maker, and became a journeyman at a few francs a week. We need not regret it. This son of the people, by remaining in the ranks of the working-class, consolidated in himself the virtues of the class—their courage and industry, which are the strong qualities of the humble, and, in the aggregate, those of the whole nation. And the curiosity of a superior man for all the rewards of the exercise of his intelligence led him to cultivate himself unceasingly. His limited studies as a school-boy had not been extensive enough to surfeit him; he now brought to the study of letters a mind keenly alert, and with a joy as alive as love itself he devoted himself to a study of great minds. He read the poets and the historians; he became acquainted with the Greece of Homer and Æschylus, the Italy of Dante, the England of Shakspere, and the France of Jean-Jacques Rousseau; but up to that time he had concerned himself with only one thing—his trade. He worked as a real artisan, with no wider vision, with no thought of formidable power. He saw only his model and his clay; he thought only of these, he loved only these. Thus he had become a journeyman ornament-worker in clay. That did not prevent him from perfecting himself in sculpture. On the contrary, it aided him.

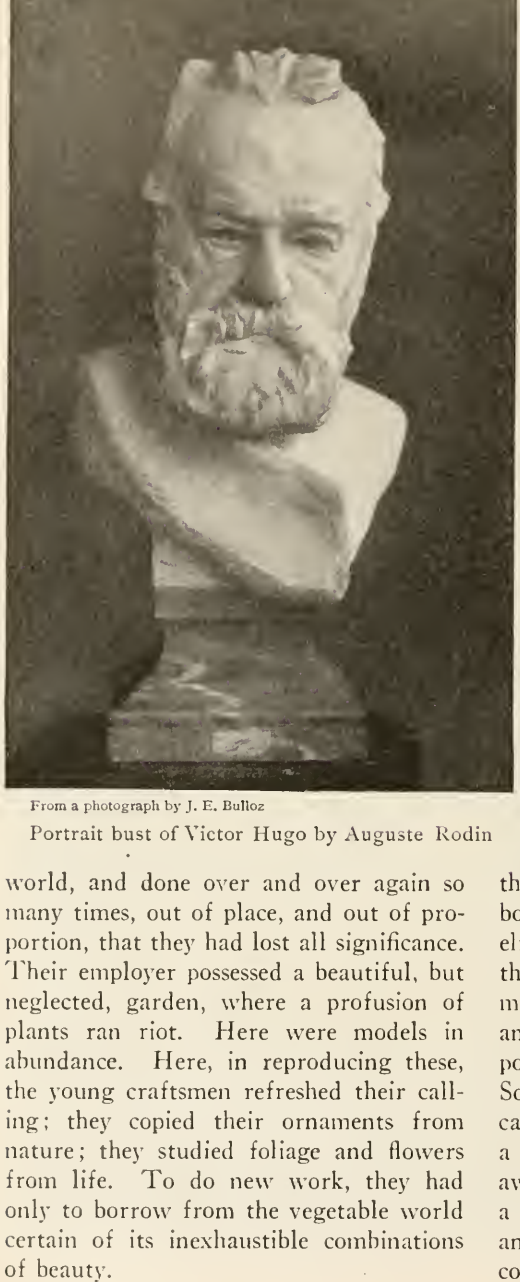
The art of ornamentation was then considered, as it is still to-day, an inferior art. People said, and still say, of the sculpture of architecture, as of the frescos and mosaic work of a building, that it is only a decoration. They declare it in a tone of indulgence that finds an excuse for any mediocrity.

All that is a profound mistake. Sculptured ornament springs naturally from architecture; it is the flowering of its fundamental elements. It is an inherent part of the whole, as the mass of flowers and foliage that crowns a tree is in a way the cumulating point of the whole vegetable organism. Ornament demands the same qualities that the fundamental architectural structure demands, and fully as much talent and perhaps even more; because, as Rodin says, one sees in it more clearly, without distracting features, the form of genius. If it is not well done in itself, its function, which is rigorously subordinated to the whole, and consists in

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz Monument to Victor Hugo by Auguste Rodin

molding the contours of the structure by underlining and marking them off, is reversed. It is then only an excrescence, an arbitrary addition. Only mediocre artisans, when employed on a building or a jewel, use ornament capriciously, without proportioning and subordinating it to the mass; they weary and disgust the beholder.

Rodin and his companions did not content themselves with copying, and more or less distorting, their Greek, Roman, and Renaissance models, which were repeated to satiety in all the workshops of the



From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

Portrait bust of Victor Hugo by Auguste Rodin

world, and done over and over again so many times, out of place, and out of proportion, that they had lost all significance. Their employer possessed a beautiful, but neglected, garden, where a profusion of plants ran riot. Here were models in abundance. Here, in reproducing these, the young craftsmen refreshed their calling; they copied their ornaments from nature; they studied foliage and flowers from life. To do new work, they had only to borrow from the vegetable world certain of its inexhaustible combinations of beauty.

Here Rodin, by his cleverness and rapidity, became without a peer among them all, and drew to himself the admiration of his fellow-workers. It was here that he met the Constant Simon, his elder by many years, who was the first man to teach him to model in profile. It was one of the great epochs in his life. One may say that from that time the two great laws that have given his sculpture its power—the study of nature and the right method of modeling—passed into his blood, as it were. The secret that Simon imparted to him was like a philter that inflamed his soul with enthusiasm. He became intoxicated with the idea of seeing clearly, and of holding his hand strictly accountable to what his eyes disclosed. And he possessed, too, both youth and an indefatigable vigor. He sketched everything he could, and wherever he could. One saw him making sketches on the street, in the horse-market, jostled by the beasts, repulsed by men, yet indifferent to all difficulties in his enchantment in his discovered prize; at the Jardin des Plantes, when he passed hours before the cages and in the parks, studying the poses of the deer and the grace of the moving antelopes.

At that period Barye taught at the Museum. Rodin had become acquainted with the son of the celebrated sculptor. The two had discovered a corner of the basement, a sort of cave, damp and gloomy, where they installed some seats made of old boxes and delighted themselves in modeling from clay. From the Museum they borrowed a few anatomical specimens, fragments of the parts of animals, and these they carried to their cavern and pored over in their efforts to copy them. Sometimes Barye himself would come to cast his eye over their work and give them a word of advice, and then would go away, buried in a silent reverie. He was a man of simple habits, with the appearance of a college tutor, in his well-worn coat, but giving an impressive suggestion of great force and worth. His son and Rodin little understood him; they feared him somewhat, and only half profited by his suggestions. Later the author of the "Bourgeois de Calais," kindled by the genius of the gloomy, severe man whom he had misunderstood, felt a deep remorse at not having rendered to Barye while

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Thinker" by Auguste Rodin

living the homage of admiration which the master merited, and which perhaps would have been sweet to his solitary heart.

Rodin has had only rarely the chance to model animals. He has never received an order for an equestrian statue, and he has regretted it. We have from him only one small rough model of a statue of General Lynch on horseback, which was never executed, and the beautiful relief of the chariot of Apollo which forms the pedestal of the monument of Claude Lorrain at Nancy. But though he has not modeled animals, he has many times sketched them, and he has studied deeply their anatomy and poses.

It is not so much in the powerful sketches that all his life he has continued to make with the same daily care with which a pianist practises his scales that Rodin shows the chief characteristic of his nature, as it is in accumulating these that he has been enabled to understand relationship between different forms, and to establish the unity between the forms of

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

Head of Balzac by Auguste Rodin

man and the animals, between the mountains and the vegetable world. It is by understanding this unity that he can occasionally interpret with a scientific exactness this common relationship. In modeling a centaur or the chimera or a spirit with powerful wings, the mythological creature that appears from his hands does not appear less a transcript from reality than each bust or each statue that has been vigorously wrought from the living model. There is no weakening in the points where the bust of the man or of the woman attaches itself to the body of the animal, no doubt that the beautiful, strong wings of the angels are any less perfectly united to their bodies or are less necessary than their arms or legs.

When about twenty-two or twenty-three Rodin entered the atelier of Carrier-Belleuse. At that time the vogue of this charming artist was great. He well represented the spirit and workmanship of the eighteenth century in the knickknack art of the Second Empire. He was a Clodion of the boulevard. Besides the spirited busts, some of which, like that of Ernest Renan, Jules Simon, and the actress Marie Laurent, were celebrated, he sent out from his atelier, in the rue de la Tour d'Auvergne at Montmartre, hundreds of designs to be used in industrial art: mantelpieces, centerpieces for tables, vases, ornamental clocks, and decorative figures and groups. Rodin, then, applied himself to executing for Carrier-Belleuse a variety of statuettes and figures. There was in the task a great danger, for he saw the risk of limiting himself to a facile use of his art both remunerative and attractive; but his sturdy Northern temperament was able to protect him against every danger, whether of success or poverty.

Carrier had an astonishing skill, and not only worked without a model, but compelled his employers to work without one. His rough sketches were admirable, but he weakened in working them out. Rodin never trifled with his art. Before going to the atelier he always took care to study his subject in the nude and to fix it in his memory as firmly as possible. As soon as he reached his bench he transferred to the clay the result of his remembered observations. On returning to his home in the evening he consulted his model anew in order to correct his work of the day. It was for him an excellent exercise of memory. The true workman is quick to turn to advantage all the inconveniences of a situation. I have heard Rodin relate that often in the course of a quarrel with a friend or a relative he would completely forget the subject of the contention and the anger of his opponent in his absorption, from the point of view of a sculptor, with the play of the muscles and their influence on the expression of the face of the angry speaker.

Rodin remained about five years with Carrier-Belleuse. What works his active hands accomplished there in a day! One

still finds them in the shops of the sellers of bronzes, in the shops of the dealers of the Marais and the Faubourg St.-Antoine. Certainly hundreds of examples were brought there, to the great profit of tradesmen, but to an injury of the artist; for he drew from them only such wages as the least competent workers are to-day content with.

One may see in the gallery of Mrs. —— of New York certain little terra-cotta busts which date from that period. They represent pretty Parisian women in hats, whose wild locks veil glances full of spirit and roguishness. Creatures of youth and frivolity, they are sisters of the elegant ladies that Alfred Stevens drew with his delightful brush, and which were the charm of Paris under Napoleon III. Who could believe that they had sprung from the hands of Rodin, the austere creator of the "Bourgeois de Calais" and of the "Victor Hugo"?

From a photograph by J. E. Bulloz

"The Man who Walks" by Auguste Rodin

But before becoming the audaciously personal genius that he now is, he was subjected to the most varied influences—influences that have been felt by the modern sculptors with whom he has worked and those that guided the old masters. He has none the less shielded himself from the world. He declares indeed, with the authority that permits the freedom, that originality signifies nothing; that which alone counts is the quality of the intrinsic sculpture; that if the temperament of the artist is truly steadfast, he always finds himself after the necessary study; and finally that it is of little importance whether a statue bears the name of Praxiteles or that of one of his pupils. The essential thing is that it is well done, that it appears in a great epoch. Anonymous, it proclaims none the less to the eyes of the man of taste the signature of genius.

In order to live Rodin applied himself to the most varied occupations; thus he gained the liberty to labor at his own work for a few hours. He chipped at stone and marble for the benefit of sculptors to-day unknown, but then in vogue; he made sketches for trinkets for certain fashionable jewelers; and fashioned certain objects of decorative art ordered of him by manufacturers. Despite a considerable loss of time, he obtained thus a true apprenticeship in art wholly like that which in earlier days was obtained by Ghiberti, Donatello, and most of the great artists of the Renaissance, who were proud to be good artisans before they were accounted great sculptors.

Thus finally he was enabled to realize his first dream—to have an atelier of his own. His atelier! It was a stable, at a rental of twenty-four dollars a year, in the rue Lebrun, in the quarter of the Gobelins, near which he was born. It was a cold hovel, cave indeed, with a well sunk in an angle of one wall that at every season exhaled its chilling breath. It did not matter. The place was sufficiently large and well lighted. The artist, young and strong, and as happy as possible in his stable, there felt his talent increasing. There he accumulated a quantity of studies and works until the place was so

crowded that he could scarcely turn himself about; but being too poor to have them cast, he lost the greater part of them. Every day he spent hours moistening the cloths that enveloped them, yet not without suffering frightful disasters. Sometimes the clay, through being too soft, would settle and fall asunder; sometimes it would become dry, crack, and crumble. One day, in moving, the great figure of a bacchante that had been tenderly molded for months was seized by the rough hands of the furniture-movers, and broke, crashing to the ground. What lost efforts! What destroyed beauty! Even to-day when the artist speaks of it his heart bleeds anew.

At that time he carried about the ateliers of Paris a design that he called under the name of "The Man with the Broken Nose." Struck by the curious face of an old shepherd, flat-nosed, with every appearance of that of a slave that had been crushed under heel, Rodin made a bust of the man, and strove to portray the energy and imposing simplicity that had astonished him in the antique busts and the statue of Rémouleur that he had seen in the galleries of the Louvre. The solidity of the design, the patience shown in the composition, and the strength of the details coöperated in producing an admirable whole. The wrinkles of the forehead, the creased eyelids, the deep furrows of the face converged toward the base of the broken nose in an expression of old age and hardship, presenting an admirable head of a Thessalian shepherd. Alas! one frosty day the clay contracted, and the skull of "The Man with the Broken Nose" fell to the ground, leaving only the face. Rodin did not make over the composition. Too honest to restore the skull by approximation, he contented himself with modeling the face, to-day become famous.

He cast it in plaster, and sent it to the Salon of 1864. There it was rejected. Thus the opposition that had closed the door of the Beaux-Arts against him was renewed at his first attempt to take rank among contemporary artists. The reason was the same; it will always and invariably be the same: this sculptor of the naked truth, this fervent lover of nature, offends, shocks, and wounds the majority of the followers of formulas, the imitators of the past, the makers of smooth and pretty wares, things without conscience or significance. The artist remains alone with his deception. The day has not yet come when enlightened amateurs can understand in which school true talent is to be found, when they are able to renounce the moldings on nature, the theatrical postures, the irritating silliness of figures a thousand times repeated.

They will some day learn to perceive truth, observation, strength, and grace. When that day comes they will throw out of the window all the trumpery art of which they will have become tired, in order to collect that of Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Rodin, Jules Desbois, Camille Claudel, those glories of the nineteenth century.

The year of the Salon of 1864 may serve to close the first period of Rodin's career. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to place between fixed dates the events of a life that has been an example of uniform continuity; but nevertheless it is permitted to one to say that the year 1864 marks the end of the first youth of the master. His preliminary studies, those which one may call the studies of his mere profession, were then ended. He was then at the beginning of larger studies; he was about to visit Belgium, Italy, and France; he was about to come face to face with the most varied geniuses and examine their work. He was about to question them rigorously, to demand of them their technical methods. He was also about to exalt himself in the presence of these immortal thoughts; to become intoxicated with the desire to equal them in science and greatness. From that time on he approached them as a disciple, as a man who had already thought much and comprehended much, and who was worthy to study them and follow in their footsteps; in a word, as an artist of their own lineage.

The Jilt

By MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IT was a narrow, gray house, with cold, unblinking windows like a cat's eyes, where we three lived with Mrs. Handsomebody, our governess. The bishop's house, next door, was very different, for it was broad and benign; and the two, as they sat very close together on the street, looked like a watchful gray cat hobnobbing with a sleepy mastiff.

Our back yard was covered with planks, but the bishop's was a wonderful grassy lawn, with a fountain boy in the middle who blew cool jets of water through a shell; and the lawn lay almost always in the shade, for next door towered the great cathedral, with its spire against the sky.

With the bishop lived his niece Margery, and between them and ourselves there existed a quaint friendship.

Three motherless little fellows in the care of Mrs. Handsomebody would have touched a sterner heart than the bishop's, so there were frequent invitations to play on his lawn, beside the fountain, or take tea in the brown old library, where Margery's piano stood.

Angel and I intended to be civil engineers like our father, who was in South America, but the Seraph had a leaning toward the church. The dignified elegance of a bishop's life appealed to his love of the comfortable. He would walk solemnly up and down the bishop's garden, with hands clasped behind his back, as he had seen the bishop do. He was "pweparing" his sermon, he said.

Thus we had a feeling of proprietorship in the bishop and his garden and his niece Margery and the fountain boy. Hence what was our astonishment and chagrin to see one morning, from our school-room window, a chit of a girl smaller than myself strutting up and down the bishop's garden, pushing a doll's perambulator. She had fluffy golden hair about her shoulders, and her skirts gave a rhythmic swing as she turned the corners. Now and then she would stop in her walk, remove the covering from the doll, do some idiotic thing to it, and replace the cover with elaborate care.

We stared fascinated. Then Angel blew out his lips in disgust and said:

"Ain't girls the most sickenin' things?"

"There she goes again, messing with the doll's quilt," I agreed.

"Le' 's fwow somefing at her," suggested the Seraph.

"Yes, and get into a row with the bishop," sneered Angel. "But I don't see myself going over there to play again. She 's spoiled everything."

"I s'pose she 's a spoiled child," said the Seraph, dreamily. "Wonder where her muvver is."

"I say," said Angel, "let 's rap on the pane, and then, when she looks up, we 'll all stick our tongues out at her. That 'll scare her all right!"

We did.

When her wondering blue eyes were raised to our window, what they saw was three white disks pressed against the glass, with a flattened pink tongue protruding from each. We glared to see the effect of this outrage upon her, but the dauntless little creature never quailed. Worse than that, she put her fingers to her lips and blew three kisses at us, one apiece.

We were staggered. We withdrew our reddened faces hastily, and stared at one another. We were aghast. Almost we had been kissed by a girl!

"Let 's draw the blind," said Angel. "She sha'n't see us. Then we can peek through the crack and watch her."

But no sooner was the blind pulled down than we heard our governess coming, and flew to our seats.

"Boys," she gobbled, stopping in the doorway, "what does this mean? The boy who pulled down that blind stand up!"

Angel rose.

"The light hurt my eyes," he lied feebly. "I are n't very well."

"Ridiculous!" snapped Mrs. Handsomebody, running up the blind with precision. "This room at its brightest is dim. Your eyes are keen enough for mischief, sir. Now we shall proceed with our arithmetic."

We floundered through the tables, but my mind still wandered in the bishop's garden. Resentment and curiosity struggled for mastery within me. In my mind's eye I saw her covering and uncovering the doll. Why did she do it? What did it feel like to push that "pram"? Would she drink tea from the Indian Tree cups and be allowed to strum on the piano? Oh, I wished she had n't come! And yet, anyway, I was glad I was a boy.

As fate had it, Angel and the Seraph had to have their hair trimmed that afternoon. My own straight blond crop grew but slowly, so I was free for an hour to follow my own devices. These led me to climb to the roof of our back kitchen and from there to mount the high brick wall that separated the bishop's garden from our own. From this vantage-point I scanned the surrounding country for signs of the interloper. There she was! There she was!

Down on her knees at the fountain's brink, her curls almost touching the water, she was sailing boats made of hollyhock petals. The doll's perambulator stood near by.

Noiselessly I crept along the wall till I reached the cherry-tree that stood in the corner. Reaching its friendly branches, I let myself down hand over hand till at last I dropped lightly on the soft turf.

I sauntered then to her side, and gazed at her moodily. If she saw me, she gave no sign.

Despite myself I grew interested in the way she manipulated those boat petals. Evidently there was some system in her game, but it was new to me.

"That little black seed on this boat is Jason," she said at last, without looking up, "and these little white seeds are his comrades. They 're searching for the Golden Fleece. My hair is the Fleece. Come and play!"

Mutely I squatted beside her, and our two faces peered at each other in the mirror of the pool.

She gave a funny, eager little laugh.

"Oh," she cried, "we match beautifully, don't we? Your hair is yellow, and my hair is yellow; my eyes are blue, and your eyes are blue."

"My eyes are gray, like father's," I objected.

"No, they 're blue, like mine. We match beautifully. Let 's play something else." Before I could prevent her, she had swept Jason and his crew away, and, snatching the doll from the perambulator, had set it on the fountain's edge between us.

"This is Dorothea," she announced. "Is n't she sweet? I 'm her mother. You should be the father, and Dorothea should want to paddle her toes in the fountain. Now you hold her—so."

Before I was aware of it I was made to grasp the puppet by the waist, while her mistress began to rearrange the pillows in the "pram."

I glanced fearfully at our school-room window lest I should be discovered in so unmanly a posture. It seemed that we were quite alone and unobserved.

A drowsy pleasure stole over my senses. The humming of the bees in the canterbury-bells became a chant as of sirens. Dorothea's silly pink feet dangled in the pool. Surreptitiously I slipped my hand under water and felt them. They were getting spongy and seemed likely to come off. Truly there were compensations for such slavery.

My companion returned and sat down, with her slim body close to mine.

"What is your name?" she cooed.

"John."

"Oh. Mine is Jane. You may call me Jenny. I 'm visiting Aunt Margery. The bishop is my great-uncle. What are your brothers' names?"

"Angel and the Seraph. *They* don't like girls." Instantly I wondered why I

had said that. Did I like girls? *Not much.* But I did n't want Angel interfering in this. He had better keep away.

"My father is a judge. He sends bad men to prison."

"My father"—I was very proud of him —"is a civil engineer. He 's in South America building a railroad; so that 's why we live with Mrs. Handsomebody. But some day he 's coming back to make a home for us. When I grow up I shall be an engineer, too, and build bridges over cañons."

"What 's cañons? Hold Dorothea tighter."

I explained cañons at length.

"P'raps I 'll take you with me," I added weakly.

She clapped her hands rapturously.

"Oh, what fun!" she gurgled. "I can keep house, and hang my washing 'cross the cañon to dry!"

Frankly I did not relish the thought of my cañon's being thus desecrated. I determined never to allow her to do any such thing, but at the moment I was willing to indulge her fancy.

"Yes," she prattled on, "I 'll wheel Dorothea up and down the bridge and watch you work."

Now, there was some sense in that. What man does not enjoy being admired while he does things? In fact, Jane had hit upon a great elemental truth when she suggested this. From that moment I was hers.

Laying Dorothea, toes up, on the grass, I proceeded to lead Jane into the most cherished realms of my fancy. Together we sailed those

. . . perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn,

dabbling our hands in the fountain, while the golden August sunshine kissed our necks.

I said not a word of this at tea. I munched my bread and butter in a sort of haze, scarcely aware of the subdued conversation led by Mrs. Handsomebody until I heard her say:

"A little great-niece of Bishop O'Sullivan is visiting next door. You are therefore invited to take tea with her to-morrow afternoon. I trust you will conduct yourselves with decency at table, and remember that a frail little girl is not to be played with as a headlong boy."

I felt that she could n't tell me anything about frail little girls, but I kept my knowledge to myself. The Seraph said:

"Was you ever a fwail little gel, Mrs. Handsomebody?"

Our governess fixed him with her eyes.

"I was a most decorous and obedient little girl, Alexander, and asked no impertinent questions of my elders."

"Was Mary Ellen a fwail little gel?" persisted the Seraph.

"No," snapped Mrs. Handsomebody. "Judging from her characteristics as a servant, I should say that she was a very riotous, rude little girl. Now drink your milk."

"I yike wiotous, wude people," said the Seraph, with his face in the tumbler; the milk trickled down his chin.

"Leave the table, Alexander," commanded Mrs. Handsomebody. "Your conduct is quite inexcusable." The Seraph departed, weeping.

All that evening I thought about Jane. I had no heart for a pillow-fight. At night I dreamed of her, and saw her weekly washing, suspended from a line, fluttering in the wind that raced along my cañon.

I strained toward the hour when I should meet her at tea. I had never felt like this before. True, I had once conceived a violent fancy for a fat young woman in the pastry shop, but she had been replaced by a thin young woman who did not appeal to me, and the episode was forgotten.

But, oh, this bitter-sweetness of my love for Jane, and my despair when I found that she was to sit next Angel at tea, till I discovered that, seated opposite, I could stare at her, and admire how she nibbled her almond cake.

After tea we played musical chairs in the library, with Margery at the piano. First marched the Seraph, with his brown

curls bobbing, and after him the stout bishop in his gaiters; next Angel, then Jane on tiptoes, and lastly I in squeaky new boots.

Seraph and the bishop were soon out of it. They were invariably beaten in our games, though afterward they always seemed to think they had won. So Angel, Jane, and I were left, prancing around two solemn carved chairs. The music ceased with a crash. Jane leaped to one chair, while Angel and I fell simultaneously upon the other. We both clung to it, desperately, but he dislodged me inch by inch, and I, furious at being balked in my pursuit of Jane, struck him twice in the ribs, then ran into the dim hall and hid myself.

There Jane found me, and there her tender lips kissed my hot cheek, and she squeezed me in her arms. For a moment we did not speak, then she whispered:

"I wish *you* had got the chair, John. I love you best of all."

That night I hung about the kitchen while Mary Ellen was setting bread to rise. The time had come when I must speak to some fellow-creature of this tremendous new element that had come into my life. In much perplexity I watched Mary Ellen's stout, red arms as she manipulated the dough. The kitchen was hot, the kettle sang. It seemed a moment for confidence, yet words were hard to find.

At last I got out desperately:

"Mary Ellen, what is love like?"

"Love is it, Masther John? What do the likes o' me know about love, thin?" She smiled broadly as she dexterously shifted the puffy white mass.

"Oh, *you* know," I persisted, "'cos you 've been in it often. You 've had lots of followers, now, Mary Ellen, have n't you?"

"Well, thin, if ye must know, I 'll tell ye point blunt to kape out av it. It 's an awful thing whin it gits the best av ye."

"But what 's it *feel like?*" I probed.

Mary Ellen wiped the flour off each red finger in turn, and gazed into the flame of the lamp.

"It 's like this," she said solemnly: "ye burns yer insides till ye feel like ye had a furnace blazin' there. Thin whin it seems ye must bust wid the flarin' av it, ye suddintly turns cowld as ice, an' yer sowl do shrivil up wid fear. An' thin at last ye fergit all about it till the nixt wan happens along. Och, I have n't had a sphell fer months! This is an awful' dull place. I think I 'll be quittin' it soon."

"Oh, no, no, Mary Ellen," I cried, alarmed, "you must n't leave us! When Jane and I get married, you can come and live with us." I blushed furiously.

"And who might Jane be?" demanded Mary Ellen, suspiciously.

"She 's the bishop's great-niece," I explained proudly. "I love her terribly, Mary Ellen. It hurts in here." I pressed my hand on my stomach.

"Well, well." She shook her head commiseratingly. "I 'm sorry fer ye, Masther John, sthartin' off like this at your age. Here 's the spoon I stirred the cake wid; have a lick o' that. It 'll mebbe help ye."

I licked pensively at the big wooden spoon, and felt strangely soothed. My admiration for Mary Ellen increased.

As I slowly climbed the stairs for bed, visions of Jane hovered in the darkness above me—airy rainbows, with Jane's laughing face peering between the bars of pink and gold. I had never known a little girl before, and Jane embodied all things frail and exquisite.

When I entered our room Angel was sitting on the side of the bed, pulling his shirt over his head. The Seraph already slept in his place next the wall.

I stood before Angel with folded arms.

"H-m," he muttered crossly, "you 've been lickin' batter. It 's on the end of your nose. Why did n't you get me something?"

"There was nothing but dough," I explained, "and one batter spoon. And—and—I say, Angel—"

"Well?" asked my elder, tersely.

"I—I 'm in love something awful. It hurts. It 's like this,—" I hurried on,—"you feel like you 'd a furnace blazing in

you, an' then you turn cold, jus' as if you 'd shrivel up, but you *never, never* forget, an'—it 's made a' 'normous difference in my life, Angel—"

I got no further. Angel had thrown himself backward on the bed and, kicking his bare legs in the air, broke into peals of delighted laughter.

"It 's that yellow-faced little Jenny!" he gurgled. "Oh, holy smoke!"

His brutal mirth was short-lived. Mrs. Handsomebody appeared in the doorway, her face genuinely shocked at the sight that met her austere eyes.

At this hour such actions—was her house to be turned into Bedlam? Such indecent display of limbs! She was sick with shame for Angel, would discuss his conduct further with him to-morrow.

She waited while I undressed, and stood over us while we said our prayers at the side of the bed, at last extinguishing the light with a final admonition to be silent.

I was bitterly disappointed in Angel. It was the first time he had failed me utterly. I put my arms around the sleeping Seraph and cried myself to sleep.

We were awakened by the sonorous music of the cathedral chimes. It was Sunday. That meant stiff white Eton collars, and texts gabbled between mouthfuls of porridge, and, later, our three small bodies arrayed in short surplices, and the long service in the cathedral. The Seraph was the very smallest boy in the choir. I think he was tolerated there only through Margery's intervention, because it would have broken his loyal little heart to be separated from Angel and me. He was highly ornamental, too, as he collected the choir offertory in a little velvet bag, his tiny surplice jauntily bobbing, and the back of his neck, as an old lady once said, more touching than the sermon.

Angel had a voice like a flute.

Beyond the tall choir-stalls I could catch fleeting glimpses of Jane's little face beneath her daisied hat, looking on the same prayer-book with Margery. I swelled my chest beneath my surplice, and chanted my very loudest in the hope that Jane might hear me. "O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Her dreamy blue eyes peered over the edge of the book, the daisies on her hat nodded, she smiled; I smiled ecstatically back at her, and so two childish hearts stemmed the flood of praise that rose above the old gray pillars.

At dinner, over his bread pudding, the Seraph murmured in a throaty voice: "When you is in love, first you burns yike a furnace, an' en you shwivel up wiv the cold. It 's a vewy bad fing to be in love."

I threw Angel a bitter look. This was his doing. So contemptuously had he treated my confidence, made as man to man. To tell the irresponsible Seraph of all people!

"What 's that, Alexander?" questioned Mrs. Handsomebody, sharply.

"It 's love," replied the Seraph, meekly; "you catch it off a girl. John 's got it."

Mrs. Handsomebody sank back in her chair with a groan.

"Alexander," she said solemnly, "I *tremble* for your future. You are not the boy your father was. I tremble for you. John," she continued, turning to me, "you will come into the parlor with me. I wish to have a talk with you. David and Alexander, you may amuse yourselves with one of my bound volumes of 'The Quiver.'"

I followed her with burning cheeks into the stiff apartment dominated by a case of stuffed birds and a portrait of the late Mr. Handsomebody in mutton-chop whiskers and a cynical smile.

Needless to recall the lecture I received, the probing into my reluctant heart, the admonitions which I could not heed for my fearful watching of that hard, gray face. But at last it was over. I slipped into the hall, closing the door softly behind me, and listened. Silence abounded. On tiptoe I made my way to the kitchen. It was clean and empty. I noiselessly opened the back door. On the door-step sat the Seraph busily engaged with a caterpillar.

"Where 's Angel?" I demanded curtly.

"I fink," breathed the Seraph, stroking the caterpillar the wrong way and then looking at his fingers—"I fink that he 's w'itin' to father to tell on you. So there!"

I waited to hear no more. Casting my care behind me, I sped lightly down the narrow laneway between the houses, crossed the bishop's lawn, and sought Jane in the garden.

There I stood a moment dazzled by the golden August sunshine, the iridescent spray of the fountain, and the brilliant colors of the hollyhocks beside the wall.

I saw Jane there, and my heart swelled with disappointment and rage, for she was not alone!

Too late I repented my confidence to Angel; I might have known that he would never let the grass grow under his feet till he had tasted this new excitement. Well, he had not let the grass grow.

Jane, I remember, had on a pale-blue sash, and a fluffy white frock, beneath the frills of which her slender black-silk legs moved airily. By her side sauntered the traitorous Angel, his head bent toward her tenderly, and, most sickening of all, pushing before him, with an air of proprietorship, the perambulator containing the doll Dorothea. Jane was simpering up at him in a way she had never looked at me.

I saw at a glance that all was over, yet I was not to be cast aside thus lightly. I strode across the garden, and, pushing myself between them, I laid my hand masterfully on the handle of the "pram," beside Angel's. Neither of them uttered a word. So the three of us walked for a space in tense silence.

Then suddenly, Angel began to hammer my hand with his fist.

"You let go of that!" he snarled. "Ge—tout of here!"

"I won't!" I roared tragically. "She said I was the fa-ather of it."

"She did not," yelled Angel. "I 'm the father."

Jenny glanced fearfully at the windows of the bishop's house. All was silent there. Then, with a scornful little kick at me, she said:

"Go 'way, you nasty boy! *I* don't want you. I only like Angel."

There was nothing more to be said. I hung my head and, with a sob in my throat, turned away. I could hear them whispering behind me.

Before I reached our own yard Angel came running after me.

"Tell you what I 'll do, John," he said as he came abreast—"tell you what I 'll do: I 'll fight you for her. Like knights of old, you know. We could go down to the coal-cellar and have a reg'lar tourney. It 'u'd be bully fun. We could have pokers for lances. Say, will you?"

I was not in a fighting mood, but I had never refused a challenge, and somehow the thought of bloodshed eased my pain a little. So, half reluctant, I followed him as he eagerly led the way to the coal-cellar.

Even on this August day it was cold down there. Long cobwebs trailed specter-like from the beams, and a faint squeaking of young mice could be heard in the walls.

We searched among the debris of years for suitable weapons. Finally, brandishing pokers, and with two rusty boiler-lids for shields, we faced each other, uttering our respective battle-cries in muffled tones. Angel had put a battered coal-scuttle over his head for a helmet, and through a break in it I could see his dark eyes gleaming threateningly.

With ring of shield we clashed together. I delivered, and received, stunning blows. Dust, long undisturbed, rose, and blinded us.

How many a gallant fray has been broken up by a screaming woman! Now Mary Ellen, true to the perversity of her sex, rushed in to separate us.

"Oh, losh! I niver seen the beat o' ye!" she cried. "Ye 've scairt me out av a year's growth. Sure, the missus 'll put a tin ear on ye if she catches ye in the cellar in yer collars an' all!" Imperiously she disarmed us, and without ceremony we

were hustled up the dark stairs to the kitchen sink.

"It was a tournament, Mary Ellen, about a lady," I explained with as much dignity as I could muster. "You should n't have interrupted."

"There ain't a lady livin' that 's worth messin' up yer clane clothes for," said Mary Ellen, sternly. "Lord! to see the cinders in yer hair an' the soot in yer ears! It does bate all—" As she talked she scrubbed us vehemently with a wash-cloth.

"Ouch!" moaned Angel. "O Mary El-len, you 're *hurting* me! That 's my so-ore spot, eeeoow!"

"Well, Masther Angel," said Mary El-len, "I don't want to hurt ye, but it do make me heart-sick to see ye bashin' aitch other wid pokers fer the sake av a bit girl that 's not worth a tinker's curse to ye. Now, thin, here 's a piece of cowld puddin' to each av ye. Sit on the dure-step where the missus won't see ye an' git outside av it."

In a chastened mood we sat outside the back door and ate our pudding. It was cold, clammy, very sweet, and deliciously satisfying.

To our right the wall excluded any glimpse of the bishop's garden, and beyond loomed the cathedral, with two gray pigeons circling about its spire.

I yearned to know what was going on beyond the wall. I could not help fancy-ing that Jane, touched by remorse, was weeping by the fountain for me, and me only. Angel spoke

"I say,—" he hunched his shoulders mischievously,—"let 's go round and see what she 's doin' all alone, eh?"

I leaped to the proposal I had an in-satiable desire to hear her speak once more, if it was only to taunt me.

We made the passage stealthily; all the world seemed drowsing on that hazy Sun-day afternoon. The blinds in the bishop's study were drawn. Little did he guess the life his great-niece led!

The grass was like moist velvet beneath our feet. A pair of sparrows were quar-reling over their bath at the fountain rim. We heard a low murmur of voices. A glint of Jane's white frock could be seen behind a guelder-rose near the fountain. We crept up behind and peered through the foliage.

There on a garden bench sat Jane, and there, clasped in her slim white arms, was —the Seraph! The wretched Dorothea lay face downward on the grass at their feet.

We strained our ears to hear what was being said. Jane spoke in that silvery voice of hers:

"Say some more dreffful things, Seraph. I jus' love to hear you."

There was a moment's silence, then the Seraph said in his blandest tone the one word:

"Blood!"

Jane gave a tiny, ecstatic shriek.

"Oh, go on!" she begged. "Say more."

"Blood," repeated the Seraph, firmly, "hot blood, told blood—wed blood—thick blood—thin blood—bad blood."

Jane squealed in fearful pleasure.

"Go on!" she urged. "Worser!"

Thus encouraged, the Seraph rapped out without more ado:

"Tiger blood—effelant blood—cater-pillar blood—ole witch blood,"—then, after a pause, that the horror of it might sink deep in,—"baby blood!"

Angel and I gave each other a look of enlightenment It was gore, then, that this delicately nurtured young person craved—good red gore, and plenty of it! Well, enough; we were free. Wait! What was she saying?

"I *hate* those other boys, Seraph dar-ling. Let 's jus' you and me play to-gether always. And you shall be Doro-thea's *father*, and Dorothea shall want to paddle in the—"

Away! Away! With sardonic laugh-ter we sped along the pebbled drive, nor stopped until we reached our own do-main.

Then in the planked back yard we sat on our steps, with a volume of "The Quiver" on our knees, in case Mrs. Hand-somebody should invade our privacy, and played a rollicking game of pirates. And

when any of the fair sex fell into our hands we were none too gentle with them.

"Chuck 'em overboard, Lieutenant!" was Captain Angel's way of dealing with the case.

Just as the cathedral clock struck five the Seraph swaggered up. He stopped before us, hands deep in pockets.

"Well," said Angel, eying him resentfully, "you 'll make a nice bishop, you will, usin' the language we heard a bit ago!"

"Maybe I sha'n't have time to be a bishop, after all," replied the Seraph, condescendingly. "You see, I 'm goin' to marry Jane. It 'll keep me vewy busy."

Mother

By ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

HE is only sixteen years old,
And yet he has evaded
Two convictions for petty larceny.
His mother stands by him,
Patient and still trusting.
"He is not a thief;
My boy is not a thief,"
She says that over and over again.
"He has the blood of my people in his veins,
And they were always honest—always."

Then her eyes narrow,
And her pale face grows even paler,
As she remembers how her boy's father
Boasted about his salary
Before their marriage,
And yet on the first pay-day
Confessed that he had lied,
And was getting less than half that sum.

She remembers, too,
As if it were yesterday,
How she gave him one hundred dollars,
Her own hard-earned dollars,
To help him furnish their home.
He never told her what became of that money.

So she knows the warfare
In her boy's soul,
Her ancestors and her husband's ancestors
Fighting;
And she prays for her boy
As she goes about with her pinched face
And her tired eyes,
Waiting, waiting.

"My mother says: 'Gracious me! don't he look all dressed up, though!'"

The Dance

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

Illustrations by George Wright

MY mother says: "Gracious me! don't he look all dressed up, though!"

We all look and smile. My father has his broadcloth coat and velvet vest and fine boots on. He has his whiskers trimmed and his hair slicked. He always tells us he has had that coat and vest fourteen years. The vest has little flowers on it.

My mother has her best dress on, too. She has a ruche on, and her gold watch-chain is around her neck and hanging down in front. Her ear-rings have little black stones all around. She has the big cameo on. The cameo has a white house in a yard, and a girl walking there.

My brother and I are dressed up, too, only my brother has overalls on. He has to take care of the teams.

We have all the lamps lighted in the sitting-room and a good, hot fire. The parlor is all lighted up and warm, too. The stair door is open, so the heat will go up to the big room. In the kitchen they have the table pulled out. My brother is sitting by the window with a lantern. He has just put his cap and mittens on. We hear sleigh-bells up the road. My father says, "They 're beginning to come." My brother gets up, and goes out to the wood-shed door.

The sleigh-bells come jingling along until we know they are almost in front of the house. Then they are n't so loud. We know they are turning in. Pretty soon we hear them right near the house. The runners make a sort of hard, grinding sound. They always sound that way when it is so cold.

The sleigh bumps against the plank out by the door. Some one says: "Who-o-oa! Here we are! Pile out!"

They come stamping in, saying good evening, laughing, and shaking hands. They begin to take off their overshoes and overcoats and comforters and cloaks and

pile them on the chairs next to the wall. The women put some packages done up in newspapers on the table.

I know what is in the packages. It is frosted cake and pie and things like that. I hope I can stay up long enough to have some; but if I don't, my mother will save some out for me.

They all go into the sitting-room, and then more people come. Some come afoot. Grandpa Tyler and Johnny and Herb and his mother come from down the road. Grandpa Tyler is postmaster. Johnny is day operator.

Mr. and Mrs. Purdee and Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe come in. Uncle Anthony says, "O' course we 're too old to dance, but we 'll look on, an' when we git tired o' that, why, we 'll come down here and have a game o' cards."

The sitting-room and the parlor are almost full now.

Grandpa Tyler looks around. He says: "Well, Si, where 's them there fiddlers o' yourn? Ain't it 'bout time they was turnin' up?"

My father says, "I don't know but 't is 'bout time for 'em."

We hear a great jingling of bells. Johnny says, "I bet that 's them." He runs to the door. He says, "Yah, here they come, sure 's you 're alive!"

We hear them stamping and taking off their things, and we hear my brother taking the horses to the barn. Then they come in. Addie is with them. One of the fiddlers is her father. The other is a sort of cousin.

They have their fiddle-boxes in their hands. Their cheeks are red; they begin to warm their hands at the stove.

Grandpa Tyler says: "Hey, Len, what you got in that there box? A baby?"

Everybody laughs. Some one always says that, and they always laugh.

Len plays first fiddle, and old Ledley plays second. They always play together at dances. Len is younger. He calls off while he plays. His voice is high, and has a twang that some of them make fun of. Old Ledley is English. He has a big, round face and gray hair. His face is shaved, but he has whiskers all around the edge. They make me think of fringe.

They all talk and laugh. Len and old Ledley keep rubbing their hands together.

Grandpa Tyler says: "Well, Len, ain't it 'bout time to tune up? Seems to me them fingers o' yourn ort to be limbered up by this time, ort n't they?"

Len says: "Jes as you folks say. Maybe *'t is* time." He says to old Ledley, "All right, Ledley; s'posen' we go up."

Pretty soon we hear them up there tuning up. They pick the strings. We can hear the pegs snap. Then we hear a

"'Hey, Len, what you got in that there box? A baby?'"

"They all look good-natured and happy

lot of broad strokes on the two big strings and a lot of little notes up and down on the little strings. They are getting their fingers used to it.

Len calls out: "A-a-all right, Johnny! Form on!"

Johnny jumps up, and says so everybody can hear all over the house, "Choo-o-se you-u-ur partners for a quadrille!"

Quite a few go up. Johnny goes up, too. Pretty soon we hear him call again: "Four more couples wanted! Form on!" A few more go up, and then Johnny calls, "One more couple wanted."

I run up-stairs. I want to see them begin. I sit on one of the benches. They are on both sides, along the wall. If I stand up on one of the benches, my head comes up to where the wall begins to slant.

When my father built our house, he says, he had the big room made on purpose for dances. There is a big white desk in one corner. The sitting-room stove-pipe runs up through the other end. The windows are just over the veranda roof. Len and old Ledley sit in the corner by the desk. Old Ledley is behind it.

They tune a little more, and then they stop and wait. Then Len raps the back of the fiddle with his bow, and calls out, "Pla-a-aces all!" Everybody stands ready. Len calls, "A-a-all dance!" and begins "The Campbells are Coming." Everybody begins to tread up and down. Pretty soon Len calls, "Sa-lu-ute you-u-ur pardners!" Then everybody bows. The partners bow to each other, and then to the rest. Then Len calls, "First couple lead up to-o-o the right!"

They all look good-natured and happy. Their eyes sparkle. They do a lot of different things. There is "right hand round," and "left hand round," and "do-see-do," and "allamend left," and "grand right and left," and "a-all sash-a-ay," and "promenade all," and "swing your pardners," and "cheat."

The music and the tread of the feet make me feel warm and happy. I wish I could dance, too. Everybody is laughing or smiling. They like Len's tunes and his calling off. Every time they are through with a figure they stand still a minute. They look at one another and talk and laugh. Then Len begins a new tune. This time he says "Balance all!" instead of "All dance!" but it means the same thing.

When they are through with the last figure, Len calls out, "Se-e-eat you-u-ur pardners!" Then everybody sits down on the benches.

My mother is on the opposite side of the room. I want to go over there, but I am afraid. I think everybody will look at

"He has so much fun that he forgets everything"

me. My mother is always telling me I am too bashful. My mother makes a sign to me to come and sit down by her. I put my hands on the bench and lean back. I twist my toes together and shake my head. After a while, though, I get up and walk across. I keep looking at the floor while I go. I don't dare look up. My face feels warm. The floor seems to rise up almost to my face. It is a long way across. Every one is talking, but I am afraid they will all stop and look at me.

My mother says, "Will you be my partner after a while?"

I say, "I do' want to." I don't know how I 'll ever dare to get up and dance in front of everybody.

My mother says: "Yes, you 'd better. *They* won't mind if you make a mistake. I 'll tell you what to do."

But I sit back and say, "No, I do' want to."

My mother says: "All right, if you don't feel like it. I s'pose you 're pretty small to dance yet, anyway."

Johnny calls out: "Choose your partners for a waltz!" Len strikes up "The Mississippi." When they get through, they have another square dance.

Len's boy and girl get mixed up. Len gets all out of patience. He always does when they make mistakes. He breaks off playing, and raps the back of the fiddle with his bow so hard and so quick that everybody jumps and looks scared. He looks as cross as can be. He snaps out: "Andy! Myrie! what the thunder you doin'? Confound it all! that ain't no way to dance!"

Andy does n't like it. He sticks his lips out and grumbles. He says: "Well, we 're doin' it just the way you called off. What you talkin' about?"

Len says louder and crosser than ever, "No you ain't, neither, not by a long shot!" He gets up and takes Andy by the arm. He says: "Come over here with you where you belong! Now next time pay 'tention to what I call off!"

Len goes on with the tune and the calling off. He is playing "The Wrecker's Daughter." Old Ledley calls it "The Wreckard's Daughter."

Len plays "St. Patrick's Day" next and then "Fisher's Hornpipe" for the last figure. I know almost all of Len's tunes by heart. There are "Soldier's Joy" and "Devil's Dream" and "Washing Day" and "Flowers of Edinburgh" and "Captain Jinks" and "Irish Washerwoman"

and a lot of others. My father and my brother can play them on the fiddle, too. I whistle and hum them when I am going anywhere alone, and keep step. When my brother is turning the fanning-mill or churning or when the horses are trotting along to town, I can always hear Len's tunes. A good many of them have n't names.

By and by they stop again. Pretty soon Johnny calls out, "All form on for 'Virginia Reel!' "

They always dance that and "Opera Reel" and "Money Musk" and "Irish Trot" and almost always the "Fireman's Dance." They all have fine, lively tunes, and everybody has lots of fun. I like to watch them.

My father likes "Virginia Reel" better than anybody else. He has so much fun that he forgets everything. He dances up and down so that his coat-tails flap. People get to looking at him, but he does n't care. My mother laughs. She leans over me and says: "Just look at your pa! See how his eyes pop out!"

My mother likes "Irish Trot" the best. I can tell by her face that she thinks it is lots of fun. But she does n't laugh out loud and carry on, like the rest. She sort of hops along and takes little steps in between.

"Then Len begins a new tune"

Addie sits with me while they dance "Irish Trot." She says: "Your mother's old-fashioned way of dancing is just as pretty as it can be. I wish *I* could dance as nice as that!"

By and by Len raps his fiddle again and begins to scold Andy. Addie says, "Now, Leonard, you ought to have more patience with the boy."

But Len says: "Patience! Well, 'y gosh!"

They all smile. Len goes and sits down

"'All right, if you don't feel like it. I s'pose you 're pretty small to dance yet, anyway' "

again. He calls out: "Pla-a-aces all! We 'll try it once more and see."

I run down-stairs again. I go down every little while. The clock says half-past eleven. Grandpa Tyler and Uncle Anthony and Mrs. Purdee and Aunt Phœbe are playing euchre. I go and stand behind Uncle Anthony.

Uncle Anthony says, "Well, shall we have another game?"

Grandpa Tyler says: "Might 's well. It 'll be quite a while yet before they have supper."

Aunt Phœbe says to me, "What be they dancin' now?"

I say, "'Money Musk.'"

Uncle Anthony says, "Well, we 've danced them old dances a good many times in our day, ain't we?"

Grandpa Tyler says: "Well, I guess we hev! An', I declare, I 'd like to dance 'em some more, but somehow my rheumatiz is too much for me. You don't feel a powerful lot like dancin' when yer knees is a-hollerin' the way mine does."

Mrs. Purdee says: "Folks don't dance as much as what they used to when the country was first settled. When we first come, back in the early forties, they used to be a dance somewheres every Sat'day night just as sure as Sat-day night come round."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Yes, and they wa'n't so many people then, neither. Don't you remember how they used to come from miles and miles around? Seems 's if the more people they is, the less sociable they *git*."

Mrs. Purdee lays the cards down in front of Uncle Anthony. She says, "Want to cut 'em?"

Uncle Anthony says: "No-o, I guess not. Go on and deal. I don' b'lieve you could stack 'em if you tried."

Mrs. Purdee says, "Don't you be too sure of that."

Uncle Anthony says: "No, times ain't what they was, not by a good deal. One thing is, they 's gittin' to be so many foreigners."

Grandpa Tyler says: "Don't it beat all the way they 're comin' in an' buyin' everybody out? I declare, I don't see what the country 's comin' to. The' 's gittin' to be so many Dutch around 't ye can't sleep nights fer hearin' the wooden shoes clatter."

"I wish they 'd get supper ready right away"

Then he leans forward all of a sudden and says: "Hol' on there! What 's trumps? Ain't that my trick there?"

I sit down and watch them awhile longer. I begin to feel sleepy. I run up-stairs again. They are all sitting on the benches. I go in as quickly as I can and sit down by my mother. She says: "Are you sleepy? Don't you think you 'd better go to bed?"

I say: "No, I do' want to. I want to stay up till supper."

My mother says: "Well, if you want to, you can. 'T ain't very often they come here. But I 'm afraid you 'll get awfully sleepy."

I know how it will be when supper-time comes. My mother and Addie will go down to the kitchen. Jessie will have the coffee on, and they will unwrap all the packages. There will be biscuits and butter and chicken and sliced ham and pickles and fried cakes and pies and two or three kinds of big, white, frosted cake. They will get out a lot of plates and cups and pour out the coffee. Then they will

all eat and say things to make each other laugh.

So I sit and watch them dance. They are dancing "Opera Reel" now. It takes them quite a while. The treading and the music make me feel quiet. I feel as if I 'd like to lie down. My head begins to feel heavy and my eyes want to shut. I sit up straight and open my eyes wide.

Pretty soon my eyes want to shut again. All the feet and legs and arms begin to look blurred every little while. My head almost falls. I bring it up with a jerk. I sit up straight again and again. I wish they 'd get supper ready right away.

I get so sleepy I forget about everything except trying to keep awake. I forget even about supper. I think of bed, and how nice it would feel to lie down. I think of it again, and get up and go out across to my bedroom, take my clothes off, and get in. I leave the clothes right where they come off.

Getting to bed wakes me up a little. I hear them finish "Opera Reel." They talk awhile, and then Len begins a quadrille tune. It is one my father plays on his fiddle a good deal. He calls it "My Love she 's but a Lassie yet." It goes: "Tum-a tum-tum-tum-tum tum-tum-tum, tum-a tum-tum-tum-tum tum-tum-tum." It is the tune the straw-carrier always makes me think of, and every time I hear it I think of threshing and the straw-carrier sticking out of the barn door and the dust.

The tune stops. Then by and by I hear Len call out, "Ba-al-ance all!" The fiddles and the treading begin again. This time it is one of the tunes without a name. My father can play it on the old fife. It always says: "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar a da-a-ay!"

Len plays the tune over and over. It makes me think of my father and the way he dances. It makes me think of the way his lip is stretched when he plays the fife. It makes me think of my mother and the way she dances. It makes me think of Len and old Ledley.

It is nice to listen to. I almost forget about the supper. I don't care. My mother will save me some of the biscuits and frosted cake and things. It is nice to be in bed. The tune keeps on, over and over again: "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar, a dol-lar a da-a-ay!" It says it so plain that it is almost like talking, "Oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a, give me a—dol-lar a—give me a—dol-lar a—"

"'Oh, give me a dol lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a dol-lar a da-a-ay, oh, give me a, give me a—dol-lar a—give me a—dol-lar a—'"

A Sheaf of Letters

From the Correspondence of Richard Watson Gilder

Edited by ROSAMOND GILDER

THE CENTURY is fortunate to be able to publish a selection from the letters of the late Richard Watson Gilder, now being collected for book publication by his daughter; for to Mr. Gilder, its editor and guiding spirit during thirty years, THE CENTURY owes more than to any one else its reputation and its place in the hearts of its readers. It will of course be realized that these fragments of his correspondence cannot fully reveal the versatility and nobility of his character. He was many men in one: poet, editor, political reformer, social worker, and humorous and philosophical friend to many of the greatest Americans of his generation. His letters cover a multitude of topics and a variety of interests. We have space in our columns for only a few, and we have therefore selected those that are mainly of editorial import—letters of advice to writers, letters about the great historical series which made THE CENTURY famous in the eighties and nineties, letters which embody his ideals and aspirations for the magazine.

The best introduction to these pages is the comment of three writers who knew him well. Bill Nye said of him, "He can return rejected manuscripts in such a way that disappointed scribblers come to him from hundreds of miles away, to thank him for his kindness and stay to dinner with him." Shortly after Mr. Gilder's death, Professor Brander Matthews said of him: "His editorial standards were high, but so was his belief in his countrymen. He acted on the assurance that what was truly good was certain to be popular. That is why it seems to me difficult to overestimate his influence upon the development of the American magazine." And George W. Cable, who knew him for many years, wrote as follows: "He was peculiarly an authors' editor and not merely a publishers'. He never dealt with one's literary products merely as wares for market, but with their source, the author, and with his pages as things still hopefully in the making. He was the authors' true friend for true service. He held the highest standards of literary art, and in striving to lift and help authors up to them he spoke with a fidelity which every now and then was unflattering and rigorous. He had no time to waste in mistaken tendernesses. It will be truly said by many that throughout his whole career he was one of the finest uplifting powers in the literary world. To me, let me testify, he was a shaping, guiding influence, noble, invaluable, and endearing. He must have been so to a multitude of others."—THE EDITOR.

[*To a novelist*]

February 1, 1882

I WISH the Fates had not placed me in a position where I must "judge" my betters. But so it is, and so I suppose it must be.

Now, about this novel. To me it is the least good work you have ever done. And yet it has in it some of your best work, and it is free from your greatest fault; namely, confusion.

I will not condemn myself by suspecting that you imagine that I object to the inculcation of morality, religion, or any kind of spiritual truth in a work of art. I will not condemn you by letting you suspect that I doubt your theories on this subject. I am very sure that we both agree that it may be done, and that the only question is, Is it well done? It seems to me that in the present story (if it is a story) your heart has got the better of your head. The story to me fails of its end because the motive is too apparent. The reader feels that it is a "put-up job";

Mr Gilder in the old Century office in Union Square

that the characters are dragged from misery to misery in order that the writer can preach his theories through them. The two principal characters are lay figures—"objects" of sympathy. You have turned your mind so completely into philanthropical work that for the time being you have lost your sense of art. I do not object to philanthropy either in life or in a book, but its expression must, in a work of art, take an artistic form. You and I do not object to the morality and spiritual teaching of Hawthorne, nor to the patriotism and philanthropy of Tourguénief (whose writings, it is said, freed the Russian serfs), because the form is always artistic.

My dear fellow, I care more for your work than for that of any other writer of fiction who has written for the magazine. As an editor I should not perhaps say this; as a friend I cannot help it. Now, there are many things that spoil a literary career. Sometimes a lack of conscience, sometimes an untrained or misapplied conscience, such as George MacDonald's. It has been the greatest pain for me to see the deterioration of MacDonald's work mainly from this last-named cause. I think you have no danger except here, if your health lasts. For heaven's sake, do not lose, break, or injure the article that you possess, and that under your direction carries spiritual food, no less than intellectual stimulus and wholesome pleasure, to so many minds!

Pardon my speaking with so much warmth. I will write now as an editor. Cannot something be done to give the story a less obviously heart-wringing and "reformatory" aspect and end? There are several minor points I will write to you about later. Meantime bear with me in this brutal attack. When my whole heart is in a thing I cannot keep from plain speech.

February 20, 1882

You are a fine fellow to take my belaboring so generously. I am sure you can make a good book out of most of those characters, and the opening is just stunning.

April 19, 1882

Did you get my telegram and understand the same? I meant that the first

instalment is up to the mark, in my judgment. If you keep on at that rate, you will have a fortunate journey and a capital book. Such fine artistic work warms the cockles of an editor's heart.[1]

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY

[*To Maurice Thompson*]

November 1, 1886

What makes a magazine "go," from a business point of view, is not the individual writers; it is the combination which is made by the editors backed by the publishing enterprise. I would guarantee to start a magazine next year and make it a success without the use of a single well-known name in literature—simply by the combination—if I had the right kind of publishers. A literary man often sees a periodical make a lot of money apparently out of his brains. There is some truth in this, but it is a sad fact that the rewards of pure literature are slow and not necessarily moneyed in character, and that editorial and business sagacity will always bring more moneyed returns than the other. We put a poem or an artistic story in next to a war article, and that number of the magazine has a large circulation; but it is the war article that gives it the circulation, and us the power to pay authors, rather than the individual story. It is partly for this reason that I am so strongly in favor of international copyright. I want to see authors have a firmer property and better pay, and I am anxious to have all literary values increase.

But after all that can be done, it will always be hard for a conscientious man to devote his whole time to literature and support his family on the proceeds. The trouble is that even an artist in words cannot always tell whether he has produced a genuine article or not. A man builds a bridge, it carries a train of cars, and he is paid for his work. The bridge is strong; it answers the purpose and is really a bridge. A work of art is never surely a work of art. It may take a hundred years, it may take three hundred, before a man can be sure his work of art is what he hoped it should be. By that time he is a mummy, and only his immortal spirit can smile at the compliments of the press.

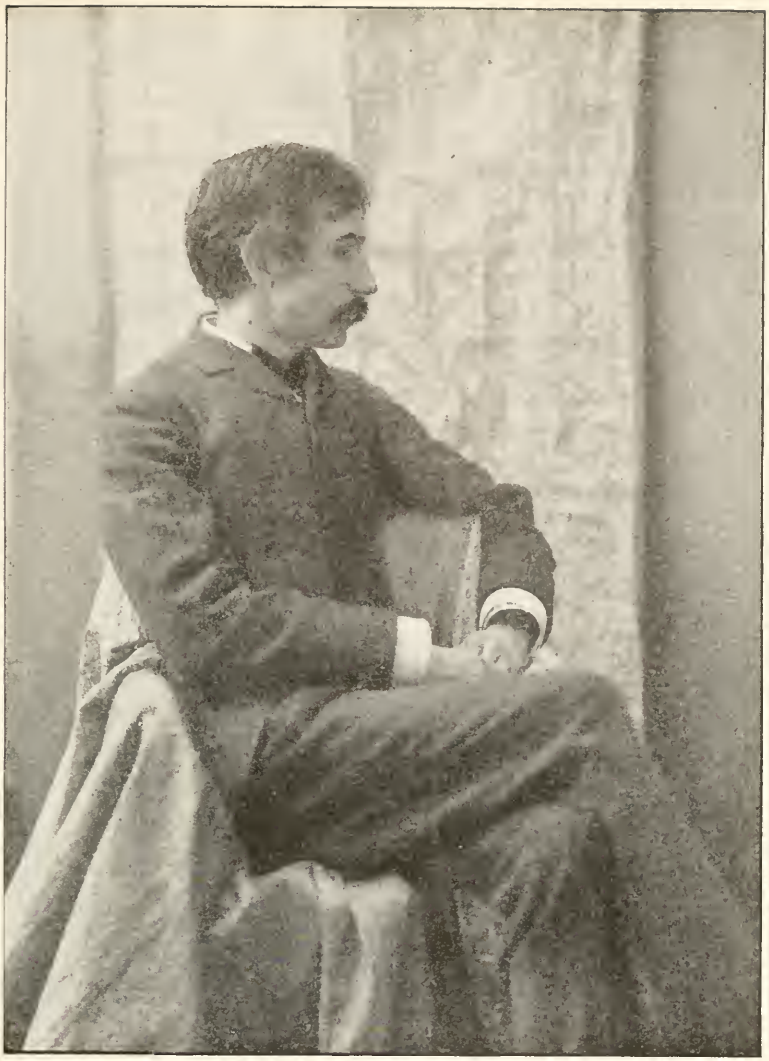
Nov. 18, 1886

You ask, "Has THE CENTURY any large share of Western-made literature for this largest audience?" I believe you are the man who has said about the best thing on this subject in your speech before Western authors. The only persons against whom we discriminate in THE CENTURY are foreign writers of fiction and poetry.[2] They occasionally get in, but with extreme seldomness, especially the fiction-writers. We think it our mission to cultivate American fiction, and we do this to the best of our ability and knowledge. Once or twice we have been caught, so to speak, with an American serial of inferior merit owing to the failure of writers to come up to their usual mark. Such accidents have not often happened with us, and are not likely to happen again.

You ask why certain names run like a monotone through the table of contents from year to year. In THE CENTURY we put everybody on his mettle with every separate piece of work, and if names recur, as, thank Heaven, they do recur, it is simply because, according to our perceptions, the writers continue to do good work. The fact is that we are remorseless in this office in editing. We undoubtedly make constant mistakes, but the mistakes are honest ones. A story now in our safe from one of the best writers in the country went back to that writer I think at least five times, and was improved every time. We certainly shall never accept articles from Western and Southwestern writers because they come from those sec-

[1] It is worth while to remark that the novel to which these letters refer, published at first serially, took, and still holds, a permanent place in literature.—THE EDITOR.

[2] At the time Mr. Gilder wrote this, before the passing of the copyright law, there had come a sharp reaction against the exploitation of European writers, which virtually thrust aside the work of struggling American authors. But to-day, with the passing of the copyright law, there is no unjust discrimination in literature, and the best of Europe appears with the best of America in our high-class publications. Art has become truly international.—THE EDITOR.



Richard Watson Gilder, from an early photograph

tions. Do you remember that Bret Harte's long novel appeared in THE CENTURY? Are Cable, Maurice Thompson, Mrs. Foote, Bill Nye, Hay, and Nicolay, John Muir, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry King, Robert Burns Wilson, E. R. Sill, Octave Thanet, Joaquin Miller, Edith M. Thomas, Edward Eggleston, Mark Twain, and a number more I could name, particularly Eastern writers? Are there any better writers in the West and South than these? Are there any as good except Miss Murfree, who has long promised to write for us? It was THE CENTURY that brought before magazine readers Eggleston, Mrs. Foote, and Harris. If there is anything more Western than the life of Lincoln as it is now appearing in THE CENTURY, please let me know by telegram what it is.

As for prices, we are always pushing them ahead here. And still this magazine business is a dangerous one. How few succeed! How many fail and fail disastrously!

[*To Henry James*]

May 29, '83

With regard to what is magazinable from points of view other than literary,

I think there is a wide distinction between what is magazinable and what is bookable. A man has a right to publish what he chooses in his own book; people seldom buy a book without knowing pretty much what is in it. The writer of a book is responsible to his own conscience and to his taste, and if these are satisfied, no criticism can or should move him. But I think it different with a magazine. People subscribe for twelve issues in advance —issues containing more than the matter of twelve books, and pay for all this beforehand, on the conviction that their contents will not unduly shock or distress them; and I think an editor is rude who does unduly shock or distress the readers of a magazine which does not intend to be a battle-ground of opinion in the sense that certain other publications are.

It requires the greatest skill, of course, to know just how far it is in good taste and good faith to go in the matter of opposing the convictions and shocking the prejudices of the readers for whom you edit. My own idea is always to be a good way in advance of the multitude, and to insist upon the literary view and upon a decided freedom of discussion both in essays and imaginative contributions. The only thing that really worries me is to be cheated into printing a thing the moral effect of which I think is bad. So far as I know I have only once been in this predicament.

[*To Horace Traubel*]

April 17, 1905

I have set aside everything, and have given myself up to your book day and night with intense interest, much keen delight, and some pain. Of course it wounds me to have the evidence of what I knew really all along, I suppose, that Walt could not understand my own aims in poetry. But I did not love him and his art for any recognition I could get from him, but because both his immense art and his personality appealed strongly to me, and I could never be grateful enough to one whose chants had thrilled me as his did, and had entered so deeply into my thought and life and into those of so many who were dear to me.

From my point of view Walt Whitman, had he not unconsciously absorbed a sense of beauty, a sense of art, which is merely right and proper the very best and noblest expression, would not have made a ripple in the current of the world's literature. A poet must have two things: insight,—the vision,—and the power of telling what he sees. Walt had the first, intensity of imaginative vision, and he had the second also; and without the second he would have been a passing prose essayist, and not a world poet such as he is.

Lord! how I envy you your opportunity of helping as you did that man! He was chock full of faults, of narrowness; but also of attractiveness, of kind heartedness, of human affection, of genius.

His poetic ability was trained by great examples, though he varied from them; but much of it, as in the case of all great artists, was instinctive. He underrated form, *but he had it!* There is no art without the *obstacle of form*. This is the reason that poetry is greater art than prose and carries further. But all this is another story.

It is a great satisfaction to know that Walt felt so kindly personally. If we had seen more of one another, he would have understood that my whole idea of life and art was different from what he supposed.

FOUR LETTERS ABOUT STEVENSON

[*To Edmund Gosse*[1]]

Feb. 6, 1883

By the way, has it ever occurred to Stevenson to do a Chaucer series *à la* Arabian Nights? Can you get a story from him for us? Is he not the "new man" you told me about when we were walking down toward the park after the Athenæum Club? He has a delicious humor. Will he keep it up, respect his talent, and have a "career"? I find he knows some of my American artist friends.

[1] Edmund Gosse was at that time the literary agent for THE CENTURY in London.

Mr. Gilder at his desk

[*To Robert Louis Stevenson*]

Dear Sir: Feb. 17, 1883

Mr. Gosse has no doubt already conveyed to you our editorial greetings and aspirations. I cannot keep from adding a more personal word, feeling that I have some nearer acquaintance with you than even through your books, on account of some of our common friends among the young American artist community, late of France. A lot of us younger men and women have had a kind of revival love-feast and experience meeting over your books lately. I would blush to tell you how much we think of them. "My wife and I" are taken by them not merely on account of their human and artistic charm and force, but for certain characteristics, such as the camping-out passion, which we

share with the author of "Travels with a Donkey."

May we not hope that you will let us see some of your handwriting, especially of the fictitious sort, with a view to publication in the magazine?

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

March 23, 1886

You remember Stevenson's gigantic and delightful project about the Rhone? He said to me that the man who did it would have to have, among other qualities, the strength of a bullock. Of course he is not likely to be able to carry it out in its entirety; but I asked Low lately if he would, in writing over, lure him with the idea of their doing one or more papers on the Rhone together. The result is Low's tragic letter from Stevenson, leaping at the idea, but saying the hemorrhages will haunt them through their journey, and that Low must not be frightened by them, and must simply take good care of him. To this Mrs. Stevenson adds a postscript, saying that the "mysterious" malady which afflicts Louis is doubtless none other than consumption, and that in one of these hemorrhages he may slip this life. Still, she is not sure that it may not be a good thing for him. You know Pennell and Miss Preston are doing the Avignon neighborhood, but the river is still open for Stevenson and Low if they can do it together. We could not well use more than three papers. We do not *need* any, but it would be such a delightful thing that I am prepared to do some squeezing to get it in. I don't see how we could handle more than three papers, and I doubt if Stevenson will have the strength to do more than one.

Low is going the first part of May to France with his wife. He will correspond with Stevenson, and learn, especially through Mrs. Stevenson, whether the expedition is desirable. Will you please watch the thing from the Stevenson end, and if he needs an advance when the time comes, you may give it to him. You understand the situation.

There was a story current in 1887 to the effect that when Stevenson came to America on his first trip, he had gone into the office of The Century (*then "Scribner's"*), *and had not been received with open arms. He had no introductions, was just off an immigrant ship, and on his way to the immigrant train in which he traveled West. He was in New York only a few hours, and he did not submit any manuscript, so that it would have been difficult for the most astute clerk in the world to know who or what he was. Writing to Mr. Talcott Williams about this tale, Mr. Gilder says:*

October 12, 1887

I have no doubt that Stevenson used the expression "fired out" with reference to his experience in our old office. That is the term he and I used in talking the thing over the other evening. I had three delightful visits in his room by his invitation, two of them very long visits, and that among other things was freely discussed. I remember asking him who it was that "fired him out." In point of fact, of course nobody fired him out. He looked at me with a quizzical expression and said:

"I don't know but it was you. Yes," he said, "I think it was you, now that I look at you."

I said:

"Oh, pshaw, now! Dr. Holland was a large likeness of me; it might have been he."

"No," he said; "I think it was you."

"Well," I said, "see here, now, when was this?"

He said it was in July.

I said:

"It might have been me if it was in July; but of what year?"

"1879."

"Hurrah!" said I; "that lets me out." And I jumped up with great delight, as you know I was in Europe from March, 1879, to June, 1880. Between you and me and the lamp-post, I have no doubt I would have made the same answer to him as was made, whatever that answer was.

He brought no MS., and simply wanted to write for the magazine. He does n't seem to remember the words of the conversation. For all that is known, he may have been asked to submit something, although he does n't say so. Of course any answer to such a vague and unintroduced application would have to be of the vaguest. He said he was rather surprised at getting in even, as he had no letter of introduction.

THE WAR SERIES AND THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

July 30, 1888

What you say about the war is duly noted. We know it all. We will do the best we can in the circumstances. The battles cannot stop till probably *next October*—a year. But we will give all the variety we can, and, as it happens, there will be a good deal about England. We will send you a prospectus when we have fully determined upon it, and will, in fact, make up a special one for England.

Can't you suggest a way of stirring up an interest among literary men about our war articles? I know they don't "think highly" of our war, but, after all, there was considerable of a war!

July 1

I take another sheet to scold you on. Is there nothing interesting to you but art and literature? Now let me tell you, I would rather have one article by Grant on a battle won by him—I would rather read it, print it, publish it—than twenty articles by Daudet on Mistral. And yet I know all the Provençals; one of the happiest times of my life was the few days spent among them. Daudet is enthusiastic, but not enough for me; Provence, Avignon, they are among the magic words for me. But, heavens! a great world, changing heroic events, told by the hero of it! The conquering of the Rebellion meant not only the extinction of human slavery over a vast territory, but it meant the salvation of the great experiment of self-governed in the New World. Grant was the leading military figure in that crisis, the most important that the world has ever known. Beauregard, Johnston, etc., were among his leading opponents. These men are all telling in a more intimate manner than ever before the story of their deeds; McClellan, too, Porter, and a score of other generals, whoever has some new chapter to add or old one to fill out.

Yes, bloody, indeed, all wars are, alas! bloody, and there is no blood in my sonnet, nor in Dobson's song that you like. But is there nothing stirring in blood, in heroism, in devotion to a political and moral conviction? You ought to be proud of a magazine that is conducting to unparalleled success the largest enterprise yet undertaken by a periodical. Don't let literature and art make dilettanti of us! Suppose that thirty years after Waterloo, all Wellington's generals, and the marshals of the dead Napoleon, had written out in a familiar way the stories of their campaigns and battles. How bloody it would have been, and how genuine a piece of journalism if any magazine could have published that war series! It is not for us to discriminate against ourselves in the relative importance of those and these campaigns. There were brave men in both periods, and I would like to hear them tell of their great wars.

[*To the editor of a Western newspaper*]

May 14, 1887

Will you let me say to you, privately and personally, that it is astonishing to me that any one could doubt the tone and purpose of THE CENTURY in national matters? We edit not for a single number, but for years. We try not to be patriots for revenue only. If we were sordid in our aims, we would not, on the one hand, antagonize the soldier audience by an appeal to their better nature with regard to the pension craze, and, on the other hand, endanger our entire Southern circulation by publishing the life of Lincoln, which goes into politics more deeply and dangerously than any serial ever pub-

lished in a magazine for general circulation, so far as I am aware.

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

Nov. 2, 1885

With regard to the life of Lincoln, of which Mr. Smith has told you *in confidence*, I may add that the capture of this by The Century Co. is considered by us a matter of great self-congratulation. Some months ago I made up my mind that this was the thing that would naturally succeed our War Series. I was backed up in this conviction by both the editorial and the business departments, and I wrote to the authors, who were Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries, that we wished to publish the whole thing in the magazine, and to pay them a price which would make them never regret having disposed of it in this manner. This summer I spent a couple of weeks up in the mountains by appointment; there met Nicolay, and read five hundred thousand words—about half. It is not only what you might call the secret history of the secession conspiracy and the inside history of the war, but it also contains a complete, authentic, and logical account of the great political struggle in connection with the subject of slavery. But what gives it its great value, at least in this country, is that it is the authorized, the only authorized, life of the greatest man this country has ever produced, at least since Washington; and not only the greatest, but by far the most interesting. In interest Lincoln even surpasses Washington. There is nothing so eagerly seized upon by the American public as any authentic anecdote or account of Abraham Lincoln. Now, in this history, wherein the story of his life and great work is completely told for the first time, Lincoln looms up a much greater and more important figure even than he has hitherto been supposed to be. There seems to have been no fault in his character, no spot upon his wonderful career. I don't know whether you know that Lincoln is now one of the most revered of our public men in the very South whose political unity he destroyed. They soon felt that in Lincoln's death they lost their best friend. You may have noticed that General Longstreet, who was one of the great leaders of the Southern armies, in a recent number of The Century (July, '85) declared that "Without doubt the greatest man of the Rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."

As Mr. Smith told you, there has been a struggle to get possession of this book on the part of nearly all the publishers in the country for many years, but he did not tell you how we finally obtained it, which was by his own masterly management. The thing was narrowed between ourselves and one other house, which shall be nameless, but Mr. Smith cut the Gordian knot by one magnificent stroke—a princely figure which was almost immediately accepted, as Nicolay and Hay felt that it was both a just and a generous offer. Was ever an editor more splendidly sustained than in this audacious, but statesmanlike, action of Mr. Smith? If I had been the other house, I would have bought it if it cost twice as much! It is the only thing that we can think of that would be likely to attract away from The Century what it now has, namely, the attention of the entire country. In addition to this, the work will have a great moral and political effect in that it will help to unite the North and South as never before, around the story and experiences of the great President.

[*To the editor of a Southern periodical*]

October 16, 1886

I wish to say something to you about the life of Lincoln and about the general conduct of the magazine. You must know that we have always held definite and the same opinions in regard to the question of the war. We have our own views, and frequently express them, on other burning questions, such as the civil-service reform, church union, the labor question, Protestantism and Catholicism, art, literature,

etc. The fact that THE CENTURY publishes varying views from its contributors on these and other subjects does not imply that we have no mind of our own or no policy of our own. The great force and utility of THE CENTURY'S attitude toward the South rests on the fact that we are national and anti-slavery in our views and have been so from the beginning. It is of no particular utility to the South to have a Southern periodical manifest hospitality to Southern ideas, but it is of great use that a Northern periodical should be so hospitable to Southern writers and Southern opinion, and should insist upon giving a fair show to Southern views even when they were not altogether palatable to our Northern readers, among whom our great audience, of course, is. . . . You will remember, perhaps, the "Great South" papers wherein, soon after the war, we undertook to show to the world the evidences of returning prosperity in the South, and to help along the Union sentiment throughout the country.

After having done what we have for the South, and what we expect to do, with entire sincerity we now ask the South to listen to the story of the war from an entirely Northern point of view. . . . THE CENTURY from the beginning has tried to establish the principle of freedom of discussion, and not suppression of facts and opinions, on burning questions. It would be a sign of narrowness and provincial over-sensitiveness on the part of the South if it could not, at this late day, endure the presentation of the story of the conflict from the point of view of Lincoln and his closest companions.

[*To Edmund Gosse*]

THE CENTURY is not purely literary, purely artistic, or purely altruistic and reformatory, and yet we think we have not been without a stimulating effect upon pure literature in our own country or upon American art in all its various branches. The things that naturally bore you so, such as the War Series, which are the product of editing, not merely perfunctory, allied to magnificent and munificent publishing, are not simply pieces of successful "magazine enterprise," as I am sure you know, but underlying the plan is the purpose of helping to nationalize this gigantic country.

The Lincoln scheme is in the same line. We are often misapprehended even by our best friends, but we look years and years ahead, and so far as we know we have not made serious mistakes, but have generally accomplished the purpose aimed at. The life of Lincoln has been and will be here and there severely criticized, and thus criticized at times, perhaps, justly, but it will do its work nevertheless. It is impregnating the mind of the entire nation, lately in civil conflict, as nothing else could have done in so brief a time, with the idea of nationality; it upholds a pure and noble character for the example of young and old; and beside its great general influence, it has a number of "incidental benefits" which we are constantly made aware of as it goes on.

In the matter of education, of political purity, and of religious thought, etc., we are always holding high ideals before us and trying to bring the public to a better way of thinking. In this matter of religion, which certain literary men appear to think so unimportant, it seems to us not undesirable to help make smooth the way toward that consummation of the scientist, when we shall all crawl up to the death-line and die happily like dogs, forgetting and forgotten, forever.

[*To Mrs. Fields*]

Jan. 4, 1898

Your letter was a real pleasure and consolation. In these times of the rotary press and the cheap "process" and the "syndicate" it sometimes seems that there is less discrimination than in the old days. People suspect repose and long for the steam whistle. They overlook serious aims, selection, the results of quiet contemplation and literary conscience. They want their literature loud and full of snap-shots.

[*To the Office*]

Europe, —— 1895

I left with you a "sketch" for an editorial for the Nov. number. There is a reference in it to a certain deficiency for the moment in our American literature (as I remember it). Kindly guard that well—perhaps eliminating it—by saying that *if* there is a lack of energy or a lack of quantity and quality in our literary output, it can only be temporary. For our condition is not only full of social, political, and industrial problems, of interesting social movements, etc., but also of moral opportunities, of strenuous exertion of every kind, of themes and thoughts fit to inspire literary art. Our life is rich in feeling and action and meaning.

[*To W. W. Ellsworth*]

Europe, —— 1895

The culture of the mind and soul, of the generous and intellectual life, is what we need in America. I am full of thoughts about these things, as you may imagine, passing here from country to country and from civilization to civilization. I wish I had a hundred lives and a thousand times more ability to help on the nobler life of our people.

[*To a friend*]

I am, as a rule, not very enthusiastic about meeting people, because people I meet usually carry concealed MSS. One man waylays me on Broadway with what you may call an air-gun. He gets his poem by heart, meets me accidentally when I come down to the office from lunch, and recites it as we walk along.

P.S. I am not afraid of *real* writers, so don't feel snubbed.

SOME EDITORIAL APHORISMS

What is needed in my business is "ideas" allied to conscience and good taste. Lots of people have one of these three, but few have all in good and effective combination.

I remember Colonel Higginson saying that it was not necessary to eat a whole turkey to know whether it was fit or unfit to eat. My experience with manuscripts is very much the same.

It is a question of tact, how to buttonhole a couple of million readers! If you don't get them by the buttonhole, they slip past, and you have only a special audience instead of the audience that one naturally aims at when publishing in THE CENTURY.

There must always be a steam-engine in an establishment, and the editor-in-chief must not repine if he has to perform that function, no matter how hard the work done by others.

Thank you for sending me the opening chapter of your novel. It starts out well, but you can sharpen it a bit more. Remember, every paragraph is to be as sharp, as interesting, as you can make it, and each paragraph must not only introduce the reader to the next, but make him eager for the introduction. Not till you have written your fifth successful book can you venture to bore your reader even for a moment. By that time, tho' some may say you have fallen off, others will find in the boring parts the deepest philosophic note you have yet struck.

I don't know what definite advice to give you: the only way I know of is to seize upon every opportunity of writing for the press or of writing for yourself. No time will be wasted spent in the record of events from the personal, social, interior point of view. I don't mean necessarily great events, but *any* event that suggests thought or reveals character or has novel and picturesque qualities.

Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri

From a painting made for THE CENTURY by Jules Guérin

In a Time of Dearth

By AMY LOWELL

BEFORE me,
On either side of me,
I see sand.
If I turn the corner of my house,
I see sand,
Long, brown
Lines and levels of flat
Sand.

If I could only see a caravan
Heave over the edge of it:
The camels wobbling and swaying,
Stepping like ostriches,
With rocking palanquins
Whose curtains conceal
Languors and faintnesses,
Muslins tossed aside,
And a disorder of cushions.
The swinging curtains would pique and solace me.
But I only see sand,
Long, brown sand—
Sand.

If I could only see a herd of Arab horses
Galloping,
Their manes and tails pulled straight
By the speed of their going;
Their bodies sleek and round
Like bellying sails.
They would beat the sand with their fore feet,
And scatter it with their hind feet,
So that it whirled in a cloud of orange,
And the sun through it
Was clip-edged, without rays, and dun.
But I only see sand,
Long, brown, hot sand—
Sand.

If I could only see a mirage,
Blue-white at the horizon,
With palm-trees about it;
Tall, windless palm-trees, grouped about a-glitter.
If I could strain toward it,
And think of the water creeping round my ankles,
Tickling under my knees,
Leeching up my sides,
Spreading over my back.
But I only feel the grinding beneath my feet.
And I only see sand,
Long, dry sand,
Scorching sand—
Sand.

If a sand-storm would only come
And spit against my windows,
Snapping upon them, and ringing their vibrations;
Swirling over the roof;
Seeping under the door-jamb;
Suffocating me and making me struggle for air.
But I only see sand—
Sand lying dead in the sun.
Lines and lines of sand—
Sand.

I will paste newspapers over the windows to shut out the sand;
I will fit them into one another, and fasten the corners.
Then I will strike matches
And read of politics and murders and festivals
Three years old.
But I shall not see the sand any more,
And I can read
While my matches last.

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Part VI. Chapter XV

IN the middle of the woods there was a dense thicket of lower growths on a piece of dry land lifted above the waters of a swamp. The place was the lair of such small wild things as still survived in the wilderness, once the haunt of the wolf and the wildcat, and the resort of the bear, allured by the profusion of the huckleberries which grew there. But except in the early fall, when the annual squirrel-hunt swept over the whole country-side and the summer drought had made the swamp easily passable to the gunners, the place was unmolested. Even the country boy, who seeks the bounty of nature wherever she offers it, and makes the outlying property of man his prey where nature has been dispossessed, did not penetrate the thicket in his search for hazelnuts or chinkapins; it was proofed against his venture by its repute of rattlesnakes and copperheads and the rumor of ghosts and witches. Few men or boys knew the approach to the interior by the narrow ridge of dry land lifted above the marsh, and Dylks did not stop in his flight till he reached the thicket and saw in it his hope of securer refuge. He walked round it, through the pools which the frog and turtle haunted, twice before he found this ridge, overhung by a tangle of grapevines. There his foot, by the instinct which the foot has where the eye fails of a path, divined the scarcely trodden way, and he found himself in a central opening among the thickly growing bushes. It was warm here, without the close heat of the woodland, and dry except for the spring of clear water that bubbled up in the heart of it, and trickled out over green mosses into the outer waters of the swamp.

The man stooped over, and drank his fill, and then made his greedy breakfast on the berries that grew abundantly round, and nodded hospitably to his hand. All the time he wept, and moaned to himself in the self-pity of a hunted, fearful wretch. Then he drank again from the spring, and, without rising from his knees, pushed himself back a little from it, and fell over in an instant sleep.

He slept through the whole day, and at night, falling early in the shadows of the forest which thickened over his retreat, he supped, as he had breakfasted, on the wild berries and spring water, but with protesting from a stomach habitually flattered by the luxury of fried chicken and ham and corn-pone and shortened biscuit and hot coffee, which his adorers put before him when he laid aside his divinity and descended to the gratification of his carnal greed. He was a gross feeder, and in the midst of his fear and the joy of his escape, he thought of these things and lusted for them with a sort of thankless resentment. He looked about for something he might kill, and he found a wounded pigeon which had fluttered into his refuge from the shot of some gunner. But he could not bring himself to eat it raw, and if he could have kindled a fire to cook it, he reflected, it would have betrayed him to his pursuers, who must now be searching the woods for him. He wrung the pigeon's neck and flung it into the bushes, and then fell down and wept, with his face in the grass. He had slept so long that now he could not sleep, and when his tears would come no more, he sat up, and watched the night through till the dawn grayed the blue-black sky. The noises of the noiseless woods made themselves heard: the cry of a night-

hawk; the hooting of an owl; the whirring note of the whippoorwill; the long, plunging downrush of a dead branch breaking the boughs below it; even the snapping of twigs, as if under the pressure of stealthy feet. These sounds, the most delicate of the sounds he heard, shook him most with fear and hope, and then with despair. The feet could be the feet of his enemies seeking him out, or of his friends coming to succor and save him; then they resolved themselves into the light pressure from little paws—the paws of the wildcat or the coon—and there was nothing to be feared or hoped from them. The constellations wheeled over him in the clear sky, and the planets blazed. He made out the North Star from the lower lines of the Dipper; the glowing and fading of the August meteors that flitted across the heavens seemed to leave a black trace on his straining eyes. Texts of Scripture, declaring how the splendors of the day and night showed forth the glory of the Being whose name he had usurped to the deceit and shame of those who trusted him, glowed and faded in his mind like those shooting-stars in the sky. At one time he thought he had cried aloud for destruction in the sin which could not be forgiven, but it was only a dull, inarticulate moan bursting from his tortured breast.

The place where the hair had been torn from his head burned like fire; it burned like the wound of a man whom he had once heard tell how it felt to be scalped by an Indian; the man had recovered, but the wound had always hurt; and Dylks pitied himself that it should be so with him, and cursed himself for his unguarded boast that any one who touched a hair of his head would perish. He promised that if God would show him a little mercy, and send a raven with something for him to eat, something warm, or send him a cup of coffee, somehow, or even a raw egg, he would go forth before the people, get up in the Temple amidst his believers and declare himself a false prophet and a false god. He would not care what they did to him if only he had something cooked to eat, something hot to drink.

Toward morning he slept, and then for days and nights, how many he did not know, it seemed to him that he did not wake, but dreamed through a changing time when he was dimly aware of contending voices—voices of his believers, the Little Flock, and voices of his unbelievers, the Herd of the Lost, pleading and threatening in the forest round his place of refuge. His followers were trying to bring him food and raiment, and his enemies were preventing them and boasting that they would keep guard over his refuge till they starved him out. Then all again was a blur, a texture of conscious and unconscious misery, till a night came when the woof broke and trailed away from him, and he lifted himself on his elbow and, after he had drunk a long draft from the spring, found tremulous strength to get to his feet. He tried some steps in the open space, where the light of the full moon fell, and found that he could walk. He reached the tangled entrance to his covert, and stealthily put the vines aside. He peered out into the shadows striped with moonshine and could see no one, and he was going to venture farther, when he stopped stone-still at the figure of a man crouched in the middle of the causeway. The man's head was fallen forward, and his gun lay across his lap; he must be one of the guards that his enemies had set on his refuge to keep him there and starve him out, and he must be asleep. Dylks crouched and peered into his face, and knew the man for one of the Hounds who had often disturbed his meetings; and now he looked about in the rage that surged up through his penitence and self-pity for a stone or a club to strike him senseless, or dead if need be. But there was no such weapon that he could see, and the risk of a struggle was greater than the risk of trying to pass the man without waking him. After long doubt he tried with one foot and then the other, and the man did not wake; then slowly he crept by, and then with softly dragging steps he got farther from the sleeper and pushed on through the woods in the direction of the turnpike, as he imagined it. But he came

out into a clearing where a new cabin of peeled logs showed clear in the open under the moon.

In the single room of the house a woman lay sleeping, with a little child in its cradle beside her bed. She rose up, and put out her hand instinctively to still the child; but it was sleeping quietly, and then she started up awake, and listened for the voice which she had dreamed was calling her. There was no voice, and then there was a voice calling hoarsely, weakly:

"Nancy! Nancy!"

In her dream she had thought it was the voice of her husband stealing back to her in the night, and it was in the terror of her dream that she now sprang from her bed, with her heart aching for pity of him, to forbid him and rebuke him for breaking his promise, and to scold him away. But as she stood listening, and the voice came again, she knew it was not the voice of Laban. She ran to the ladder which led to the cabin loft, and called up through the open trap-door:

"Jane! Jane! Come down here to the baby, will you? I 've got to leave her a minute."

"What for?" the girl answered sleepily. Then: "Oh, I 'll come. She ain't sick, is she, Aunt Nancy? Oh, I do hope she ain't sick!"

"No, she ain't sick," Nancy said as she put her hands up to help the girl place her feet aright on the rungs of the ladder. "But—listen!" she whispered as the voice outside called again. "It 's that miser'ble wretch! It 's Joseph Dylks! I 've got to go to him! Don't you say a word, Jane Gillespie! He 's Joey's father, and he must be at death's door, or he would n't come to mine."

She left the girl standing dazed, and ran out and round the cabin. In the shadow that it cast in the moon, Dylks crouched close in the angle made by the chimney.

"Oh, Nancy," he implored her, "do give me something to eat! Something warm. Coffee, if you 've got it. I 've been sick, and I 'm starving."

She knew without seeing it in the shadow how he was stretching out pleading hands to her, and she had mercy upon him. But she said stonily:

"Wait a minute. Don't be a cry-baby!" and ran back to the door, and called to the girl within, "Rake open the fire, Jane, and set the kittle on." Then she ran again to Dylks and stood over him. "Where you been? Don't you know they 'll kill you if they ketch you?"

"Yes, I know it, Nancy. But I knew this would be the last place they would come for me. Will the coffee be ready soon? Oh, I 'm so faint! I reckon I 'm going to die, Nancy."

"I reckon you ain't goin' to die before you get your coffee. It 'll be ready as soon as the kittle boils."

She stood looking grimly down at him while he brokenly told, so far as he knew it, the story of the days he had passed in hiding.

"I reckon," she said, with bitter scorn, "that *I* could have fetched you out. I 'd 'a' brought you some hot coffee to the door of your den, and you 'd 'a' come when you smelt it."

"Yes, that 's true," he owned in meek acceptance of her scorn.

The child cried, and she went in, but she had no need to comfort it except with a word. Jane was bending over it with a rope of her hair in her hand, which she coiled at the nape of her neck while she chirped and cooed to the little one.

"You mind her, Jane," the mother said, and she lifted the pot of coffee from the bed of coals, sending a dim glow into the room to meet the dawn at the open door. She put some sugar into the bowl she got from its shelf, and covered it with a piece of cold corn-pone, and then went out to Dylks, who had remained on his knees, and now stretched out his trembling hands toward her.

She did not speak, but poured the bowl full of the steaming coffee, and watched him while he gulped half of it down. Then he reached eagerly for the bread.

"Is it hot?" he asked.

"No, it ain't," the woman said. "You can eat cold pone, I reckon, can't you?"

"At one time he thought he had cried aloud for destruction in the sin which could not be forgiven"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, and glad to get it. Only I thought—" He stopped and washed down the mouthful he had torn from the cake with a draft of the coffee which emptied the bowl. She filled it mechanically from the pot in her hand, and he drank again more slowly, and devoured the pone as he drank.

"Now," he said, "I should be all right if it was n't for my head where they tore out my hair. It burns like fire."

She bent over him and looked at the wound unflinchingly.

"I can't see very good in this light; if I only had some goose-grease—but I reckon hog's lard will do. Hold on till I can wash it."

"Oh, Nancy!" he moaned gratefully.

She was gone rather long, and there was talk within, and the cooing and babble of the child. When she came out with a basin of warm water and some lard in a broken saucer in her hands, and a towel caught under her arm, he suggested:

"I heard you talking with some one, Nancy."

"And I suppose it scared you," she answered unsparingly. "Well, you may thank your stars it was n't Laban. I do believe he 'd kill you, meek as he is."

Dylks drew a quivering breath.

"Yes, I reckon he would. I suppose you must have told him about me."

"Of course I did. Here! Hold still!" She had begun to wash his wound, very gently, though she spoke so roughly, while he murmured with the pain and with the comfort of the pain. "If you want to know," she continued, "it 's Jane. She 's been with me ever since that night they caught you. You made her ashamed before her father, and between her shame and his pride her and him don't speak, or hain't since then. She stays with me, and Joey stays with him."

"Our Joey?" he asked plaintively.

"*My* Joey," she returned, and she involuntarily twitched at the hair she was smoothing.

"Oh!" he cried from the pain, but she did not mind his pain.

"There!" she said, beginning to put on the lard. Then she bound over the wound the soft pledget of old linen she had brought, and tied round his head a cotton rag to hold the dressing in place. She said, "There!" again. "I reckon that will do."

He moaned gratefully.

"It 's the first time I 've been out of pain for I don't know how many days and nights. Nancy," he burst out in all recognition of her goodness, "I ought n't to have left you."

She had been kneeling before him in dressing his hurt, and then, in critically regarding her handiwork, she got to her feet.

"I know you ought n't," she retorted, "but I 'm glad you done it. And I 'm thankful every breath I draw. And now I want you to *go*. And don't you think I done what I done out of love for you, Joseph Dylks. I 'd 'a' done it for any hurt or hungry dog."

Dylks got to his feet, too, with little moans for the stiffness in his joints.

"I know you would, Nancy," he said humbly, "but all the same, I won't forget it. If there was anything I could do to show—"

"There 's something you could do besides drownin' yourself in the creek, which I don't ask you, in the first place because I don't want your death on my hands, and in the next place because you 're the unfittin'est man to die that I can think of; but there 's something else, and you know it without my tellin' you, and that is to stop all this now and forever. Don't you pretend you don't know what I mean!"

"I know what you mean, Nancy, and the good Lord knows I would be glad enough to do it if I could. But I would n't know how to begin."

"Begin," she said with a scornful glance at the long tangle of his hair—"begin by cuttin' off that horse's tail of yours, and then stop snortin' like a horse."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"It would n't do, Nancy. They would n't let me draw back now. They would kill me."

"They?"

"The—the—Little Flock," he answered shamefacedly.

"The Herd of the Lost will kill you if you don't." She said it not in mocking, but in realization of the hopeless case, and not without pity. But at his next words she hardened her heart again.

"I don't know what to do. I don't know where to go. I have nowhere to lay my head."

"Don't you use them holy words, you wicked wretch! And if you 're hintin' at hidin' in my house, you can't do it—not with Jane here. *She* would kill you, I believe—and not without her."

"No, Nancy. I can see that. But where can I go? Even that place in the woods, they 're watching that, and they would have me if I tried to go back there again."

From an impulse as of indifference rather than of consideration she said:

"Go to Squire Braile. He let you off; let him take care of you."

"Nancy!" he exclaimed. "I thought of that."

She gathered up the basin and the towel she had brought, and without looking at him again she said:

"Well, go, then," and turned and left him where he stood.

Matthew Braile was sitting in his wonted place, with his chair tilted against his porch wall, smoking. Dylks faltered a moment at the bars of the lane from the field of tall corn where he had been finding his way unseen from Nancy's cabin. He lowered two of the middle bars, and when he had put them up on the other side he stood looking toward the old man. His long hair hung tangled on his shoulders; the white bandage which Nancy had bound about his head crossed it diagonally above one eye and gave this the effect of a knowing wink, which his drawn face, unshaven for a week, seemed to deprecate.

Braile stared hard at him. Then he tilted his chair down and came to the edge of his porch, and called in cruel mockery:

"Why, God, is that *you?*"

"Don't, Squire Braile!" Dylks implored in a hoarse undertone. "They 're after me, and if anybody heard you—"

"Well, come up here," the squire bade him. Dylks hobbled slowly forward, and painfully mounted the log steps to the porch, where Braile surveyed him in detail, frowning, and twitching his long feathery eyebrows.

"I know I don't look fit to be seen," Dylks began, "but—"

"Well," the squire allowed after further pause, "you *don't* look as if you had just come 'down from the shining courts above in joyful haste'! Had any breakfast?"

"Nancy—Nancy Billings—gave me some coffee and some cold pone—"

"Well, you can have some *hot* pone pretty soon. Laban there?"

"No, he 's away at work still. But, Squire Braile—"

"Oh, I understand. I know all about Nancy and her first husband, and how he left her, and she thought he was dead, and married a good man, and when that worthless devil came back, she thought she was living in sin with that good man—in *sin!*—and drove him away. But she 's as white as any of the saints you lie about. It was *like* you to go to her the first one in your trouble. Well, what did she say?"

"She said—" Dylks stopped, his mouth too dry to speak; he wetted his lips and whispered—"she said to come to you; that you would know what it was best for me to do; to—" He stopped again and asked, "Do you suppose any one will see me here?"

"Oh, like as not. It 's getting time for honest folks to be up and going to work. But I don't want any trouble about you this morning; I had enough that *other* morning. Come in here." He set open the door of one of the rooms giving on the porch, and at Dylks's fearful glance he laughed not altogether unkindly. "Mis' Braile 's in the kitchen, getting breakfast for you, though she don't know it yet. Now, then," he commanded when he sat

down within and pushed a chair to Dylks, "tell me all about it since I saw you going up the pike."

In the broken story which Dylks told, Braile had the air of mentally checking off the successive facts, and he permitted the man a measure of self-pity, though he caught him up at the close.

"Well, you 've got a part of what you deserve, but as usually happens with us rascals, you 've got too much at the same time. And what did Nancy advise?"

"She told me to come to you—"

"What did Nancy *advise?*" the squire repeated savagely.

"She advised me to stop all this,"—he waved his hands outward, and the squire nodded intelligently,—"to tell them it was n't true, and I was sorry, and to go away—"

He stopped, and Braile demanded:

"Well, and are you going to do it?"

"I want to do it, and—I can't."

"You can't? What 's to hinder you?"

"I 'm afraid to do it."

"Afraid?"

"They would kill me if I did."

"They? Who? Not the Herd of the Lost?"

"The Little Flock."

The men were both silent, and then, after a long breath, the squire said:

"I begin to see—"

"No! no! You don't *begin* to see, Squire Braile." Dylks burst out sobbing, and uttering what he said between his sobs: "Nobody can understand it that has n't been through it! How you are tempted on step by step, all so easy, till you can't go back, you can't stop. You 're tempted by what 's the best thing in you, by the hunger and thirst to know what 's going to be after you die; to get near to the God that you 've always heard about and read about; near Him in the flesh, and see Him and hear Him and touch Him. That 's what does it with *them,* and that 's what does it in you. It 's something, a kind of longing, that 's always been in the world, and you know it 's in the others because you know it 's in you, in your own heart, your own soul. When you begin to try for it, to give out that you 're a prophet, an apostle, you don't have to argue, to persuade anybody or convince anybody. They 're only too glad to believe what you say from the first word; and if you tell them you 're Christ, did n't He always say He would come back, and how do they know but what it 's now and you?"

"Yes, yes," the squire said. "Go on."

"When I said I was God, they had n't a doubt about it. But it was then that the trouble began."

"The trouble?"

"I had to make some of them saints. I had to make Enraghty Saint Paul, and I had to make Hingston Saint Peter. You think I had to lie to them, to deceive them, to bewitch them. I did n't have to do anything of the kind. They did the lying and deceiving and bewitching themselves, and when they done it, they and all the rest of the believers, they had me fast, faster than I had them."

"I could imagine the schoolmaster hanging on to his share of the glory tooth and nail," the squire said with a grim laugh; "but old Hingston, good old soul, he ought to have let go if you wanted him to."

"Oh, you don't know half of it!" Dylks said, with a fresh burst of sobbing. "The worst of it is, and the dreadfulest is, that you begin to believe it yourself."

"What 's that?" the squire demanded sharply.

"Their faith puts faith into you. If they believe what you say, you say to yourself that there must be some truth in it. If you keep telling them you 're Jesus Christ, there 's nothing to prove you ain't, and if you tell them you 're God, who ever saw God, and who can deny it? You can't deny it yourself—"

"Hold on!" the old man said. He had risen, and he began to walk up and down, swaying his figure and tilting his head from side to side, and frowning his shaggy eyebrows together in a tangled hedge. Suddenly he stopped before Dylks. "Why, you poor devil, you 're not in any unusual fix. It must have been so with all the

"She had begun to wash his wound, very gently, though she spoke so roughly, while he murmured with the pain and with the comfort of the pain"

impostors in the world, from Mahomet up and down! Why, there is n't a false prophet in the Old Testament that could n't match experiences with you! That 's the way it 's always gone: first the liar tells his lie, and some of the fools believe it, and proselyte the other fools, and when there are enough of them, their faith begins to work on the liar's own unbelief, till he takes his lie for the truth. Was that the way, you miserable skunk?"

"It was exactly the way, Squire Braile, and you can't tell how it gains on you step by step. You see all those educated people like Mr. Enraghty, and all those good men like Mr. Hingston, taking it for gospel, and you can't deny it yourself. They convince you of it."

"Exactly! And then, when the Little Flock gathers in all the mentally lame, halt, and blind in the settlement, you could n't get out of it if you had the whole Herd of the Lost to back you, with the Hounds yelping round to keep your courage up; you 've got to stay just where you put yourself, heigh?"

"There would n't," Dylks said, drying his eyes on a tatter of his coat-sleeve, "be so much trouble if it was n't for the miracles."

"Yes," Braile replied to the thoughtful mood which he had fallen into rather than to Dylks, "the ignorant are sure to want a sign, though the wise could get along without it. And you have to promise them a sign; you have to be fool enough to do that, though you know well enough you can't work the miracle."

"You ain't sure you can't. You think, maybe—"

"Then, why," the squire shouted at him —"why in the devil's name *did n't* you work the miracle at Hingston's mill that night? Why did n't you turn that poor fool woman's bolt of linsey-woolsey into seamless raiment?"

Dylks did not answer.

"Why did n't you do it, heigh?"

"I thought maybe—I did n't know but I did do it."

"What do you mean?"

"When I came up outside and told them that the miracle had been worked and the seamless raiment was inside the bolt, I thought it must be there."

"Why, in the name of—"

"I had prayed so hard for help to do it that I thought it must be."

"You prayed? To whom?"

"To—God."

"To yourself?"

Dylks was silent again in the silence of a self-convicted criminal. He did not move.

Braile had been walking up and down again in his excitement, in his enjoyment, of the psychological predicament, and again he stopped before Dylks.

"Why, you poor bag of shorts," he said, "I could almost feel sorry for you, in spite of the mischief you 've made. Why, *you* ought n't to be sent to the penitentiary or even lynched. *You* ought to be put amongst the county idiots in the poorhouse, and—"

There came a soft plapping as of bare feet on the puncheon floor of the porch, hesitating about, and then pausing at the door of the opposite room. Then there came, with the increased smell of cooking, the talking of women. Presently the talking stopped, and the plapping of the bare feet approached the door of the room shutting the two men in. The squire set it slightly ajar in spite of Dylks's involuntary, "Oh, don't!" and faced some one close to the opening.

"That you, Sally? You have n't come to borrow anything at *this* hour of the night?"

"Well, I reckon if you was up as early as Mis' Braile, you 'd know it was broad day. No, I hain't come to borry anything exactly, but I was just tellin' *her* that if she 'd lend me a fryun' of bacon, I 'd do as much for her some day. She ast me to tell you your breakfast was ready and not to wait till your comp'ny was gone, but bring anybody you got with you."

Sally peered curiously in at the opening of the door, and Braile abruptly set it wide.

"Perhaps you 'd like to see who it is."

Sally started back at sight of the figure

within. When she could get her breath, she gasped:

"Well, for mercy's sakes! if it ain't the Good Old Man himself!" But she made no motion of revering or any offer of saluting her late deity.

"Well, now, if you 've got some bacon for Abel's breakfast, you better stop and have yours with us," the squire suggested.

"No, I reckon not," Sally answered. "I ain't exactly sure Abel would like it. He ain't ever been one of the Flock, although at the same time he ain't ever been one of the Herd—just betwixt and between, like." As she spoke she edged away backward. "Well, I must be goun', Squire. Much obleeged to you all the same."

The squire followed her backward steps with his voice. "If you should happen to see Jim Redfield on his way to his tobacco-patch, I wish you 'd tell him to come here; I 'd like to see him."

He went in again to Dylks.

"What are you going to do with me, Squire Braile?" he entreated. "You 're not going to give me up?"

"I know my duty to my Maker," the old man answered. "I 'll take care of you, Jehovah Dylks. But now you better come in to breakfast—get some *hot* pone. I 'll bring you a basin of water to wash up in."

He reopened the door in the face of Sally Reverdy, who gasped out before she plapped over to the steps and dropped away:

"I just seen Jim Redfield, and I tole him you wanted him, and he said he would be here in half an hour, or as soon as he could see that the men had begun on his tubbacco. I did n't tell him who you had here, and I won't tell anybody else; don't you be afraid."

"Well, that 's a good girl, Sally. Abel could n't have done better himself," the squire called after her, and then he turned to Dylks. "Come along now and get your *hot* pone. Jim Redfield won't hurt you; I 'll go bail for him, and I 'll see that nobody else gets at you. I 've got a loft over this room where you 'll be safe from everything but a pet coon that your Joey gave me after my little boy— And I reckon the coon won't bite you. *I* would n't, in his *place*."

(To be continued)

I am a Pessimist

By MYRON ZOBEL

I AM a pessimist.
Deep in my nature lurk the currents of content.
No man shall fathom me; my joy is furtive.
Behold! they say, his soul is blackened with despair.
These are the trappings of my trade they see,
The gaudy gewgaws of deception.
I am as you, but with reversed ideals;
My happiness is cloyed that shares the common eye.
I thrive on misadventure, and my life
Is one long wail of satisfaction.
No man but I can feel the joy of failure;
None other that can suffer with delight.
Society has need of me.
I am the counterbalance of the world:
I am a pessimist.

"She sat drooping on the side of the bed, holding her face in her hands"

Miss Willett

By BARRY BENEFIELD

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TUESDAY morning Miss Willett's intermittent little alarm-clock did its third violent song and dance by the side of her bed before she mustered enough energy to reach down and switch the silencing lever. Turning her feet out on the floor, she sat drooping on the side of the bed, holding her face in her hands. After a while, standing up, she yawned and stretched with large listlessness, and walked to the one window in her second-floor rear room.

It looked out on a double row of dingy back yards belonging to the old-style, brown-stone houses that had fallen from the high estate of private residences to the low estate of converted "light-housekeeping" apartments. Directly opposite her window, in the back yard of the house fronting northward on East Thirty-sixth Street, was a small brick building. Originally, she judged, it had been used as a stable. She wondered what it was used for now; herself a "light housekeeper," she knew that they did not often keep carriages and automobiles in their back yards.

It occurred to her that she was still in her nightgown, and that her pale-yellow hair, which she had unpinned and shaken out, was falling about her shoulders, and that people might see her. What if they did? Who cared?

All at once there leaped upon the threshold of her consciousness the suspicion that some one *was* peering at her from behind the one small window in the south end of the old stable, hardly twenty feet away. The window was partly hidden by a green blind, now closed; but the slats were tilted open, and there was a

dimly silhouetting light behind the peering figure, probably from a window or door on one of the unseen sides of the building. Miss Willett could not discern the eyes clearly, but she knew now that they were there. Well, let him rubber. She did not trouble to ask why she had said to herself "him." Shifting her eyes from the stable window, she began smoothing, as if absent-mindedly, at the wrinkles in the gown about her neck.

Miss Willett was waiting anxiously and planning. Down on Third Avenue a house was being torn down to make room for a taller building. Through the irregular gap the summer sun was raking the double line of grimy back yards with a shallow, narrow shaft of warm white light rising higher every minute. Already it rested on the east side and rear of the old stable, its upper edge cutting just under the window-sill.

"If the blackguard waits, I 'll catch him with the sun," Miss Willett said savagely, straining to keep her eyes away from the window until the light should rise and enter the slats of the blind.

Over in the east a cloud slid darkly across the accomplice sun. Miss Willett shook her hair forward and began running her hands back through it, to hold the leering peeper until the revelation and the punishment. A little gray kitten came around the far corner of the stable, stepping with great daintiness through the tin cans and glass and broken furniture in the dirty yard. The big woman welcomed the little kitten; he would be a useful object upon which to attach her eyes until the proper time, and while she gathered her utmost resources to curdle her plump, kindly face in the disgusted grimace she used upon this kind of man. She had not been in department-store toilet articles ten years for nothing. And this morning she felt that it would ease her powerfully to squelch a man.

There was no need of gaps in the serried old buildings for the young summer season to get down into these back yards. It came in through the open window, touching Miss Willett. The wind was soft, like silk, and fiery sweet, like an alcoholic toilet water. There was in it the faint fragrance of millions of flowers, like the perfume she used to sell at Pfefferbaum's for five dollars an ounce.

"I 've got him!" she almost shouted to herself as the cloud slipped suddenly from across the sun. But the corners of her mouth did not draw down, and her upper lip and snub nose did not lift as if she were making desperate, but futile, efforts to avoid smelling something unspeakably evil. The brown-bearded face behind the blind, lit up for a moment, was—not what she had expected. No man's eyes had ever before looked like that at her. They were not staring; they did not leer. They had in them something akin to timidity, a fearful wistfulness, a yearning tenderness; and Miss Willett was sorry that the sun's shaft had now been blotted out by a cloud and no longer disclosed the face.

Sighing, she turned away. Pulling aside a huge-figured dust-curtain hanging across a corner of the room, she surveyed her wardrobe.

"An' not a decent dress in the lot," she summarized gloomily. "Gee! an' I ain't got no job, neither, to buy another one with."

Miss Willett had received notice the day before. For five weeks she had been earning the highest salary that had come to her in her life—twenty dollars a week as a demonstrator of Bimber's Patent Baby Bed. For five weeks, clothed in the handsome costume of a nurse (supplied by Mr. Bimber), she had stood in a show-window at Broadway and Twenty-third Street illustrating the marvelous and manifold uses of the patent baby bed, the other actor in the pantomime being a dummy baby with a celluloid head whom she called the Princess Bimberino.

According to her employer, she had not fulfilled his expectations; having learned the mechanism of the bed, she had not acted with any "ginger," she had not exhibited the hoped-for "pep." In her hands, Mr. Bimber had said the day before, when giving her notice, the Princess Bimberino was only a dummy and the

patent bed only a wearisome piece of machinery out of which she had been making twenty dollars a week and through which the company had been losing two hundred dollars.

When Miss Willett reported for work at 8:45 o'clock a mob of twenty or thirty prospective demonstrators who had answered Mr. Bimber's advertisement in the morning papers were waiting out in the hall in front of the office.

"Get on your nurse's rig, Miss Willett," he said briskly, "an' do the job while I weed out that bunch. I guess you 'll be free by noon all right—to look around for another job. But I 'm payin' you for this week, an' your time is mine if I want it."

At nine o'clock Miss Willett stepped up on the show-window stage, ran up the curtains hiding Twenty-third Street on the one side and Madison Square Park on the other, and set herself to do the last sad lap of her twenty-dollar job. Lifting the Princess Bimberino in her arms, she noticed that the long white dress of the royal infant had lost its freshness and that some of the lace at the bottom was torn and hanging. She had not noticed the princess's dress before.

"Bless her heart!" the big woman whispered contritely, squeezing the princess hard against her breast. "Bless her heart! nobody looks after *her*. Your muzzer 's goin' to make you a brand-new dress even if she is losin' her job. God knows, honey, I reckon I 'll have plenty of spare time in the next few days. It 's toilet articles again for mine, I reckon, at ten per; an', stars above! how I hate the things now!"

In the shifting hundreds that stopped and gazed in at Bimber's Patent Baby Bed exhibit during the morning there were more than the usual number of women. At almost any moment an Italian or Jewish mother with a baby in her arms joined the inlooking crowd. At the conclusion of every part of the didactic pantomime, and while she was putting on the stand the black-lettered card telling the use she had just demonstrated, Miss Willett's round, gray eyes were searching hungrily through the spectators until she found one of these mothers, and then they smiled across the silent chasm of the plate-glass window in the eager, instant intimacy of common motherhood.

During a five-minute rest in the middle of the morning, holding the royal infant close up in her arms, Miss Willett turned her chair to face the Broadway side, and sat staring out at the park, just across the street. The old trees waved their young green branches at her, beckoning her to look. The multitude of flowers, banked row on row around the leaping fountain, lifted their hot faces to the kisses of the sun. The big woman leaned over suddenly and kissed the Princess Bimberino.

At 12:30 o'clock Mr. Bimber stepped up on the stage. His large, fat-padded, black eyes were shining. His stubby hands rubbed themselves together as if they were feeling already luxury within them. His little legs were strutting.

"Do you know it 's a half an hour past your lunch-time, Miss Willett?" he asked, looking closely at her.

"No, sir; I never paid no 'tention to the clock to-day."

"Well, it is, Miss Willett. I 'll do this here three-ring circus while you 're gone."

"Must I come back?" she asked, moving slowly toward the steps. "I guess you got somebody outa that bunch, did n't you?"

"What 's happened to you, Miss Willett, that 's what I want to know?"

"Nothin' 's happened to me; only I 've lost my job."

"Lost nothing! I sent that bunch away after fifteen minutes. I got so busy writin' orders I could n't talk to 'em. I ain't even had time to go outside there to see what you been doin' up here. What 's happened, that 's what I want to know? What you been doin' up here while my back was turned, hey, Miss Willett? You got 'em comin' in droves. Where 'd you get all this here new ginger at, Miss Willett? Yesterday you had nothin'; to-day you got everything. I ain't had time to

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see it, but you must have it. What 's happened to you overnight?"

"Stop your kiddin', Mr. Bimber. I ain't up to it to-day. I reckon I got to go back to toilet articles, an' I hate them things now. I done 'em ten years. An' it ain't no cinch that I can get that job again, for it 's the good old summer-time now. I 'll go back to Pfefferbaum's and make a try, anyhow. I reckon you won't need me no more this afternoon?"

"Need you? You make me laugh, Miss Willett. I tell you, you 've got 'em comin' in droves. I took more orders this mornin' than I 've took ever since I 've been here. If this here keeps up, I 'll have to hire a secretary to write 'em down.

"Need you, Miss Willett! Miss Willett, your salary is raised—a dollar and a quarter a week. You see that there place acrost the street over yonder? They say it 's a swell restaurant. Myself, I ain't been in it; presidents of baby-bed companies eats in dairy lunches. But you—you take this here an' have lunch on *me* to-day, Miss Willett."

"O Mr. Bimber!"

"Gimme the princess an' get out!"

As the big, bewildered, tremulous woman started out of the door, Mr. Bimber committed the terrible dramatic solecism of halting the pantomime in the middle of an act.

"Miss Willett!" he called.

"Yes, sir?"

"You take plenty of time to eat, Miss Willett. An hour for yours to-day. I guess you ain't kind o' tired, hey? Take an hour, anyhow, Miss Willett, an' if it runs over, who cares? Not me. I 'll do this here three-ring circus in some kind o' way while you 're gone. Don't you come back before one-thirty, Miss Willett. Y' un'erstan' me, Miss Willett—one-thirty?"

"Yes, sir; thank you."

She ate in a dairy lunch, bought a pair of clocked silk stockings with the rest of the two-dollar bill, and sat out the last three fourths of the hour in Madison Square Park.

Quitting work at six o'clock, Miss Willett took off the Princess Bimberino's long white outer dress and tucked her carefully in the bed for the static, electrically lighted night exhibition, and came down the steps of the show-window stage holding the soiled, frazzled garment in her hands.

"What you gonna do with that thing, Miss Willett?" asked Mr. Bimber, looking up from the order-book.

"I 'm goin' to patch it up some an' wash it to-night. The pore little thing looks like a tramp in this. Ain't you got but *one* dress for the princess, Mr. Bimber? She ought to have a clean dress every day, bless her heart! An' she *will* have, too, if I have to do this one up every night."

"Dozen new dresses for the Princess Bimberino to-morrow, Miss Willett. You buy 'em; I 'll give you the money at lunch-time. Anything you say about the princess goes, Miss Willett; y' un'erstan' me—anything! Will you buy 'em for me, Miss Willett?"

"Sure; I 'd like to."

"Good night, Miss Willett. Pleasant dreams."

Then Mr. Bimber went back inside to gloat over the day's orders.

Arrived at home, Miss Willett rushed up the one flight of stairs and burst into her room. She took off her hat, dabbed a powder rag about her nose, slicked her eyebrows straight with a moistened finger, "duded up" her hair a bit, and then, straining to hold herself to casual, leisurely gestures, walked to the rear window and slid up the shade slowly. She looked out, not at the stable first; and when at last she did permit her eyes to rest hungrily on the little window, it was blinded on the inside with a dingy, blue shade.

"Gee! I knew it," sighed Miss Willett, and went back to the bed and sank down. "Nobody lives or works in that little old thing, anyhow. He just happened to be in there this mawnin' for a minute or two. I reckon it 's just a lumber-room, or somethin', now. But maybe again

"Her eyes leaped to the little rear window that looked up at hers"

sometimes—" The big woman stirred herself energetically, and stood up, to hurry her delicatessen and gas-stove dinner. "Because I got to do the princess's dress to-night," she said to herself, as if in explanation of her haste.

Miss Willett was awake Wednesday morning before the alarm-clock on the floor by her bed had done even one violent thing. She heard it give the premonitory click to signal all its forces to make ready for the first fiendish charge upon the quiet peace and comfort of the occupant of the bed. Reaching down, she turned the lever back to the word "Silent."

"Don't, dear," she said, patting it tenderly. "It ain't needed this mawnin'."

Getting quickly out on the floor, Miss Willett stood up without stretching or yawning. Having attended carefully to her face and hair, she raised her arms above her head to make sure that the sleeves of her nightgown would slip down over them; she knew that her arms were good to look at. Maybe they were a shade too plump, but they were straight, without a loose-jointed bend-in at the elbow, and they were round and smooth and firm and long and white.

Assured that the sleeves were in perfect working order, she walked to the window, ran up the shade, and looked straight at the green blind on the rear of the old stable. The morning was gray with clouds, but she easily made out, behind the open slats, the brown-bearded face of the day before.

"Again—all right!" she said to herself, triumphantly.

Shifting her eyes from the window, she slowly raised her arms above her head as if in a waking yawn, and shook the loosened sleeves down to her shoulders. With tremendous effort she kept her eyes drifting about the back yards in the pretense of lazy, early morning indifference. When she looked back, a hand was shoving out on the window-sill a tin can containing a geranium with one red flower open. Miss Willett smiled vaguely in the direction of the window, shifted her eyes once more, and pulled down the shade.

"I wonder what them things cost?" she said to herself. "Anyhow, I got to have one."

On the way down to Twenty-third Street it occurred to Miss Willett that he might be following her. She rather wished he would trail her to the baby-bed window; Mr. Bimber's nurse's white outfit was the handsomest costume she wore. She dawdled in front of several windows, looking furtively, anxiously back.

"Shuckin's!" she said after the third attempt, "he would n't do a thing like that—follow a lady." And she hurried on to work.

That night, though the stable window was once more dark and dead with the drawn shade, Miss Willett placed on her window-sill a small potted geranium with two open red flowers, flushing as red as they because she felt that already she was whispering to him in tones that no one else could hear. Well, anyhow, he had spoken first.

The week wore on. Mr. Bimber's enthusiasm increased as the orders kept coming in. The forelady of Pfefferbaum's "Ladies' and Misses' Dresses," an old friend of Miss Willett's, was personally supervising the alterations of "somethin' swell" for her, whom the Pfefferbaum girls called "Old Toilet Articles." Every day, across the dingy back yards, the two geraniums sent secret messages to each other; and though not again that week did the sun come out from behind the clouds in time to light the little window in the stable, yet every morning the big, blushing woman kept her tryst there with the brown beard and the tender, wistful eyes. Only once, and then for but a few seconds, had the sun lighted the gloom behind the open-slatted blind; yet her imagination, given merely a glimpse of the now familiar head, always supplied the appealing attributes that had impressed her that first morning of acquaintance.

Rising as early as usual Sunday morning, Miss Willett hurried to the window. She did not know if he would be there on Sundays. Still, if he was n't a twenty-

carat simp, he should have gathered that she, too, was a worker, and that therefore she would probably be free all day Sunday. And even if he was n't of the masher kind, surely he would have "pep" enough to seize her first free day. Miss Willett did not raise the shade; she merely peeped around the side of it. He was there all right, all right.

During the week, in the early morning pantomimes, Miss Willett had featured first her vague sweet smile, then her pale-yellow hair, her splendid arms, and her white neck, with the dimpled depression at the base of it; and yet all so diplomatically that if for any reason she should want to draw back, she felt she could say severely and convincingly: "Who are you? I never seen you before. I don't know you. On your way; don't get fresh with *me!*"

This morning she would feature the new dress; hence the window-shade would not be raised until late, maybe nine o'clock, when she would be all ready. But she desired him to know that she was up and alert. Sticking her head around the side of the shade, she smiled across the two tiny yards, and shook her hand gaily.

At 9:15 Miss Willett still stood before the dresser-glass. The shade being down, the gas was turned on. She got out in the middle of the room, making large contortions in the endeavor to see herself from all sides. Front, back, and sides, she was the best that she could achieve. The big, gracefully drooping hat was of a tint which would, in the open, she knew, emphasize the color of her wholesome complexion. The filmy sleeves revealed her opulent arms alluringly, and the dark-blue taffeta skirt rustled richly at her slightest movement. The low shoes, though topped with buckles set with brilliants, did not dim, but enhanced, the glory of the clocked silk stockings.

Taking a final supercritical view of her face within three inches of the mirror, Miss Willett turned off the gas, drew a chair against the window, ran the shade up briskly, and sat down, holding in her hand a book that seemed, from the manner in which she handled it, already to bore her considerably. Miss Willett's date was with Circumstance. She was ready; she was waiting.

From time to time she smiled incitingly across at the wistful, yearning, tender eyes she knew were behind the blind. Down on Third Avenue the elevated trains thundered, and in her mind she traced a little regretfully the glad course of the four old Pfefferbaum girls who had invited her to a Sunday in Bronx Park. If he made a move, she would suggest the park, provided he was n't dressed altogether like a rube. She was instantly ashamed of thinking that proviso; somehow she knew he would not be tacky, no matter what he wore.

It *was* a swell day. Though the elevated trains roared on north and south as usual, though the trolley-cars rattled their loose and loosening steel bones along the steel tracks, yet the harsh, clattering, shrieking week-day noises of innumerable trucks and machines and whistles were withdrawn from the general volume of sound, and the city's mighty voice was lowered and softened to its gentler Sabbath key. The west wind, coming from across how many millions of passionate fields and forests, shook out over New York the whispering ghosts of their soft summer sighs. Up in the park Minnie and the others were already rioting with the city and June and the sun. Miss Willett, gorgeous, eager, tremulous in the strain of suspense, sat by the window, holding a book, waiting.

At noon she dropped the book on the floor peevishly. "Gee! I wished the simp would make *some* kind of a move. I cain't set here *all* day. My God! on week-days I 'm fed up good an' plenty on show-window exhibitions."

As usual on Sundays, Miss Willett went down to a restaurant on Third Avenue for dinner. Coming out, she stopped to consider. What next? She thought she might be able to find Minnie and the others in the park, and it would be fun trying, anyhow. But already she was arguing for him.

"Yes, you knock the mashers," she said accusingly to herself, "an' then you throw a fit because he don't rush things like they do. Give him a little time, won't you? He'p him out. Them 's the best kind—the kind you have to he'p some. It 's a sign they ain't fresh."

So she went back to her room, sat by the window, and took up her book and waited, while the marvelous June day marched on without her.

At two o'clock Miss Willett's eyes were lounging about over the dirty back yards, as if to rest themselves after the fatigue of reading. They fell upon the little gray kitten. He came stealing around the far corner of the old stable, searching for whatever dainty adventures might come his way.

Determined to fight something and at once, he humped his back at a poor, defenseless tin can lying prostrate on the ground, sidled over to it, lashing his triple-sized tail ferociously, struck one mighty blow at the can, and ran to the fence separating the two back yards. He hesitated a moment in indecision whether to come over into foreign and fascinating, but possibly dangerous, territory; then he jumped, and so did Miss Willett. She was standing up when he reached the fence. Her plan was made.

Rushing down-stairs and through the basement apartment of the janitress, she got out in the yard. Five minutes later she was back in her room with the captive kitten. Setting him in the middle of her bed, she threw herself feverishly into the completion of her preparations for her tremendous adventure. It seemed to her that the kitten was a miraculous gift dropped straight down from heaven for a special purpose.

Tucking the strategic kitten under her left arm, Miss Willett walked out of the room, tiptoing for some vague reason, locked the door, and went noiselessly down the stairs.

Every piece of jewelry that she owned was stuck on her somewhere. The fingers of her left hand were gnarled with rings. She loathed toilet articles, having had too much to do with selling them; but now she called herself a fool for not possessing any more complicated cosmetic aids than talcum powder. Still, the touch of the rings and the other jewelry, the swish of the taffeta skirt, the soft, snug feel of the silk stockings, the clinging caress of the filmy sleeves,—all these somewhat reassured her.

At 3:30 o'clock Miss Willett was around in East Thirty-sixth Street, standing fearfully in front of the leaning, dilapidated wooden gate that must open upon the passage leading back to the primitive little stable. She did n't want to ring up the janitress of his house unless she had to. She pushed the gate, and it creaked open. Slipping inside, she closed it, and walked back along the rough, irregularly paved roadway, at the end of which she saw the dull red stable, its sliding-door slightly ajar.

It was not easy to walk down the old roadway now. She wanted to drop the kitten and flee. After a moment she did stop and drop him. But he did not run away, and thus deprive her of her innocent excuse for entering the stable of the red geranium. He humped his back and snuggled purring about her ankles. So she picked him up again.

And now she had either to go on or run back at once. She could not stand there in the yard. The houses on both sides of her were filled with windows—monstrous eyes that leered and grinned at her, eyes that seemed to know every secret thought that had passed through her mind in the last five days about this man she had come to see—thoughts some of which even she herself was not definitely aware of until now. But they did not seem new; she was certain she had had them before. The door ahead of her was ajar. She went on slowly.

At the door the big, gorgeous, tremulous, flaming woman halted again, panting, crying "Shame" at herself within her heart. And yet she knew, knew absolutely, that he would not even *think* "Shame" about her. She recollected his eyes; no eyes had ever looked like that at

her before. *He* would understand at the very first. Nothing else mattered.

High up in the house to her left a yearning beginner on the violin struggled in ecstatic pain with some vast, ancient, overpowering love-song. The softly moving wind from the west, slipping through the crevices of the crowding city, came stealing along the passage and waved the pale-yellow hair about her hot temples. Apparently unrelated thoughts, dimly noted, went swirling through her head: that the shouting of the children back there in Thirty-sixth Street sounded sweet in her ears; that she was thirty years old already; that the kitten lay warmly curled under her heart; that somehow the Princess Bimberino was very far away from her now.

Then she knocked, and, without waiting for an answer, stepped inside the door. Her eyes leaped to the little rear window that looked up at hers. But she was acutely aware of other things in the small house. There was a pungent odor of lime in the air. An old gray-bearded Italian lay asleep, snoring, on a bench against the wall. On shelves, on benches, on boxes, sitting around everywhere, were plaster figures of all sizes and shapes and colors. On the sill of the rear window sat the can with the one red geranium bloom. In front of it stood the plaster figure whose face the young summer sun had lifted up to hers. Some queer feminine impulse, in the midst of her catastrophe, demanded that she notice how he was dressed—in a sheet-like garment, with a blue border, and wearing sandals. She broke into a hysterical giggle, instantly smothered with a sob.

Miss Willett's left arm relaxed, and the kitten slipped down upon the hard floor, scratching ragged furrows in her new dress as he went. The big woman, whimpering as if she were being beaten, leaned back against the door, patting at her mouth with her ring-gnarled fingers.

"O Jesus!" she whispered, pleading, holding out her arms to the plaster figure by the window—"Jesus! I did n't know! I did n't—"

And she backed out of the door and closed it softly and went home.

But somehow after that, Miss Willett's love for the Princess Bimberino seemed even to deepen and intensify, and there was in her handling of the veteran infant an immaculate, an almost agonized, wistful tenderness which, as Mr. Bimber said, "kept 'em comin' in droves, an' with their eyes shinin'."

Tea

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY 've flowers and cakes and candle-light, and chair by crowded chair,
And I am very sweet and kind because I do not care.
I think that I am hoping still if I am very good
And talk to these around me as a courteous lady should,
The room will softly split across, and roll to left and right,
With all its smiling pasteboard folks and colored things and light,
And let me run into the grass and climb a sunset hill
And find three hours, one year ago, when I was living still.

The March of Progress

By J. C. SQUIRE

CHRIST as yet was not even a prophecy, and the races that were to fight in the Trojan War had not reached the Mediterranean. It was the day of the sun-god's festival in the capital city of Atlantis, and since dawn the crowds in the streets had grown steadily denser, and all the roads leading in from the country districts had been choked with carts filled with holiday-makers and decorated with branches and fillets of wool. As midday approached, the multitudes of men and women who lined the miles of the Temple Way, each clad in white and wearing the yellow disk which was the sun's symbol, hung by a chain around the neck, were pressed together to the point of suffocation, and the chatter of their voices made a noise like that of rolling waves. The sun-god himself burned fiercely from a quivering sky, pale toward the zenith, but very blue over the flát roofs and the trees. The Temple Way was straight and broad, and paved with wide, white blocks of marble; and the erect soldiers, spears at rest, whose motionless, brass-protected bodies kept back the heaving masses behind, could, when they turned their heads, see at the far southern end of it the massive square buildings of the temple. And behind the temple rose the middle and upper courses of a gleaming white pyramid as high as a small hill.

On that pyramid, at the third hour after noon, the high priest was to cut with an obsidian knife the throats of six young men and six girls. According to custom, these had been selected from among the most physically perfect of their age in the whole empire of Atlantis. Their flesh would be cut; they would bleed to death on that high altar; their bodies would be burned; and the day would end.

Three men stood on a balcony over the tall portico of a villa overlooking the tumult. The heavy, square pillars of the portico, covered with bright geometrical patterns, stood right on the road; the other sides of the house were surrounded by a large garden full of trees. Two of the men were middle-aged, one tall, lean, and determined-looking, the other shorter and corpulent; but the third was a youth. His dark hair was tossed back from a bony face, his eyes were deep-set and intense, and his lips broad and sensitive. Thousands of the little faces below turned up toward them, for they were well-known and of the nobility; but they themselves looked out over the roaring crowds and the broad road that drove far to the left and right with eyes for no person in the scene. All the city except only the public buildings was of one-storied houses; trees were plentiful; in the distance, to the south, was the great group of the temple-buildings; to the east the horizon was cut by the line of the monolith that stood in the royal gardens; and in the haze of the distance straight in front of them, over the miles of roofs and a short interval of plain, they could just see a gleam or two of water and a dark little patch that they knew to be the assembled masts of hundreds of ships in the port. In the splendid light the panorama was opulent, settled, inspiring. It looked as though nothing could disturb it. The tall man grasped the parapet with his hands, and his gaze ranged the prospect with an energetic complacency.

"Well, Colcan," he said to the young man, "we of Atlantis have something to be proud of. Civilization can scarcely go much further."

Colcan, the poet, was leaning on his elbows, looking at the unending crowds with an expression that was hardly as happy as the occasion justified. He did not turn while he replied quietly:

"Yes, Bardath, ours is an active race," and as he resumed his reverie, his companion looked significantly at the stouter man, whose face was now wet with the

heat. They were fond of their young friend, but they both knew that he disapproved of many things, and probably of this; for he was eccentric, and unwilling to think like other men.

Their guess was correct. Colcan, the poet, his chin on his hands, was shuddering at the gaiety of the city. He thought of that awful procession which would soon come into sight, and pass below and on to the end of the way: the chariots, the files of bearded priests, the king leading his white horse, and then, with the high priest at their head, the lonely little company of victims with hopelessness in their eyes. It seemed strange to him that as a boy he had come every year with his parents and watched the pageant with delight. Then—in what year he did not remember—some change had happened in his brain; and the agony of each ensuing year's festival had left behind it a sediment of continual unrest and occasional acute pain. How incredible it was! These kindly thousands, these sedate functionaries, this ordered civilization, with all its complex machinery of subsistence, law, and custom—how incredible that it should all be in essence a conspiracy the crown of whose achievement was this ritual of torture and murder! One year, when the silence of the passing victims was on the crowd, he had heard a sudden shriek and a hubbub, and then there had been a surge of the crowd to his left. "Poor woman! Her son must have been taken," whispered the people around him; and then the murmurs of compassion had faded away in the cheering that greeted the African elephants that, with the royal archers on their backs, cumbrously towered along at the rear of the procession. That mother's torment was unforgetable. Probably she was dead now, and her griefs did not matter: but here was the eternal infamy going on, the same blind acceptance, the same consecration of unspeakably bestial cruelty, the same immeasurable stupidity. He was sick at heart as he thought of it, and as the sound of beaten gongs rumbled from the distance he rose, said he was going into the garden, and left his companions alone to watch the pageant.

Colcan, the poet, descended a short stair, crossed a courtyard, and passed under a gateway to a terrace of veined agate that overlooked the garden. No birds were singing, the trees were hushed in the heat, and above the less-aggressive clamor of the crowd there penetrated to his ears the ever-approaching fury of the holy gongs. The clanging swelled and swelled until it smote his ears like blows. Then it passed, receded, and diminished toward its goal. Colcan shivered, and felt like vomiting. The doomed were moving toward their end. Their white faces and dragging feet were nearing the temple; high above them, if they had still the power to look up, they could now see the immense, dominating face of the pyramid, the converging line of the climbing steps, and, where the summit pricked the sky, the tiny square jut made by the slab of the huge altar. As once more he saw in his mind the fainting bodies in an inescapable machine, the venerable priest, the binding, the incantation, the swift slice of the knife, the blood jetting over the stone, he sprang up and began walking feverishly to and fro, with his palms pressed over his ears and his forehead sweating.

He had sat down again when Bardath and Môl stepped out from the house. Suppressed excitement had exhausted them. They lay down on two divans, and Bardath called for cooling drinks and fans. He and Môl remained for some minutes in languid silence; they refreshed their eyes with the fountain and the inky green of the cedars, and turned occasionally to scrutinize the face of their companion. He sat looking into an imaginary distance. At last Bardath spoke:

"I suppose, Colcan," he said, "that you are still brooding over what you will call the iniquity of human sacrifice?"

Colcan, in a polite, but agitated, tone, said that he was. Then his anguish forced its way out. His eyes suddenly flashed at Bardath.

"What else do you call it?" he cried fiercely. He contracted his eyes. "Oh, it 's horrible!" he gasped. "I feel unclean."

Bardath looked at him whimsically and a little paternally.

"My good Colcan," he remarked, "do not distress yourself so. There are worse things in the world than this. It is a beautiful day. Have something to drink."

"Yes," said Môl, "that 's what you want."

Colcan, with his mouth drawn and his hands trembling, stood up and faced them.

"I implore you," he said; "you do not know how brutal you are being and how men like you hold things back. I ask you, do you dare to imagine what these victims to-day have gone through?"

"I prefer not to," said Bardath, raising his knee to adjust the strap of his sandal. "At any rate, it is all over now."

"Oh, no," cried the young man again, "it is n't all over. It 's going on. The air is infected by it. We all reek of it. The state is built on it. It is one great edifice of murder. And as for us," he went on bitterly, "we don't even believe it does any good. We simply let this horror go on and on, and we don't know what it 's for. We don't even believe in the gods."

Môl's puffy face turned red, and he frowned.

"Please don't get so excited, Colcan," he said. "I sympathize with you to some extent, but you need not be blasphemous."

Their two solid figures, grouped together, suddenly seemed to Colcan to typify all the evil of the world. He felt a fire inside him.

"Oh," he thought, "my God! my God! I hate you both! You filthy beasts!" Then he checked himself, and in a voice which his self-restraint made tremble, said, "Would *you*, Bardath, if you were making a world, put *this* into it?"

Bardath was a considerate man, but he had the courage of his convictions.

"Yes, Colcan, I should," he said. "Death has to come to us all some time, and the mere infliction of death is nothing. And it is my belief that human character is such that familiarity with death and pain is the only thing which can keep it from softening into indolence and decay. The emotions of the sacrifice and the slight risk of exposure to it that each of us takes in his youth have an incalculably strengthening effect. I believe that the whole power of Atlantis, and ultimately the welfare of all mankind, is founded upon this institution which your hypersensitiveness cannot stomach."

Fat Môl was rather a sentimental man. He, too, had had his moments of doubt, and he possessed few theories. He cleared his throat and, failing to look either of his friends in the face, said:

"I don't know about that, Bardath. Suffering is very terrible, and I admit with Colcan that human sacrifice has its seamy side. All I say is that it always has been and always will be. So we had better get all the benefit of it that we can."

THE sunset withered, the after-light waned, and the breeze of evening twice swished in the garden trees. In the royal palace the slaves were already arranging couches for the hundreds of guests who were expected at the banquet which once a year, on the day of this solemn festival, was given in honor of the foundation and preservation of the city and of the awful rites with which from remotest time the favor of the gods had been secured. The populace, that happy evening, also celebrated after their manner, and the three friends, sitting on their terrace, could hear the beginnings of the night's merriment in the neighboring streets; and they knew that in countless homes the lamps were being lighted and the tables spread, and the children, allowed for once to stay up, were laughing and chattering in expectation of the cutting of the ceremonial cake with a wooden model of the sacrificial knife. It grew dark. The three men rose. Bardath and Môl were going to the banquet, and retired to make themselves ready.

But the poet Colcan walked away out

of the city into the fields. The noise grew fainter behind him, the stars brighter over his head; and he walked until he came to a hill which hid the lights of the town, and he was alone in a dark, wide place under the star-scattered heaven. His heart swelled painfully because of the horror of the things that had been done since morning; and worst of all, perhaps, to him was not the agony of the poor victims who, like their murderers, accepted their fate as part of the eternal order of nature, but the blindness and callousness of those who could inflict such suffering, could calmly mutilate, or watch while others did so, the bodies of bound and helpless human beings. In truth he could not deny that his countrymen, from princes, magistrates, and priests downward, were not all ogres: he remembered Gorco, the amiable old high priest, who had often patted his head and encouraged his studies when he was a boy. What appalling curse had been spoken over the cradle of the race that such frightful perversity of unconsciousness should afflict it? What end could any god achieve by it? Why did not heaven extirpate mankind at once and have done with it? What was the use of anything while such brutality was general and remained unquestioned? Could any gods exist at all?

As he walked, the briskness of the exercise, the coolness of the wind, and the consoling company of the quiet night calmed him, and he fell imperceptibly into a milder and happier train of thought. He dreamed of a day when the eyes of civilized mankind would be opened; when the streets of a later Atlantis would know nothing of the great pyramidical altar, and a more enlightened priesthood would look back in uncomprehending disgust on the sacrificial knife. It was a wild dream, and he knew it. Did human nature ever really change? Was there, in fact, any hope at all that an institution so ancient and hallowed as the altar of blood would ever be abandoned? He knew he was dreaming, but it comforted him to dream; and deep in his mind was a conviction, based on nothing more than the strength of his own longing, that what ought to come must come.

Centuries before Homer was born they buried Colcan. He had reached a great age: his songs were sung throughout the length and breadth of Atlantis; the peasants sang them at harvest-time, and the sailors as they pulled at their ropes. The Government built him a large tomb by the sea's edge, and as a special tribute to his fame and as a solace to his shade they killed a young girl at the doorway of the tomb.

When a few more kings had reigned, the earth trembled, and an immense tidal wave swept over the whole continent of Atlantis and submerged it.

Insomnia

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

A HUMAN drift that from day's pounding deep
Seeks anodyne upon a lotus strand,
Striving with vain endeavorings to land,
To moor a little while his beaten bark;
Hopeless at last, a derelict of the dark,
Surf-baffled from the pleasant shores of sleep.

CURRENT COMMENT

Loyalty and Language

GERMAN solidarity in the United States has brought us great benefits. It has focused upon us a splendid culture and the most coherent philosophy of social well-being in the world to-day. It has set up German ideals as better than our own, and often they are. But it has its vulnerable points.

The language of this country is not German, never will be German; but that it is English does not mean that we are a mere province of English culture. We have fought England twice, and we have a right to claim that language as our own. Not till German-Americans have fought *their* fatherland can they lay title to such independence. Yet in this country of general English speech hundreds of thousands of Germans are continuing to use their own language not only as a matter of convenience, but as a matter of principle. That is the real rock on which their divided loyalty splits. The German-language press is by far the most powerful foreign press in this country; it is the only foreign press which substantially represents the views of a major European power. Russian subjects coming here read a press frankly revolutionary; Italians, Greeks, and Scandinavians have a press entirely unaffected by home-controlled objects; the French, Belgians, and Dutch are negligible factors in our population. The case of the Germans is unique.

German is not merely a language; it is a propaganda. Men like Professor Münsterberg constantly hold American civilization up to scorn for being wedded to English, and the German societies in Hoboken have often urged their members to speak German in all their dealings, to force its importance on the American mind in every way possible. This is the attitude of a belligerent German minority, and that minority controls the German movements in this country. It is a situation which does not exist, could not exist, in any other country in the world. No Polish papers applaud "Polish-German" doings in German Posen; little Polish boys are whipped for even speaking Polish in the schools. French in Alsace-Lorraine and Danish in Schleswig-Holstein are similarly hindered by innumerable patient restrictions. The German cultural conquest in Austria-Hungary has been marked with one long, continuous policy of language discrimination. No one knows better than the Germans themselves the kinship of language and loyalty.

We cannot suppress German papers, as the Germans would do if they were in our place. But we can insist in our private capacity as citizens that Germans long enough in this country to learn English shall speak English, shall think English, like other Americans. We must make German-Americans who speak English know what we think of them for relying for their politics solely on papers published in a language foreign to this country. We must make it absolutely clear that no single factor is hindering Americanism so much as the German language. In the future we must become a one-idealed, one-languaged, one-loyaltied people.

The Poe Portrait—a Final Statement

WITH reference to Mr. J. H. Whitty's letter in the August issue, concerning Miss Shepherd's portrait of Poe, THE CENTURY wishes to state that the editors have seen the will of Louisa G. Allan, and can verify Mrs. W. R. Pryor's claim to have received a great many things by that will; and that Mrs. Allan's personal effects were not sold at auction. THE CENTURY is also satisfied that the testimony concerning Mrs. Allan in the will case mentioned by Mr. Whitty was false, and apologizes for its appearance in the magazine.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

If Gray Had Had to Write His Elegy in the Cemetery of Spoon River instead of in that of Stoke Poges

By J. C. SQUIRE

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The whippoorwill salutes the rising moon,
And wanly glimmer in her gentle ray
The sinuous windings of the turbid Spoon.

Here where the flattering and mendacious swarm
Of graven epitaphs their secrets keep,
At last incapable of further harm
The lewd forefathers of the village sleep.

The earliest drug of half-awakened morn,
Cocaine or hashish, strychnine, poppy-seeds,
Or fiery produce of fermented corn
No more shall start them on the day's misdeeds.

For them no more the whetstone's cheerful noise;
No more the sun, upon his daily course,
Shall watch them savoring the genial joys
Of murder, bigamy, arson, and divorce.

Here they all lie. And, as the hour is late,
O stranger, o'er their tombstones cease to stoop,
But bow thine ear to me and contemplate
The unexpurgated annals of the group.

There are two hundred only; yet of these
Some thirty died of drowning in the river,
Sixteen went mad, ten others had D.T.'s,
And twenty-eight cirrhosis of the liver.

Several by absent-minded friends were shot,
Still more blew out their own exhausted brains,
One died of a mysterious inward rot,
Three fell off roofs, and five were hit by trains.

One was harpooned, one gored by a bull-moose,
Four on the Fourth fell victims to lockjaw,
Ten in electric chair or hempen noose
Suffered the last exaction of the law.

Stranger, you quail, and seem inclined to run;
But, timid stranger, do not be unnerved.
I can assure you that there was not one
Who got a tithe of what he had deserved.

Some poor bucolic Borgia here may rest
Whose poisons sent whole families to their doom,
Some hayseed Herod who, within his breast,
Concealed the sites of many an infant's tomb.

Types that the Muse of Masefield might have stirred,
Or waked to ecstasy Gaboriau,
Each in his narrow cell at last interred,
All—all are sleeping peacefully below.

Enough, enough! But, stranger, ere we part,
Glancing farewell to each nefarious bier,
This warning I would beg you take to heart:
"There is an end to even the worst career."

Salt River Anthology

By CAROLYN WELLS

ALICE BEN BOLT

I COULD N'T help weeping with delight
When the boys kissed me and called me sweet.
It was foolish, I know,
To weep when I was glad;
But I was young and I was n't very well.
I was nervous, weak, and anemic,
A sort of human mimosa; and I had n't much brains,
And my mind would n't jell, anyhow.
That 's why I trembled with fear when they frowned.
But they did n't frown often,
For I was sweetly pretty and most pliable.
But, oh, the grim joke of asking Ben Bolt if he remembered me!
Me!
Why, it was Ben Bolt who—
Well, never mind. He paid for this granite slab,
And it 's as stylish as any in the churchyard.
But I wish I had a more becoming shroud.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

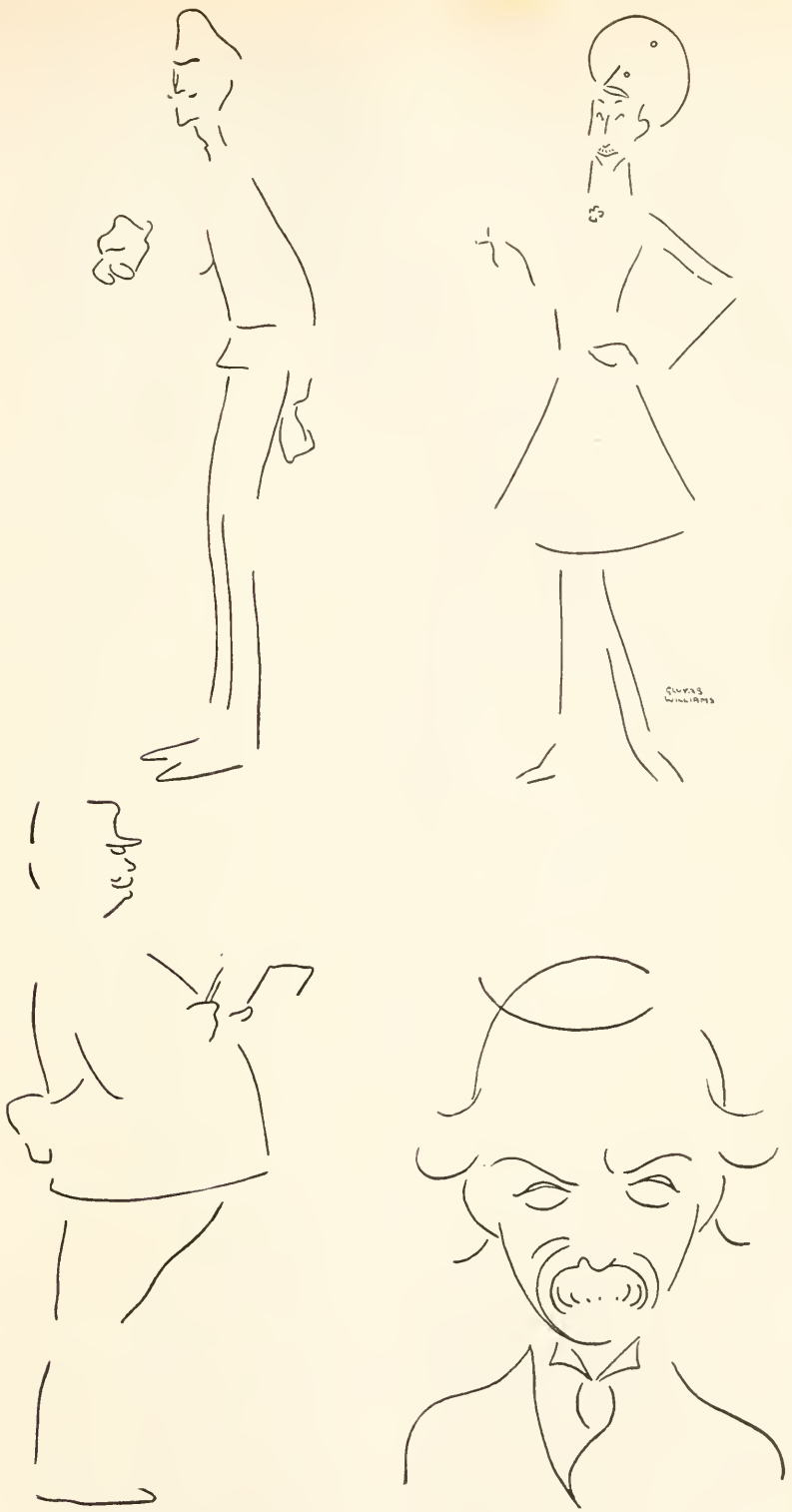
I WAS one of those long, lanky, loose-jointed girls
Who fool people into believing
They are willowy and psychic and mysterious.
I was always hungry; I never ate enough to satisfy me,
For fear I 'd get fat.
Oh, how little the world knows of the bitterness of life
To a woman who tries to keep thin!
Many thought I died of a broken heart,
But it was an empty stomach.
Then Mr. Rossetti wrote about me.
He described me all dolled up in some ladies' wearing apparel
That I wore at a fancy ball.
I had fasted all day, and had had my hair marcelled
And my face corrected.
And I *was* a dream.
But he seemed to think he really saw me,
Seemed to think I appeared to him after my death.
Oh, fudge!
Those spiritualists are always seeing things!

ENOCH ARDEN

YES, it was the eternal triangle,
Only they did n't call it that then.
Of course everybody thought I was all broken up
When I found Annie wed to Philip,
But, as a matter of fact,
I did n't care so much;
For she was one of those self-starting weepers,
And a man can't stand blubbering all the time.
And, then, of course,
When I was off on that long sea trip—
Oh, well, you know what sailors are.

LITTLE EVA

To be honest,
I did n't mind dying,
For I had
One of these here now
Dressy deaths.
It was staged, you know,
And, like Samson,
My death brought down the house.
I was a smarty kid,
And they were less frequent then than later.
Oh, I was the Mary Pickford of my time,
And I rest content
With my notoriety.



Four Conspicuous Europeans

Indicated by Gluyas Williams

"He loved her all the more for her girlish impetuosity"

None but the Brave

Our Patent Summer Story

After the Manner of Numerous Authors in Numerous Magazines

By E. L. Mc KINNEY

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

LEON VINCENT was a man's man. His was a powerful pair of shoulders and a wiry muscular body, and yet on it all a man's brain and a man's point of view. He was the sort of man who struck one. Coming to Harvard from an obscure night school in Kansas, he had worked his way through the university by serving as steward in one of the fashionable "frats"; and in so determined a fashion had he surmounted obstacle after obstacle that when he was graduated with highest honors a few years later he was the best hurdler on the track-team, the leader of the banjo-club, the most-feared full-back on the foot-ball-team, and by common consent the most popular fellow in his class. Despite this, there was nothing he said or did even to suggest it.

Commencement day, with its gay "proms" and "spreads," had come and gone, and now Leon was earning enough

money to send his mother to South America for her health by waiting on the table at the Ugottahunch Inn in the beautiful Blue Mountains. The position was galling indeed to the pride of such as Leon. Often a thoughtless word from one of the rich young guests would send the color surging to the roots of his hair, and one encounter between him and Gerald de Gennerett, the fashionable young New-Yorker, was the talk of the hotel. "Waiter," Gerald had cried,—Gerald had been drinking,—"bring me a hard-boiled egg." Leon had been on the point of replying fittingly to this caddish remark, but at the thought of his mother in South America he had bitten his lip firmly and resolutely, and walked coolly out of the room in the direction of the hen-house.

Now Leon stood on the serving-porch tuning the finger-bowls, and he looked resentfully in the direction of the tennis-court, where Allina Carbert was playing with Gerald de Gennerett. He could hear "Fifteen-love," "Thirty-love," "Forty-love," and "Game!" in Allina's clear falsetto, and Gerald's hearty cries of "Love-fifteen," "Love-thirty," "Love-forty," and "Game." Leon put away the furniture-polish, wiped his hands on his waiter's apron, and dragged himself up the twelve long flights that led to his room.

When blue, Leon resorted to music, for he loved music. He had loved the violoncello ever since he could distinguish it from a second violin. In college the president, or "prexie," as the students af-

"In an instant more Leon had Allina in the canoe, and was mopping her wet face with his hands"

fectionately styled him, on his nightly rounds among the dormitories became familiar with the vibrous pizzicato from Leon's room. After a while he learned to skip that dormitory altogether.

To-day Leon took off the green flannel covering tenderly, and played Bach's "Aria in A." It soothed him somehow, and he wandered into Beethoven's "Barcarolle in B," and then into Cavalieri's "Cantata Sotto Voce ma non Troppo in C." He would gladly have drifted along to Dostoyevsky's "Fandango Spifflicato in F-sharp," but it was an old-fashioned instrument, and many of the finest gems were out of its range.

A splash of oars made him look toward the boat-house, and he saw that Allina and Gerald had finished their game and were off for a paddle. He scrutinized Gerald carelessly—a sleek young man, with shifty eyes and nicotine-tinged fingers, whose cane and wrist-watch showed him to be the darling of fashion that he was. There was something about him that Leon did not fancy.

Allina gave him her hand, stepped lightly on the gunwale of the boat, and nestled comfortably in the stern as Gerald tossed off the painter and leaped in. She was carrying his ukulele. Leon concluded they were to have music. He picked up his "cello," as he affectionately styled it, and dashed down-stairs to the boat-house.

Allina Carbert was of a type often seen, but rarely understood. Inconsequential and extravagant, she had at the same time in the back of her head a bit of old-fashioned practical common sense. She had discussed Platonic love with Leon. He had listened reflectively. He had read the "Oxford Book of English Verse" to her, and she had said it contained some lovely things. Together they had perused Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Roget's "Thesaurus." He had come to the conclusion that, after all, there was more to the girl.

Arriving now in the boat-house, he slipped on his sweater, for he was a college man and proud of the fact, and placing his cello in a canoe, was soon progressing in easy, graceful strokes that bespoke his training on the Varsity eight. On reaching Blanchard Bay he anchored his frail craft. A few minutes later "The Angel's Serenade" might have been heard, played as never before. Leon had often played it beneath Allina's window on chilly evenings, and she had thrown him a cyclamen that she kept in a glass of water on her dressing-table. Once she had forgotten to empty out the water. He loved her all the more for her girlish impetuosity.

Suddenly a cry rent the air, and Leon turned, to see a canoe, carried by the wind, sweep by him, with Gerald clinging frantically to the keel. Over his shoulder he saw Allina's form struggling in the water. It was the work of an instant to loosen his collar and send his canoe driving in her direction. He threw himself against the paddle and cried to her to have courage. At the same instant there was a sharp crack, and the paddle snapped like a wand in his hand. A despairing wail from Allina showed that she had seen it. She threw up her hands and went down.

With a jerk, Leon pulled himself together. There was absolutely no time for anything but immediate action. He snatched up his cello, as he fondly termed it, swung it twice about his head, and flung it spinning toward the inert form of the girl now battling for her life. She saw it coming, stretched out her hands, and seized it as the water closed over her head for the third time. All this happened in less time than it takes to tell it, but not too quickly for the girl to catch a glimpse of Gerald de Gennerett on the shore. The test of courage had come, and found him wanting, and now he stood trembling on the beach, shaking with fright, and hopping on alternate feet to get the water out of his ears.

In an instant more Leon had Allina in the canoe, and was mopping her wet face with his hands. After a while she opened her eyes. Then she closed them again.

"Leon," she murmured as the damp golden curls sank on his shoulder—"Leon, let 's—let 's go back to the boat-house."

Finance and Banking

By H. V. CANN

ACCORDING to the estimate of a leading economist, internal trade of the United States in 1913 was four hundred and seventy billions of dollars. An article published in the "Annalist" last January placed the total for 1915 at five hundred and seven billions. These figures have gone unchallenged, although they show an average trade of over five thousand dollars for every man, woman, and child in the land. The estimates appear to be in improbable proportion to the total income-tax on the number of contributors thereto, yet, as will be suggested later, they shed an interesting side-light upon any study of the question whether or not the development of trade acceptances would prove helpful in the economic life and workable in the banking system of this country.

A trade acceptance is a time draft drawn by the seller of goods upon the buyer, the latter having accepted the bill by writing his name across its face. This negotiable instrument was in daily use among previous generations of American merchants and bankers, and in other countries it is to-day and always has been the common way of financing trade obligations. A growing practice abroad, which has recently been adopted here, is for bankers to come between buyers and sellers and accept drafts representing domestic trade in the way that they have long been accustomed to accept bills arising out of foreign trade. American merchants gradually gave up the use of drafts in domestic trade, and for many years have sold goods on open account. That is to say, the seller charges goods on his ledger to the buyer, whose books in turn show a corresponding credit to the seller. Such accounts remain open until payment is made. If the seller needs money to carry the transaction, he borrows from a bank on his single-name note.

During the last year or so prominent bankers, credit associations, and a few commercial houses have strongly urged a reversion to trade drafts. The movement has aroused general interest among business people throughout the country. Its supporters put forth many claims in favor of such practice, a number of which are unanswerable arguments. Briefly stated, the broad and undeniable advantages of the draft system would be: the creation from book accounts of a supply of bankable paper available as a basis for issues of currency; that two-name trade drafts would be safer and more liquid in a banker's portfolio than single-name notes; that better knowledge of a borrower's position and discretion in credits would come to a bank through discounting trade drafts instead of direct notes; that legal proceedings are simpler with drafts than open accounts. Some advocates make other claims more or less theoretical and unconvincing, such as these: drafts would reduce losses, correct trade discounts, lessen the tendency to overbuy, and so on.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of drafts and their long and proved usefulness in other countries, it must be admitted that they have fallen into disuse, if not into actual disfavor, in the United States. To find an explanation of this it is necessary to consider conditions which are peculiar to American commerce and banking. The marked preference for open accounts may be the result of a number of causes: the general wealth of the manufacturers and merchants, the vast amount of cash sales, the tendency to shorter credits, the trade discounts, the wide knowledge of credit risks, and, more than any other, the banking system. Examining these suggestions in order, it will be found that a great part of the production and distribution of merchandise in America is done by corporations possessed of assets which dwarf the resources of most of the banks. They buy for cash, pay when it suits their convenience, and do not accept drafts; commanding all the necessary cap-

ital, it is simpler for them to sell on open account. Then there are the chains of stores, the department stores, and a host of moderately rich manufacturers and traders, in all, a far larger number of well-rated business men than in any other country. Buying for cash is the rule among such concerns, and their credit in general on single-name paper is solidly established.

A rough idea of the volume of cash trading may be had by going back to the economists' estimates and comparing their figures of the whole domestic trade with the total loans and discounts of all the banks and trust companies. The loans and discounts are about seventeen billion dollars; not all trade paper, of course, but the figures will serve as an illustration. If the average term of credit were, say, three months, the total multiplied by four would show sixty-eight billions of dollars to be the amount of time credit financed in one year by the banks. Thus, according to the estimates quoted, it would appear that time credit in the banks is required for less than one seventh of the domestic trade. Allowances may be made for anything misleading in the estimates and still leave a total internal trade enormously greater than the volume of trade paper. Where American business is not done for cash the terms of credit are as a rule shorter than in other countries. Wholesale trade is conducted over great distances, which, considered with the short time the debts are outstanding, probably makes open accounts more convenient. The cash discount has become deeply rooted. A buyer having the option of taking profitable discounts by settling bills at any convenient period within ten, thirty, or sixty days will be slow to forego that privilege by accepting a draft payable at a fixed time without discount. Trade discounts, notwithstanding abuses, do accomplish their object, namely, shorter credits. Those persons who indulge in sharp practice with cash discounts would not be reformed by dealing with drafts instead of open accounts. They could be just as troublesome and unfair in either case.

The quality of a bank's commercial loans should be judged not so much upon the form of advances, be it on trade acceptance, single-name note, or even overdraft, but rather upon the integrity, experience, prudence, ability, and capital of the debtor. The ten per cent. limit imposed by Section 5200 of the Bank Act obliges the large borrower to place his paper in a number of banks, all of whom must be posted on his financial standing; consequently, credit investigations are made here in greater detail than in any other country. The system has developed commercial agencies, note brokers, credit associations, and private investigators. All these and the banks and the different lines of trade exchange advices and opinions very freely. Thus definite information concerning risks is readily available. The borrower who has a good record and can show what has come to be regarded as a standard percentage of liquid assets can readily obtain credit on open account from merchants or from banks on single-name notes.

Conditions are different abroad. Banks are few in number, but possess large capital and operate many branches. Borrowers deal with one or two banks only, and their financial standing is publicly known only in a general way. Figures are not customary. It is natural, therefore, that foreign sellers should follow old custom and require acceptances. In Canada the banks are granting more direct loans than in former times, and this to some extent curtails the volume of trade drafts discounted. As more borrowers there attain undoubted financial standing, direct loans will probably increase because of their convenience.

Note-brokers in the United States, through their enormous business in commercial paper, occupy an important and influential position between the banks and the business public. They operate branch offices in the leading money centers of the

(*Continued on page 51 following*)

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The New Army Act and the Militia

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

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THE Army Reorganization Bill was signed by the President on June 3, and the administration devoutly hoped and prayed that the nation would sit back and consider itself adequately prepared. Mr. Hay of Virginia is admittedly the fairy godmother of the bill. He made such effective use of his position as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House that the bill as it stands is almost entirely of his inspiration. Good or bad, it must be entered to his account. Its provisions are his provisions, and its spirit is his spirit.

Ever since he first led his bill out of the House of Representatives and railroaded it through the conference committee against the well-nigh single-handed resistance of Senator Chamberlain, certain prominent American citizens whose records as faithful public servants insure for their opinion a respectful hearing have persistently and vehemently protested against it. Among these are ex-Secretary of War Root (Republican); ex-Secretary of War Wright (Democrat); ex-Secretary of War Garrison (Democrat), who tendered his resignation to the President as a protest against the bill; ex-Secretary of War Stimson (Republican); ex-Assistant Secretary of War Breckenridge (Democrat), who resigned as a protest against the bill; and Secretary of War Baker (Democrat). And there are many others. Their voices have been but faintly heard, however, through the hubbub of platitudes which heralded the bill.

It is manifest to all that the protest of these men means that the bill is worse than nothing, and that it has been passed for petty political reasons, against the united opposition of our military experts. I have discussed the bill with the most authoritative of these experts, and what follows is the result of my best efforts to present a composite of their views and beliefs.

To begin with, Mr. Hay's bill authorizes an increase in the regular army. This is an increase on paper, and will in actuality prove largely fictitious. For several years the regular army has had an "authorized" strength of over one hundred thousand, and yet the actual strength of the army has been with difficulty maintained at about ninety thousand. Merely to increase the "authorized" strength will not necessarily alter this situation. The lack of recruits is directly traceable to certain fundamental defects which Mr. Hay's army bill makes no attempt to remedy.

One fault lies in the continued maintenance of some forty useless little army-posts, which were established in various outlying congressional districts for pork-barrel reasons. Many congressmen strive

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to obtain army-posts for their own districts in order that their faithful constituents may reap profits from the construction and maintenance thereof.

From a military point of view it is as ridiculous to divide our army among scores of isolated posts as it would be to subdivide and scatter about the country a big manufacturing concern. In foreign countries troops are quartered in large cities in units of not fewer than twenty thousand, so that they may be efficiently trained, so that the overhead of fatigue duty performed by each individual soldier may be reduced, and so that the men may spend their spare time profitably and pleasantly.

America, on the contrary, has so many dreary and isolated posts that our diminutive army is scarcely able to garrison them all. In consequence our enlisted men devote more time to the care of buildings and grounds than to the study of the art of war. Each man must serve as a laborer and a scavenger, although he enlisted as a soldier. He spends a large part of his day in fatigue duty, which implies such tedious work as sweeping up, cutting grass, and shoveling snow. Such occupations, which are scarcely alluring to young men ambitious of making the profession of arms their life-work, become unbearable when performed in small outlying congressional districts in Montana or northern Vermont, where the sole amusements are watching desert sunsets or attending second-rate moving-picture shows. Is it a wonder that enlistment in our regular army has become the last resort of the desperate when our troops are constantly reminded by their very environment that the regular army is maintained primarily to satisfy the personal ends of congressmen and secondarily to serve its country?

However, it is perhaps unreasonable to object because a bill which institutes new forms of pork does not abolish existing pork-barrel army-posts. Upon careful examination the Army Reorganization Bill appears to be not only a new vehicle for the conveyance of private pork from the public treasury through individual congressmen to their personal henchmen, but also promises to institute a vast new system for the dispensation of political plums, a system outrivaling even the present extravagant pension system and the notorious "Rivers and Harbors."

Its Section VIII has become famous as evidence that the bill was conceived for pork more than for preparedness. This section cannot be too often called to the attention of the American public, for it illustrates only too well the spirit which actuated Mr. Hay. It reads in part as follows:

> Provided further, that of the vacancies created in the Judge Advocate General's Department by this Act, one such vacancy, not below the grade of major, shall be filled by the appointment of a person from civil life, not less than forty-five nor more than fifty years of age, who shall have been for ten years a judge of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, shall have served for two years as a Captain in the Regular or Volunteer Army, and shall be proficient in the Spanish language and laws.

The "Evening Journal" of Richmond, Virginia, after quoting this section, unburdens itself as follows:

> Just one person in the world can comply with these conditions. This person is Judge Carson of Virginia, a resident of Mr. Hay's district. The clause was drawn obviously and shamelessly to make a job for Judge Carson and to make it impossible that anybody else, under any administration, could be placed in that job. Mr. Hay, on the floor of the House, avowed his responsibility for this clause and practically acknowledged that its purpose was to provide for one of his own friends and constituents.

The "World-News" of Roanoke, Virginia, deals as follows with the subject:

> If it were possible we should like to see the Democratic [state] convention in session here this week go on record in some way as repudiating and condemning Con-

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Federalized, but not equipped

gressman Hay's shameless trickery in using the Army Bill to provide an office for Judge Carson. It is not pleasant to Virginia people to let his monumental piece of chicanery go before the nation as a specimen of what a Virginia congressman stands for. The convention could do nothing that would leave a sweeter taste in the thoughts of people of this State than the adoption of a resolution denouncing Mr. Hay's joker in ringing and unmistakable terms. It would thus announce to the world that debauching a great and vitally important public measure with the tricks of a ward heeler is not in accord with the spirit of convictions of the commonwealth whose proudest boast is the unimpeachable faith in her leaders.

This one example of petty pork sufficiently illustrates the general spirit in which the bill was conceived and framed. We leave Section VIII and advance to a consideration of the vast new political system provided in Mr. Hay's bill. Here the details are more intricate than those which concern mere private pork.

For one hundred and forty years we have consistently and wisely refused to grant political power to our professional army. We have until now decreed that its members should not hold public office; they are not allowed to sit in legislative bodies; they are not eligible as councilmen, mayors, or governors; they are not permitted to participate in civil business, or to practise any profession other than that of arms. In most cases the exigencies of military life make it impossible for army men to vote at election. Our fear of giving them any political power has been so great that we have denied the right of free speech to our regular army officers even in matters of vital national importance.

Thus our professional standing army has until now always been deprived of political power.

Moreover, its very existence lies at the mercy of the civil government, for Congress is called upon bi-annually to vote the appropriations which alone permit its continued existence. It can at any time be reduced or altogether abolished by the will of the people as expressed through Congress.

Such, in brief, has been our attitude toward our paid armies until the present day, when Mr. Hay has tried cunningly to pull the wool over our eyes, and hopes to saddle upon us a most pernicious union of political and military power.

He based his army reorganization scheme upon the assumption that our various and sundry state militias, although composed of the most admirable citizen soldiers, are, as now constituted, of small military value. This is a perfectly good assumption. The several state militias have existed upon their present basis ever since the Declaration of Independence, and throughout all our intervening history they have not rendered effective service in actual war until they have been removed from state control and been re-

trained, rearmed, and reorganized under national supervision.

The record of the militia, while far from inspiring, is no discredit to the men. They realized only too well how ineffective were the militia organizations to which they belonged. Moreover, they knew, too, that to send badly prepared troops against a thoroughly equipped, trained, and organized army as they had always been sent, can lead only to their useless slaughter.

Our present-day state militias do not differ materially from those of the past. In 1916 the total theoretical strength of our militias was nearly two hundred thousand. After two weeks, only forty-five thousand badly equipped militiamen had started for the Mexican border, and a large proportion of this small number were raw, untrained recruits who had never fired an army rifle. In 1914, Germany and France each mobilized one million trained, equipped, and organized second-line troops along their borders in two weeks.

In our militia mobilization of 1916 cavalry troops started for the border without horses or saddles. Thousands of men were despatched to the front before they had been vaccinated or had completed their typhoid prophylaxis. In some States from forty to fifty per cent. of the militiamen were discovered, after mobilization, to be physically unfit to withstand the hardships of war. In at least one State many regiments were still without tents, blankets, first-aid packets, ammunition, intrenching tools, machine-guns, medicines, pistols, knives, canteens, or haversacks three weeks after mobilization had been ordered.

An American infantry regiment at war strength should number two thousand men. Its minimum peace strength is nine hundred and ninety. When mobilization began most of the state regiments were below minimum peace strength, and many were unable to fill their ranks even with raw recruits.

The following letter suggests what the situation was:

Las Cruces, New Mexico, 5/27/16.

Dr. J. E. Hausmann [member of the American Legion], New York City, New York:

Dear Dr. Hausmann:

. . . We are hopelessly short of men and must have 300 as a minimum and could use 1000 to advantage. We are losing many men because of physical disability, by which I mean that the regular army surgeons are rejecting them, and we have to have men to take their places within the next few days. It occurred to me likely that there must be among members of the American Legion enough men who are anxious to see some real service, of which they are assured, to respond to this call.

This is, of course, entirely unofficial, and only comes from an unassigned officer in the guard who has the welfare of the guard as well as the dignity of the State very warmly at heart. I may add, however, that I have just had a conversation over the 'phone with the Adjutant-General of the New Mexico National Guard, and he tells me that if I can induce 300 men to enlist from New York or anywhere else I shall certainly have the honor of saving the State from being placed in the ignominious position of being unable to raise its quota after the President has called upon it.

If necessary, use the wires freely at my expense, and hoping that you may be in a position to help us out, I am, with kindest personal regards,

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] A. Fleming Jones,

Colonel, N. G. N. M., unassigned,

formerly aide-de-camp to the governor.

Many regiments reached the border without wagon-trains, ammunition, or medical supplies. They were incapable of moving more than a day's march from the point where they detrained; they could neither have resisted an attack nor cared for their wounded. They would have been slaughtered by the attack of any trained army.

Chaos is only the logical result of a system based upon dual allegiance and operated by forty-eight different groups of amateurs.

Photograph by Brown Brothers

Going to the border without training or equipment: raw recruits of the Essex Troop of New Jersey

The local daily newspapers have not reported the glaring failures of the militia mobilization. Instead they have romanced about the noble boys in khaki and the girls they left behind them. Local papers seem to fear that any criticism of the faulty militia system will be interpreted by the relatives and friends of militiamen as derogatory to the unselfish and altogether admirable rank and file. That, however, is not the principal difficulty. The chief obstacle is that intelligent criticism must be aimed to a large degree at the State's adjutants-general and at amateur generals of brigade, and these persons already possess sufficient influence to muzzle their local press.

The following is an illustration in point. On Friday, June 23, the First Brigade of Pennsylvania State Militia paraded in Philadelphia. A brigade at war strength should number six thousand, but the First Pennsylvania was only two thousand strong. Nearly a thousand were raw recruits who had been hurriedly enlisted in a vain effort to fill up the ranks, and hundreds were so anemic and stoop-shouldered that they were subsequently rejected as unfit to withstand the rigors of war. And yet one Philadelphia paper, in describing the parade, spoke of "three thousand grim-visaged fighting men"!

In another city I questioned a reporter who was about to depart for the Mexican border as "war correspondent" with his local militia regiment. I asked him if he had any intention of telling any unpleasant truths about the deficiencies of the mobilization. He replied with a cynical laugh: "Not on your life! I am going to lie like hell."

Ex-Assistant Secretary of War Breckenridge, who resigned rather than surrender to Mr. Hay, has said:

> The history of the militia constitutes an unanswerable indictment of the militia system. It illustrates the wickedness of submitting good military material to the disastrous influences of such a system. The same individuals . . . who participated in writing the shameful history of the militia, if organized and trained under proper system, would have written annals of glory.

We concur in Mr. Hay's premise as to the defects of the state militias as now constituted, but we cannot logically indorse his subsequent action; for while pretending to place the militias upon a new and improved footing, in reality he "winks the other eye," and not only leaves them upon the present basis of state control, but intrenches and strengthens and perpetuates them with all their defects thick upon them. He proposed—and his proposal has now become law—to fortify them in their present position by authorizing the Government to pay over fifty million dollars a year without exacting from them a binding guaranty that the nation will receive anything in return. Mr. Hay *pretends* to accord control over the militias to the nation by authorizing the President to appoint militia officers and prescribe their duties while in state service, and by empowering him to train the militias even when not in national service.

But the Constitution of the United States specifically reserves all these rights, together with prior authority over the militias, to the governors of the several States. A State's militia is the foundation upon which the dignity and authority of the State is based, and upon which law and order within the State ultimately depend.

Mr. Hay argues that if a State refuses to forego its constitutional rights, it can be deprived by the National Government of its slice of the annual fifty millions. This is perfectly true, and each State will begin by cheerfully submitting, for the reason that its share of the national funds makes it decidedly to its interest to do so. Each State will continue to submit during "piping times of peace," and as long as no crisis arises to make it unprofitable to submit.

As soon as such a situation arises, the governor will promptly point out his prior constitutional right, defy the National Government, and refuse to turn over his militia, exactly as so many governors have done in our past history.

The National Government, after subsidizing the state armies for years, will find itself deprived of their services the moment a crisis arrives. Of what avail, then, to cut off appropriations?

Mr. Hay perpetuates and builds up at great cost a system which has always failed in the past, and which is certain to fail again as soon as the exigencies of a national calamity bring into conflict the opposed authorities of nation and state.

A hypothetical case will serve as illustration. New York is believed to possess the most effective of the several state militias. Under the Hay bill the nation would count upon it as an important part of the second line of defense.

Let us suppose that a war becomes imminent. The governor then realizes that a successful attack upon New York City's water-supply by enemy spies armed with explosives would entail more disastrous results than the loss of a great battle. It requires nearly all the New York militia adequately to protect that single public utility. The governor is thoroughly conversant with this fact. The nation, feeling it necessary to mobilize its second line of defenses, calls upon New York's militia for federal service. Five million inhabitants of the biggest city in the world urge the governor to defy the order and to keep his militia at home for their protection. Whereupon the governor promptly exercises his prior constitutional right, and distributes his militia to guard public utilities.

Can he be justly blamed? Or can the individual militiaman be blamed if, having the two halves of a dual oath to choose between, he elects to obey the governor rather than the President? Governors have in the past frequently insisted upon keeping their troops at home in time of war, very notably in the cases of Vermont in 1812 and of Massachusetts in 1861; and their militias obeyed and heartily indorsed their orders.

In the mobilization of 1916 no serious crisis existed, yet the governor of Michigan reaffirmed his prior right, and declared that the President could not order out the Michigan militia unless it chose of its own accord to leave the State. He

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The National Guard of New York marching down Fifth Avenue to entrain for Mexico

flatly refused to mobilize his troops for national service until he had obtained an expression of willingness from the militiamen themselves.

The futility of Mr. Hay's system will not become fully apparent until after the outbreak of war. Meanwhile the nation is urged to rely upon the militias as a second line of defense, and to pay over to them fifty million dollars every year. The failure of the system is postponed until calamity impends, but the payment of funds begins immediately, and may even survive subsequent refusals of the state

authorities to forego their constitutional rights by obeying orders prejudicial to their own interests.

Mr. Hay hopes to create the impression that he has federalized the militias, when the sole federalization he has brought about is the payment of federal funds to eight hundred hand-picked constituents in each congressional district.

The governors will continue to control the militia, just as they have in the past. Doubtless they will in future receive from politicians much "acceptable" advice as to the appointment of officers and the distribution of federal funds.

Herein lies the "joker" which threatens to make the Army Reorganization Bill a vehicle for the distribution of pork by congressmen to an organized body of their henchmen. When citizen soldiers are paid for military service they cease to be citizen soldiers and become professionals, and the professional character is commensurate with the scale of payment. Mr. Hay evidently does not believe in half-measures; he makes the professional character very marked. His bill provides, for instance, that each militia captain shall receive $500 per year.

Thus Mr. Hay has actually set up, and proposes to perpetuate, forty-eight new professional standing armies of small military value, but with great political power; their members, although professional soldiers, will neither be invested with the disabilities which have heretofore characterized our country's professional soldiers, nor will they be denied any of the privileges to which citizen soldiers are alone entitled.

The members of our forty-eight new standing armies will be entitled to hold public office. Many of them are already councilmen, mayors, or governors, while others sit in legislative bodies. They participate in civil businesses and practise the professions. They can be made by their leaders to wield a powerful and widespread influence over the press. Moreover, each and every one is an effective voter, and in almost any congressional district their eight hundred collective and organized votes will constitute a political balance of power, and be a dangerous weapon ready to the hand of their chief. And the guardsmen will be unable to save themselves, for the military machinery in the hands of their military chiefs furnishes a weapon to destroy any person who misbehaves politically.

In future the political boss of the local standing army can say to his faithful eight hundred, "If you boys put it over, I 'll see that your pay is raised."

And what candidate for office will ever be courageous enough to propose any decrease in the pay of the local militia, or to demand in military service rendered any proper return for the national funds expended? And what militiaman will dare be politically disobedient to his military commander?

The following editorial from "The New York Times" makes one suspect that the writer has seen a light and is even a trifle panic-stricken:

> . . . Alert and progressive Guardsmen are not in favor of converting their military body into a powerful political machine. They do not intend to vote as Guardsmen or to place the interests of the Guard above those of the State or nation.
>
> Yet they must be aware that there is a well-directed movement afoot to use the machinery of the National Guard organization to gain purely political ends. Some of them must already have seen a circular letter addressed to his "comrades" by General A. B. Critchfield, of the Ohio militia, congratulating the Guard on its recent victory in the face of "strenuous efforts to destroy it by substituting another body of volunteers," and declaring that "much absolutely necessary for the development and future success of the Guard is yet to be secured." General Critchfield commends a majority of the Senators and Representatives in Congress for willingness and friendliness, but points out that they were unable to do all that they might have done if they had been more familiar with the Guard and its needs. Wherefore he urges that no National

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Off for Mexico without horses: motor-vans dragging the guns of a militia battery

Guardsmen shall vote hereafter for a candidate for Congress who is not or has not been a Guardsman. . . .

The National Guardsmen themselves should be the first to repudiate this letter and its political advice. They should unite in condemnation of all such attempts to degrade their military body. If they willingly play the political game suggested by Critchfield they will inevitably lose public respect. With 800 Guardsmen prospectively, in every Congressional district, there is no doubt that the organized militia could temporarily exert an intolerable influence in national politics. . . . Unless the Guardsmen themselves check this outrageous plot in its inception, they will see the day when their organization will be held in contempt in every part of the Republic, when it may even be swept out of existence by the force of public opinion. The country has already endured all the National Guard politics it can endure with patience.

"The guardsmen themselves" did try to "check this outrageous plot in its very inception"; the more far-sighted among them began to protest against the Hay bill while it was still in committee.

I have interviewed many of the officers and men who make up the patriotic rank and file of the militias, and most of them disapproved the Hay army bill on the very grounds I have here outlined. They foresaw that if the bill passed they would either be forced to become political henchmen or be superseded by henchmen.

That metamorphosis had already begun before the bill became law. One instance will suffice. In western Pennsylvania there lives a young lawyer named Churchill Mehard. He is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Military College, where he was senior cadet captain. He passed successfully the examinations for a commission in the regular army. He has served faithfully in the state militia for fourteen years. He reached the rank of major in 1912. The study of the art of war is his hobby and his recreation. His reputation as an exceptionally efficient officer extends even beyond his own State. Therefore his appointment in 1912 as adjutant of the brigade to which his regiment belonged

met with wide approval. His services in that capacity had for four years been highly satisfactory. Last April the militia-pay clause of the pending Hay bill became a vital issue. Although the bill would give him five or six hundred dollars a year for merely continuing to do in future what he had unselfishly done in the past, Major Mehard nevertheless opposed its passage and, like many others of the rank and file, indorsed the federal Plattsburg camps and a national militia as provided in Section LVI of the Chamberlain bill.

But the militia general commanding his brigade was an ardent advocate of the Hay bill. "It was intimated" to Major Mehard that he had better reconsider and change his views. He replied that his conscience would not permit him to do so. As a result he was within a month informed that his services as brigade adjutant were no longer desired. At the date of writing it is rumored he is in danger of court-martial because he still continues to oppose the bill. "Either become political henchmen or be superseded by henchmen."

It was not the rank and file of the guard which maintained that savage "militia lobby" at Washington during the early months of the present year. That lobby was maintained by the high officers and adjutants-general of militia, who saw a golden opportunity to take unto themselves great political power.

It is impossible to federalize the militia by act of Congress. The Constitution specially and repeatedly reserves to each State the control of its own militia. Nationalization must come either through a constitutional amendment or by act of the State's own legislature, by means of legislation similar to that recently passed in Massachusetts.

Adjutant-General Cole of Massachusetts, who differs widely from most adjutants-general in not coveting political power through militia pay, disapproved the present bill. The rank and file of his

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Changing into service uniforms during the mobilization

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The arrival on the Mexican border

Massachusetts militia agreed with him. It is significant of the potential political power of the state militias that he was able to obtain the immediate passage through the Massachusetts state legislature of an act providing that all Massachusetts organizations, together with their armories and equipment, were to be unreservedly turned over to the National Government as a gift as soon as an act of Congress shall authorize their acceptance. General Cole fully comprehends the need for undivided national control over all troops intended for national defense. He refused to yield to the temptations of personal ambition.

National troops under exclusive national discipline and control are necessary for adequate national defense. Our own history and the histories of other nations have repeatedly proved this. In the Plattsburg training-camps we have the germ of a national militia. Section LVI of the Senate's army bill provided for a national volunteer reserve. Through jealousy it was opposed by the "militia lobby," and was defeated.

In its stead Congress has saddled upon us an incubus which will be a mighty financial burden and a sure source of political corruption. What is even more serious in our present national crisis, it tends to prevent the attainment of any military system adequate for defense against invasion.

The present mobilization of the militias places their patriotic rank and file under Federal control, where they belong, and where they can effectively serve their country. It removes them from the sphere of the States' adjutants-general and of state political control. It delays their political absorption. Let us devoutly pray that by the time the militias return from the border and pass again under state control Mr. Hay's bill will have been superseded by newer legislation.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Hay's system for distributing pork was not invented by himself. It was first conceived in 1912 by certain Republicans. The Democratic minority of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House vehemently, and wisely, protested against it. It is to the credit of the Republican party that Mr. Taft followed the recommendations of the *Democratic* minority of the Committee on Military Affairs and vetoed a bill containing the militia pay clause which has to-day, under Mr. Hay's sponsorship, become a law.

"I appeal from Cæsar drunk to Cæsar sober," for it would be difficult to find a more concise statement of the dangers of Mr. Hay's bill than the one contained in the above-mentioned minority report, *which was written by Mr. Hay himself,* who was then leader of the minority! (Report 1117, Part II, 62d Congress, Third Session.) It reads as follows:

The minority making this report is convinced that the legislation proposed by the pending bill is not only unwise, but that it is dangerous in the extreme. Rather than enter upon a legislative course that will inevitably entail upon the General Government an enormous expense, which may be found in dire emergency to have been wasted, a course that will surely lead to the creation of a great military force that will become so powerful politically that Congress will be no more able to resist its demands than it has been to resist the demands of a far less compactly organized and manageable army of pension applicants and their friends, this minority would favor a reasonable increase of the regular army, leaving the States to maintain their own troops in their own way and at their own expense without any aid whatever from the United States.

Touching Reality

By S. M. BOOGHER

I KNEW what grandmother meant to-day
When she said she had never touched reality,
And mother and all the others scolded her,
Saying if she had n't touched it,
There is no reality—
She who had had grandfather for a husband,
And had buried him;
She who had reared seven children,
And now many grandchildren.
Aunt Agatha was very cross with her,
And finished by saying it was just such remarks
That caused grandmother to complain her children did not understand her.
In the hubbub I, who was cleaning my bicycle near them on the lawn,
Tried to tell grandmother,—but my voice was drowned in the others,—
That I knew what she meant by saying
Nothing seems real enough.
It is something I first felt long ago
When waking Christmas morning, with all my toys, was not somehow as real
As going to sleep the night before with the empty stockings swaying in the chimneypiece
And cold ticklings up my spine.
Why, just last week when the expressman delivered my bicycle,
And it leaned against the house winking out at me with shiny eyes through the crate,
And I had signed the receipt-book,
Suddenly I felt that owning a bicycle must mean something else than this!
And I almost ran after the man, crying out
For more.

Lloyd-George—Conservative?

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

of "The Manchester Guardian," England

FIVE years ago, even three years ago, there was in the politics of two hemispheres no more intriguing question than this: What would Lloyd-George do with England? To-day it is the converse of the question that would have to be put: What will England do with Lloyd-George? For something of startling import has happened to the genius and the career of this politician who in an extraordinary manner has absorbed the interest and excited the passion of his contemporaries. Lloyd-George is not now the man that he was in the years before the war. His aims and position have changed. His relations to the democracy, and therefore to the supports of his power, are strikingly different from what they were. He may yet be prime minister of England; but if so, he will not be the dictator which at one time it seemed possible for him to become. He would be the premier of a party, and (here is the significant point) the great majority of his former adherents would be in the opposition.

For rather more than eight years Lloyd-George has been the most conspicuous and challenging figure in the British Empire. The career of Joseph Chamberlain had shown that a man may be that without being head of the Government. Lloyd-George goes beyond Chamberlain in one interesting feature: he belongs in a more emphatic sense to the common people. Not that he is of them, as some Presidents of the United States have been, —that at present would not be possible in Britain,—but Lloyd-George comes the nearest. It is over three quarters of a century since England professedly democratized her Constitution. But the Reform Act of 1832, while it brought the middle classes into power, did almost nothing to dispossess the governing families of their marvelous inheritance. To all seeming they remained immovably intrenched. The landed aristocracy had begun to yield, but it was not required to surrender more than a portion of its ancient privilege to the aristocracy of commerce. Two of the great Victorian prime ministers, Peel and Gladstone, came from the manufacturing class; but they could never have arrived had they not taken the same road of training and society as their aristocratic predecessors. Disraeli, of course, was outside all classification. Mr. Asquith is a middle-class lawyer, bearing the stamp of Balliol College, Oxford. Joseph Chamberlain, had his ambition been fulfilled, would have brought to the premiership a new training and tradition; but behind him was the weight of successful business. Lloyd-George stands apart from all these. He had no advantages of wealth, birth, or social backing. He grew up in poverty, had next to no formal education, carved out entirely his own career. Yet even he does not fit the pattern of the workman ruler. He did not come of laboring folk. His grandfather was a yeoman farmer, his father a schoolmaster who narrowly escaped the ministry. It was misfortune, not heredity, which threw Lloyd-George in childhood among the poor. He has always claimed kinship with them, but he is not, and never was, of their world. In origin and temperament he belongs to the middle class just as unmistakably as, from their point of view, he is outside the frontiers of the governing order.

David Lloyd-George is fifty-three years old. Entirely Welsh by ancestry, he was born not in Wales, but in the heart of industrial Manchester, on January 17, 1863. Within eighteen months of that date his father died, and Mrs. George, left destitute, took her young family to live with her brother, Richard Lloyd, working shoemaker by trade and lay preacher by

calling, at the village of Llanystumdwy, once a renowned center of bardic culture, near the little town of Criccieth, a few miles from the northern shore of Cardigan Bay. There the boy grew up, near the heart of Welsh Puritanism and Radicalism. The shoemaker uncle belonged to a fine native type which tends under present-day conditions to become rare. He was an enthusiastic reader, politician, and theologian. His shop was the meeting-place of the intelligence and public spirit of the village, a far better forum than could be found, then or now, in many a pretentious city. At the national school the boy was leader among the rebels; that is, the children of nonconforming parents, who stood up against the imposition of Church of England rites, a result of the state-established hierarchy happily outside the experience of the American citizen. The school, however, was of small account in young Lloyd-George's education except as a field for the exercise of a nascent political talent. His real seminary was made by the union of the cobbler's shop, the village smithy, presided over by a rival theologian, and the little chapel, two miles away, to and from which he tramped to service and Sunday-school three times every Sabbath. The family and the neighborhood spoke Welsh all the time; Lloyd-George learned English as a foreign language. In his teens he began to preach and to give addresses on temperance, and we may be sure that nothing but the accident of his uncle's sectarian affiliation prevented him from carrying his gifts into the pulpit. Richard Lloyd belonged to a Baptist sect calling itself, with ironical force, the Disciples of Christ. It had, and has, no professional ministry. If things had befallen otherwise, Lloyd-George, like Bernard Shaw's rhetorical dustman, would have had the privilege of choosing between a seat in the cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

In due time he chose the law, just as he would have done if his lot had been cast in Kentucky or Illinois. He was apprenticed—or articled, as we say, thus marking the snobbish distinction between a profession and a mere trade—to an attorney in the neighboring town of Portmadoc; and in 1884, at twenty-one, he was duly installed as a solicitor in independent practice at Criccieth.

Meanwhile he had been gaining local fame as a politician. Those were the years of Gladstone's long decline and of Joseph Chamberlain's resounding advance toward the leadership of English Radicalism. The first attack in force was being made upon the strongholds of autocracy: the land monopoly, the hereditary House of Peers, and, in Lloyd-George's country especially, the peculiar privileges of the established church. So ardent a champion as he, with so undeniable a flair for the political game, was predestined for Parliament, and in 1890 he was sent there, being chosen by the old town of Carnarvon, the constituency he has represented throughout. He was twenty-seven, a Welshman, and nothing else, as Mr. Roosevelt might say, and he spoke with a Cymric accent which served to emphasize the remoteness of his origin and upbringing from the forms and interests which dominated the House of Commons. The Conservatives were in power. The Liberal party had been riven by Home Rule. Chamberlain had deserted the Radicals.

There never was any nonsense about the temper in which Lloyd-George followed the pursuit of politics. He was an unabashed careerist. Every speech he made, every stroke he delivered, was exactly timed and calculated. As a youth of eighteen, he had looked into the House of Commons, surveying the chamber as "the region of his future domain." In the law courts at the same time he had listened to eminent advocates of the day —"very garrulous, but they have a despicable cant." When he is accused of having a consuming hunger for renown, he makes a gay admission: "It depends upon what forces of pluck and industry I can muster." Industry had, however, very little to do with his rise; it was by daring and aplomb that he was carried on. He learned with astonishing rapidity, but

David Lloyd-George

From the recent portrait by Augustus John

neither then nor afterward had he the faculty of study. He confessed to deadly boredom when there was arduous work to be done, and very early in his parliamentary life he announced that the labor of the committee-room was not for him.

The pages of his private diary, printed by an authorized biographer, are full of intimate revelation of his thoughts and ambitions. He never did anything without observing and noting its precise effect. "As regards voice and gesture, I never spoke half so well," he writes after his first speech in the commercial metropolis of the North. His eye was unwaveringly fixed on the main chance, and he had in his family and Welsh friends a circle of admirers formed into a league absolutely devoted to his advancement.

There are three clear stages in the public life of Lloyd-George: in the first he is a Radical free-lance, and primarily a Welsh Nationalist; in the second he is the representative of Radicalism in a powerful cabinet, the architect of new and far-reaching schemes of social reform; in the third he is the problematical statesman, made and shaped by the tremendous experiences of the great war.

The first period need not detain us. For our present purpose it is important only as the formative stage of Lloyd-George's development. His activities in the early Welsh period were almost wholly confined to the politics of the church and the school. His slogan for Wales was "a free religion and a free people in a free land," and during his first years in Parliament he was a guerilla fighter in that cause on the flanks of the Liberal party. It was the South African War that made him a force in imperial affairs. In his stand against the war policy he was gallant and self-sacrificing and single-hearted. He risked his popularity, his career, and more than once his life. He fought as a Radical and a Nationalist, not, strictly speaking, as a pro-Boer, still less as what in those days was called a Little Englander. In all matters of policy save that of the war he was in sympathy with the imperialist wing of the Liberal party. He was fiercely eloquent, extraordinarily ready and resourceful, a master of language and of moods, wielding what few English politicians nowadays care to touch, the weapon of emotional and imaginative oratory. And he pursued Chamberlain with unrelenting fervor. Indeed, it would be accurate to say that he did more than any man to break the power of that masterful personality.

With peace in South Africa came the certainty of a Liberal revival at home, and with the return of the Liberals to power the offer of a high place to Lloyd-George. When the Liberal cabinet was formed at the end of 1905 he was untried in administration of every kind. No one could guess at his abilities in office, and for all that was known to the contrary he might prove to be as helpless in charge of a government department as John Bright had been. But, as it happened, he had a surprising revelation in store. Judged by the standards of Whitehall, he was poor enough as a departmental chief. He detested drudgery, was incapable of routine, and had a glorious disrespect for correspondence. But he was ready for the larger tasks, and he developed powers of negotiation which enabled him to carry through several pieces of unusually difficult legislation; for example, the reconstruction of the Port of London, the Merchant Shipping Act, the reform of the patent laws. Parliament admired his skill, and big corporations rejoiced in the discovery that the Welsh Radical agitator was a much more intelligent and reasonable person to deal with than many a Conservative politician or orthodox public official. His two years at the Board of Trade earned a new reputation for Lloyd-George, though clearly this was not his right place or work. He needed an office which would give him scope as a democratic leader and a molder of national policies, and that he was now to attain. Mr. Asquith in 1908 succeeded Campbell-Bannerman as prime minister; Lloyd-George became chancellor of the exchequer.

Here we approach the stage of his ca-

reer by virtue of which Lloyd-George is one of the commanding figures of the world. Consider the circumstances. Five years before, Joseph Chamberlain had broken the Conservative party by his swing to protection and his declaration in favor of making the tariff the dominant issue in British politics. The unexampled Liberal triumph was thereby made a certainty. But it was impossible for the people of England, wearied by ten years of reactionary rule, to be satisfied with a Government representing any brand of stand-pat Liberalism. Since the Gladstonian epoch, the country had undergone a profound transformation. Year by year the forces of social idealism and economic reconstruction had gathered strength. The democracy was becoming socially and politically educated. A developed trade-unionism, coupled with an active, if undefined, socialism, had produced remarkable results. From end to end of the land was heard the call for an ideal and a program of social justice. American politics are a whole world different from English, but by way of a partial parallel the American reader may usefully think of the advent of Lloyd-George to power in terms of Republican insurgency and Progressivism before 1912. Chamberlain had been beaten easily enough in the first election after the South African War, but it was plain to everybody that the old Liberalism could not win any more electoral victories. Lloyd-George had foreseen this. Years earlier he had warned his party that the negative free-trade policy would not do. The protectionists were making headway with their cry of "Tax the foreigner" and their promises of social reform to be paid for by the proceeds of a duty on imported goods. The signs showed that it needed only a spell of bad trade and unemployment for the tariff to capture the electorate. Within two years of its triumph the Liberal Government was so discredited that, had an appeal to the country come then, it would have been swept away. Lloyd-George realized that the only hope lay in a platform of aggressive and constructive Radicalism. And no sooner had he reached the second place in the cabinet, with its control of the exchequer, than he got to work. After carrying through the important little measure—not his own, but Mr. Asquith's—bestowing pensions on the aged poor, he made the great stroke of his career by launching the budget of 1909.

The first Lloyd-George budget was a capital event in the history of modern England. From it must be dated a new epoch of legislation and of conflict. It changed alike the political atmosphere and the temper of controversy. It brought two things into being: on the one hand, a new and extraordinarily vivid sense of power and hope to the democracy; on the other hand, a virulence of hostility which was fiercer and more general among certain classes than anything known in England since the earliest struggles over parliamentary reform.

As we look back we see that the violence of the debate was absurd and unreal. Lloyd-George had not invented a new system of taxation, nor, strictly speaking, had he devised any fresh ways of laying the rich under contribution. Every tax in his schedule was a commonplace of revenue-raising in one civilized country or another. The graduated income-tax and the distinction between earned and unearned were already well established in England; so, too, was the principle of the super-tax upon large incomes. Heavy succession duties on estates passing at death had been in force for many years. It was perfectly natural that the possessing classes should make a stand against the indefinite extension of such imposts, but in the end the fury of the storm which broke in the summer of 1909 must be explained mainly by reference to the startlingly provocative personality of the author of the budget. Yet those who fought him were right enough in their instinct. They saw that the new instrument was based upon the assumption that the burdens of the enlarging state must be placed upon the shoulders of those most able to bear them. Nor were the landlords at fault in their conviction that the

taxes on the unearned increment of urban land values and on undeveloped land in the country represented the beginning of a revolution which, if unchecked, would transform the character of feudal England. Subsequently these provisions were greatly modified; and the clauses which the more radical land reformers held to be most valuable and the Conservatives to be most pestilent were made of little or no account. The budget as it finally passed into law was not revolutionary; but the educational influence of its progress could not be overrated.

Lloyd-George throughout was the center of an unexampled storm. He defended his proposals in a series of speeches which swept through the country with the force of the great pamphlets of the revolution era. The press of all parties combined to give him unlimited advertisement. It was not a little curious that the printed speeches should have encouraged rather than dissipated the legend that Lloyd-George was a foul-mouthed agitator, devoted to the preaching of predatory finance and particularly to the abuse of landlords and peers. He had, it is true, a sardonic way with him, and both in the budget campaign and in the one immediately following, against the lords, he was given to holding up a system or a person to unmerciful ridicule. But he was singularly free from rancor, and no one could deny that to all except the victims his sword-play was uncommonly good fun. As a matter of fact, the exasperation of his enemies was increased by the invincible gaiety of his manner no less than by the quality of his speaking. He is not an orator in the old sense of that carelessly used term. Lloyd-George on the platform is no more like what Daniel Webster and Gladstone were than he is like what W. J. Bryan is. His most effective speeches have an astonishing air of spontaneity. No speaker was ever readier to take a hint or exploit an interruption. He catches it on the wing, and in an instant it is woven into the discourse. Before he has been speaking ten minutes he has established familiar relations with his audience. Whatever structure he had prepared seems to have been abandoned, and the hour is apt to be spent in a running interchange between the platform and the floor. A speech of the budget period would commonly appear in print as an amalgam of laughter and interjections, and the morning after its delivery the country would be ringing with the delighted laughter of Lloyd-George's admirers and the spluttering rage of his enemies. In seizing upon the interruptions he was always reckless. The afternoon head-line had no terrors for him, and as often as not he was not himself guilty of the phrases that stuck and stung. Thus in one of his orations against the peers and landlords he would say:

"An aristocracy is like cheese. The older it gets—"

A voice from the floor:

"The more it stinks."

Lloyd-George:

"The higher it becomes."

When such things were coming out week by week, we may imagine the anger and consternation sweeping over ten thousand elegant households in the suburbs and the country-side.

And yet, a few outrageous impromptus apart, Lloyd-George's speeches were not improvisations at all. From the beginning of his political life he made a practice of preparing with the utmost care and writing out every word in advance. The speech might be delivered from a brief outline or with the aid merely of a few key-words, but none the less was it in substance and wording the speech that had been planned out. In Lloyd-George's case memory has not played false. He has succeeded in retaining his freedom of utterance, while great speakers like Mr. Asquith and Winston Churchill, following a similar method, are, as the Scots say, slaves to their paper. A bilingual speaker is invariably at his best in the vernacular, and Lloyd-George is happiest when addressing his own people. He leaps from English into Welsh as the mood takes him, gives unfettered play to fancy and poetic allusion, and incidentally discloses how close the seasoned politician has re-

mained to the habit and sentiment of the pulpit which dominates the land of his fathers.

The budget years, 1908–10, marked the apogee of Lloyd-George as a Radical minister. He was the pride of the democracy and the bugaboo of the conservative classes. No one who was not in England at that time can form any idea of the way in which his name and personality pervaded the entire field of public life. The platforms rang with him, the comic papers lived on him, the standing jeers against him rang through the program at every vaudeville performance. To big business and the commercial world generally he was anathema; the City was convinced that his financial policy was driving the empire to the abyss; and at the dinner-tables of the well-to-do the talk about Lloyd-George, incessantly maintained, was bitter beyond description. It is literally true that no public man in England has ever, since politics became a matter of national concern, provoked hostility so venomous, irrational, and sustained as that provoked by him.

In the year following that of the great budget he formulated the project of national insurance against sickness and unemployment, the largest and most complex measure of social prevention and amelioration ever carried through the British Parliament. It was not fully considered, it was hurriedly put through, and it was deeply resented by certain classes of the people. Lloyd-George's enemies indulged high hopes of his overthrow. These were fallacious, and although his reputation had a very narrow escape when the facts as to his foolish speculations in Marconi shares came out, he was still, in 1914, beyond all dispute the most powerful politician in England.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the influence and esteem enjoyed by Lloyd-George at the outbreak of the war. The Liberals and Radicals were solidly behind him. He was still the indispensable member of the Government, the man always called in at a time of crisis to improvise a policy, invent a compromise, or settle a labor dispute. When, in August, the Government found itself confronted with a world toppling to destruction, it was Lloyd-George, as the minister responsible for finance, who inevitably became associated in the public mind with the large and bold measures undertaken for the maintenance of the industrial fabric and the salvation of the national credit. To all those who had tolerable memories the situation was amazing. When the proposal was first made that a new office in the Government should be created for Lloyd-George, the financiers of the City of London, the central stronghold of his enemies up to the moment of the crash, joined in an appeal that he might not be moved from the exchequer. Conservative politicians and journalists who had previously exhausted the language of vituperation against him linked him with Lord Kitchener as a priceless national asset. Kitchener's task was to create the new army; Lloyd-George's to sound the heroic note from the platform and make the country realize the stupendous gravity of the ordeal to which it had been called. In those days the greatest speakers in England were engaged in setting forth the issues and the part of England in the war. The speeches of the prime minister especially were finely conceived, massive and complete in expression; but to the people at large none seemed in spirit and tone comparable with the key-note speech delivered by Lloyd-George at the Queen's Hall, London, on September 19, 1914. In rapid and flashing passages it set forth the case for the British people in the war, flayed the central empires for their dishonor and brutality, chanted a pæan in praise of the little nations, and ended with an impassioned appeal to the spirit of England and a glimpse of the new world arising in the glare of the battle-field. The people, he said, were to gain more by the struggle in all lands than they then understood. He saw the coming of something far greater and more enduring than they had hitherto known—"a new patriotism, richer, nobler, and more exalted than the old." He said:

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many perhaps too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to heaven.

Well, that was the thing the people wanted their leaders to say, and Lloyd-George said it best. Moreover, he had achieved something better and more difficult than the conquest of his enemies: he had won them over. They were now his enthusiastic adherents. He stood in a position of authority and trust such as no statesman in England had ever occupied before. There seemed, then, in the early months of 1915, a clear destiny for Mr. Lloyd-George. Mr. Asquith, a man ten years older, would continue to hold the reins of authority for a while, but there was reason for the belief that before long he might wish to step aside. If that happened, the first place in the empire would fall to his chief lieutenant.

Suddenly the outlook changed. In the early months of 1915, Lloyd-George began to deliver speeches of a sensationally alarmist character. He announced that something was gravely wrong with the production of war material. England was not doing well. Trade-union rules were hampering production in the workshops. The drink evil was a greater peril to England than either German arms or German organization. Always for immediate action, Lloyd-George made a courageous attempt to grapple with the liquor problem, proposing either complete prohibition for the period of the war or else a great scheme of state purchase and control. The temper of the people made the first impossible; Lloyd-George's colleagues in the Government could not be brought to approach the second. Failing in this, he redoubled the force of his warnings, and proclaimed himself an out-and-out compulsionist, demanding not only compulsory recruitment for the army, but the imposition of martial law in the munition factories: "Plant the flag in the workshops."

The greatest sensation of the war came in May, 1915, with the revelations, made with the approval of Mr. Lloyd-George, that the army at the front was gravely retarded by the lack of munitions, and especially by a shortage of high-explosive shells. In the consternation that ensued the Liberal government fell. Mr. Asquith announced that, with the greatest reluctance and strongly against his reason and inclination, he had invited the leaders of the opposition to enter the cabinet. Lloyd-George gave up the exchequer and became minister of munitions.

The story of the making of the coalition war government has never been told in full, and it will not be told until the return of peace. It was brought about by a union of politicians who were inspired by the belief that the direction of the war must be changed if victory was to be secured. That meant the retirement of Mr. Asquith, and the succession of a prime minister who would be strong enough to command the labor situation and to impose without delay a system of compulsory military service—in a word, Lloyd-George. The scheme broke against the immovable prime minister in power. The Conservative members of the reconstituted government saw, no less than their Liberal colleagues, that Mr. Asquith was, in the circumstances then existing, the only possible head of the cabinet.

It is conceivable that the result might have been different if the movement against the prime minister had not been combined with an attack upon Lord Kitchener for his management of the War Office. Given, at a moment of supreme crisis, the choice between Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George, the country might have called for the younger and more adventurous of the two; but an attempt to destroy Lord Kitchener was foredoomed to failure. The people simply would not have it. They had given Kitchener their

trust and a great job to do, and from that they could not be turned even by the strongest alliance of politicians and newspapers.

Lloyd-George entered upon his work as minister of munitions with the cry of "Too late!" upon his lips. How far the deliberate alarmism of his speeches was justified no one can yet say, but to many it seemed inappropriate in one whose place in the Government that had fallen was no less prominent and responsible than the one that was made for him in the coalition. War contracts had been recklessly given out and accepted; the general production was ruinously slow, and the muddle was terrifying. Reorganization as thorough as possible was essential, and the separation of the war supplies from the rest of the war-office work was an obvious piece of common sense. At the time the most imperative need was for a leader able not only to mobilize the productive forces of the country, but also to canalize the national enthusiasm, and for that service no one was comparable with Lloyd-George. He threw all his passion of energy into the task, and for the vast concentration of energy which ensued, the stupendous productiveness of British factories and shipyards, the praise has gone in overflowing measure to him.

It is important, however, to note that his own position in relation to the democracy had been changing for a long time before the outcry about munitions. Indeed, those who best knew his mind would say that he had ceased to be a democrat with the passing of the National Insurance Act. His line-up with the compulsionists was not in itself a sign of conversion, and there is, I believe, not on record a single utterance of his against compulsory military service. But his declaration in favor of industrial conscription was evidence of an attitude toward the manual workers which certainly did not belong to the earlier Lloyd-George. For any politician to make such a demand in England seemed grotesque; and yet he secured it by means of the Munitions Act, the crushing and comprehensive instrument which was placed in his hands as minister of munitions. This measure brought back forced labor to England, and the fact that it was accepted, of course under protest, by the labor-unions is a piece of evidence as impressive as any that could be cited in proof of the solidarity of England in the struggle. It may be that without taking compulsive powers for the control of munitions plants and the imposition of what is equivalent to martial law, the supply of munitions which was absolutely imperative could not have been obtained. That nobody can tell; but it was impossible for such an act to be applied without endless friction, multitudes of penalties, and the growth of wide-spread resentment in the ranks of labor, particularly in the leading munitions areas such as those of the Tyne and the Clyde. From time to time Lloyd-George's personal intervention was required to compose the disputes arising under the act. Usually a way out was found, but it would not be inaccurate to say that in no case was the compromise arrived at without the arising of obstinate suspicions and a further loss of standing and popularity for the minister.

The establishment of a species of martial law in the workshops has been Lloyd-George's undoing with the labor-unions, and therefore, we may assume, with the working-class vote. On the purely political side the situation since the spring of 1915 must have presented a difficult puzzle to observers out of England. The reconstruction of the cabinet was effected in a way which those who forced the coalition deemed to be thoroughly bad, for it left Mr. Asquith more firmly enthroned than before. Promptly there began in the papers controlled by Lord Northcliffe an agitation for a smaller and more energetic war cabinet, with Lloyd-George as prime minister. The great majority of his original following refused to accept the facts; but when they could no longer be ignored, several influential Liberal publicists raised the cry of treachery against Lloyd-George. In the esteem of his old supporters he suffered gravely from the advocacy of the particular group of newspapers which, de-

spite the party truce, had been resolutely bent upon the overthrow of the Government—the overthrow, that is, of the Liberal element headed by Asquith and Grey. It is, however, not to be wondered at that Lloyd-George should cherish an exalted conception of his own powers and destiny. Everything for the last six years has worked together to impress it upon him and upon his countrymen. "I know," said William Pitt, "that I can save this country and that no other man can." So, it would seem, with Lloyd-George. He has repeatedly been hailed as savior, before the war of the Liberal party, during the war of the empire itself—savior of the national credit, the industrial fabric, the army in the field, and the national soul. From the beginning of the present troubles he has been chosen for the discharge of the hardest and most momentous tasks, especially in negotiation. The politician once regarded as the arch-incendiary has of late been treated as a divinely gifted conciliator, and it is certainly not Lloyd-George's fault if his work in that direction has not been crowned by a triumphant settlement of the Irish problem.

What, then, of the future? The war is, as we know, the most searching of all tests for men as for beliefs and programs, and many great reputations have been ended by it. Lloyd-George's destiny is extraordinarily problematical. Several powerful competitors have been removed temporarily or permanently from his path. Winston Churchill is put aside; Lord Haldane has been destroyed by his enemies without scruple; the statesman known until last summer as Sir Edward Grey has relinquished the hope of the premiership by accepting a place among the peers; Kitchener is at rest. In the meantime there is no one seriously to challenge the authority of Lloyd-George. The special work for which the munitions department was called into existence being finished, he assumed control of the war office. When the crisis of the great struggle is past and the task of settlement needs to be undertaken, be sure that he will bid for the office, whatever it may be, of the greatest power and prominence. He is in the prime of life and vigor. No other English statesman of the front rank has felt the war as a strain upon the vital energies so little as he. His gifts are known to the world. He has eloquence, ardor, imagination, incomparable vivacity; he is not appalled by any problem or situation, no matter how vast or complex it may be.

But these qualities are not sufficient for the tremendous times ahead. Lloyd-George has a meager equipment of knowledge; he is unacquainted with the world of international affairs. Courage is his in generous measure, and a personal charm which gives him a great strength of popular appeal; but he is unstable, he has no roots, he has lost his hold upon the democracy, and thus loosened the ties that have hitherto been his support. The Liberals are suspicious, alienated, and, as their organs increasingly disclose, the old Tories cannot forget or forgive his origin and his revolutionary past. It is impossible to forecast his future; but this much may at least be said with reasonable assurance: if the great prize and the great responsibility should come to Lloyd-George, he will be found leading a composite party in which the opponents of former years predominate, and standing for a policy extraordinarily unlike the one upon which his fame was built.

"My brother keeps on eating. He does n't look up"

The Runaways

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Author of "The Wheat Harvest," "The Dance," etc.

Illustrations by George Wright

I

THE example does n't come out right. The big boys look at each other and wink. Teacher rubs the example out; he looks red. He says: "Well, I can't take time to figure it out now. I 'll figure it out to-night and bring it to-morrow." He dismisses the class.

I study my arithmetic. Pretty soon I hear teacher say: "You may stand by your seat. I want no whispering and I want no notes!" He looks as cross as can be.

I look to see who it is. Edie gets up. She holds her geography. She smiles just a little, but not very long. She has a blue dress and white apron. Her hair has a blue ribbon around it at the back and hangs down. It curls a little and looks soft. She has bangs and big blue eyes, and her skin is white except when she blushes.

I look at Edie and then I look at my brother. My brother's ears are red. He does n't look up. He has his geography open, but I know he can't be studying.

Teacher says, "B Arithmetic!" All of us little boys get up. We take the front seats. Teacher gives some of us examples to work out on the board, and then begins to ask questions of the rest.

I look around at Edie. She is looking in her book and smiling. All of a sudden teacher stops. He looks half red and half white. He says, "Edie, were you whispering again?"

Edie looks at teacher. She tries to smile, but it is n't really smiling. She says, "Yes, sir."

Teacher says, "Very well; you may come up to my desk." He picks up the oak ruler.

Edie comes up to the desk. She stands where I can see her face. She is right near me. She has her geography.

Teacher says, "Hold out your hand!"

Edie tries to smile again. Everything is quiet. We all sit looking, but I can't help turning around a little bit. My brother is n't looking up. His ears are red. Edie holds out her hand. Teacher brings the ruler down hard four times. It makes us all jump. The girls look scared. He says, "Now you may stand by your seat again."

Edie gets pale. She does n't cry. I look around at my brother again. I see Sid looking at him, too. My brother's ears are red yet, but his face is n't so red as it usually is. If it was n't for his freckles, he would look pale.

II

TEACHER dismisses. We all get our dinner-pails and sit down to eat. My brother and Edie start down the road together. Edie lives about half-way to our house. When we go out to play, they are standing there yet, in front of her house. They are looking down, and kicking their toes in the snow, while they talk. Then Edie goes in, and my brother goes home to din-

ner. I never go home at noon. I don't want to miss any fun.

Just before school calls, my brother comes up over the hill, and Edie comes out. They come in together.

I don't like teacher so well to-day.

When I get home, I run in and tell my mother about Edie. At supper my mother says to my brother, "I hear your sweetheart got her hands spatted to-day."

My brother does n't say anything. He is eating beans and salt pork and bread and butter and pickles.

By and by my mother says, "What was she doing that was so bad?"

My brother keeps on eating. He does n't look up. Then he says, "Oh, she was whispering." He gets red after he says it. He eats the beans in big forkfuls. He is beginning to raise a mustache. It is going to be different from his hair.

My father says: "Well, it kind o' strikes me you 're pretty young yet to be going with one girl so much. My stars! you ain't eighteen, and she can't be more 'n fifteen!"

My brother does n't look up. He presses his case-knife flat against his plate to get all that is left of the beans, and scrapes the knife off on his fork. He puts the fork in his mouth and then lays it on the plate. Then he gets up and brings the milk-pails and goes out.

My mother says, "I declare, I don't know as I blame Edie's mother for making such a fuss, with Edie so young!" Then she says: "But I don't think there 's any need to worry. That 's the way boys and girls are. Just let 'em alone, and they 'll get over it themselves."

My father sits back in his chair. He says: "Well, anyway, seems to me we ought to put a stop to him goin' to see her every single night. He better be gettin' his lessons instead."

III

My mother says: "Of course you 'll go. There 'll be a few there, anyway, and you don't want to miss. You can run along on the crust."

I button up my coat, and pull my Scotch cap down over my ears. My mother puts my comforter around my neck. It is blue, with red and white spots in it. I go cornerways through the front yard. At first I break in a little, but the banks along the road hold me up all right. It makes a nice crisp sound when I run. My tracks hardly show, the crust is so hard. I keep going up and down, because the banks are higher in some places. They wind in and out just the way the old rail fence does.

Once when I run down between two high parts my foot goes through, and I go down flat. I break the crust in all around. The cover of my dinner-pail comes off, and some of my bread rolls out on the snow. I pick it up and go on. My comforter comes up over my nose. It gets warm and wet around my mouth, and smells of the wool. There is a little ice on it.

The school-house is almost empty. There are only five or six scholars. Teacher is fixing the fire. It is cold and frosty all over the room; we can see our breaths. The window-panes are all thick frost. There is smoke in the room.

Teacher says, "You 'd better all keep your things on for a while and stay near the stove."

Some one comes into the entry. We hear them stamping and sweeping off. It is Edie and my brother. They both come in through the girls' door. He always carries her books.

By and by there is louder stamping. The door flies open, and Sid and Little Bill come in. Little Bill is blowing his fingers.

My brother looks at Little Bill. He says, "Bill, your ear 's froze'."

Little Bill says: "Oh you go on! You 're a-tryin' to 'oax me. I know you!"

Sid says: "No he ain't, Bill. 'Cross my heart. It 's plum' white. I 'll leave it to Edie."

We all run to look. Bill's ear is white all around the rim. He turns right around and runs out. He comes back holding a big handful of snow on his ear. He stands by the stove holding the snow

quite a while. It begins to melt and run down the side of his face.

My brother says: "You 've had it there long enough now. Take it off."

Bill takes it off. His ear is bright red. He feels of it. He says, "I s'pose now it 'll begin to sting pretty soon." He keeps feeling of it. He says: "I don't see 'ow it could of 'appened. I never felt nothink." Bill is English. We call him Little Bill because his father's name is Bill, too.

When school calls, there are only ten or twelve. We all stand by the stove as much as we like. When we have classes, teacher sits in his chair in the aisle and hears us. He does n't care about rules to-day. We all like him, he is so good-natured.

My brother and Edie stand by the stove nearly all the time. They stand on the girls' side. They whisper all they want to. Little Bill's ear is big and red. Every little while he puts his hand against it. He says it "haches."

"Edie comes up to the desk. She stands where I can see her face"

At noon it is a great deal quieter than other days. Teacher has his dinner to-day. He takes it out of a little basket, sitting up behind his desk. We watch him eat. We don't say much. My brother and Edie have their dinner, too. They sit together in her seat. We can't hear what they say. When we are through eating, we go to the entry for a drink. There is thick ice on the top of the water-pail.

In the afternoon I hold up my hand and say to teacher, "Can Tip sit with me this afternoon?"

Teacher says, "Yes, if you 'll be good boys."

Tip and I work examples together for a while, then we write, and then we have a game of tit-tat-to. Tip knows a way he can beat every time, only he has to have his first.

When we get home from school, my mother says: "Well, who was at school? I bet there were n't many."

I name them over. When I come to my brother and Edie, my mother says, "Of course *she 'd* be there if *he* was." But I can tell that she is glad of it.

My brother does n't like it very well. When we are out in the woodshed and he is putting on his overalls, he says, "What do you want to go and blab everything for?"

IV

MAPLE-SUGAR time is all over. It does n't freeze now at night, and it is too warm in the daytime. There are little red buds on the maple branches. There is no snow anywhere, not even in the corner by the tree behind the sap-house. The leaves on the ground are dry and loose. If any one is walking in them, you can hear it a long way off. Nearly all the pails have been put away in the sap-house; there are just a few left. They are turned bottom-side up. You can see them a long way because they are different colors. My father left them because he was in a hurry to work the land.

My brother is cultivating now in the lot next to the sugar-bush. He is using the old cultivator, the one with the handles. Uncle Anthony does his cultivating with a seeder. He does n't ride, though. He says it is hard enough on the horses as it is.

I am looking for May-flowers. Tip says the folks in town call them hepaticas, but we always say May-flower. I always like to surprise my mother with the first ones. In a great many places I can see the plants, and when I pull away the

"They are looking down, and kicking their toes in the snow, while they talk"

dry tree leaves, I can see flower buds; but I don't find any flowers. The buds are pinkish and woolly. The ground smells like dirt and dead wood.

I walk along slowly, looking all the time. I look on the south sides of the trees, because it is sunnier on that side. The air is warm. The warmth comes up to my face from the leaves. It smells sweet everywhere, as if there were flowers; but I can't find any.

I run across a pail that has n't been turned bottom-side up. It is nearly full of sap and water. The inside of the pail looks white and slimy, so I know that the sap is old and sour. I can smell it, too. There are honey-bees buzzing about the pail. They always like sap. I suppose they are from over at Howe's.

One of the bees falls in. I stand and watch him. I keep hoping he will get out. He floats and kicks, but stays right there. I feel so sorry for the bee that I don't think, but put my finger under and lift him out. I feel a terrible sting. I jump, and begin to snap my finger as hard as I can. I don't know what becomes of the bee. I dance around, and hold on to my finger with my other hand, and put it in my mouth, and snap it. I say: "Durn you! That 's the last time I 'll ever help a *bee!*"

My finger swells a little. I make some mud and put it on. I keep on hunting for flowers. I can hear my brother cultivating. He says "Gee!" and "Haw!" and "Gid dap!" a great deal.

By and by I hear somebody walking in

the leaves up toward Edie's house. My brother is at that end of the field now. Pretty soon I hear him walking in the leaves, too. Then I hear somebody laugh. I can tell it is Edie. Besides, I can see them. They are looking for May-flowers, too. Every little while they stop and stand there together. Edie has her white apron and blue dress on. She is bare-headed.

I make up my mind there are no May-flowers in the sugar-bush. I think of the brush on the other side of the field. The brush slopes south, and they ought to blossom earlier there. I start toward the field. When I get almost to the horses my brother and Edie stop talking. At first I think it is because they don't want me to hear. Then I hear somebody farther off, walking through the leaves quite fast. I look as hard as I can away up through all the trees. I see Edie's mother coming. My brother and Edie stand looking at her as if they did n't know what to do. Edie's mother has a brown sunbonnet on, and it makes her look as if she had no neck.

Edie's mother comes up and stands right near them. She talks quite a long time. I can hear her, but I can't tell what she says. I know when it is "No" or "Yes" or "What?" but that is all.

By and by Edie and her mother start home. My brother stands there a little while. When Edie's mother gets almost to the fence where they have to climb over, she turns around and begins to talk again. She talks louder. She says: "Now, mind! I tell you it 's got to be stopped! You 're both of you too young to be going on in this way."

V

My brother stands between the cultivator-handles quite a while, leaning on them with his hands. He has the lines around his shoulders. He is looking at the big clevis down near the old mare's heels. I look at the clevis, too; then I look at my brother. Then I look at the clevis again. There is n't anything the matter with the clevis. My brother is n't looking at the clevis, after all. He is just thinking.

I say, "What 's the matter, huh?"

My brother does n't answer. The old mares stand with their heads hanging down and their eyes shut. I sit down on the cultivator. By and by I ask again, "What was the matter with her, huh?"

My brother keeps on standing there, looking at the clevis.

I say, "Hu-u-uh?"

My brother stands up straight. He pulls on the lines. He says: "Oh, you go 'long! You would n't know if I told you. Gid dap!" He won't tell me anything.

I go up into the brush. After a long time, all of a sudden I see some May-flowers just when I am not thinking about it. I jump toward them and sit down on

"There are only five or six scholars
Teacher is fixing the fire"

my toes and pick them. There are five or six. They are dark blue inside and light blue outside, with tiny pointed green leaves around the cup. Inside are little yellow things, like grains of bright corn-meal on stems. I keep thinking how surprised my mother will be, and how she will like them.

I hold the May-flowers in a tight little bunch. I keep smelling of them as I go along looking for more. Pretty soon I find another cluster, and then some more just where the road turns out toward the house. Some are pink and some white. When they are all together, they are as pretty as can be. They have the nicest smell I know. When I go into the house I hold the May-flowers behind my back. My mother is writing at the secretary desk. She is writing her diary for yesterday. She does that every day.

I walk up behind my mother, and all of a sudden hold the May-flowers right under her nose. She jumps, and jerks back her head to see what it is. She says, "O-o-oh, May-flowers!" She takes them and begins to smell of them. She says: "M-m-m-m-m! Oh, ain't they just the nicest little flowers you ever saw! I 'm always *so* glad when they come again." When she smells of them, she draws long breaths so I can hear. She knows I like it when she makes a fuss over the first flowers. I stand and look at my mother and the flowers. She says, "What 'll we get to put them in?"

She thinks awhile. She says: "*I 'll* tell you what 'll be nice. We 'll put them in one of the little white saucers. I like them better spread out. Don't you?"

I run out and bring a saucer. My mother fixes the May-flowers in it; then she goes out to the kitchen and pumps a little rain-water in. She sets the saucer on the table in the front room. Every time we come in we can smell May-flowers.

VI

My eyes open. I hear my mother calling my brother. She says: "Come, old sleepy-head, your pa 's called you twice already, and you 'll get a scolding. You know he 's in a dreadful hurry about his corn."

My brother does n't answer. I lie awhile, expecting to hear his bedcords creak. I go to sleep again.

I wake up again. My father is calling up the stairs. He says: "Come! come! come! How long 'fore you 're goin' to help me with this milking? We want to get at that corn."

My father starts away from the door. I hear him say: "Confound that boy, anyway! I wish I knew some way to hurry him." He says something else, but he gets too far away for me to hear. I suppose it must be what I have heard him say so many times about the yellow-jackets. He says the only time he ever knew my brother to show signs of hurry was once when he got into a yellow-jackets' nest.

After a while I get up and go out into the barn-yard. My father is milking the old red cow. I stand watching. The pail has deep foam in it. I like the sound of the milk. There is mayweed all around. The dew is on it yet. The mosquitos keep lighting on my father's shoulders. He tries to rub them off with his cheek. The old cow switches her tail and swings her head around.

My father says: "I guess before long *you 'll* have to learn to milk. Then I 'll know what to depend on."

I stand rubbing my leg with my foot. The mosquito-bites itch. I say, "When I learn, I got to have a stool." My father does n't use a stool. He says it 's all nonsense. He just sits on his toes.

I hear some one coming up behind us in the mayweed. I look around. My father looks around. It is Edie's mother. We begin to wonder. Edie's mother comes up slowly. She holds her skirts up a little, and lifts her feet when she walks, on account of the dew. She looks pale.

We wonder more than ever. Edie's mother says, "Good morning to you."

My father says, "Good morning," too. He looks as if he did n't know what to make of it.

When Edie's mother gets a little nearer, the old red cow walks off.

"My brother is cultivating now in the lot next to the sugar-bush"

Edie's mother says, "There, I 've scared your cow, but I—"

My father says: "Never mind. I was just about done, anyway. I was just goin' to give her a couple o' strips more." He keeps on sitting there, looking at her. He has the pail between his knees.

Edie's mother says, "I 've come down to see whether your son is at home this morning or not."

My father says: "Why, yes, I *s'pose* so. But he ain't up yet. I tried two or three times to rouse him, but 't wa' n't no use. He 's an awful sleeper in the morning." Then he says, "Why?"

Edie's mother says: "Are you quite sure he 's there? Did he answer when you called him? Because my Edie is gone. Her bed is all made the same as when she went up-stairs last night, and I can't think of any one would know where she is except your son."

She begins to cry. My father jumps up. He says, "Well, we 'll have to *see* about this." He says to me, "You might run ahead and see if your ma can't find him."

I run to the house as fast as I can. I am all out of breath by the time I get to the kitchen. My mother is just stirring the potatoes in the spider. I say: "Ma, Edie run away, and her mother says she thinks Ted is gone with her. Is he up yet?"

My mother drops the knife. She says, "Well, I declare!" She stands there with her hands hanging. Then she says, "Run up-stairs quick, and see if he 's there."

I open the door and run up. I stop at my brother's door and listen. I say, "Ted!" I listen again. Then I say it again.

My brother does n't answer. I push the door open and go in. The bed is all made. The curtains are up, and it is all light.

VII

I RUN down-stairs. My father and Edie's mother are just coming in.

I say: "He ain't there. The bed 's all made."

Edie's mother sits down and begins to cry. She says, "I knew that was how it would be!"

My father and mother don't say anything. They look at the floor. My father bites his nails. Edie's mother stops crying a little and says, "Oh, why could n't you have kept him from doing it!" Then she cries again.

My father says: "Why, we never had the least idea it would come to anything like this. I could n't be more surprised if I was to be shot."

My mother says: "Well, anyway, crying won't do any good. They 're gone, and we 'll have to make the best of it."

Edie's mother stops crying. She says, "Yes, it 's all right for you to talk that way, but what 'll I do, with my girl gone off without leaving a word?" She begins to cry again. Pretty soon she says: "Oh,

do you think they could have gone and drowned themselves or something? You know Edie took on dreadfully about it." She cries more than ever.

My father says: "Nonsense! The idea! 'T ain't very likely, if *I* know the boy." He bites his nails awhile. He says: "Depend on it, they know what they 're doin'. They 're safe and sound *somewhere*. The best thing *we* can do is to go right on with our work till they let us know where they are."

My mother says: "Yes, just go home and go on as usual. It won't do any good to make a fuss now."

Edie's mother gets up. She says: "Could n't we telegraph? P'r'aps they 've gone to Henry's or somewhere." Henry is Edie's uncle. He lives in town.

My father says, "All right, we 'll telegraph, if it 'll make you feel better; but it 's my opinion it 'll be a waste of money."

Edie's mother goes to the door. She says, "You 'll promise me faithfully you 'll let me know the very first minute if you hear anything, won't you?"

My father says: "Of course we will. You can rest easy about *that*."

When Edie's mother is gone, my mother says: "That 's just what they 've done. They 've gone and got married, and there it 'll be—an 'end of his schooling and everything!"

My father says: "Jus' as like as not. But you need n't be afraid. 'T won't be long before we 'll have 'em back." Then he says: "I declare, I don't know what the boy 'll do. I guess he 'll find out now what it is to work, whether he feels like it or not." He goes to the sink and starts to wash his hands. He says, "But I don't see how I 'm goin' to get all the hoein' done without help."

My mother begins to take the potatoes up. She says: "I 'm disgusted, anyway. If she 'd 'a' let them alone, and not opposed them all the time, it would have been all right. They 'd have gone on awhile, and then maybe stopped of their own accord." After a while she says: "That 's the way it is with boys and girls. The more you oppose 'em, the more they 're bound to have their way."

VIII

THEY drive up with a load of oats and stop by the barn-yard gate. My father and Ernest come to the well for a drink. I see them coming, and draw up a bucket of water.

My father says to me, "Been down after the mail yet?"

I say: "No, I had to finish the berries. We just got through with the black ones. I 'm going right away."

My father says: "Hurry back. I s'pose we 'll be havin' supper as soon as we get this load off."

"When Edie's mother gets almost to the fence where they have to climb over, she turns around and begins to talk again"

"Edie's mother sits down and begins to cry"

There is only a letter. I look at it right away to see whether it is my brother's writing. That is always the first thing we do ever since he and Edie ran away.

I can tell right away that it is n't from either of them. It looks like Lettie's writing. Lettie is my mother's cousin.

When I get home, they are just sitting down to supper. As soon as I come in, my mother says, "Got any letters?"

I say: "Only one from Lettie. I guess it 's from her."

I lay the letter on the table by my mother's plate. She says, "Well, come on and have your supper." She takes the letter up and looks it over. Then she lays it down. She says, "I 'll save it till we are through and I can enjoy it better."

After Ernest is through and goes out, my father sits a few minutes. My mother leans back in her chair and picks up the letter. She says, "Well, I wonder what Lettie 'll have to say." She says to me, "Run and get me the scissors, and I 'll open it."

I get up. My father says to my mother, "Edie's mother been down yet to-day?"

I come back with the scissors. My mother says: "Not yet, but I expect her any minute. And I s'pose we 'll all go over the same things we been going over every day the last six weeks."

My father says: "Ex-actly! I declare, I 've got so I dread her every minute till she 's been here and gone. She seems to think somehow we can do something; but I don't see how *we* are going to help matters."

My mother says: "Serves her right for taking things the way she did. If she 'd only known enough to just let 'em be!"

She takes the scissors, taps the letter on the end, and holds it up toward the window. She wants to make sure not to cut the writing part inside. Then she cuts a little strip off from the end where the stamp is. She cuts it so that it does n't spoil the stamp. She always opens her letters just like that. My mother takes the letter out of the envelop. She says, "My, quite a long letter this time!" She unfolds it, and begins to read. My father and I look at her face. We think maybe she is going to read out loud.

All of a sudden my mother sits up straight and says, "What!" She reads a little more. She jumps up and waves the letter over her head and calls out: "Well, Si, what do-o you think? The lost are

found! As sure 's you 're alive, the lost are found!"

My father and I jump up. My father says, "My stars! you don't say so!" My father runs around to where my mother is. She begins to read again, and he looks over her shoulder.

I get on my tiptoes, but I can't see the writing. I say: "Where are they, huh? Are they at Lettie's?"

My mother says, "Yes, they are at Lettie's, the Lord be thanked!"

They both stop reading, and I stand and wait for them to say something more.

My father says, "Well, well, well, if that don't beat all!"

My mother says, "Well, did you ever!" Once in a while she stops and laughs, and doubles up the hand with the letter in it and strikes it against her leg. Then they read some more. My mother has tears in her eyes. She says, "I don't know but pretty soon I 'll have a fit if I keep on feeling this way."

I hear some one out on the gravel walk; then there is a step on the veranda; then there is a knock on the mosquito-netting door.

My father says, "There, I 'll warrant you there she is again!"

My mother says to me, "You go to the door, Bug." She puts the letter in her apron pocket.

My father says, "And then you can run and tell Ernest I won't be out till after a little."

I can see Edie's mother through the mosquito-netting door. She is standing sideways. She has her black straw hat on, the one with the green leaves and the smooth red berries.

IX

Edie and my brother came last night, just in time for Thanksgiving. We were all waiting on the platform when the train came in.

At first we were afraid they had n't come. The conductor got off and came along toward the office, and the brakemen got down and stood by the car-steps, but nobody got off. My father and I started to walk along and look up through the windows.

Just as Edie's mother was beginning to say, "Oh, dear me, they have n't come, after all!" the brakeman down farther stepped back a little, and my brother jumped down on the platform. He set two valises down, and then turned around and helped Edie. We all ran up. Edie's mother kissed her, and my mother kissed my brother and then Edie, and Edie kissed me. My father shook hands with my brother. Edie's mother and my brother did n't go up to each other.

It took quite a while before they got through. Then my father said, "Well, le' 's go on home." He picked up the valises. My brother took hold of them, too, and said: "Oh, I 'll carry them. Here, le' go of 'em, can't you!" He said it as if he liked my father.

When we got to our house, Edie and her mother stopped a minute before we went in. Edie said, "I 'll be up to-morrow, but maybe not till after dinner."

After we got into the house, and they lit the lamps, my father stirred the fire while they took their things off. Then we all sat down. The valises were in the middle of the floor.

My father said to Edie, "I feel kind o' sorry for your mother, goin' off that way without hardly seein' you." By and by he said to my mother, "Don't you think we might have her down to dinner to-morrow?"

My mother said: "Oh, I don't know. I really think she would n't enjoy it as much as if Edie went up in the afternoon and stayed awhile, the way she said."

Edie looked at my brother a little. She said, "I should n't wonder if it 'u'd be better as it is." Then she laughed and said, "You know, I don't think he wants to see ma so very bad."

They talked quite a while about Cousin Lettie's before we went to bed.

Now we are having our Thanksgiving dinner. There is a great big stew-pie. The dish is all heaped up with dumplings and chicken, and there is nice, thick, yellow gravy. It comes away up to the top

of the dish. I know just how it is going to taste.

My father gives us each some chicken and dumplings and mashed potatoes. We pull the dumplings apart. They are nice and light and they steam. Then we pass our plates and have more gravy put on.

My mother says, "I declare, I don't believe there is a heavy one in the whole mess!"

The dumplings and gravy smell fine. They taste better than they smell. I eat mine all up. My father looks at my plate; then he looks at me. He says, "Ready for more, are you?" I pass my plate.

My brother looks at me. He grins a little. He says, "I see you ain't forgot how to eat yet, have you?" They all look at me, and my face begins to feel red.

My brother is different. His mustache is longer, and his clothes are bigger. He does n't say so very much.

My mother says to Edie: "That 's quite a pretty dress you 've got on. Blue just suits your eyes and hair and complexion. Did you make it yourself?"

Edie says: "Oh my, no! I could n't do as well as all that yet." She says, "Why, you know I never made anything in my life until we got married."

Edie laughs. Then she laughs quite hard. She is remembering something funny. She says: "You just ought to seen the first dresses I had. We bought some calico, and cut 'em out together. That was the first thing we did. We got married almost the minute after we got off the train, and went straight and bought the stuff for the dresses, 'cause I had n't a thing." Edie laughs again. She says, "Lettie almost had a fit after we got to her house and she saw 'em."

My mother says, "Let 's see, how long was it after you got married that you went to Lettie's?"

Edie says: "Why, it must have been about five weeks or so. You see, we had to stop right where we were and save up a little before we *could* go."

My brother keeps on eating. He begins to smile a little when Edie tells about the dresses. He says: "Oh, they were n't so very bad, considering. They did n't set very nice, that 's all."

"I get on my tiptoes, but I can't see the writing. I say: 'Where are they, huh?'"

Edie laughs again. She says: "I can tell you, what we did n't know about housekeeping and dressmaking 'd fill a great big book. One day he went to the store, in the first place where we were—he went to the store and told the clerk he wanted something to make a waist out of. The clerk asked him what kind o' goods he wanted, and he said, 'Oh, I don't know; gingham or basque or something like that.'"

My father and mother laugh a long time. My brother grins, but he gets red. I don't know what the joke is. I laugh because they do.

My plate is empty again. I want some more, but I don't like to ask. I wait quite awhile; then I touch my mother's arm and say, "Can't I have a little more?"

My mother says, "My goodness! do you want to keep on eating till you can't see?"

Edie says: "Oh, let him have a little more. It 's Thanksgiving. It don't come but once a year."

My father looks at me and laughs. He says: "All right; pass your plate. I don't blame you for likin' it. It 's one o' the best stew-pies your ma ever made."

"'Oh, you need n't think we ever worried about you!'"

X

By the time they come in with the milking Edie is back from her mother's. We all sit down at the table, and my mother gets us bowls of milk. There is bread in the middle of the table, and some little pieces of white chicken meat and some cheese. The milk is warm yet. We break up bread in it, and eat it with little bites of the chicken or cheese.

My father says: "It just hits the spot, by jolly! don't it? I could n't have eat' another regular meal."

After the bread and milk, we all sit in the front room. By and by we hear somebody scuffing their feet on the veranda.

My mother says to my brother: "S'pose you go to the door. It 's your company, most likely."

My brother opens the door. Uncle Anthony and Aunt Phœbe come in. Aunt Phœbe has a shawl over her head. It is the red-and-black check. They shake hands with my brother and Edie, and sit down in the chairs near the stair door.

"'What 're you laughing at, I 'd like to know?'"

Aunt Phœbe says, "Seems real nice to have ye back."

Uncle Anthony says, "Yes, it does that." He talks slowly and drawls. He is n't really my uncle. He says: "I was sayin' to m' wife yes'day, 'fore you come, says I, 'It 'll be kind o' nice to have 'em round again.' I s'pose you cal'late to stay right along, now you 've got back."

My brother says he hopes so.

Edie says: "Yes, my goodness! There 's no place like home. We got pretty lonesome part of the time, or at least I did, I was alone in the house so much. Sometimes I got so I could n't stand it, so I 'd go out and help in the field just for company."

Uncle Anthony says: "Well, we think you been right plucky to do what you done, and we wish you a long life and lots o' happiness, and so does all the neighbors. They all say you got mighty good stuff in you."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Yes, indeed! Ye 've lots o' friends, and ye 'll find 'em all real ready to help ye when ye need anything."

Uncle Anthony sits with one hand on his knee and his old clay pipe between his thumb and fingers. He is n't smoking, though. After a little while we begin to smell the pipe, but it is really out.

My father does n't like tobacco smoke. Of course Uncle Anthony knows it. He says: "You need n't be scairt, Si. 'T ain't loaded." He waves the pipe. He says,

"Sid and Steve and Kate and Jennie come in"

"I finished my smoke jus' as I was comin' up the path."

My father says, "I should n't be s'prised if it was just as well." He goes on: "Of course I would n't make a fuss about it with *you*, if you *was* to smoke. I always feel like puttin' up with things like that when it 's folks I have an understandin' with. You and I have traveled 'long together so many years *we* could n't fall out over *anything*."

Uncle Anthony says: "O' course not. And o' course I don't cal'late to smoke where 't ain't welcome."

Aunt Phœbe says, "Well, it 's my opinion, Davi'son, an' always *has* been, that ye 'd be better off without."

Uncle Anthony says, "Mebbe I would, mebbe I would."

XI

THERE is more scuffing on the veranda, and another knock. My brother opens the door wide. He calls out: "You-u don't sa-ay! Come on in!"

Edie jumps up. Sid and Steve and Kate and Jennie come in all at the same time, and begin to laugh and talk and shake hands.

My mother says to me, "I guess *you 'll* have to run out to the kitchen and bring in some *chairs*."

She says to all of them, "I declare, if I 'd known so many of you were coming I 'd have had a fire in the parlor stove." She stops, and then she says, "Maybe I 'd better make one, anyway."

Jennie says: "Oh my, no! Don't think of it! We 're only going to stay a few minutes. We thought we 'd just step in and see how the new married folks were getting along."

Everybody looks at my brother and Edie. My brother says: "Well, you see we 're alive yet. 'T ain't so bad as you thought it was, is it?"

Steve says: "Oh, you need n't think we ever worried about *you! We* knew you was safe and sound *somewheres*."

Sid says: "Well I shou-u-uld blush to murmur! *We* did n't lose any sleep over *you*."

Steve begins to laugh. He says to Edie: "No, you bet, specially after your mother went and had the river dragged!" He laughs hard. He shuts his mouth when he laughs, and makes a great noise through his nose. My father says he smudges.

Steve says: "Le' 's see, what was it they used to drag it with? Was n't it a grape-vine, Sid?"

They all laugh a long time. Steve keeps on saying things about the grape-vine.

Kate says: "Well, I don't care; you could n't blame her, poor woman! How was *she* going to know you had n't gone and drowned yourselves? I tell you, you gave us an awful surprise, skipping out

that way and not saying a word to any of us."

Uncle Anthony looks over at my father. He says, "Hem-m-m!" He winks at my father, but the others don't see him. He waits until we are all still. Then he says: "Well, I s'pose, now they 've been showed how easy it is and how fine it comes out, they 'll be a lot o' weddin's comin' off first thing we know."

My father winks back at Uncle Anthony. He says, "Yes, I 'spect they will."

Steve and Sid and the girls don't say anything.

Uncle Anthony says: "Beats all how still it 's got! What 's the reason the young people 's stopped talkin' so all of a sudden?"

My father says: "I wonder. They ain't sayin' a word."

Sid looks at Steve. He begins to laugh. Steve shuts his mouth and smudges.

Jennie smiles. She says, "What 're you laughing at, I 'd like to know?"

Kate says: "Yes, what 's the joke? Tell us, so we can laugh, too."

Steve says, "Oh, nothin'."

Sid says, "We was just thinkin' what fine weather it is to-night."

Uncle Anthony says, "Yes, *'t is* fine, ain't it?"

And then Sid and Steve begin to laugh again.

Jennie says: "Well, you can laugh all you want to, if you like to so well. We don't care."

Aunt Phœbe says: "Don't pay no 'tention *to* 'em, girls. Maybe 't ain't half as funny as what they think it is."

Sid stops laughing and sits up straight. He says: "Steve, tell 'em about the rabbit we tracked up to-day. How many miles you s'pose we followed that feller, anyway?"

Steve says: "Well, by the feelin' o' my legs, I guess it was about a hunderd."

They tell all about the rabbit. It takes a long time. The girls begin to look tired. Sid gets up. He says: "Well, I s'pose we 'll have to be goin'. Hey, girls?"

Kate says: "Yes, we really must go. You see, we just stepped in on our way to choir practice."

Jennie says to Edie and my brother: "We won't know quite how to behave to you for a while, now you 're married and going around just like all the grown folks."

They go out. Aunt Phœbe says, "Well, Davi'son, ain't it 'bout time we was gittin' along home, too?" She throws her shawl over her head and gets up.

Uncle Anthony gets up. Aunt Phœbe says, "You know, you got to cut a few sticks o' wood for breakfast before you go to bed."

Uncle Anthony begins to laugh. He says: "There she goes again! Always wantin' wood! 'Y gosh, I don't see what she does with it all."

He starts and opens the door. He says, "Well, good evenin' to ye all." He puts his pipe in his mouth, and feels in his vest pocket for a match.

He says to my father, "Si, I don't s'pose ye 'll mind, will ye, if I light my pipe on yer front steps?"

My father laughs.

Photograph by De Witt C. Ward

A terra-cotta bust in Rodin's earlier style

Rodin's Conception of Art and Nature

Compiled by JUDITH CLADEL and S. K. STAR

CRITICIZING nature is as stupid as criticizing the cathedrals. It is the vice of our cold and petty age to criticize. It is the evil of decadent races. We are constantly being told that we live in an age of progress, an age of civilization. That is perhaps true from the point of view of science and mechanics; from the point of view of art it is wholly false.

Does science give happiness? I am not aware of it; and as to mechanics, they lower the common intelligence. Mechanics replace the work of the human mind with the work of a machine. That is the death of art. It is that which has destroyed the pleasure of the inner life, the grace of that which we call industrial art —the art of the furniture-maker, the tapestry-worker, the goldsmith. It overwhelms the world with uniformity. Once artisans created; to-day they manufacture. Once they rejoiced in the pleasure of making a work of art; to-day the workman dies of ennui in his shop to that degree that he has invented sabotage and has made alcoholism general.

The sight of a modern monument throws one into melancholy even while an ancient one has not ceased to enrapture. I visit a small city, and, losing my train, am obliged to wait for the next one. I take a walk about the ancient church, a delicious thing, very simple, but with its Gothic ornaments placed with taste, in a delicate relief that, in the light, makes an enchantment for my friendly glances. In the little nave, which invites to calm, to thought,—thought as soft and composed as the light shadows that move slowly across the pillars,—I settle myself. Ah, I come away charmed. If I had waited in the station, I would have been wearied to death, and would have returned home fatigued and discontented. As it is, I

have gained something—the beautiful counsels of moderation and the fine charm of a monument of former days.

Art alone gives happiness. And I call art the study of nature, the perpetual communion with her through the spirit of analysis.

He who knows how to see and feel may find everywhere and always things to admire. He who knows how to see and feel is preserved from ennui, that *bête noire* of modern society. He who sees and feels deeply never lacks the desire to express his feelings, to be an artist. Is not nature the source of all beauty? Is she not the only creator? It is only by drawing near to her that the artist can bring back to us all that she has revealed to him.

When one says that, the public thinks it a commonplace. All the world believes that it knows that; but it knows it only in seeming, the truth penetrates only the superficial shell of its intelligence. There are so many degrees in real comprehension! Comprehension is like a divine ladder. Only he who has reached the top rounds has a view of the world. The public is astonished or shocked when some one goes against its preconceived notions, against the prejudices of a badly interpreted or degenerate tradition. Words are nothing; the deed alone counts. It is not by reading manuals of esthetics, but by leaning on nature herself that the artist discovers and expresses beauty.

Alas! we are not prepared to see and to feel. Our sorry education, far from cultivating in us the feeling for enthusiasm, makes us in our youth little pedants who without result overwhelm ourselves and others with our pretensions. Those who too late, by long efforts, escape this demon of folly arrive only after that education has fatally sapped their strength and has destroyed the flower of enthusiasm that God had planted in them as a sign of His paradise. People without enthusiasm are like men who carry their flags pointed down to the ground instead of proudly above their heads.

Constantly I hear: "What an ugly age! That woman is plain. That dog is horrible." It is neither the age nor the woman nor the dog which is ugly, but your eyes, which do not understand. One generally disparages the things that are above one's comprehension. Disparagement is the child of ignorance. As soon as you discover that you enter into the circle of joy.

Man, animals, down to the smallest insects, down to the infinitesimal; the earth, the waters, the woods, the sky—all are marvelous. The firmament is the vastest landscape, the most profound, the most enchanting, with its variations, its effects of color and light, which delight the eye, astonish the thought, and subjugate the heart. And to say that artists—those who consider themselves such—attempt to represent all that simply as it appears to them, without having studied it, without having deciphered it, without having felt it! I pity them. They are prisoners, slaves of stupidity.

I was like them in the first periods of my perverted youth, but I have delivered myself. I have regained the liberty to approach the things that I love by the pathway of true study. Who follows me on the road? Who can learn it from a study of sculpture and design in books? You who have caught a glimpse of the splendor of that tree, of that giant whose magnificent column has been denuded by autumn of its leafy capital, but which is perhaps more beautiful in the nudity of its members; you who admire the structure of its branches and twigs, etched in an infinitude of forms against the sky, where they have a likeness to the lacework of the windows of our churches, would you not understand far better that beauty, would not your pleasure be far more complete, if you sketched that tree not only in the mass, but in the innumerable details of its framework? And to think that the schools recommend to pupils, painters, and sculptors research on the subject! The subject! The subject does not exist in that—the poor little arrangement that you, one and all, imagine in pouring over the same anecdotes, the same conventional attitudes. The human imagination is narrow, and you do not see

Photograph by Gerschell

Rodin in his garden

the hundred thousand motives of art that multiply themselves under your eye. I could pass my whole life in the garden where I walk without exhausting them.

The subject is everywhere. Every manifestation of nature is a subject. Artists, pause here! Sketch these flowers; writers, describe them for me, not in the mass, as has always been done, but in minute detail, in the marvelous precision of their organs, in their characteristics, which are as varied as are those of animals and men. So that it would be beautiful to be an artist at the same time that one was a botanist, to paint and model the plant at the same time that one studied it! Those great realists, the Japanese, understand this, and make the knowledge and cultivation of plants one of the bases of their education.

We place love and sensual pleasure in the same category. Undoubtedly it is nature herself who has led us astray in this by the instinct to perpetuate ourselves. In youth this instinct is like an overflowing river; it sweeps away everything, yet pleasure is everywhere about us. I imbibe it in the forms of the clouds that build their majestic architecture in the sky, in

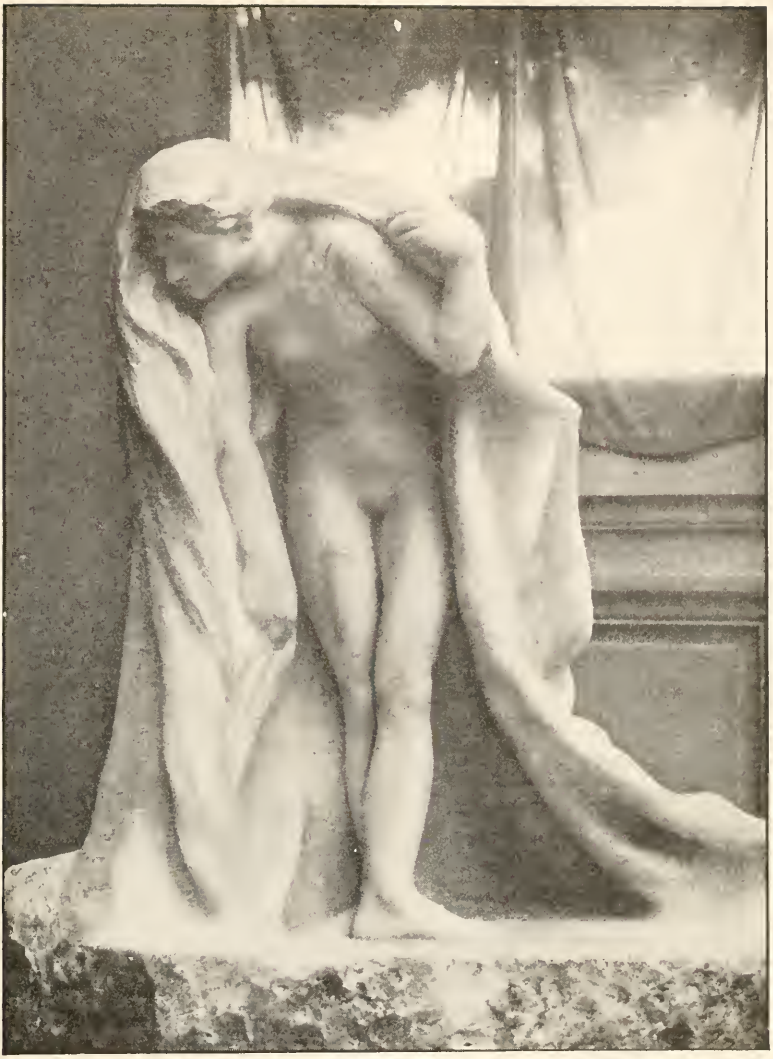
the rapture of this woman who holds her child in her arms, an attitude divine, so beautiful indeed, that the poet of the Gospels has deified it. It is the attitude of the Virgin. I imbibe it in the atmosphere which bathes me now, and will still continue to bless me, bringing me peace, rest, and health.

For that which is beautiful in a landscape is that which is beautiful in architecture—the air, space. No one in these days realizes its depth. It is this quality of depth that carries the soul where it wishes to go. In a well-constructed monument that which enraptures us is the science of its depths. The throngs in the churches attribute their emotion to mysticism, to the transport of the soul toward divinity. They are unaware that they owe their emotion to the exact knowledge of great planes possessed by the architects of former days. Even upon the most ignorant beholder they place this. Man disregards that which he already has, and longs for something else. He longs for swiftness, to have wings like a bird. He does not know that he already enjoys this pleasure of moving through space. He rejoices in it in his soul, which takes wing and goes where it pleases, through sky, on the waters, to the depths of the forests.

All the misfortune here below arises from a lack of comprehension. We classify our limited knowledge in narrow systems, like the card-systems of an office, and these pitiful conventions we take seriously. They teach us disconnected things, and we leave them disconnected. Those who have a little patience assemble these isolated facts; but such patient ones are rare, and nothing is so unbearable as that man who, not having this, speaks ill of

Photograph by Bulloz

"Spring"



Photograph by Druet

"Psyche"

him who has a sense of the truth. To see accurately is the secret of a good design. Objects dart at one another, unite, and throw light on one another, explain themselves. That is life; a marvelous beauty covers all things like a garment, like an ægis.

God created the great laws of opposition, of equilibrium. Good and evil are brothers, but we desire the good, which pleases us, and not the evil, which seems to us error. When we consider matters from a distance, does not evil often seem good, and good evil? That is only because we have judged without proper consideration. Just as white and black are necessary in a drawing, so good and evil are necessary in life. Sorrow ought not to be cast out. As long as we live it is as strong a part of life as radiant joy. Without it we would be very ill trained.

To comprehend nature it is of importance that we never substitute ourselves for it. The corrections that a man imposes upon himself are a mass of mistakes. The tiger has claws and teeth, and uses them skilfully; man at times shows himself inferior. Possessing intelligence, too often he strives to turn to that. Animals respect everything and touch nothing.

The dog loves his master, and has no thought of criticizing him. The average man does not care that his daughter should be beautiful. He has in his mind certain ideas of manner and instruction, and the beauty of his daughter does not enter into the program that he has made. But the daughter herself feels the influence of nature, and displays her modest and triumphant movements, which this blind one does not see, but which fascinate the artist.

The artist who tells us of his ideal commits the same error that this average man commits. His ideal is false. In the name of this ideal he pretends to rectify his model, retouching a profound organism which certain admirably combined laws regulate. Through his so-called corrections he destroys the ensemble; he composes a mosaic instead of creating a work of art; the faults of his model do not exist. If we correct that which we call a fault, we simply present something in the place of that which nature has presented. We destroy the equilibrium; the rectified part is always that which is necessary to the harmony of the whole. There is nothing paradoxical here, because a law that is all-powerful keeps the harmony of opposites. That is the law of life. Everything, therefore, is well, but we discover this only when our thought acquires power; that is to say, when it attaches itself indissolubly to nature, for then it becomes part of a great whole, a part of united and complex forces. Otherwise it is a miserable, very low, detached part contending with a whole that is formed of innumerable units.

Nature, therefore, is the only guide that it is necessary to follow. She gives us the truth of an impression because she gives us that of its forms, and if we copy this with sincerity, she points out the means of uniting these forms and expressing them.

Sincerity, conscience—these are the true bases of thought in the work of an artist; but whenever the artist attains to a certain facility of expression, too often he is wont to replace conscience with skill. The reign of skill is the ruin of art. It is an organized falsehood. Sincerity with one fault, indeed with many faults, still preserves its integrity. The facility that believes that it has no faults has them all. The primitives, who ignored the laws of perspective, have nevertheless created great works of art because they have brought to them absolute sincerity. Look at this Persian miniature, the admirable reverence of this illuminator for the form of these plants and animals, and the attitudes of these persons which he has forced himself to render just as he saw them. How eagerly has he painted that, this man who loved it all! Do you tell me that his work is bad because he is ignorant of the laws of perspective? And the great French primitives and the Roman architects and sculptors! Has it not been repeatedly said that their style is a barbaric style? On the contrary, it has a formidable beauty. It breathes the sacred awe of those who have been impressed by the great works of nature herself. It offers us the strongest proof that these men had made themselves part of life and also a part of its mystery.

To express life it is necessary to desire to express it. The art of statuary is made up of conscience, precision, and will. If I had not had tenacity of purpose, I should not have produced my work. If I had ceased to make my researches, the book of nature would have been for me a dead letter, or at least it would have withheld from me its meaning. Now, on the contrary, it is a book that is constantly renewed, and I go to it, knowing well that I have only spelled out certain pages. In art to admit only that which one comprehends leads to impotence. Nature remains full of unknown forces.

As for me, I have certainly lost some time through the fault of my period. I should have been able to learn much more than I have grasped with so much of slowness and circumlocution; but I should not have tasted less happiness through that highest form of loss; that is, work. And when my hour shall come, I shall dwell in nature, and shall regret nothing.

The Burned House

By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

Author of "The Good Girl," "Sentiment," etc.

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

ONE night at the end of dinner, the last time I crossed the Atlantic, somebody in our group remarked that we were just passing over the spot where the *Lusitania* had gone down Whether this was the case or not, the thought of it was enough to make us rather grave, and we dropped into some more or less serious discussion about the emotions of men and women who see all hope gone, and realize that they are going to sink with the vessel. From that the talk wandered to the fate of the drowned: was not theirs, after all, a fortunate end? Somebody related details from the narratives of those who had been all but drowned in the accidents of the war. A Scotch lady inquired fancifully if the ghosts of those who are lost at sea ever appear above the waters and come aboard ships. Would there be danger of seeing one when the light was turned out in her cabin? This put an end to all seriousness, and most of us laughed. But a little tight-faced man from Fall River, bleak and iron-gray, who had been listening attentively, did not laugh. The lady noticed his decorum and appealed to him for support.

"You are like me—you believe in ghosts?" she asked lightly.

He hesitated, thinking it over.

"In ghosts?" he repeated slowly. "N-no; I don't know as I do. I 've never had any personal experience that way. I 've never seen the ghost of any one I knew. Has anybody here?"

No one replied. Instead, most of us laughed again, a little uneasily, perhaps.

"Well, I guess not," resumed the man from Fall River. "All the same, strange-enough things happen in life, even if you cut out ghosts, that you can't clear up by laughing. You laugh till you 've had some experience big enough to shock you, and then you don't laugh any more. It 's like being thrown out of a car—"

At this moment there was a blast on the whistle, and everybody rushed up on deck. As it turned out, we had only entered into a belt of fog. On the upper deck I fell in again with the New-Englander, smoking a cigar and walking up and down. We took a few turns together, and he referred to the conversation at dinner. Our laughter evidently rankled in his mind.

"So many damn' strange things happen in life that you can't account for," he protested. "You go on laughing at faith-healing and at dreams and this and that, and then something comes along that you just can't explain. You have got to throw up your hands and allow that it does n't answer to any tests our experience has provided us with. Now, I guess I 'm as matter of fact a man as any of those folks down there. I 'm in the outfitting business. My favorite author is Ingersoll; whenever I go on a journey like this I carry one of his books. If you read Ingersoll and *think* Ingersoll year in, year out, you don't have much use for wool-gathering. But once I had an experience which I had to conclude was out of the ordinary. Whether other people believe it or not, or whether they think they can explain it, don't matter; it happened to me, and I could no more doubt it than I could doubt having had a tooth pulled after the dentist had done it. I only wish Ingersoll was still alive; I 'd like to put it up to him. If you will sit down here with me in this corner out of the wind, I 'll tell you how it was.

"Some years ago I had to be for several months in New York. I was before the courts; it does not signify now what for, and it is all forgotten by this time. But it was a long and worrying case, and it

aged me by twenty years. Well, sir, all through the trial, in that grimy court-room, I kept thinking and thinking of a fresh little place I knew in the Vermont hills; and I helped to get through the hours by thinking that if things went well with me I 'd go there at once. And so it was that on the very next morning after I was acquitted I stepped on the cars at the Grand Central station.

"It was the early fall; the days were closing in, and it was night and cold when I arrived. The village was very dark and deserted; they don't go out much after dark in those parts, anyhow, and the keen mountain wind was enough to quell any lingering desire. The hotel was not one of those modern places called inns from sentiment in America, which are equipped and upholstered like the great city hotels; it was one of the real old-fashioned New England taverns, about as uncomfortable places as there are on earth, where the idea is to show the traveler that traveling is a penitential state, and that morally and physically the best place for him is home. The landlord brought me a kind of supper, with his hat on and a pipe in his mouth. The room was chilly; but when I asked for a fire, he said he guessed he could n't go out to the wood-pile till morning. There was nothing else to do when I had eaten my supper but to go outside, both to get the smell of the lamp out of my nose and to warm myself by a short walk.

"As I did not know the country well, I did not mean to go far. But although it was an overcast night, with a high north-east wind and an occasional flurry of rain, the moon was up, and even concealed by clouds as it was, it yet lit the night with a kind of twilight gray, not vivid, like the open moonlight, but good enough to see some distance. On account of this I prolonged my stroll, and kept walking on and on till I was a considerable way from the village, and in a region as lonely as anywhere in the State. Great trees and shrubs bordered the road, and many feet below was a mountain stream. What with the passion of the wind pouring through the high trees and the shout of the water racing among the boulders, it seemed to me sometimes like the noise of a crowd of people, and two or three times I turned to see if a crowd might be out after me, well as I knew that no crowd could be there. Sometimes the branches of the trees became so thick that I was walking as if in a black pit, unable to see my hand close to my face. Then, coming out from the tunnel of branches, I would step once more into a gray clearness which opened the road and surrounding country a good way on all sides.

"I suppose it might be some three quarters of an hour I had been walking when I came to a fork of the road. One branch ran downward, getting almost on a level with the bed of the torrent. The other mounted in a steep hill, and this, after a little idle debating, I decided to follow. After I had climbed for more than half a mile, thinking that if I should happen to lose track of one of the landmarks I should be very badly lost, the path—for it was now no more than that—curved, and I came out on a broad plateau. There, to my astonishment, I saw a house. It was a good-sized wooden house, three stories high, with a piazza round two sides of it, and from the elevation on which it stood it commanded a far stretch of country. There were a few great trees at a little distance from the house, and behind it, a stone's-throw away, was a clump of bushes. Still, it looked lonely and stark, offering its four sides unprotected to the winds. For all that, I was very glad to see it. 'It does not matter now,' I thought, 'whether I have lost my way or not. The house people will set me right.'

"But when I came up to it, I found that it was, to all appearance, uninhabited. The shutters were closed on all the windows; there was not a spark of light anywhere. There was something about it, something sinister and barren, that gave me the kind of shiver you have at the door of a room where you know that a dead man lies inside, or if you get thinking hard about dropping over the rail into

"'I found that my hand had closed on nothing; I had clutched nothing but air'"

that black waste of waters out there. This feeling, you know, is n't altogether unpleasant; you relish all the better your present security. It was the same with me standing before that house. I was not *really* scared. I was alone up here, miles from any kind of help, at the mercy of whoever might be lurking behind the shutters of that sullen house; but I felt that by all the chances I was perfectly alone and safe. My sensation of the uncanny was due to the effect on the nerves produced by wild scenery and the unexpected sight of a house in such a very lonely situation. Thus I reasoned, and instead of following the road farther, I walked over the grass till I came to a stone wall perhaps two hundred and fifty yards in front of the house, and rested my arms on it, looking forth at the scene.

"On the crests of the hills far away a strange light lingered, like the first touch of dawn in the sky on a rainy morning or the last glimpse of twilight before night comes. Between me and the hills was a wide stretch of open country. On my right hand was an apple-orchard, and I observed that a stile had been made in the wall of piled stones to enable the house people to go back and forth.

"Now, after I had been there leaning on the wall some considerable time, I saw a man coming toward me through the orchard. He was walking with a good, free stride, and as he drew nearer I could see that he was a tall, sinewy fellow between twenty-five and thirty, with a shaven face, wearing the slouch-hat of that country, a dark woolen shirt, and high boots. When he reached the stile and began climbing over it, I bade him good night in neighborly fashion. He made no reply, but he looked me straight in the face, and the look gave me a qualm. Not that it was an evil face, mind you,—it was a handsome, serious face,—but it was ravaged by some terrible passion: stealth was on it, ruthlessness, and a deadly resolution, and at the same time such a look as a man driven by some uncontrollable power might throw on surrounding things, asking for comprehension and mercy. It was impossible for me to resent his churlishness, his thoughts were so certainly elsewhere. I doubt if he even saw me.

"He could not have gone by more than a quarter of a minute when I turned to look after him. He had disappeared. The plateau lay bare before me, and it seemed impossible that even if he had sprinted like an athlete he could have got inside the house in so little time. But I have always made it a rule to attribute what I cannot understand to natural causes that I have failed to observe. I said to myself that no doubt the man had gone back into the orchard by some other opening in the wall lower down, or there might be some flaw in my vision owing to the uncertain and distorting light.

"But even as I continued to look toward the house, leaning my back now against the wall, I noticed that there were lights springing up in the windows behind the shutters. They were flickering lights, now bright, now dim, and had a ruddy glow like firelight. Before I had looked long, I became convinced that it was indeed firelight: the house was on fire. Black smoke began to pour from the roof; the red sparks flew in the wind. Then at a window above the roof of the piazza the shutters were thrown open, and I heard a woman shriek. I ran toward the house as hard as I could, and when I drew near I could see her plainly.

"She was a young woman; her hair fell in disorder over her white nightgown. She stretched out her bare arms, screaming. I saw a man come behind and seize her. But they were caught in a trap. The flames were licking round the windows, and the smoke was killing them. Even now the part of the house where they stood was caving in.

"Appalled by this horrible tragedy, which had thus suddenly risen before me, I made my way still nearer the house, thinking that if the two could struggle to the side of the house not bounded by the piazza they might jump, and I might break the fall. I was shouting this at them; I was right up close to the fire; and then I was struck by—I noticed for the

first time an astonishing thing—the flames had no heat in them!

"I was standing near enough to the fire to be singed by it, and yet I felt no heat. The sparks were flying about my head; some fell on my hands, and they did not burn. And now I perceived that although the smoke was rolling in columns, I was not choked by the smoke, and that there had been no smell of smoke since the fire broke out. Neither was there any glare against the sky.

"As I stood there stupefied, wondering how these things could be, the whole house was swept by a very tornado of flame, and crashed down in a red ruin.

"Stricken to the heart by this abominable catastrophe, I made my way uncertainly down the hill, shouting for help. As I came to a little wooden bridge spanning the torrent, just beyond where the roads forked, I saw what appeared to be a rope in loose coils lying there. I saw that part of it was fastened to the railing of the bridge and hung outside, and I looked over. There was a man's body swinging by the neck between the road and the stream. I leaned over still farther, and then I recognized him as the man I had seen coming out of the orchard. His hat had fallen off, and the toes of his boots just touched the water.

"It seemed hardly possible, and yet it was certain. That was the man, and he was hanging there. I scrambled down at the side of the bridge, and put out my hand to seize the body, so that I might lift it up and relieve the weight on the rope. I succeeded in clutching hold of his loose shirt, and for a second I thought that it had come away in my hand. Then I found that my hand had closed on nothing; I had clutched nothing but air. And yet the figure swung by the neck before my eyes!

"I was suffocated with such horror that I feared for a moment I must lose consciousness. The next minute I was running and stumbling along that dark road in mortal anxiety, my one idea being to rouse the town and bring men to the bridge. That, I say, was my intention; but the fact is that when I came at last in sight of the village, I slowed down instinctively and began to reflect. After all, I was unknown there; I had just gone through a disagreeable trial in New York, and rural people were notoriously given to groundless suspicion. I had had enough of the law and of arrests without sufficient evidence. The wisest thing would be to drop a hint or two before the landlord and judge by his demeanor whether to proceed.

"I found him sitting where I had left him, smoking, in his shirt-sleeves, with his hat on.

" 'Well,' he said slowly, 'I did n't know where the gosh-blamed blazes you had got to. Been to see the folks?'

"I told him I had been taking a walk. I went on to mention casually the fork in the road, the hill, and the plateau.

" 'And who lives in that house,' I asked with a good show of indifference, 'on top of the hill?'

"He stared.

" 'House? There ain't no house up there,' he said positively. 'Old Joe Snedeker, who owns the land, says he 's going to build a house up there for his son to live in when he gets married; but he ain't begun yet, and some folks reckon he never will.'

" 'I feel sure I *saw* a house,' I protested feebly. But I was thinking—no heat in the fire, no substance in the body. I had not the courage to dispute.

"The landlord looked at me not unkindly. 'You seem sort of sick,' he remarked. 'Guess you been doin' too much down in the city. What you want is to go to bed.' "

The man from Fall River paused, and for a moment we sat silent, listening to the pant of the machinery, the thrumming of the wind in the wire stays, and the lash of the sea. Some voices were singing on the deck below. I considered him with the shade of contemptuous superiority we feel, as a rule, toward those who tell us their dreams or what some fortune-teller has predicted.

"Hallucinations," I said at last, with

reassuring indulgence. "Trick of the vision, toxic ophthalmia. After the long strain of your trial your nerves were shattered."

"That 's what I thought myself," he replied shortly, "especially after I had been out to the plateau the next morning and saw no sign that a house had ever stood there."

"And no corpse at the bridge?" I said, and laughed.

"And no corpse at the bridge."

He tried to get a light for another cigar. This took him some little time, and when at last he managed it, he got out of his chair and stood looking down at me.

"Now listen here. I told you that the thing happened several years ago. I 'd got almost to forget it; if you can only persuade yourself that a thing is a freak of imagination, it pretty soon gets dim inside your head. Delusions have no staying power once it is realized that they are delusions. Whenever it did come back to me I used to think how near I had once been to going out of my mind. That was all.

"Well, last year I went up to that village again from Boston. I went to the same hotel and found the same landlord. He remembered me at once as 'The feller who come up from the city and thought he see a house. I believe you had the jimjams,' he said.

"We laughed, and the landlord spat.

" 'There 's been a house there since, though.'

" 'Has there?'

" 'Why, yes; an' it ha' been as well if there never had been. Old man Snedeker built it for his son, a fine big house with a piazza on two sides. The son, young Joe, got courting Mamie Elting from here around. She 'd gone down to work in a store somewhere in Connecticut—darned if I can remember where. New Haven or Danbury, maybe. Well, sir, she used to get carrying on with another young feller 'bout here, Jim Travers, and Jim was sure wild about her; used to save up his quarters to go down State to see her. But she turned him down in the end, and married Joe; I guess because Joe had the house, and the old man's money to expect. Well, poor Jim must ha' gone plumb crazy. What do you think he did? The very first night the new-wed pair spent in that house he burned it down. Burned the two of them in their bed, and he was as nice and quiet a feller as you want to see. He may ha' been full of whisky at the time.'

" 'No, he was n't,' I said.

"The landlord looked surprised.

" 'I guess you 've heard some about it?'

" 'No; go on.'

" 'Yes, sir, he burned them in their bed. And then what do you think he did? He hung himself at the little bridge half a mile below. Do you remember where the road divides? Well, it was there. I saw his body hanging there myself the next morning. The toes of his boots were just touching the water.' "

Thoughts with a Child

By HELEN HOYT

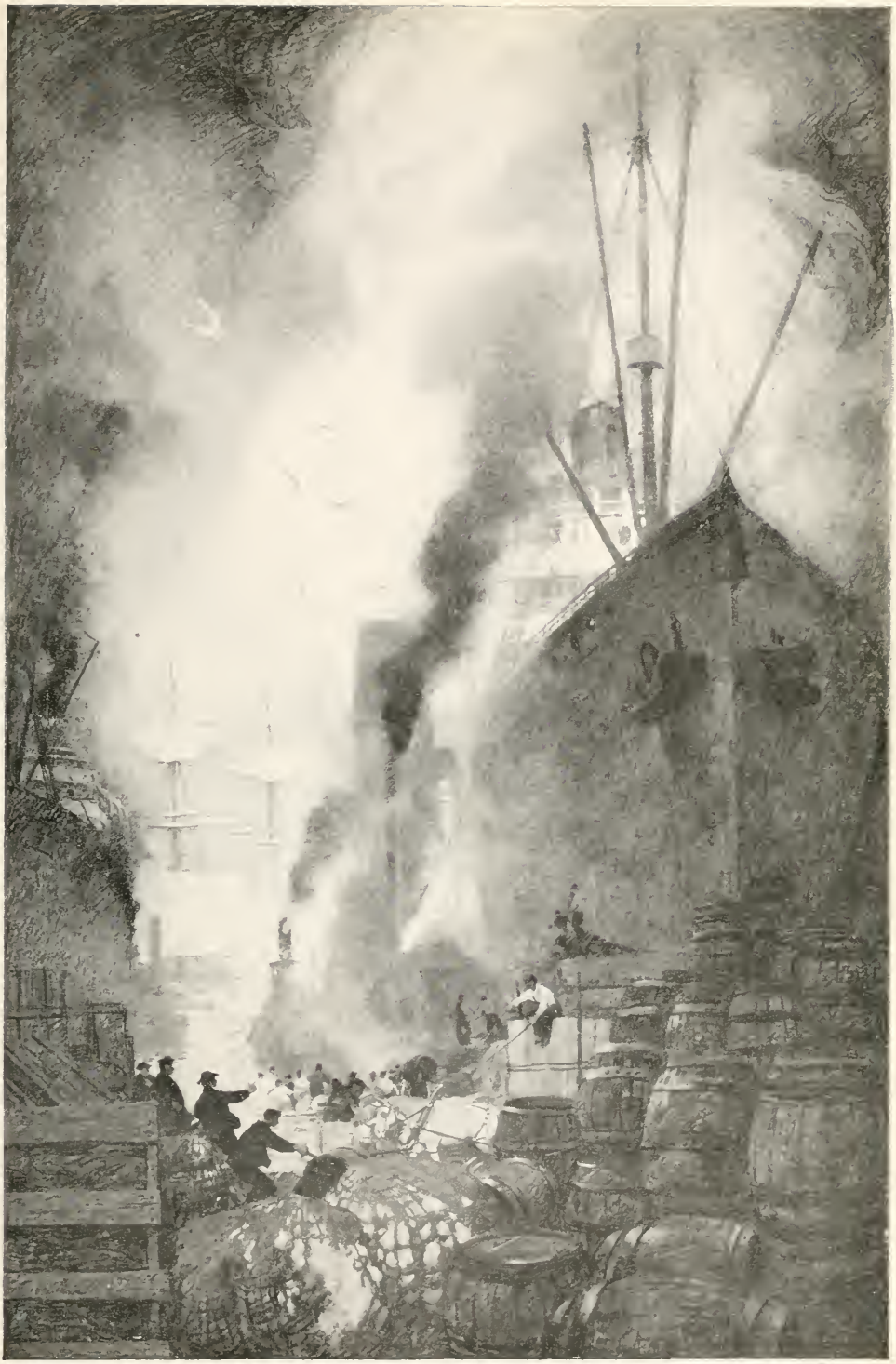
THE wings of soaring,
The vague wings of aloofness,
When they are broken,
What man may mend them?
What care restore us
The first clear shining
That our touch has handled—
The golden shining our breaths have dulled?

Steel

Four drawings by Thornton Oakley

I. The mills

II. The sky-scrapers



III. The docks

IV. The locomotives

The Dark Tower

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "Broken Music," "The Captive," etc.

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

Synopsis of Chapters I–XVIII—Winn Staines, the thirty-five-year-old son of a hard-riding English county family, had a wicked temper, an unshakable nerve, and a nature both obstinate and insolent. After years of frontier work with the British army, he returned to England and married Estelle Fanshawe. Estelle was thoroughly selfish, and when Winn was sent to Davos with consumption she did not accompany him, but stayed in England with their baby, Peter. Winn went to Davos and there met Claire Rivers, an English girl of nineteen who was staying there with her brother Maurice and his tutor, Mr. Roper. Winn felt what he took to be an elder-brotherly interest in Claire and Maurice, but it was really love for Claire. And he put off the day of telling her he was married until he dared not do it. In the meantime Winn formed the quixotic plan of sending for Lionel Drummond, a brother-officer, and the one man he loved and could trust with Claire. To Lionel he explained the situation, and asked him to win Claire's love. After a short hesitation, Lionel, having fallen under the spell of Claire's charm, agreed to make the attempt, and Winn abruptly left Davos for St. Moritz. Later Claire came to him there, having refused Lionel. Winn now disclosed the fact of his marriage, but it was too late; Claire already loved him. She declared her intention of remaining in St. Moritz for two weeks. She wished to be happy at least for that time, she said, and Winn promised her that she should be happy.

Part III. Chapter XIX

IT seemed incredible that they should be happy, but from the first of their fortnight to the last they were increasingly, insanely happy. Everything ministered to their joy: the unstinted blue and gold of the skies, the incommunicable glee of mountain heights, their blind and eager love.

There was no future. They were on an island cut off from all to-morrows; but they were together, and their island held the fruits of the Hesperides.

They lived surrounded by light passions, by unfaithfulnesses that had not the sharp excuses of desire, bonds that held only because they would require an effort to break, and bonds that were forged only because it was easier to pass into a new relation than to continue in an old one. Their solid and sober passion passed through these light fleets of pleasure-boats as a great ship takes its unyielding way toward deep waters.

Winn was spared the agony of foresight; he could not see beyond her sparkling eyes: and Claire was happy, exultantly, supremely happy, with the reckless, incurious happiness of youth.

It was terrible to see them coming in and out with their joy. Their faces were transfigured, their eyes had the look of sleep-walkers, they moved as through another world. They had only one observer, and to Miss Marley the sight of them was like the sight of those unknowingly condemned to die. St. Moritz in general was not observant. It had gossips, but it did not know the difference between true and false, temporary and permanent. It had one mold for all its fancies: given a man and a woman, it formed at once its general and monotonous conjecture.

Maurice might have noticed Claire's preoccupation, for Maurice was sensitive to that which touched himself, but for the moment a group more expensive and less second rate than he had discovered at Davos took up his entire attention. He

had none to spare for his sister unless she bothered him, and now she did not bother him.

It was left to Miss Marley to watch from hour to hour the significant and rising chart of passion. The evening after the Davos match Winn had knocked at the door of her private sitting-room. It was his intention only to ask her if she would dine with some friends of his from Davos; he would mention indifferently that they were very young, a mere boy and girl, and he would suggest with equal subtlety that he would be obliged if Miss Marley would continue to take meals at his table during their visit. St. Moritz, he saw himself saying, was such a place for talk. There was no occasion to go into anything, and Miss Marley would, of course, have no idea how matters really stood. She was a good sort, but he was n't going to talk about Claire.

Miss Marley said "Come in" in that wonderful, low, soft voice of hers that came so strangely from her blistered lips. She was sitting in a low chair, smoking, in front of an open wood fire.

Her room was furnished by herself. It was a comfortable, featureless room, with no ornaments and no flowers; there were plenty of books in cases or lying about at ease on a big table, a stout desk by the window, and several leather-covered, deep arm-chairs. The walls were bare except for photographs of the Cresta. These had been taken from every possible angle of the run—its banks, its corners, its flashing pieces of straight, and its incredible final hill. It was noticeable that though there was generally a figure on a toboggan in the photograph, it never happened to be one of Miss Marley herself. She was a creditable rider, but she did not, to her own mind, show off the Cresta.

Her eyes met Winn's with a shrewdness that she promptly veiled. He was n't looking as if he wanted her to be shrewd. It struck her that she was seeing Winn as he must have looked when he was about twenty. She wondered if this was only because he had won the match. His eyes were very open and they were off their guard. It could not be said that Winn had ever in his life looked appealing, but for a Staines to look so exposed to friendliness was very nearly an appeal.

"Mavorovitch has just left me," said Miss Marley. "You ought to have heard what he said about you. It was worth hearing. You played this afternoon like a successful demon dealing with lost souls. I don't think I 've ever seen bandy played quite in that vein before."

Winn sank into one of the leather arm-chairs and lighted a cigarette.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I played like a fluke. I am not up to Mavorovitch's form at all. I just happened to be on my game; he would have had me down and out otherwise."

Miss Marley nodded; she was wondering what had put Winn on his game. She turned her eyes away from him and looked into the fire. Winn was resting for the first time that day; the sense of physical ease and her even, tranquil comradeship were singularly soothing to him. Suddenly it occurred to him that he very much liked Miss Marley, and in a way in which he had never before liked any woman, with esteem and without excitement. He gave her a man's first proof of confidence.

"Look here," he said, "I want you to help me."

Miss Marley turned her eyes back to him; she was a plain woman, but she was able to speak with her eyes, and though what she said was sometimes hard and always honest, on the present occasion they expressed only an intense reassurance of good-will.

"When I came in," Winn said rather nervously, "I meant to ask you a little thing, but I find I am going to ask you a big one."

"Oh, well," said Miss Marley, "ask away. Big or little, friends should stand by each other."

"Yes," said Winn, relieved, "that 's what I thought you 'd say. I don't know that I ever mentioned to you I 'm married?"

"No," she answered quietly, "I can't

say that you did; however, most men of your age are married."

"And I 've got a son," Winn continued. "His name is Peter—after my father, you know."

"That 's a good thing," she concurred heartily. "I 'm glad you 've got a son."

"Unfortunately," said Winn, "my marriage did n't exactly come off. We got hold of the wrong end of the stick."

"Ah," said Miss Marley, "that 's a pity! The right end of the stick is, I believe, almost essential in marriage."

"Yes," Winn acknowledged; "I see that now, of course. I was keen on getting her, but I had n't thought the rest out. Rather odd, is n't it, that you don't get as much as a tip about how jolly a thing could be till you 've dished yourself from having it?"

Miss Marley agreed that it was rather odd.

Winn came back swiftly to his point.

"What I was going to ask you," he said, holding her with his eyes, "is to sit at my table for a bit. I happen to have two young friends of mine over from Davos. He 's her brother, of course, but I thought I 'd like to have another woman somewhere about. Look better, would n't it? She 's only nineteen."

His voice dropped as he mentioned Claire's age as if he were speaking of the Madonna.

"Yes," agreed Miss Marley, "it would look better."

"I dare say," said Winn, after rather a long pause, "you see what I mean. The idea is—our idea, you know—to be together as much as we can for a fortnight. It 'll be all right, of course; only I rather wondered if you 'd see us through."

"See you through being all right?" Miss Marley asked with the directness of a knife-thrust.

"Well—yes," said Winn. "It would just put people off thinking things. Everybody seems to know you up here, and I somehow thought I 'd rather you knew."

"Thank you," said Miss Marley, briefly.

She turned back to the fire again. She had seen all she wanted to see in Winn's eyes. She saw his intention. What she was n't sure about was the fortnight. A fortnight can do a good deal with an intention.

Miss Marley knew the world very well. People had often wanted to use her for a screen before, and generally she had refused, believing that the chief safeguard of innocence is the absence of screens. But she saw that Winn did not want her to be that kind of screen; he wanted her to be in the center of his situation without touching it. He wanted her for Claire, but he wanted her also a little for himself, so that he might feel the presence of her upright friendliness. He intensely trusted her.

There are people who intend to do good in the world and invariably do harm. They enter eagerly into the lives of others and put their fingers pressingly upon delicate machinery; very often they destroy it, more seldom, unfortunately, they cut their own fingers. Miss Marley did not belong to this type. She did not wish to be involved and she was scrupulous never to involve others. She hesitated before she gave her consent, but she could n't withstand the thought that Claire was only nineteen. She spoke at last.

"What you suggest," she said quietly, "is going to be rather hard for you both. I suppose you do realize how hard? You see, you are only at the beginning of the fortnight now. Unhappy men and very young girls make difficult situations, Major Staines."

He got up and walked to the window, standing with his back to her. She wondered if she had said too much; his back looked uncompromising. She did not realize that she could never say too much in the defense of Claire. Then he said, without looking round:

"We shall have to manage somehow."

It occurred to Miss Marley, with a wave of reassurance, that this was probably Winn's usual way of managing.

"In any case," she said firmly, "you can count on me to do anything you wish."

Winn expressed no gratitude. He merely said:

"I shall introduce her to you this evening."

Before he left Miss Marley he shook hands with her. Her hands were hard and muscular, but she realized when she felt his grip that he must have been extremely grateful.

CHAPTER XX

THEY went out early, before the sun was up, when the valley was an apricot mist and the mountains were as white as snowdrops in the spring. The head waiter fell easily into their habits, and provided them with an early breakfast and a parcel for lunch. Then they drove off through the biting, glittering coldness.

Sometimes they went far down the valley to Sils and on to the verge of the Maloja. Sometimes they drove through the narrower valleys to Pontresina and on into the impenetrable winter gloom of the Mortratsch glacier. The end was the same solitude, sunshine, and their love. The world was wrapped away in its winter stillness. The small Swiss villages slept and hardly stirred. In the hot noonday a few drowsy peasants crept to and from the barns where the cattle passed their winter life. Sometimes a woman labored at a frozen pump, or a party of skeers slipped rapidly through the shady streets, rousing echoes with their laughter; but for the most part they were as much alone as if the world had ceased to hold any beings but themselves. The pine-trees scented all the air, the snow dripped reluctantly, and sometimes far off they heard the distant boom of an avalanche. They sat together for long sunlit hours on the rickety wooden balcony of a friendly hospice, drinking hot spiced *glüwein* and building up their precarious memories.

There were moments when the hollow present snapped under their feet like a broken twig, and then the light in their eyes darkened and they ran out upon the safer path of make-believe.

It was Winn who, curiously enough, began it, and returned to it oftenest. It came to him, this abolishing of Estelle, always more easily than it came to Claire. It was inconceivable to Claire that Winn did n't, as a rule, remember his wife. She could have understood the tragedy of his marriage, but Winn did n't make a tragedy of it; he made nothing of it at all. It seemed terrible to Claire that any woman, bearing his name, the mother of his child, should have no life in his heart. She found herself resenting this for Estelle. She tried to make Winn talk about her, so that she might justify her ways to him. But Winn went no further in his expressions than the simple phrases, "She 's not my sort," "We have n't anything in common," "I expect we did n't hit it off." Finally he said, terribly, under the persistency of Claire's pressure, "Well, if you will have it, I don't believe a single word she says."

"Oh, but sometimes, sometimes she must speak the truth!" Claire urged, breathless with pity.

"I dare say," Winn replied indifferently. "Possibly she does, but what difference does it make to me when I don't know which times?"

Claire waited a little, then she said:

"I was n't thinking of the difference to you; I was thinking of the difference to her."

"I tell you," Winn repeated obstinately, "that I don't care a hang about the difference to her. People should n't tell lies. I don't care that for her!" He snapped a crumb off the table. He looked triumphantly at Claire, under the impression that he had convinced her of a pleasing fact. She burst into tears.

He tried to take her in his arms, but for a moment she resisted him.

"Do you *want* me to love Estelle?" he asked in desperation.

Claire shook her head.

"I 'd like her—to be loved," she said, still sobbing.

Winn looked wonderingly at her.

"Well, as far as that goes, so would I," he observed, with a sardonic grin. "There 'd be some way out for us then."

Claire shook her head vehemently, but she made no attempt to explain her tears. She felt that she could n't alter him, and that when he most surprised her it was wiser to accept these surprises than to probe her deep astonishment.

He surprised her very often, he was in such a hurry to unburden himself of all he was. It seemed to him as if he must tell her everything while he had her. He expressed himself as he had never in his wildest dreams supposed that any man could express himself to another human being. He broke down his conventions, he forced aside his restraint, he literally poured out his heart to her. He gave her his opinions, his religion, his codes of conduct, until she began a little to understand his attitude toward Estelle.

It was part of his exterior way of looking at the world at large. Up till now people, except Lionel, had never really entered into his imagination. Of course there were his servants and his dogs and, nearer still, his horses. He spent hours telling her about the horses. They really had come into his life, but never people; even his own family were nothing but a background for wrangles.

He had never known tenderness. He had had all kinds of odd feelings about Peter, but they had not got beyond his own mind. His tenderness was beyond everything now; it overflowed expression. It was the radical thing in him. He showed her plainly that it would break his heart if she were to let her feet get wet. He made plans for her future which would have suited a chronic invalid. He wanted to give her jewels, expensive specimens of spaniels, and a banking account.

She would take nothing from him but a note-book and a little opal ring. Winn restrained his passion, but out of revenge for his restraint his fancies ran wild.

It was Claire who had to be practical; she who had spent her youth in dreams now clung desperately to facts. She read nothing, she hardly talked, but she drew his very soul out to her listening soul. There were wonders within wonders to her in Winn. She had hardly forced herself to accept his hardness when she discovered in him a tolerance deeper than anything she had ever seen, and an untiring patience. He had pulled men out of holes only to see them run back into them with the swiftness of burrowing rabbits; but nothing made him feel as if he could possibly give them up.

"You can't tell how many new starts a man wants," he explained to Claire; "but he ought to have as many as he can take. As long as a man wants to get on, I think he ought to be helped."

His code about a man's conduct to women was astonishingly drastic.

"If you 've let a woman in," he explained, "you 've got to strip yourself to get her out, no matter whether you care for her or not. The moment a woman gets caught out, you can't do too much for her. It 's like seeing a dog with a tin can tied to its tail; you 've got to get it off. A man ought to pay for his fun; even if it is n't his fault, he ought to pay just the same. It 's not so much that he 's the responsible person, but he 's the least *had*. That ought to settle the question."

He was more diffident, but not less decided, on the subject of religion.

"If there 's a God at all," he stated, "He must be good; otherwise you can't explain goodness, which does n't pay and yet always seems worth having. You know what I mean. Not that I am a religious man myself, but I like the idea. Women certainly ought to be religious."

He hoped that Claire would go regularly to church unless it was drafty.

It was on the Bernina, when they were nine thousand feet up in a blue sky, beyond all sight or sound of life, in their silent, private world, that they talked about death.

"Curious," Winn said, "how little you think about it when you 're up against it. I should n't like to die of an illness. That 's all I 've ever felt about it; that would be like letting go. I don't think I could let go easily; but just a proper, decent knock-out—why, I don't believe you 'd know about it. I never felt afraid of it till I knew you; now I 'm afraid."

Claire looked at the strong hands in the sunshine and at her own, which lay on his; they looked so much alive! She tried hard to think about death, because she knew that some day everybody must die; but she felt as if she was alive forever.

"Yes," she said; "of course I suppose we *shall*. But, Winn, don't you think that we could send for each other then? Would n't that be splendid?"

The idea of death became suddenly a shortening of the future; it was like something to look forward to. Winn nodded gravely, but he did n't seem to take the same comfort in it that Claire did. He only said:

"I dare say we could manage something. But you feel all right, don't you?"

Claire laughed until something in his grave eyes hurt her behind her laughter.

The sky changed from saffron to dead blue and then to startling rose-color. Flame after flame licked the Bernina heights. Their sleigh-bells rang persistently beneath them. They drank their coffee hurriedly while the sun sank out of the valley, and the whole world changed into an icy light.

They drove off rapidly down the pass, wrapped in furs and clinging to each other. They did not know what anything would mean when they were apart. The thought of separation was like bending from a sunny world over a well of darkness. Claire cried a little, but not very much. She never dared let herself really cry because of what might happen to Winn.

It surprised him sometimes how little she tried to influence his future life. She did not make him promise anything except to go to see Dr. Gurnet. He wondered afterward why she had left so much to his discretion when he had made so many plans and urgent precautions for her future; and yet he knew that when she left him he would be desperate enough to break any promises and never desperate enough to break her trust in him. Suddenly he said to her as the darkness of the pass swallowed them:

"Look here, I won't take to drink. I 'd like to, but I won't." And Claire leaned toward him and kissed him, and he said a moment later, with a little half-laugh:

"D' you know, I rather wish you had n't done that. You never have before, and I sha'n't be able to forget it. You put the stopper on to that intention."

And Claire said nothing, smiling into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXI

Claire had never been alone with Miss Marley before; she had known her only as an accompaniment to Winn: but she had been aware, even in these partial encounters, that she was being benevolently judged. It must be owned that earlier in the day she had learned, with a sinking of the heart, that she must give up the evening to Miss Marley. When every hour counted as a victory over time, she could not understand how Winn could let her go; and yet he had said quite definitely: "I want you to go to Miss Marley this evening. She 'd like to talk to you, and I think you 'd better."

But something happened which changed her feelings. Miss Marley was a woman despite the Cresta, and there are times when only a woman's judgment can satisfy the heart of a girl. Claire was startled and perturbed by Maurice's sudden intervention. Maurice said:

"That chap Staines is getting you talked about. Pretty low down of him, as I believe he 's married." She was pulled up short in the golden stream of her love. She saw for the first time the face of opinion—that hostile, stupid, interfering face. Claire had never thought that by any malign possibility they could be supposed to be doing wrong. She could not connect wrong with either her love or Winn's. If there was one quality more than another which had distinguished it, it had been its simple sense of rightness. She had seen Winn soften and change under it as the hard earth changes at the touch of spring. She had felt herself enriched and enlarged, moving more unswervingly than ever toward her oldest prayer—that she might, on the whole, be

"'I don't want a chance!' whispered Claire"

good. She hardly prayed at all about Winn; loving him was her prayer.

If she had meant to take him away from Estelle or to rob him of Peter, then she knew she would have been wrong. But in this fortnight she was taking nothing from Estelle that Estelle had ever had, and she was doing no harm to Peter. It would not be likely to do him any harm to soften his father's heart.

Claire's morality consisted solely in consideration of other people; her instincts revolted against unkindness. It was an early Christian theory much lost sight of, "Love, and do as you please," the safety of the concession resting upon the quality of the love.

But to-night another idea had occurred to her, and she was very uneasy. Was it really possible that any one could blame Winn? Her first instinct had been sheer anger, and her anger had carried her past fear into the pride of love. She had felt as if she wanted to confront the world and defy it. If the world dared judge them, what did it matter? Their hearts were clean. She was too young to know that under the world's judgments clean hearts break even more easily than soiled ones.

But her mind had not rested there. She had begun to be afraid for Winn, and with all her heart she longed to see him justified. What had he ever done that he could be judged? He had loved her, spared her, guarded her. He had made, he was making, inconceivable sacrifices for her. He was killing not only his own joy, but hers, rather than do her what he thought a wrong.

She sat on a footstool in front of Miss Marley's wood fire, frowning at the flames. Miss Marley watched her cautiously; there was a good deal she wanted to say, but she hoped that most of it might be said by Claire. A very careful talker can get a good deal expressed in this way; impressions, to be permanent, must always come from the person you wish to impress.

"Miss Marley," Claire began, "do you think it matters what people think?"

Miss Marley, who invariably rolled her own cigarettes, took up a small silver box, flattened the cigarette-paper out carefully, and prepared to fill it before answering. Then she said:

"Very few people do think; that is generally what matters—absence of thought. Speech without thought is responsible for most people's disasters."

"But it can't matter what people say if it is n't true, can it?" Claire persisted. "I mean—*nonsense* can't *count* against any one?"

"I 'm rather afraid it does matter," said Miss Marley, lighting her cigarette. "Nonsense is very infectious, and it often carries a good deal of weight. I have known nonsense break people's hearts."

"Oh!" said Claire in a rising breath. She was wondering what it was like to have a broken heart. Somewhere in the back of her mind she knew that she was going to have one, half of one; but what really frightened her was that the other half was going to belong to Winn.

"Could any one," she said under her breath, "think any harm of him? He told me you knew all about us, and that I might talk to you if I wanted to; but I did n't then. There did n't seem anything to say. But now I do want to know; I want to know awfully what you think. If I asked him, he 'd only laugh or else he 'd be angry. He 's very young in some ways, you know, Miss Marley—younger than I am."

"Yes," agreed Miss Marley; "men are always, to the end of their lives, very young in some ways."

"I never thought," Claire went on breathlessly, "that people would dream of blaming him because we were together. Why, it 's so stupid! If they only knew! He 's so good!"

"If he 's that," said Miss Marley, smiling into the fire, "you 've succeeded in making a saint of a Staines, a very difficult experiment! I should n't advise you to run away too much with that idea, however."

"It is n't me; it 's him," exclaimed Claire, regardless of grammar. "I mean,

after what Maurice said this afternoon,—I don't know how to put it quite,—I almost wish we 'd both been bad!"

Miss Marley nodded. She knew the danger of blame when a tug of war is in progress, and how it weakens the side attacked.

"How can I explain to people," Claire went on, "what he 's been like? I don't know whether I 've told you, but he went away almost directly he found out he cared, before—long before he knew I cared, though he might have known; and he left a message to tell me about his wife, which I never got. But, oh, Miss Marley, —I 've never told him,—I should have come if I 'd got it or not! I should really, because I *had* to know if he cared! So you see, don't you, that if either of us was wicked, it was me? Only I did n't *feel* wicked; I really felt awfully good. I don't see how you 're to tell what 's right if God does n't let you know, and people talk nonsense."

"It 's not," agreed Miss Marley, dryly, "particularly easy to know."

"And his wife does n't care for him," Claire went on. "Fancy Winn's wife not caring for him! Poor woman!"

"Why do you pity her?" Miss Marley inquired with interest.

"Well," said Claire, with a sudden dimple, "I was only thinking I should n't like to be Winn's wife if he did n't care for me; and then I was thinking that if he did n't, I 'd make him!"

"Well, that effort does n't seem required of you," said Miss Marley.

"No, but it only shows you that I 'm much the most wicked, does n't it?" asked Claire, with some pride.

"The points against Winn," Miss Marley said gravely, "are his age, his experience, and his wife. I feel bound to tell you that there are points against him."

Claire frowned.

"Winn is n't really old," she explained, "because he 's done only things all his life —games or his work; it has n't been people. People make you old, especially when you are looking after them. He 's never really grown up; and as for experience, I don't think you experience anything unless you care about it. It hurts me sometimes to hear him talk about his wife. He 's never *had* her; he 's only had me. I don't explain very well, but I know it 's true, because he told me things about loving which showed me he 'd never had anything before except dogs—and Peter; and Peter 's awfully young, and dogs can't answer back. You can't grow up on dogs."

Miss Marley tacitly admitted the limitations of canine influence; but she said:

"Still, you know, he 's not kept to his own code; that 's what one must judge people by. I 'm sure he 'd tell you himself that a married man should leave girls alone."

Claire thought for a moment, then she said:

"Yes, but he 's gone deeper than his code now. Don't you think that perhaps a smash, even of something you value, makes you grow? I don't know how to put it quite, but if you never did what you thought wrong, would you ever know how big right is? Besides, he has n't gone on doing it. Perhaps he *did* start wrong in getting to care, but that only makes it harder and finer, his stopping himself. Very few people, I think, but Winn could stop themselves, and nobody but Winn could ever care—so much." Her voice broke, and she turned away her head.

"What," said Miss Marley, rolling another cigarette, "are your plans?"

Miss Marley felt that she must give up first principles, but she hoped that she might still be able to do something about plans.

"We are going to drive over the Maloja to Chiavenna," said Claire; "Maurice has a party to go with. We shall start by the earlier post, and have lunch together at Vico-Soprano before he comes. And then when Maurice comes we shall say good-by; and then—and then, Miss Marley, I 've been thinking—we must n't meet again! I have n't told Winn yet, because he likes to talk as if we could, in places awfully far away and odd, with you to chaperon us. I think it helps him

to talk like that, but I don't think now that we must ever meet again. You won't blame him if I tell you something, will you?"

"No," said Miss Marley; "after what you 've said to me to-night I am not inclined to blame him."

"Well," said Claire, "I don't think, if we were to meet again, he would let me go. We may manage this time, but not twice."

"Are you sure," asked Miss Marley, gently, "that you will manage this time?"

Claire raised her head and looked at Miss Marley.

"Are n't you?" she said gravely. "I *did* feel very sure."

"I 'd feel a great deal surer," said Miss Marley, "if you did n't drive down the pass. If you once set off with Winn, do you suppose he 'll stop? I am sure he means to now; in fact, his sending you up here to talk to me proves it. He knows I sha'n't be much of a help to him in carrying you off. But, my dear, I never knew any Staines stop, once he 'd started. As long as he is looking at the consequences for you, he 'll steer clear of them, —he 's looking at them now,—but a moment will come when he 'll cease to look, and then everything will depend on you. I think your one chance is to say good-by here, and to drive down the pass with Maurice. He can dispose of his party for once."

The color left Claire's face, but her eyes never flinched from Miss Marley's. After a time Miss Marley turned her head away; she could no longer bear the look in Claire's eyes. It was like watching the face of some one drowning.

"I don't want a chance!" whispered Claire.

Miss Marley found her voice difficult to control, but she did control it; she said:

"I was thinking of his chance. If he does you any harm, he won't forgive himself. You can stop it; he can't possibly stop himself."

"No," said Claire. She did n't cry; she sat very straight and still on her footstool in front of the fire. After a while she said in a curious dragging voice: "Very well, then; I must tell hi about the pass. Oh, what shall I do if he minds! It 's his minding—" She stopped, as if the words broke something in her.

"Yes," said Miss Marley; "but he 'll mind more if he ruins your life. You see, you won't think you 're ruined, but Winn will think so. He 'll believe he 's ruined the woman he loves, and after a little time, when his passion has ceased to ride him blind, he 'll never hold up his head again. You 'll be responsible for that." It sounded cruel, but it was not cruel. Miss Marley knew that as long as she laid the responsibility at Claire's door, Claire would not think her cruel.

Claire repeated slowly after her:

"I should be responsible for that!" Then she said: "Oh, how silly laws are! How silly! As if any one could be ruined who simply loved!"

"We should probably be sillier without laws," Miss Marley observed. "And you must remember they have their recommendations: they keep silly people comparatively safe."

"Safe!" said Claire. "I think that 's the emptiest, poorest word there is! Who wants to be safe?"

"You would n't think so if you had a child," said Miss Marley, quietly. "You would need safety then, and you would learn to prize it."

Claire bowed her head into her hands.

"Oh, why can't I have one now! Why can't I?" she whispered brokenly.

Miss Marley bit her lips; she had hoped Claire was too young for this particular stab.

"Because he 'd think it wrong," said Miss Marley after a pause, "and because of Peter. He 's got that obligation. The two would clash."

Claire rose slowly to her feet.

"I 'll just go and tell him about the pass," she said quietly. "When it 's over I 'll begin to think; but I need n't really think till then, need I? Because I feel as if I could n't just now; it would stop my going on."

Miss Marley said she was quite sure that Claire need not begin to think at present, and privately she hoped that, when that hour came, something might happen which would deaden thought. She was thankful to remember that the worst of feeling is always over before the worst of thinking can begin. But Claire was too young to comfort herself with the limitations of pain. She only knew that she must tell Winn about the pass and seem for a moment at least, in his eyes, not to trust him. Nevertheless, she smiled at Miss Marley before she left her, because she did n't want Miss Marley to feel upset, and Miss Marley accepted this reassurance with an answering smile until the door was shut.

CHAPTER XXII

When Claire found Winn at the bridge-table she saw at a glance that he was not in the mood for renunciations. His eyes had the hard, shining stare that was the danger-signal of the Staines family. He shot a glance at Claire as if she were a hostile force and he was taking her measure. He was putting her outside himself in order to fight her. It was as if he knew instinctively that their wills were about to clash. When the rubber was over, he got up and walked straight to her.

"You put me off my game," he said grimly. "I can see you 're up to something; but we can't talk here."

"Let 's talk to-morrow," she urged, "not now. I thought perhaps you 'd like to come and listen to the music with me; there is music in the hall."

"You did, did you?" he replied in the same hard voice. "Well, you were mistaken. Go up-stairs to my room and wait for me. It 's number 28, two or three doors beyond Miss Marley's sitting-room. I 'll follow you."

An older woman would have hesitated, but if Claire had hesitated Winn would never have forgiven her. But her youth was at once her danger and her protection. She would rather have waited till to-morrow, because she saw that Winn was in a difficult mood; but she had no idea what was behind his mood. She went at once.

She had never been in Winn's room before, and as she sat down to wait for him her eyes took in its neat, impressive bareness. It was a narrow hotel room, a bed in one corner, a chest of drawers, wash-stand, and wardrobe opposite. By the balcony window were a small table and an arm-chair. A cane chair stood at the foot of the bed.

Nothing was lying about. There were few traces of occupation visible; only a pair of felt slippers under the bed, a large bath-sponge on the wash-stand, and a dressing-gown hanging on the nail behind the door. In his tooth-glass by the bedside was a rose Claire had worn and given him. It was put there with meticulous care; its stalk had been re-cut and its leaves freshened. Beside it lay a small New Testament and a book on saddles.

Winn joined her in exactly five minutes. He shut the door carefully after him, and sat down on the cane chair opposite her.

"I thought you might like to know," he said politely, "that I have made up my mind not to let you go."

Then he waited for Claire to contradict him. But Claire waited, too; Claire waited longest. She was not sure what to say, and, unlike most women, when she was not sure what to say, she said nothing. Winn spoke again, but a little less quietly.

"It 's no use your making a fuss," he stated, "or cutting up rough about it and throwing morals at my head. I 've got past that." He got up, locked the door, and then came back. "I 'm going to keep that door locked until I make sure what you 're up to."

"You need n't have done that," Claire said quietly. "Do you think I want to leave you? If I did, I should n't be here. You can't make me do anything I don't want to do, because I want exactly what you do."

Winn shot an appreciative glance at

her; that was a good stroke, but he was n't going to be taken in by it. In some ways he would have preferred to see her angry. Hostility is generally a sign of weakness; but Claire looked at him with an unyielding tenderness.

"The question is," he said firmly, "can I make you do what we both want and what you are holding back from? I dare say you 've got good reasons for holding back and all that, and I know I 'm an out-and-out blackguard to press you; but I 've reached a place where I won't stand any more. D' you see my point?"

Claire nodded. She was not angry, because she saw that Winn was fighting her not because he wanted to be victorious over her, but because he was being conquered by pain.

She was not going to let him be conquered by it,—that, as Miss Marley had said, was her responsibility,—but it was n't going to be easy to prevent it. She was close against the danger-line, and every nerve in her being had long ago become part of Winn. He was fighting against the best of himself, but all that was not the best of Claire fought on his side. Perhaps there was not very much that was not the best in Claire. She hesitated, then she said:

"I thought you wanted me—to go. I think you really do want it; that 's why I 'm going."

Winn leaned forward and took hold of both her wrists. "So I did," he agreed; "but it is n't any good. I can't do it. I 've thought it all out—just what to do, you know—for both of us. I 'll have to leave my regiment, of course, but I can get back into something else all right later on. Estelle will give me a divorce. She 'll want to keep the child away from me; besides, she 'll like to be a public martyr. As for you and me, you 'll have to face rough music for a year or two; that 's the worst part of it. I 'm sorry. We 'll stay abroad till it 's over. My mother will help us. I can count on her."

"Winn, come here," said Claire. He came and knelt down beside her. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked deep into his eyes. He tried to keep them hard, but he failed.

"Don't try and get round me!" he said threateningly. "You 'll make me dangerous if you do. It is n't the least bit of good."

"Can you listen to what I say?" Claire asked quietly.

"I suppose so," said Winn, guardedly. "I love every bit of you,—I love the ground your chair 's on,—but I 'm not going to give in."

"And that 's the way I love you," she said. "I 'd go with you to the world's end, Winn, if I did n't love you so much and you 'd take me there; but you won't, for just the same reason. We can't do what would be unfair; we should n't like it. It 's no use, darling; we should n't like it."

"That 's all you know about it," said Winn, unappeasably. "Anyhow, we 're going to do it, whether you like it or not."

Then she took her hands away from his shoulders and leaned back in her chair. He had never seen her look so frail and small, and he knew that she had never been so formidably strong.

"Oh, no, Winn," she whispered; "I 'm not. I 'm not going to do it. If you wanted it, if you really wanted it with all of you, you would n't be rough with me; you 'd be gentle. You 're not being gentle because you don't think it right, and I 'm never going to do what you don't think right."

Winn drew a deep, hard breath. He threw his arms round her and pressed her against his heart.

"I 'm *not* rough," he muttered, "and you 've got to do it! You 've got to give in!"

Claire made no answer. She only clung to him, and every now and then she said his name under her breath as if she were calling to something in him to save her.

Whatever it was that she was calling to answered her. He suddenly bowed his head and buried it in her lap. She felt his body shake, and he began to sob, hard, dry sobs that broke him as they came. He held her close, with his face hidden. Claire

pressed her hands on each side of his temples, feeling the throbbing of his heart. She felt as if something inside her were being torn to pieces, something that knocked its way against her side in a vain endeavor to escape. She very nearly gave in. Then Winn stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

"Sorry," he said, "but this kind of thing is a bit wearing. I 'm not going to unlock that door. Do you intend to stay all night here, or give me your promise?" He spoke steadily now; his moment of weakness was past. She could have gone then, but nothing would have induced her to leave him while he cried.

"I don't intend to do either," Claire said with equal steadiness. "When you think I ought to go, you 'll let me out."

It struck Winn that her knowledge of him was positively uncanny.

"I don't believe," he said sharply, "you 're only nineteen. I believe you 've been in love before!"

Claire did not say anything, but she looked past him at the door.

Her look maddened him.

"You 're playing with me!" he cried. "By Jove! you 're playing with me!" He caught her by the shoulders, and for a moment he believed that he was going to kill her; but her eyes never wavered. He was not hurting her, and she knew that he never would. She said:

"O my darling boy!"

Winn got up and walked to the window. When he came back, his expression had completely changed.

"Now cut along to bed," he said quietly. "You 're tired. Go—at once, Claire."

This time she knew she ought to go, but something held her back. She was not satisfied with the look in his eyes. He was controlled again, but it was a controlled desperation. She could not leave him with that.

Her mind was intensely alert with pain; she followed his eyes. They rested for a moment on the stand by his bed. He pushed the key across the table toward her, but she did not look at the key; she crossed the room and opened the drawer under the Bible.

She saw what she had expected to see. It was Winn's revolver; upon it lay a snap-shot of Peter. He always kept them together.

Claire took out the revolver. Winn watched her, with his hands in his pockets.

"Be careful," he said; "it 's loaded."

She brought it to him and said:

"Now take all the things out of it." Winn laughed, and unloaded it without a word. "Now open the window," she ordered, "and throw them into the snow." Winn obeyed. When he came back she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Now I 'll go," she said.

"All right," agreed Winn, gently. "Wait for me in the cloak-room, and I 'll take you across. But, I say, look here—will you ever forgive me? I 'm afraid I 've been a most fearful brute."

Then Claire knew she could n't stand any more. She turned and ran into the passage. Fortunately, the cloak-room was empty. She pressed herself against a fur coat and sobbed as Winn had sobbed upstairs; but she had not his arms to comfort her. She had not dared to cry in his arms.

They walked hand in hand across the snow from his hotel to the door of hers.

Claire knew that she could say anything she liked to Winn now, so she said what she had made up her mind to say.

"Winn dearest, do you know what I came down for this evening?"

He held her hand tighter and nodded.

"I guessed," he said. "That was, you know, what rather did for me. You mean you are n't going to let me come with you down the pass?"

"We must n't," Claire whispered; and then she felt she could n't be good any more. It cost too much. So she added, "But you can if you like." But there was n't any real need for Claire to be good now; Winn was good instead.

"No," he said; "it 's much wiser not. You look thoroughly done up. I 'm not going to have any more of this. Let 's

breakfast together. You come over at eight sharp and arrange with Maurice to take you down at ten. That 's quite enough for you."

Claire laughed. Winn stared at her, then in a moment he laughed, too.

"We 'd better not take any more chances," he explained. "Next time it might happen to us both together. Then you 'd really be had! Thanks awfully for seeing me through. Good night."

She went into the hotel without a word, and all her heart rebelled against her for having seen him through.

CHAPTER XXIII

The hour of parting crept upon them singularly quietly and slowly. They both pretended to eat breakfast, and then they walked out into Badrutt's Park. They sat in the nearest shelter, hand in hand, looking over the gray, empty expanse of the rink. It was too early for any one to be about. Only a few Swiss peasants were sweeping the ice, and Winn hardly looked upon Swiss peasants as human.

He asked Claire exactly how much money she had a year, and told her when she came of age what he should strongly advise her to suggest to her trustees to put it in.

Then he went through all the things he thought she ought to have for driving down the pass. Claire interrupted him once to remind him about going to see Dr. Gurnet. Winn said he remembered quite well and would go. They both assured each other that they had had good nights. Winn said he thought Maurice would be all right in a few years, and that he did n't think he was shaping for trouble. He privately thought that Maurice was not going to have any shape at all, but he thoughtfully omitted this further reflection.

He told her how much he enjoyed his regiment, and explained laboriously how Claire was to think of his future, which was to be, apparently, a whirl of pleasure from morning till night.

They talked very disconnectedly; in the middle of recounting his future joys, Winn said:

"And then if anything was to happen to me, you know, I hope you 'd think better of it and marry Lionel."

Claire did not promise to marry Lionel, but she implied that even without marriage she, like Winn, was about to pass into an existence studded with resources and amusements; and then she added:

"And if you were to die, or I was, Miss Marley could help us to see each other just at the last. I asked her about it." Despite their future happinesses, they seemed to draw more solid satisfaction out of this final privilege.

The last ten minutes they hardly talked at all. Every now and then Winn wanted to know if Claire's feet were warm, and Claire asked him to let her have a photograph of Peter.

Then Maurice came out of the hotel, and a tailing party stood in the open doorway and wondered if it was going to snow. Their sleigh drove up to the hotel, jingling in the gayest manner, with pawing horses. Winn walked across the courtyard with her and nodded to Maurice; and Maurice allowed Winn to tuck Claire up, because, after he 'd looked at Winn's eyes, it occurred to him that he could n't do anything else.

Winn reduced the hall porter, a magnificent person in gold lace with an immense sense of dignity, to gibbering terror before the lift-boy and the boots because he had failed to supply the sleigh with a sufficiently hot foot-warmer.

Finally even Winn was satisfied that there was nothing more to eat or to wear which the sleigh could be induced to hold or Claire agree to want. He stood aside then, and told the man briefly to be off. The driver, who did not understand English, understood perfectly what Winn meant, and hastened to crack his whip.

Claire looked back and saw Winn, bareheaded, looking after her. His eyes were like a mother's eyes when she fights in naked absorption against the pain of her child.

He went on looking like that for a long

while after the sleigh had disappeared. Then he put on his cap and started off up the valley toward Pontresina.

It had already begun to snow. The walk to Pontresina is the coldest and darkest of winter walks, and the snow made it heavy going. Winn got very much out of breath, and his chest hurt him. Every now and then he stopped and said to himself, "By Jove! I wonder if I 'm going to be ill?" But as he always pushed on afterward with renewed vigor, as if a good idea had just occurred to him, it hardly seemed as if he cared very much whether he was going to be ill or not. In any case, he got as far as the Mortratsch glacier before he stopped.

He could n't get any farther because when he got into the inn for lunch something or other happened to him. A fool of a porter had the impertinence to tell him afterward that he had fainted. Winn knocked the porter down for daring to make such a suggestion; but feeling remarkably queer despite this relaxation, he decided, instead of walking, to drive back to the Kulm.

He wound up the day with bridge and a prolonged wrangle with Miss Marley on the subject of the Liberal government.

Miss Marley lent herself to the fray and became extremely heated. Winn had her rather badly once or twice, and as he never subsequently heard her argue on the same subject with others, he was spared the knowledge that she shared his political views precisely, and had tenderly provided him with the flaws in her opponent's case.

When he went to bed he began a letter to Claire. He told her that he had had a jolly walk, a good game of bridge, and that he thought he 'd succeeded in knocking some radical nonsense out of Miss Marley's head. Then he inclosed his favorite snap-shot of Peter, the one that he kept with his revolver, and said he would get taken properly with him when he went back to England.

Winn stopped for a long time after that, staring straight in front of him; then he wrote:

I hope you 'll never be sorry for having come across me, because you 've given me everything I ever wanted. I hope you 'll not mind my having been rather rough the other night. I did n't mean anything by it. I would n't hurt a hair of your head; but I think you know that I would n't, only I thought I 'd just mention it. Please be careful about the damp when you get back to England.

He stopped for half an hour when he had got as far as "England," and as the heating was off, the room grew very cold; then he wrote, "I did n't know men loved women like this."

After that he decided to finish the letter in the morning; but when the morning came he crossed the last sentence out because he thought it might upset her.

CHAPTER XXIV

He had been afraid that Davos would be beautiful, but the thaw had successfully dissipated its immaculate loveliness. Half of the snow slopes were already bare, the roads were a sea of mud, and the valley was as dingy as if a careless washerwoman had upset a basket of dirty linen on her way to the laundry. All the sport people had gone, the streets were half empty, and most of the tourist shops were shut. Only the very ill had reappeared; they crept aimlessly about in the sunshine with wonder in their eyes that they were still alive.

Winn had put up at the hotel, and made the earliest possible appointment with Dr. Gurnet. Dr. Gurnet was obviously pleased to see him, but the pleasure faded rapidly from his face after a glance or two at Winn. The twinkle remained in his eyes, but it had become perceptibly grimmer.

"Perhaps you would be so kind as to take off your things," he suggested. "After I have examined you we can talk more at our ease."

It seemed to Winn as if he had never been so knocked about before. Dr. Gurnet pounced upon him and went over him inch by inch; he reminded Winn of noth-

ing so much as of an excited terrier hunting up and down a bank for a rat-hole. Eventually Dr. Gurnet found his rat. He went back to his chair, sat down heavily, and looked at Winn. For rather an ominous moment he was silent; then he said politely:

"Of course I suppose you are aware, Major Staines, of what you have done with your very excellent chances?"

Winn shook his head doubtfully. He had not, as a matter of fact, thought much lately about these particular chances.

"Ah," said Dr. Gurnet, "then I regret to inform you that you have simply walked through them,—or, in your case, I should be inclined to imagine, tobogganed,—and you have come out the other side. You have n't got any chances now."

Winn did not say anything for a moment or two; then he observed:

"I 'm afraid I 've rather wasted your time."

"Pray don't mention it," said Dr. Gurnet. "It is so small a thing compared with what you have done with your own."

Winn laughed.

"You rather have me there,' he admitted; "I suppose I have been rather an ass."

"My dear fellow," said Dr. Gurnet, more kindly, "I 'm really annoyed about this, extremely annoyed. I had booked you to get well. I expected it. What have you been doing with yourself? You 've broken down that right lung badly; the infection has spread to the left. It was not the natural progress of the disease, which was in process of being checked; it is owing to a very great and undue physical strain, and absolutely no attempt to take precautions after it. Also you have, I should say, complicated this by a great nervous shock."

"Nonsense!" said Winn, briefly. "I don't go in for nerves."

"You must allow me to correct you," said Dr. Gurnet, gently. "You are a human being, and all human beings are open to the effects of shock."

"I 'm afraid I have n't quite played the game," Winn confessed, after a short pause. "I had n't meant to let you down like this, Doctor Gurnet. I think it is due to me to tell you that I should n't have come to you for orders if I had intended at the time to shirk them. You 're quite right about the tobogganing: I had a go at the Cresta. I know it shook me up a bit, but I did n't spill. Perhaps something went wrong then."

"And why, may I ask, did you do it?" Dr. Gurnet asked ironically. "You did not act solely, I presume, from an idea of thwarting my suggestions?"

Winn's eyes moved away from the gimlets opposite them.

"I found time dragging on my hands, rather," he explained a trifle lamely.

"Ah," said Dr. Gurnet, "you should have done what I told you—you should have flirted; then you would n't have found time hanging on your hands."

Winn held his peace. He thought Dr. Gurnet had a right to be annoyed, so he gave him his head; but he had an uncomfortable feeling that Dr. Gurnet would make a very thorough use of this concession.

Dr. Gurnet watched Winn silently for a few moments, then he said:

"People who don't wish to get well don't get well; but, on the other hand, it is very rare that people who wish to die die. They merely get very ill and give everybody a great deal of highly unnecessary trouble."

"I 'm not really seedy yet," Winn said apologetically. "I suppose you could n't give me any idea of how things are going to go—I mean how long I 've—" he hesitated for a few seconds; he felt as if he 'd been brought up curiously short—"I 've got to live," he finished firmly.

"I can give you some idea, of course," said Dr. Gurnet; "but if you take any more violent or irregular plunges, you may very greatly shorten your time. Should you insist on remaining in your regiment and doing your work, you have, I fancy, about two years more before a complete breakdown. You are a very strong man, and your lung-tissue is tough. Should you remain here under my care,

you will live indefinitely, but I can hold out no hope of an ultimate recovery. If you return to England as an invalid, you will most undoubtedly kill yourself from boredom, though I have a suggestion to make to you which I hope may prevent this termination to your career. On the whole, though I fear advice is wasted upon you, I should recommend you to remain in the army. It is what I should do myself if I were unfortunate enough to have your temperament while retaining my own brains."

"Oh, yes," said Winn, rising to go; "of course I sha'n't chuck the army. I quite see that 's the only sensible thing to do."

"Pray sit down again," said Dr. Gurnet, blandly, "and do not run away with the idea that I think any course you are likely to pursue sensible in itself. If you were a sensible man, you would not take personal disappointment as if it were prussic acid."

Winn started.

"It is n't disappointment," he said quickly; "it was the only thing to do."

"Ah, well," said Dr. Gurnet, "Heaven forbid that I should enter into a controversy with any one who believes in moral finality! Sensible people compromise, Major Staines; but do not be offended, for I have every reason to believe that sensible people do not make the best soldiers. I am asking you to remain for a few minutes further because there is one other point to which I wish to draw your attention should you be able to spare me the time."

"All right," said Winn, with a short laugh; "I 've got time enough, according to you; I 've got two years."

"Well, yes," said Dr. Gurnet, drawing the tips of his fingers carefully together. "And, Major Staines, according to me you will—er—need them."

Winn sat up.

"What d' you mean?" he asked quickly.

"Men in my position," replied Dr. Gurnet, guardedly, "have very interesting little side-lights into the mentality of other nations. I don't know whether you remember my asking you if you knew German?"

"Yes," said Winn. "It went out of my head; but now you speak of it, I do remember."

"I am delighted," said Dr. Gurnet, blandly, "to have reconstructed your brain-tissue up to that point. I had a certain reason for asking you this question. I have a good many German patients, some French ones, and a most excellent Belgian professor has placed himself under my care."

"Well, what about it?" asked Winn with some sharpness. He had an idea that this queer fellow before him meant something.

"The Germans are an interesting nation," Dr. Gurnet proceeded without hurrying, "and they have a universal hobby. I don't know whether you have noticed, Major Staines, but a universal hobby is a very powerful thing. I am sometimes rather sorry that with us it has wholly taken the form of athletic sports. I dare say you are going to tell me that with you it is not golf, but polo; even this enlarged idea does not wholly alter my depression.

"With the Germans, you see, the hobby happens to be manœuvers—military manœuvers. I understand that this spring Alsace and Lorraine have taken on the aspect of one gigantic camp. Now, Belgium," Dr. Gurnet proceeded, tapping Winn's knee with his forefinger, "is a small, flat, undefended country, and one of my French patients informs me that the French Government have culpably neglected their northern line of forts.

"I hear from my other friend, the Belgian professor, that three years ago the Belgian Government ordered big fortress guns from Krupp. They have not got them yet; but I do not believe Krupp is incapable of turning out guns. On the contrary, I hear that Krupp has, in a still shorter time, entirely renovated the artillery of the Austrian army."

Winn leaned forward excitedly.

"I say, sir," he exclaimed, "you ought to be in the intelligence-office."

"God forbid!" said Dr. Gurnet,

piously. "Not that I believe in God," he added; "but I cling to the formulated expletives.

"I should be extremely uncomfortable in any office. Besides, I have my doubts as to the value of intelligence in England. It is so very rare and so un-English. One suspects occasional un-English qualities drawn together for Government purposes.

"I merely mentioned these interesting national traits because I had an idea, partly that you would respond to them, and partly that they are going in an exceedingly short time to become manifest to the world at large."

"You think we are going to have war?" asked Winn, his eyes sparkling. "War!" He said the word as if he loved it.

Dr. Gurnet shrugged his shoulders and sighed, and spread out his rather fat little hands.

"Yes, Major Staines," he said dryly, "I quite think we are going to have war."

"Then I must get back to my regiment as quickly as possible," said Winn, rising.

"I should n't do that if I were you," said Dr. Gurnet. "I should advise your remaining in England for three months; I think you will be used quicker if you do that. War is unlikely to begin in India, and the climate is deleterious in the summer months. And might I suggest the carrying out of a few minor precautions? If you are to live efficiently for two years, it will be highly necessary for you to carry them out."

Winn turned toward him eagerly.

"I 'll do any bally thing you tell me to now," he said quickly.

Dr. Gurnet laughed, then he said:

"Go back to England, study German, and await your chance. Don't play any more heavy games, don't lose your temper or try your heart, don't drink or smoke or play billiards or sit in a room with a shut window. Take plenty of good plain food and a certain amount of exercise. You are going to be needed."

Winn drew a deep breath.

"It 's a funny thing," he said, turning toward the door, "but somehow I believe in you."

Dr. Gurnet shook hands with him cordially.

"In a sense I may say," he observed, "in spite of your extremely disappointing behavior, that I return the compliment. I believe in you, Major Staines; only—" Dr. Gurnet finished the rest of the sentence after the door had shut behind his patient. "Unfortunately, I am not sure if there are quite enough of you."

CHAPTER XXV

Ideals successfully attained are very disintegrating. They have a way of cheapening the rest of life; what should be a sustaining force becomes more often a sting in the tail of the next attack. Winn had lived up to his ideal of Claire, but he was unfortunately under the impression that it would enable him to get on rather better with Estelle. It did not. He took her with Peter to the seaside for a fierce, vulgar, and ineffectual month. Estelle did n't know anything about Winn's ideals, but she thought him fussy about his health and worse tempered than ever. Both were relieved by an invitation to spend the rest of the summer at Staines Court.

Lady Staines might dislike her daughter-in-law, but she knew what was due to her and she kept Winn occupied. She and Winn began fighting at breakfast, and sparred whenever they met throughout the twenty-four hours. Sir Peter brought up heavier artillery at meal-times, but he was more or less occupied during the day in dictating his highly flavored reminiscences to a cowering secretary.

"Before you leave us," Lady Staines announced one morning at breakfast, "I intend to give a garden-party. I shall invite the whole neighborhood. Winn, I shall expect you to look after the village sports. The usual kind, and, mind, no cock-fighting. We have had enough disturbances lately with the vicar."

"Of all the silly, idiotic things I ever heard of," said Sir Peter, banging his fist down on the table, "a garden-party is the worst. What does anybody want with

"'You 've got to live,' said Winn, bending grimly over him; 'you 've got to live'"

somebody else's garden? It would be a damned sight more sensible to have a *stable* party, and ask 'em all into the stables. Every one takes some interest in horses. But gardens! They don't dress for it, either. If they want a garden-party, why don't the women wear short skirts and bring trowels? Besides, unless you want rain, it 's tempting Providence; nothing 'll keep rain off a garden-party except prayers in church during a drought. I know what it 'll mean, a whole lot of damned fools scuttling about all over my library like so many rabbits, eating us out of house and home. Why the hell don't you get a Punch and Judy show down and be done with it?"

"I will get a Punch and Judy show down with pleasure, if it will be any amusement to you," replied Lady Staines, graciously. "Now, Winn, what are you looking so disagreeable about? I suppose you can see after a few country sports without bringing the house down about our ears like your father?"

"Of course," said Winn, with studied calm, "if you wish to start up an infernal nuisance, no one could be better fitted than you are for carrying it out; but I don't see what you want to drag me into it for. Charles is the eldest. Why not get Charles, or James, who is, I believe, supposed to be the athlete of the family? I don't like my fellow-neighbors. I don't wish to provide sports for them. I think they are incapable of sport, and I know that they prefer beer. Why not give 'em beer and let 'em swill themselves in it at the public house, where they 'd be no trouble to anybody and really enjoy themselves?"

"You are immoral," said his mother. "Besides, we must do something for other people sometimes, whether they like it or not. That 's what we are here for; it 's the responsibility of our position. Quite absurd, I know; but, then, most people's responsibilities are quite absurd. What 's the matter with you, Peter?"

"Matter?" roared Sir Peter. "Do you know what I 'm drinking?"

"I 've just handed you your second cup of coffee," said his wife. "I can't, of course, answer as to what use you have put it."

"It 's *not* coffee, I tell you," shouted Sir Peter. "It 's peptonized mud; it 's sheer, rank, unadulterated poison. You call yourself a housekeeper, and you 've no more control of your cook than if she was a weevil in a ship's biscuit! She 's been putting chicory into the coffee; that 's what she 's done. Send her up to me at ten o'clock this morning, and I 'll take the hair off her head. What use you women think you are as housekeepers has me beat. A fat-headed hen could teach you. At least she knows how to provide something, if it 's only an egg."

"Ah," said Winn, "rather a good idea that, talkin' to the cook. She 'll go, and then I suppose mother will have to give up the party."

Lady Staines glanced at him.

"No," she said, "it won't have that effect, Winn. I don't let things slip as easily into my hands and out of them again, as you do."

Winn got up abruptly and left the room.

"What do you suppose he 's done that for?" growled Sir Peter. "Most unaccountable he 's been since he went to that infernal cold hole you picked out for him —Davos! God-forsaken foreign place! It 's stuck a lot of maggots into his head and done him no manner of good. Shooting out of the room like that in the middle of a nice, quiet talk! What d' you suppose he means by it, Estelle? You 're his wife."

"I don't know," said Estelle, with a plaintive sigh. "You must n't ask me to explain him, either of you. He has such a peculiar temper and flies out so violently at nothing! I sometimes wonder whether he 's quite right in his head. People can have tuberculosis of the brain, can't they?"

"They have to have brains first," said Sir Peter, defiantly. "I never knew a soldier yet who had a brain. But don't you run away, my girl, with the notion of underestimating that husband of yours.

That 's not the right line for a wife to take, and you 'll do no good by it, especially as you 've been married nigh on four years already and have nothing but a handful of nerves and one child to show for it. What you ought to have had is four children and no nerves; then you might have talked! Don't begin to cry. I 'm not attacking you; I 'm cheering you up. There 's nothing wrong with Winn that you can't set right yourself if you set to work about it in the proper spirit. You ask your mother-in-law what I mean; she 'll tell you."

Sir Peter left the room hastily. Lady Staines gave a short laugh, but she made no effort to explain to her daughter-in-law the path of conduct Sir Peter had indicated.

Estelle leaned back in her chair and played with a piece of toast.

"Winn really is rather odd," she said at length. "Have n't you noticed? He keeps going to church and taking long walks by himself, and he 's always going off with Peter. Of course he spoiled the child before, but he 's worse than ever now. He 's quite silly about him, and yet nobody can say he 's any nicer to me. I don't like to complain, of course; but you can see for yourself he never speaks to me if he can help it, and he 's perfectly absurd about open windows, glasses of milk, and fussy things about his health."

Lady Staines moved uneasily in her seat.

"Yes," she said after a pause—"yes; and is that all you 've noticed about him, Estelle?"

Estelle shrugged her shoulders; she had enjoyed pointing out Winn's defects to her mother-in-law, and she was surprised by the undemonstrative meekness with which Lady Staines had received them. It encouraged her further; she had noticed nothing but his defects.

"I don't know," she said, "that I 've seen anything more queer about him except his temper. Of course I suppose he can't help that."

Lady Staines ignored this taunt. She looked curiously at Estelle.

"You ought to have gone with him," she said unexpectedly; "my dear, you ought to have gone with him!"

"What do you mean?" asked Estelle, in some astonishment; but Lady Staines gave her no answer. She pushed back her chair and followed her husband out of the room. The Staines as a family usually ended by leaving Estelle alone. Fortunately she preferred it.

CHAPTER XXVI

The garden-party was, if not a great success, at least a great crowd. Charles and James appeared for it, and Isabella and her husband. The neighborhood were seldom asked to Staines Court, and they came indiscriminately in all possible varieties of costume and class. The villagers were entertained chiefly in tents at the top of a large square field. Winn was better than his word about the sports; he was a born organizer, and the men liked him.

He had never been known to give anybody any advice, whereas he had quite often presented surprised inhabitants with half a crown. He had been willing to fight with anybody in the village upon any provocation quite without class distinction, and he was fair in a dispute; he had frequently been heard to say that if either combatant had not had enough, he would take him on with pleasure himself afterward. On this occasion he moved indefatigably about among the villagers, with Peter perched on his shoulder. It was noticed by everybody that he had never been so affable or had so many spare half-crowns.

Lady Staines in a stiff purple satin strode uncomfortably up and down the herbaceous borders. She had groups of fellow-gardeners with her, but on the whole she thought very little of them. She despised women gardeners who did not dig, and she revealed their ignorance to them in a series of piercing questions.

Charles flirted outrageously in an arbor with a series of pretty girls. He said his system was ten compliments to a kiss; but it was n't such a strain as you 'd think,

because he always used the same compliments.

James drank brandy and water with some selected friends in the stables; he approved of a garden-party: it afforded far more opportunities than a drawing-room for getting away quietly for a little betting.

Sir Peter remained in the library with the windows open, firmly shouting out from time to time his belief in rain and his contempt for garden-parties. Several of his old friends joined him, and they talked about Ulster. Everybody was at this time talking about Ulster. Most of them talked about it as people talk of a terrible tidal wave in China. They did not exactly wish the tidal wave to destroy the whole of China, but they would all have felt a little annoyed if it had withdrawn without drowning anybody.

A few of them were really bitterly alarmed, and they were all without exception against any kind of freedom for anybody except themselves. What they wanted for other people, like Nationalists and trades-union men, was submission, discipline, and order. They cited with admiration the benefits of the Prussian system; it must be said for them that they had not at that time had the opportunity of experiencing these particular benefits, and within a few months some of them were to give their inconsistent, gallant lives in order to avoid them.

The strawberries were an immense size this season, and parties were banded together and led through the kitchen garden to inspect them. It was a very hot, bright day. Estelle, in the most diaphanous of muslins, held a little court under a gigantic mulberry-tree. She had always intended marrying a Staines to be like this. There were county people all about her, and they all knew who she was. Many of them spoke to her in a curt, friendly way as if she were one of themselves. They took mysteriously for granted that she had been out the winter before to Switzerland with Winn. When Estelle said she had n't been to Davos because she thought consumption rather infectious, they looked at her in a strange way and began talking about something else.

None of them seemed to understand Estelle. They were a type who made coarse jokes, and had a curious way of hanging together when one of them was ill; but whatever they were like, they had the right names.

It was only Lady Staines who noticed the arrival of the telegrams.

Charles received his first. He was bobbing cherries with one of the vicar's daughters, and after he had read the telegram he said:

"Damme! I 've swallowed the stone!"

There was nothing peculiar in the exclamation, for Charles had known, and intermittently loved, the vicar's daughter since they were children; besides, she had been heard to say "damn" herself. But it was curious that he had swallowed the cherry-stone, for nobody could bob cherries more unerringly than Charles.

Lady Staines was taking some people over to see the sports, so that she came on Winn in the act of receiving another telegram. Peter seized the envelop, but Winn stuck the contents rather carefully away into his pocket. He looked curiously relieved and pleased.

"Rather a jolly sack-race on," he informed his mother with what seemed to Lady Staines, who disliked sack-races, unnecessary effusion. She left her group with him, and hastened away to the stables, where she knew instinctively she should find James.

James had already received his despatch and put it away before she got there. She looked at him warily. James was an imperturbable liar. "Jolly lemonade you have this afternoon, Mother," he said persuasively. "I 've just been putting away my sixth glass of it."

"Strikingly alcoholic lemons!" said Lady Staines, grimly. "I must speak to cook about them." Then she looked severely at a wire-haired terrier searching for fleas. "You got your telegram, I hope, all right?" she asked carelessly.

The terrier rattled his leg helplessly on the cobbles under her inhospitable eye.

He had given up the fleas, but felt too nervous to keep still.

"Yes," said James, unsuspectingly. "I think I must go up to town to-night to see my tailor. Infernal fool needs pitching into. I 've nothing decent to wear for our dance."

"You can shut that dog up now," said Lady Staines, briefly. "If you don't, he 'll get into the garden, and there are two Pekingese he is certain to kill if he does. Not that I should mind on principle their being killed, but it would be out of place at a party."

"All right, Mother," said James, almost too agreeably for the terrier.

Lady Staines went back meditatively into the garden. Sir Peter had advanced to the middle of the lawn; he was examining it foot by foot to see how much harm had been done to the turf by high heels. He was still talking about Ulster.

"The Government has been weak," he said truculently to the wife of a Liberal member—"as weak as a soft-boiled egg. What Ireland wants is a firm hand, and if that 's not enough, apply a swift kick after it. Concession! Who wants a concession? A sensible man does n't make concessions unless he 's trying to bluff you into thinking he 's got what he has n't got, or get out of you what he has n't any right to get. But nobody 's got any right importing arms. I 'll go as far as that, whether it 's one side or the other; it ought to be stopped. There 'll be a row, of course, a healthy, blood-letting hell of a row. I beg your pardon, Madam, but I 'm accustomed to plain speaking. But I don't approve of firearms being let loose all over the place; it 's un-English. It only shows what the poor devils at Ulster must have suffered, and be *afraid* of suffering, to resort to it.

"People have been talking about the Balkans this afternoon. That sort of thing is all very well in the Balkans. Let 'em fight! They got the Turk down once, all of 'em together, and he was the only person that could keep 'em quiet. Now Austria 's at it. What they want to make a fuss about an assassination in that family for I can't think. I should look upon it as an hereditary disease myself, and leave it at that. There 's no need for us to worry about Austria. What 's the danger of a country that talks thirteen languages and gets beat whenever it fights? Have you eaten my strawberries? I don't say *seen* 'em, because I shall never believe that people want to see what grows in other people's kitchen gardens; it 's against nature. But on the table 's different. Have you got your second crop of hay in? No? Then what the devil 's your husband thinking of? Tell him not to shilly-shally with the English climate; only dangerous thing we 've got. Ah, there 's Sarah! Here you are, Sarah, leaving me to do all the entertaining as usual. Take Mrs. Howell away and give her something to eat. She don't want to live on tea-roses alone, garden-party or *no* garden-party."

The garden-party drifted slowly away, the long golden twilight drew to a close, the swallows swooped and swirled above the heavy, darkened elms, the flowers had a fragile look in the colorless, soft air.

Peter's head hung lower and lower, his ecstatic grasp of his father's neck gradually loosened, he stopped saying, "More! more!" at the end of every race. Winn carried him in to bed.

When he came down-stairs again he found the family assembled in the library. Isabella's husband and Estelle were believed to be having a sympathetic controversy on the subject of incense in the drawing-room.

Sir Peter was smoking a cigar to get, as he averred, the smell of patchouli out of the room. Nobody knew how it had ever got there, as only Sir Peter and a few of his chosen cronies had passed its sacred portals.

Lady Staines took off her gloves and her purple bonnet and looked in turn at each of her three sons.

"Are you going to town, too?" she inquired suavely of Winn as he entered the room.

"Yes; got to see a man about a dog," said Winn, glibly.

Charles yawned and looked at the ceiling. "I 'm going up to see a show at the Oxford," he remarked dreamily, "and if you half had any spunk in you, Isabella, you 'd come, too. I hear they have some pretty hot stuff on there just now; must have a look in before the censor smells it out."

"If the Oxford is a music-hall, as I suppose it is, or you would n't wish to go to it," said his sister, firmly, "I think they are most immoral, and likely to destroy all the finest tissue of our English manhood."

"Herbert been there much?" asked James, with a chuckle. "Something a bit off about his tissue, is n't there? Hard lines on you, Isabella, I 'm sure."

"James," said Sir Peter, sternly, "have I or have I not said I refused to allow the clergy to be mocked at in my house?"

"Never mind, Peter," said Lady Staines, quietly. "The clergy at present are merely being used as a red herring; that won't hurt them. If you *are* my sons," she added to the three on the hearth-rug, "I must say you make uncommonly poor liars. Why don't you have one story for the lot of you, and stick to it?"

Sir Peter looked up sharply.

"What 's that?" he asked. "What 's that? Been telling lies, have they? A nice way you 've brought them up, Sarah. What have they been lying about? A woman? Because, if they have, I won't hear any more about it. Lies about a woman are perfectly correct, though I 'm hanged if I can see how they can all three be lying about *one* woman. That seems a bit thick, I must say."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Staines. "It would n't be of the slightest consequence if they were. They 're only trying to hide the fact that they have received mobilization orders and that we are going to have a European war."

Nobody spoke for a moment, and then Winn said quietly:

"I would n't let that supposition go any further if I were you, Mother."

Sir Peter said:

"My God! and I 'm too old!" and wandered away into the shadows.

Through the open windows they could hear the distant voices of the villagers still playing in the field.

It was a singularly quiet summer evening; the scent of the new-mown hay and the mysterious sweetness of the starry white tobacco-plant crept into the room.

James lighted a cigarette, and Charles said:

"Now we 'll see what submarines can do. 'Member the Japs?"

And Isabella said firmly:

"I shall make Herbert go out as a chaplain, of course, and drive a motor-ambulance myself. I shall go to the War Office about it as soon as war is declared, and stand no nonsense from them."

Lady Staines looked straight at her second son.

"Winn," she said, "before you 're off, say good-by to your wife."

Winn frowned, then he said:

"All right, Mother," and left the room.

Lady Staines went over to Sir Peter. He was looking savagely out into the still garden. She did not touch him, but she stood by his side.

"We have three to send," she said gently.

Winn had not been to Estelle's room for some time. He found her lying down, and looking extraordinarily frail and pretty in a shell-pink rest-gown. He sat down by the sofa and fingered the tassels at her waist.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked coldly.

He had only himself to thank that she was cold; he knew that. He saw plainly now all the mistakes he 'd made; the ones that Estelle had made receded into the distance. He 'd never been gentle to her. Even when he thought he loved her he was n't really gentle.

Gentleness was superlative kindness, and no woman who had not had just that sort of kindness from the man she married could help being rather nasty. He had owed it to Estelle, no matter whether she told him the truth or not.

"Look here, Estelle," he began, "I want our boy to go to Charterhouse."

It was n't exactly what he meant to say, but it was something; he had never called Peter "our boy" before. Estelle did not notice it.

"Of course I should prefer Eton," she said, "but I suppose you will do as you like, as usual."

Winn dropped the piece of tassel, but he persevered.

"I say," he began again, "don't you think we 've got rather off the track? I know it 's not your fault, but your being ill and my being away and all that. I don't want you to feel sore about it, you know. I want you to realize that I know I 've been rather a beast to you. I don't think I 'm fitted for domestic life."

"Fitted for it!" said Estelle, tragically. "I have never known one happy moment with you! You seem incapable of any kind of chivalry. I never would have believed a man could exist who knew *less* how to make a woman happy. It 's too late to talk of it all now; I 've made my supreme sacrifice. I 've offered up my broken heart. I am living now upon a higher plane. You would never understand anything that was n't coarse, brutal, and low; so I sha'n't explain it to you. I know my duty, but I don't think, after the way you have behaved, I really need consider myself under any obligation to live with you again. Father Anselm thinks not, too."

Winn laughed.

"Don't you worry about that," he hastened to assure her, "or Father Anselm either. There is n't the least necessity, and it was n't what I meant."

Estelle looked annoyed. It plainly should have been what Winn meant.

"Have as much of the higher plane as you like," he went on, "only look after the boy. I 'm off to London to-night; there 's probably going to be some work of a kind that I can do. I may n't be back directly. Hope you 'll be all right. We can write about plans."

He stood up, hesitating a little. He had an idea that it would make him feel less strange if she kissed him. Of course it was absurd, because just to have a woman's arms round his neck was n't going to be the least like Claire. But he had a curious feeling that perhaps he might never be alone with a woman again, and he wanted to part friends with Estelle.

"I wonder," he said, leaning toward her, "would you mind very much if I kissed you?"

Estelle turned her head away with a little gesture of aversion.

"I am sorry," she said; "I shall not willingly allow you to kiss me, but you are my husband. I am in your power."

"By Jove!" said Winn, unexpectedly, "what a little cat you are!"

They were the last words he ever said to her.

CHAPTER XXVII

For a time he could do nothing but think of his luck; it was astounding how obstacles had been swept aside for him. The best he had expected in the hurry of things was to get back to India without a medical examination, in the hopes that his regiment would be used later. But the staff college had given him a leg up,—a man conveniently died,—and Winn appeared at the right moment, and within twenty-four hours of the receipt of his telegram he was attached for staff-duty to a British division.

Then work closed over his head. He found himself becoming a railway time-table, a lost-luggage office, a registrar, a store commissioner, and a special providence, with all the disadvantages of being readily held accountable, so skilfully evaded by the higher powers. Junior officers flew to him for orders as belated ladies fly to their pin-cushions for pins.

He ate when it was distinctly necessary, and slept two hours out of the forty-eight. He left nothing undone which he could do himself, but when he gave orders he saw that they were carried out. People listened when he made suggestions and found it convenient to answer with accuracy his sudden questions. They hurried to obey his infrequent, but final, or-

ders. When he said, "I think you 'd better," almost everybody seemed to find they 'd better.

When he came across exceptions, he did not give them any orders. Winn had a theory that exceptional people were not useful until they had proved it, and he preferred their proving it somewhere else; but out of the ordinary men he worked miracles.

The division slipped off like cream without impediment or hitch. There were no delays; the men found their railway-carriages and had acquired their kit. The trains swept in velvet softness out of the darkened London station through the sweet, quiet summer night into a sleepless Folkestone. The division went straight on to the right transports; there was n't a man, a horse, or a gun out of place.

Winn heaved a sigh of relief as he stepped on board. His troubles as a staff-officer had only just begun; but they had begun, as troubles should always begin, by being adequately met.

He did not think of Claire until he stood on deck and saw the lights receding and the shadow that was England passing out of his sight. He remembered her then with a little pang of joy, for suddenly he knew that he was free to think of her. He had thought of her before as a man registers a fact that is always present to him, but in the interval since he had seen her his consciousness of her had been increasingly troubled. Now the trouble seemed to have receded as England receded, as his old life receded. He had a sense that he had been let off and finally freed. It was not like seeing her again, but it was like not having to see anything else.

Winn had known many campaigns, he had lived through rough jungle tussles in mud swamps, maddened by insects, thirst, and fever in Ashanti; he had fought in colder, cleaner dangers above the Khyber Pass; and he had gone through the episodic scientific flurries of South Africa: but he had never started a campaign before in a country like a garden, met by flowers and fruit and welcoming populations, and surrounded by ripening harvest-fields. It made him feel sick.

The other places were the proper ones for war. He did not try to think what was before them. It would, like all great emergencies, like all immense calamities, keep to its moment.

The only thing that worried him, and continued to worry him, was the villages He kept trying to put them out of his head, but they came back, pleasant, smiling villages, the little church towers in the middle, the cobbled streets, the steep-pitched, gray roofs, and the white, sunny walls. Carnations and geraniums leaned out of the windows, and all the people, the reliable, bright-faced people, had a greeting for their khaki guests.

Winn found himself shrinking from their welcoming eyes. He thought he had n't had enough sleep, but when he slept in the corner of the hot, jolting railway-train, he dreamed of the villages.

He knew that they were to attack as soon as they arrived. By the time they had reached their destination he knew more. He had gathered up the flung messages by telegram and telephone by car, and from breathless despatch-riders on wheels, and he knew what they meant.

He knew they had no chance; from the first, not a ghost of a chance. They were to hold on as long as they could, and then retreat. Part of the line had gone already. The French had gone. No reinforcements were coming up. There were no reinforcements.

They were to retreat, turn, and turn about; meantime they must hold. It maddened Winn not to be a regimental officer, and in it with his men. He had work enough as it was, danger enough of a kind; but it was n't what he wanted. He would have given anything at the moment to stand in the loosely built, low trenches and hold his men. They were in the background of his mind as he worked fiercely and feverishly at plans to extricate them. He heard far off the distant sound of the guns, the calling, echoing voices. They came nearer, and the sky filled with white puffs of smoke that

looked like glittering sunset clouds, and were not clouds.

Overhead the larks sang incessantly, undisturbed even by the occasional drilling of an aëroplane. In the plains that lay beneath their point of observation they could see the dim, blue lines of the enemy debouching. They made Winn think of locusts. He had seen a plague once in Egypt. They came on like the Germans, a gray mass that never broke, that could not break, because behind it there were more and still more locusts, thick as clouds, as impenetrable as clouds.

You killed and killed and killed, and yet there were more clouds.

That was all that Winn could think of, locusts, and every now and then it ran through his mind like a flame that they would spread, this loathsome, living cloud, over the happy little villages of France.

Fortunately there was no time to think; there was merely the different ways of meeting the question of holding on. It was like an attempt to keep back a tide with a teaspoon. Their guns did what they could, they did more than it seemed possible guns could do. The men in control of them worked like maniacs; they knew what depended on impossibilities.

It was not a time to think of what people could do. The men were falling like leaves off a tree. The skylarks and the swallows vanished before the villainous occupation of the air. The infantry in the loosely built trenches held on, breathless, broken, like a battered boat in a hurricane, stout against the oncoming waves.

The stars came out, and night fell—night rent and tortured, darkness assaulted, and broken by a myriad lights of death, but still merciful, reassuring darkness. The moment for the retreat had come.

It was a never-ending business, a stumbling, pitiful business, so many needed help, so few could get it. The guns roared on, holding open indefatigably and without cessation the way of their escape. Much later they got away themselves, dashing blindly in the wake of their exhausted little army, ready to turn at command and hold again, and escape again, and once more hold, the endless blue lines, with their unnumbered guns, slowly unwinding like an endless serpent in their rear.

For the first time in his career Winn wished that he had been a gunner; but it did not now irk him so much being on the staff, the staff were too involved in the chaos of retreat for any security. On them fell at once the responsibility and the danger. They were in it as much as the rest, and they alone could work the way out. Winn would n't have exchanged his work then for any job on earth.

The morning showed them still retreating. Sometimes they were miles ahead, and could see nothing but the strangely different, barred, and shivering villages. There were no flowers flung upon them now, and no greetings beyond the terrified questions: "Are they coming? How far are they away?" Sometimes the army sat comfortably for half an hour at a time in hedges and ate, or meant to eat, and slept between the bites.

At other times they surprised small bands of wandering Uhlans, and, if there was time, took them prisoners; and if there was not, shot them in rows against white walls.

Once they met a troop out of one of their own divisions, led by a solitary subaltern of nineteen, with queer, fixed eyes, who did n't know where he was. Sometimes one of their own regiments went astray. Despatch-riders hurled themselves upon the staff with orders; very often they had conflicting orders; and they always had dust, trouble with horses, trouble with motor-ambulances, trouble with transport. Enraged, heroic surgeons, managing hourly miracles, implored with tears to be given impossible things like time. Of course they could n't have time.

Then in the midst of chaos orders would come to hold. The guns unlimbered, the transport tore madly ahead, everything that could be cleared off down the road was cleared off, more rough trenches were dug, more hot and sullen hours of waiting followed, and then once more the noise, the helpless slaughter, the

steady, dogged line, and the vast unnumbered horde of locusts came on again, eating up the fields of France. Sometimes whole regiments entrained under the care of French railway officials, curiously liable to hysteria on ordinary excursion-days, but now as calm as Egyptian Pyramids in the face of national disaster. They pieced together with marvelous ingenuity the broken thread of speech presented to them by the occasional French scholars upon the British staff, but more often still they shook polite and emphatic heads, and explained that there quite simply were no trains. The possible, yes; but the impossible, no. One could not improvise trains. So the men went on marching.

They did not like retreating, but they moved as if they were on parade in front of Buckingham Palace, and when they held, they fought as winners fight. It was not until they approached the Marne that Winn had time to write to Claire. He wrote:

We are getting on very nicely; I hope you are not worrying about us. We have plenty to eat, though we have to take our meals a little hurriedly. There is a good deal of work to do. This war is the best thing that ever happened to me, bar one. I feel quite free to write to you now. I do not think there can be any harm in it, so I hope you won't mind. If things do not seem to be going very well with us at first, you will remember that they never do. Every campaign I ever went in for we were short-handed to start with, and had to fight against odds; which does n't matter really if you have the right men, but always takes longer and looks disappointing to outsiders. The men are very good, and I am glad the War Office let me commandeer the boots I wanted; the ordinary kind would not have done at all for this kind of work. It is rather hard not being with the men more, but the work is very absorbing, so I do not mind as much as I did. Besides, I think the regiment will come out later, and they have promised to let me go back into it. I am sorry about the villages. It 's a pity the Germans slopped over into France at all.

I found two Uhlans yesterday in a farmyard; they had been behaving badly, and I did them both in. I really liked doing it. I hope you won't mind, but I thought they had better be killed. It is not a thing that is at all likely to happen again, as one very seldom sees any of them, worse luck! I hope you are taking great care of yourself and not worrying.

Your Loving Winn.

In the weeks that followed Claire got many letters. They were short letters, written in flying motors, in barns, in outhouses, in romantic châteaux, but they all began in the same reassuring way: "Darling, I am very well, and we are getting on quite nicely."

The allied line was being flung out in wild curves and swoops like the flight of a dove before a hawk; from Soissons up toward Calais they fenced and circled. They retook Rheims, they seized Amiens. Lille fell from them and Laon. The battle of the Aisne passed by slow degrees out of their hands, and the English found themselves fighting their extraordinary first fight for Ypres. They stood between the Germans and the channel ports as thinly as a Japanese screen between England and the Atlantic. The very camp cooks were in the trenches. Time fled like a long thunderous hour. It was a storm that flashed and fell and returned.

Winn was beginning to feel tired now; he hardly slept at night, and by day his brain moved as if it were made of red-hot steel, flying rapidly from expedient to expedient, facing the horrible problems of the wild and wet October, how to keep men alive who never rested, who were too few, who took the place of guns.

Fortunately, all Englishmen are born with a curious pioneer instinct, and being the least adaptable people in the world, they adapt, to meet themselves, the changes of the hour. So they now remade their external world; they remade it at the cost of their lives in Flanders, in the face of incredulous enemies and criticizing neutrals, painstakingly, without sci-

ence, doggedly out of their unfettered wills.

They held Ypres by a thread, and when it seemed that nothing could keep it, one cold and awful day along the Menin road, first one group and then another of tall, dark people, as silent-footed as falling leaves, turbaned black faces, eyes of an appalling and unearthly gravity, hearts half like a rock and half like a child, alien captive people of another blood, took their place beside them, silently, regiment by regiment blocking up the awful gaps with their guns, their rifles, and the free gift of their lives.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It was some time before they spoke of Claire. They talked at first absorbingly of the regiment and the war; these two things filled the exacting hours. Blackened and water-clogged and weary they spent three weeks on end in the trenches. It was the darkest time of a dark December. The water was up to their waists; there was no draining the treacherous clay surfaces; the men needed constant care and watching, hot food, rubbing, the bulwarking of body and of mind.

Beyond the actual trench work there was the need of explaining to the men that they were not dealing with the supernatural; there really was an enemy, though they could not see him. There were solid people who ate sausages behind the strange lights and noises heralding death. They were not required to give up their lives to spirits in a land that worshiped idols. One or two small parties, led in night attacks, overcame the worst of their fears. The men came back elated and reassured. Their weapons had been used in the silent strife they knew and loved, man against man, steel against steel; after all, these white enemies could die like other men, and what you could kill you need not fear. Later on, when the mud dried, they could kill more; in the end all would be killed, and they would return with much honor to their land of sunshine. It was difficult to believe in any sun, but their sahibs who talked their language helped them, and understood what they needed. Also, no man's caste was broken nor his food polluted.

To the officers who moved among them, absorbed in the questions of their care, there was never any silence or peace, and yet there was a strange content in the huddled, altered life of their wet ditch. Every power of the will, every nerve of the body, was being definitely used. It brought on in both Winn and Lionel a strange mood of exaltation.

It seemed as if there was nothing they could not attack and overcome. They found no question insoluble, and no difficulty that could not be thought out and curtailed. Only from time to time the casualties dropped in upon them, grimly impervious to human ingenuity. They objected to casualties as to something careless let in upon a perfect scheme of things. In the quieter hours of the night they crouched side by side, formulating fresh schemes or going over, one by one, the weak points of their case.

It was certainly not as it stood the very strongest of cases; they had n't enough guns or any reinforcements, they had no dry clothes, the men were not accustomed to wet climates, they wanted more sandbags and more bombs, and it would certainly be better for human beings not to be in trenches for three weeks at a time in the rain. They sat there pitting their brains against these obstacles, creating the miraculous ingenuity of war. It was Winn who generally thought out the best methods of attack, and Lionel from whom came the cleverest readjustments of defenses. Lionel had no less courage than Winn, but his mind always ran quickest to resist the element of danger. Whenever he could, he eliminated it, as a careful housemaid eliminates dust; when he could not, he faced it soberly, and looked for the way out. To Winn, on the other hand, danger was in itself a delight. He had no wish to resist it; on the contrary, he wanted to make it, to perfect it, and to strike with it. He looked upon success not as an end in itself, but as a fortunate

prelude to fresh dangers. When between them they had evolved a new scheme, they took it, as children take treasures to their mothers, to the colonel, who exchanged his theories with theirs. They were sure of his "Yes, I see. Very good; try it."

In the pauses between the big attacks their small trench schemes put new heart into their men and kept their own alive. But behind his incessant watchfulness of daily trench necessities Winn was aware of a wish to speak to Lionel about Claire.

There were two things he wanted Lionel to realize: that for Winn himself there was n't going to be any future, and that for Claire there must be; and Lionel must be her future. Neither of them might, of course, in the natural order of things, get through. The chances were, in fact, very like ten to one against it.

Out of the thirteen officers in their regiment nine were already accounted for. Still, Winn had an instinct against giving way to chances. If you saw what you wanted, and went for it, you often got it, and you had, even if you failed, your run for your money. Winn was anxious that Lionel should not neglect this privilege.

But it was difficult to begin this talk about Claire, for Lionel had not mentioned her name. He had met Winn with all his old, simple comradeship. There had been no strain or mistrust in his clear eyes. He looked, perhaps, a little older, and like one who has already met, and passed, expectancy; but he had accepted without question the fact that Winn and Claire had met again and parted. It did not occur to Lionel as possible to doubt Winn or to cease to love Claire.

They were to be relieved the next day; the men were so worn out they could hardly move. Lionel and Winn were aware that their own bodies were difficult to control. They had become heavy and inert with stiffness and want of sleep, but their minds were alive and worked with feverish swiftness, like the minds of people in a long illness whose consciousness creeps above the level of pain. Winn had just returned from his evening round of the trenches. Lionel was supposed to be resting in his dug-out; but he was not resting. He knew Winn's approach by the sound of his short, hard cough.

Winn bent double and squatted down behind him silently.

"Well," said Lionel, "to-morrow we 'll be out of this."

"Yes," said Winn, a little regretfully, "I suppose so. The men have had enough, certainly. It 's a wonder how they stick to it; personally, I could do with a bit more myself."

"Your cough 's bad," said Lionel, doubtfully. "Are you going to report and have it seen to? I 'm sure you 've got fever."

Winn shook his head.

"No," he said; "I 'm not such a fool as to spoil my fun. Look here, Lionel, I 've got something to say to you."

There was a silence for a moment. Their ears were always awake registering sounds from the sodden, death-dealing fields beneath them and above, but everything seemed safe; there was nothing but the drip of the rain, an occasional groan from a man tortured with rheumatism, and the faint, long-drawn sighing of the wind across the flats.

"My idea is," said Winn, "not to go back. I 've had tremendous luck one way and another, and I don't know how to put it quite, but I feel safe now. I mean I 've seen how jolly things could be. The kind of thing you meant when you told me about your father and mother. You see, the truth is I did n't believe much in women. I thought there were good sorts, of course, but I did n't believe you could get the two things together, liking 'em, you know, and wanting them. I believe that now, and I appreciate goodness; I see its point. Not that I 'd have kept clear for a moment by myself; I hope you quite understand that. I 've been a blackguard, and I 'd have been a worse one if I 'd had the chance. Only, you see, I did n't; and what I mean now is I 'm glad I did n't have the chance. It makes me feel as if I could fight clean. I don't know that I 'm explaining myself properly; but you know

what she 's like—that 's all I mean. Thank God! I could n't alter her!" He was silent for a moment, then Lionel said:

"You 're an old duffer, Winn. D' you suppose I don't know you did n't *try* to alter her? It 's no use your trying to stuff me. It was a tight place for both of you; but you 're the right man for a tight place, and she 's the right woman. I have n't said much about it, because I thought it was n't necessary. I can see what you 've been through, and I can guess, as well as a man can guess about a woman, what she has. I don't see why you want to get killed though; there 's going to be a lot to do for a long time."

Winn moved, then he said abruptly:

"Look here, I hope I shall get killed. You see, I 'm dying. I was wrong before when I asked you to step in instead of me, but I 'm not wrong now. You can take it from me, she 'll marry you in the end. She 's given me a lot, but not all she 's got to give. It 's a queer thing how badly women want to give! She 's young; be patient with her. It 's worth your waiting for, it 's worth any man's waiting for; and when it comes, take it, that 's all."

The guns sounded nearer, a machine-gun rattled sharply in their ears as if it had let off behind their dug-out.

"I should n't be surprised if they attacked to-night," Lionel said. "They always smell out our last night, when the men are at their lowest, uncanny brutes!"

"Well," said Winn, "we 're on the look-out for them; they can come if they like. Have you got that straight what I 've been telling you? Remember, it 's not your chance I 'm urging; it 's her chance. Nobody wants to have a lonely life, if they can help it."

"I sha'n't care for anybody else," said Lionel, "and I shall wait all my life for her. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

"Yes," said Winn, consideringly; "only don't get killed if you can help it, and keep away from me if you think I 'm getting into trouble. Because I sha'n't be getting into it, but out of it. D' you see?"

It came very quickly and confusedly toward dawn. The silence was torn across like a piece of broken silk. The crash of bombs, the peppery, sharp detonation of rifles, broke up the sodden air.

Out of the dark, vague shapes loomed up, and harsh sounds, broken by deep breathing and the shriek of sudden pain, filled the trench. Death and mud and darkness were together.

It was all over in half an hour. The attack was driven out, and the men moved uncertainly about trying to discover and relieve their wounded. The dawn was gray, and in the half-light Winn saw Lionel's eyes open and shut. The blood was pouring from a hideous wound in his side.

"You 've got to live," said Winn, bending grimly over him; "you 've got to live."

Lionel's eyes closed again. He knew nothing more of the rough bandaging, the endless waiting in the sodden trench till darkness fell again and he was carried out. In the hours of the interminable journey he roused himself sometimes, and heard again, like a perpetual song, "You 've got to live." The motor-ambulances jarred and bumped it, the wheels of the train jerked it, the engines of the boat more mildly echoed it through the fever in his brain, and he awoke in England knowing that he was going to live.

He was too ill to be told that the regiment, after five-days' rest, had returned again to the trenches, and attacked.

Winn led them with the last of his strength and in the fierceness of his rage with life. He got his men over, under the cover of a heavy mist, and they fought like demons, strange shapes in the fog, with here and there, as the flares shot up, the flash of their black faces, set to kill.

They heard Winn's voice from time to time above the racket of the guns; he rallied and held them like an unseen power. They took the trench at last and kept it, till the sun came out and showed them all they had won and what they had lost.

Winn lay peacefully between the old trench and the new, beyond resentment, beyond confusion, in the simplicity of death.

THE END

Golden Death

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Decorations by Charles Cullen

I

ALAS! that what I hold in my arms shall crumble,
That these lips shall fall into dust,
And these eyes gaze no more!
Where shall I look for my darling and my adored one,
O beautiful Beloved,
When no youth remembers her,
And only my heart forgets not?

Only this: that I, too, I, too, shall die.

II

Merciless surge of time, who on thy tide has strewed us?
Why are we scattered in scenes of earth?
To the brief and vivid awakening
The Irresistible forced us
To love and the bonds of love, to love and the loss of love.

In thy dark hosts of numberless children, O Earth, she blossomed,
Ah, no less than the least sweet trailing honeysuckle;
And though she was hidden, I found her;
And though she was lost, I came on her.

How shall I unhand her to thee, O Death?
Oh, how release her?

III

She showed me a lock of her golden hair saved out of youth,
But she showed me not the golden-haired girl who lived so ardently.
Ah, where has that other gone, and where shall this one go?

IV

I catch her in embraces,
I hold her close and closer.
God! could I take her in my soul and be one with her,
A single dreaming, and a single passion,
And but one dying!

V

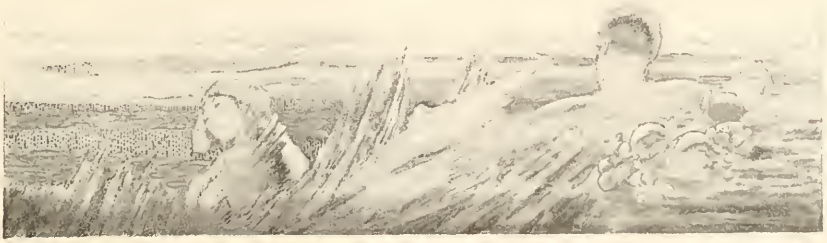
But the west wind sings of separation and scattering.
Death is abroad, taking the year;
Death is abroad, stealing the hours.
The shutters clatter, and the maples sing like the sea.
I will go out and give myself to the ruining,
Side by side with the bleak destroyer.

VI

Sunbursts through leaves, wild geese,
The grass like hair blown backward,
What can it mean?

Why are you not black, O leaves?
Why do you sing no dirges, O wind in the woods?
But hark, what clarions? what trumpets?
What rumor of grape-stained faces,
What dancing of dripping feet?
Can it be, my heart, can it be,
That hugged in the arms of unconquered Death
Golden October glories?

She glories: she goes out in shouts of color;
Woodland with woodland take hands,
Dancing mad bacchanals.
The plum is squeezed; and the apple is pressed;
The grapes are trampled.
Wine! wine! the west wind sings, flinging long garlands of leaves.



And the year that has greatly lived goes laughing to death.
She slays herself with the bright blade of the west wind
And with glittering shrapnel of the frost.
She decks herself for the burial in no funereal black,
But in royal crimson and gold.
Her leaves fall with a will.
The air is winy and brilliant.

Oh, sinks not the sun in splendor,
His down-going the glory of the day?
So sinks the year, with sunset colors, into the evening of winter,
Triumphant in defeat,
Victorious in death.

VII

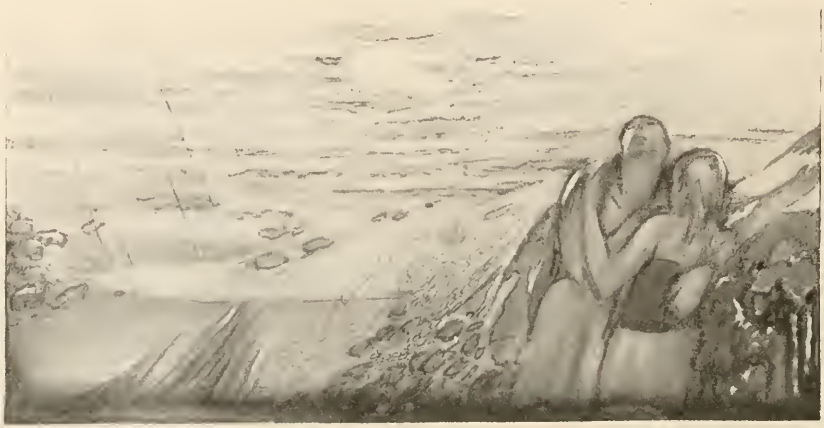
I am filled with the will of the earth
And the will of the sun.
I have found the answer to time;
I have found the answer to death.

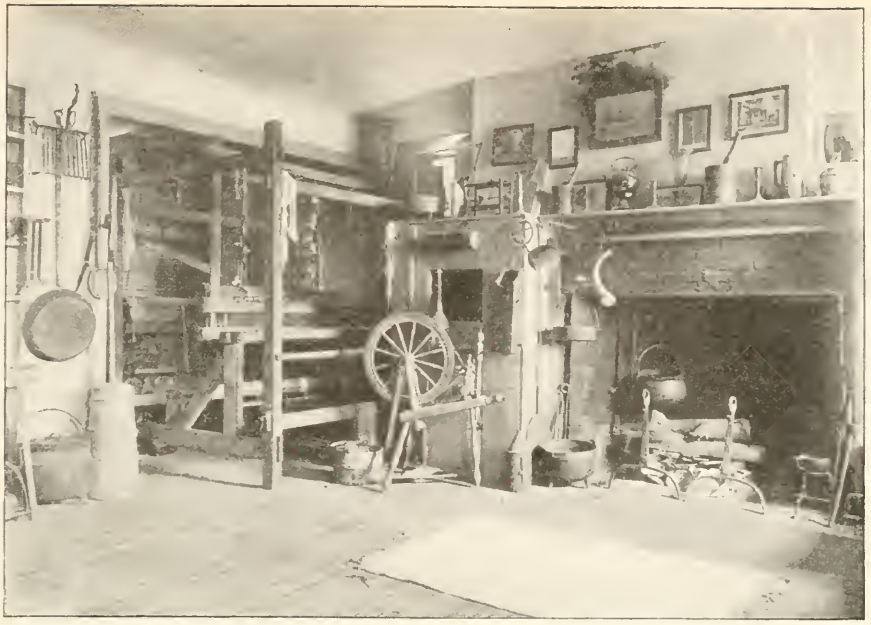
Come with me, Beloved, and put on raiment of joy!
The sun clothe us, and rain be on our lips,
And the blood of the fleet year be in our hearts.

Love overflows the perishing flesh.
Never a secret sorrow is thine, but, behold! I am sorrowful;
Never a joy is locked in thy heart, but I suddenly laugh.

We are one. Let us live to the full!
Let us go as the year!

Let us put forth flower and fruit to the uttermost strength,
Spend—spend inexhaustible love,
Till spent we seek sleep,
And, having lived greatly,
Go laughing to death!





Photograph by Joseph Brown

Old kitchen at Hearthside, Lincoln, Rhode Island. Residence of A. G. Talbot

American Craftsmen

By HAZEL H. ADLER

THROUGHOUT the entire European industrial art awakening in the latter part of the nineteenth and the early part of the twentieth century, wherein the great economic significance of the craftsman in furnishing models, ideals, and inspirations for the machine has been recognized, America has maintained a most surprising attitude of apathy and unconcern. In our manufacture of utilities capable of artistic expression we have been content to follow along as a weak and ineffectual echo of the great forward march of the arts abroad. This has not only barred us from international competition, but has crowded us out of the markets at home. Furthermore, we have been satisfied to depend almost entirely on the trained foreign workman for whatever skilled craftsmanship we did employ.

At present, when the prop of our European dependence is gradually slipping from beneath our feet, we are confronted with two alternatives: either we must suffer a falling off in the artistic quality of the objects of our daily surroundings to which we have become educated, or we must seize this opportunity to make one of those brilliant recoveries through which the consequences of American short-sightedness have frequently been evaded. The possibilities of the latter course depend, however, upon a much more intelligent comprehension and utilization of the craftsman resources in this country than already exists.

"There are real craftsmen living today, and in this country, and turning out exquisite work after the ancient fashion," says Mr. Ralph Adams Cram. In little shops up narrow, winding streets, in modest homes, in skylight studios, and murky back rooms of the city, there are American men and women dedicating their wholesouled efforts, fine intelligence, and broad artistic training to the making of beauti-

ful things,—things which are beginning to demonstrate to the older nations our possibilities of that independent and individual artistic expression in which they have long found us wanting, and which will do more to preserve for posterity those finer intimate qualities of our national character than all our architecture and painting,—and making them with what sacrifices and against what narrow and crushing impediments only inspired prophets of an unrecognized faith can know.

While almost every city has its points of craft interest, and Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, Syracuse, and Philadelphia stand out as centers of certain unique and important activities, the greatest number of master craftsmen may be found in the small area that lies more or less definitely between New York and Boston.

As a starting-point, let us venture in the direction of that little spot of ghosts, memories, and Bohemians that a great city has enveloped without destroying—Greenwich Village. We find ourselves amid a queer maze of crooked streets and old houses, some renovated, with charming, apple-green doorways or ivory-painted porticos; some left tumbly and weather-beaten, projecting over the thoroughfares with the benevolent curiosity of the old houses of Amsterdam or Bruges.

Our objective point, the studio of Mr. Pieter Meyer, is on Tenth Street, opposite the building where the Society of American Painters and Sculptors was born. One hesitates a moment before plunging into the dark hallway and up the rickety stairs, but when the top is gained, light pours in reassuringly from above. If one knocks timidly, he may not be heard, for the studio preserves the cordial atmosphere of an Old World atelier, where work is freely interspersed with sociability, and where fellow-artists feel at liberty to drop in at any time for advice—or cigarettes. If the season is propitious, there will be interesting-looking girls in smocks engaged in carrying out some of Mr. Meyer's ideas in decorated furniture. But that is not at present the object of our quest.

When the object of our quest *is* made known to the sprightly mistress or the boyish-faced master, it causes considerable rummaging in an anteroom. Then across the studio is suddenly flung a fairy curtain of soft and lustrous silk representing a primitive garden wherein lithesome maidens sport with gentle fawns over the daisy-covered sward, or string garlands under the silver birch-trees; and another where an imperturbable goddess, mistress of the fates of men, gazes out across a sky of melting gold and blue; or where little houses mingle their pagoda roofs with the tree-tops, and hills and waterfalls form a panel for the sky.

They seem impossible, and Mr. Meyer smiles indulgently when asked how they are done. The process, called *batik*, he learned as a boy in Java, and is accomplished by painting out in molten beeswax various portions of the design before each separate immersion of the fabric in the dye-pot. The characteristic crackle, brought about by the cracking of the wax and the various colors breaking through, gives a strikingly beautiful effect, while the silk loses nothing of its quality or texture.

It had always been Mr. Meyer's ambition to bring a touch of romance and beauty into the modern home by the application of modern decorative ideas to the wonderful old decorative process, and a few years ago he embarked on the enthusiastic adventure in conjunction with Mr. Bertram Hartmann, a fellow-artist. While a few of the results found their way into the collections of men and women who appreciated their significance in the development of modern decorative art, and one furnished the inspiration for the decorative scheme of an entire residence, wherein it hangs lone sentinel of the great dining-hall, it was soon discovered that New York's appreciation of *batik* could not be aroused sufficiently to keep the studio kettle boiling or supply cigarettes to neighborly visitors. The beautiful fabrics were consigned to a shelf in the

Photograph by Joseph Brown

Side porch of Hearthside

anteroom, to make space for the painted furniture for which the city more readily unloosed its purse-strings.

It is in Tenth Street, too, that one will see the alluring sign that announces the studio of Marguerite and William Zorach, makers of fans painted on silk with charming freshness of color and design and also of beautifully blended chair-seats made by the old New England hooked rug process.

Gramercy Park is perhaps the oldest and most aristocratic art section in the city, and though its artists' colony has gradually deserted it, it still preserves a number of interesting old landmarks. Here, in the National Arts Club, are located the select show-rooms of the Na-

tional Society of Craftsmen, and here is the workshop of Miss Grace Hazen, setter of stones.

We must be prepared to reconstruct all our preconceived notions of jewelry as we step into the little room permeated with Miss Hazen's personality. Miss Hazen is young and energetic, with an infectious enthusiasm, and she has mastered the goldsmith's and lapidary's art in America, which means that she has already passed through the supreme test of her application, endurance, and resourcefulness.

As we pore over the work-bench under her guidance, examining the work in its various stages of completion, we begin to wonder how we could ever have conceived of a beautiful stone as a thing to be surrounded by so much gold or platinum in a design selected from a jeweler's book of stock patterns.

To the master stone-setter a stone has the same possibilities of an individual interpretation in its setting that a landscape has in paint or the human figure in marble. For it there can be one best setting, and one only. Sometimes this involves the holding of the stone for months before it is determined upon, as was the case of the big black opal which developed into the "Birth of Northern Lights" necklace; or, again, it may be reset over and over, which happened to the two pieces of clear green jade against the sides of which clusters of dripping seaweed now flap their golden sprays. Thus the complete jewel is achieved, a masterpiece for which there can be no duplication.

Such methods of work and uncertainty of output naturally do not lead to a swelling purse or to the growth of an American clientele, and we see the evidences of various other lines of work which must be resorted to for the purpose of eking out a livelihood; but as long as there is a stone in the making the artist goes cheerfully about her chores.

Across from the National Arts Club is the studio of Dorothea Warren O'Hara, whose charming and individual decoration of porcelain in brilliant enamels made in her own laboratory attracted attention and received a gold medal at the Panama Exposition, though her work has long been recognized by the galleries of Munich and London.

The daring beauty of the bowls and jars which peep out from the shadowy re-

Photograph by Dadmun Co.

Study-room in new dormitory, Wellesley College. Wood-carving by Mr. I. Kirchmeyer

Decorated porcelain by Dorothea Warren O'Hara

cesses of the long room gives one a feeling of the virility, aspiration, and hope which are surging beneath the hardened strata of American life, and which, Mrs. O'Hara optimistically assures us, are on the point of breaking through.

From among the many other interesting places in the city which clamor for our attention we select for our final visit the workshop of Mr. Harvey Chatfield, master bookbinder.

There is no way in which one can receive a better introduction to Mr. Chatfield than through one of his inimitable bindings. Whether it be the "Omar," stripped of its flaunting grapes or wine-cups of tradition and ornamented with a single design, neither round nor oval, but representing the full bloom of the rose; or the dignified "Rodin," bound in gray levant, with blind tooling; or the red and orange "Punch and Judy," with its chopped-up back and puppet-show tassels —all in their way show the thought, the tender care, and loving appreciation with which the art of one master has been brought to grace and preserve the works of another.

Of Mr. Chatfield's craftsmanship, one bibliopole has said:

These are books bound for use which lie flat when they are opened and remain shut when closed; all the squares true; joints that never break or drag on the corners; leather so treated as to show the natural beauty of the grain unweakened by heavy crushing or fine paring; blind tooling that is neither inked nor burned into the skin; gold line work so solid that it can neither break nor tarnish. Usage will never harm these bindings and age will only prove their strength and mellow their beauty. I take off my hat to the sincerity and dignity of their structural perfection.

Several years ago there came together a man and a woman interested in pottery. The woman, a dreamer, cherished visions of recreating some of the beauty which had come down from ancient times, the secrets of which had become lost. The man, a potter and son of a potter, was schooled through years of experience in the limitations and difficulties of the clay.

To the potter the woman's dreams were madness; to the woman the potter's facts were fetters. But the potter was also an artist and a craftsman who loved his craft, and there was faith in the woman's words. After five years of struggle, of soaring hopes and heartrending disappointment, which both the man and woman declare they would never have the courage to face again, Durant Kilns, the red chimneys of which rise pleasantly out of hills at Bedford, New York, have emerged heroically with productions that have received the hearty congratulations and approval of some of the greatest pottery experts in the world.

Bedford is in itself a point of interest. There is a prerevolutionary church still standing, and an old stone school-house with an historical museum where we learn that Bedford was twice devastated, once by the white man when it was an Indian village, and then again by Tarleton and

his fleeing men after the encounter with Revolutionary forces at Pound Ridge.

Green signs point the way to the kilns, and their approach is marked by a bungalow with emerald-colored window-frames from behind which peek orange curtains, the home of Leon Volkmar. A little beyond stands a renovated farm-house, the home of Jeanne Durant Rice. Between the two, set so low that its chimneys are just visible above the hilltop, nestle the three little buildings of the pottery.

As we descend the green slope at the back of the house we catch a glimpse, through the many windows with their pink geranium boxes, of people at work in the central building, and, entering by the far door, come into the laboratory of Mr. Volkmar. The room is bare except for a table and a bench and a stove on which newly tinted jugs and saucers are drying. On a broad shelf close to the ceiling are a clutter of objects covered with newspaper —the army of the rejected, those things which some minute flaw, sometimes visible only to the eyes of the makers, dooms to eventual destruction, but which the potter often clings to with the lingering tenderness of a mother for her erring children.

In the next room a man is pounding and kneading great wads of clay, and a woman sits before a high table building up, with skilful fingers, the sides of a bowl on a potter's-wheel. Sunlight pours in through the windows, which, to the east, frame a broad expanse of rolling Westchester country, and stillness pervades except for the rhythmic thud of the clay and the gentle whir of the wheel.

The clay, the wheel, and the man painting jugs and saucers—all seems so primitive, so rudimentary that one wonders in this age, and then all reflections are arrested by the flash of color from the shelf above the woman's head—turquoise like the lingering end of the rainbow, the sapphire of the evening sky, rich egg-plant, jade greens and yellows, and the delicate pink of the fluting of a shell.

Perhaps it is the big Persian blue vase, with its dignified and masterly lines, that first elicits our uncontrolled admiration, and then the little woman, getting down from her stool, will explain that that was the one which the Persian minister wept over because it reminded him of the lost art of his country, or that the superb white majolica fruit-dish was copied by some clever Italian potters and sent back to this country in a flood of reproductions.

When the sun has approached much closer to the pinnacles of the distant hills, we walk up the green slope to the house, accompanied by the man and the woman.

The stern, uncompromising exterior of the house prepares us in no way for the delight which awaits us within. As one follows the hostess through the dining-room, with its Mediterranean blue walls and green refectory-table, into the reception-room of imprisoned sunlight, yellow woodwork, and warm, brown furniture, and then into the great green-latticed living-room, with its home-made table, benches, and rugs, its green linen hangings and India print upholstery, one bows again in recognition of that spirit which renders the impossible possible through the courage of its dreams.

Old Deerfield, Massachusetts, lies beautifully situated in the embrace of broad green meadows and wooded heights, with here and there a glimpse of silver from the sinuous river, its single street of ancient houses shadowed by towering elms hoary with age.

We remember that here in 1704 took place one of the most sanguinary massacres by the French and Indians in American history, which left only fourteen of the forty-one houses standing, and after which many of the leading citizens were taken prisoners to Canada.

We pause at a little unpainted house with a green door, above which an old spinning-wheel sign is suspended by a wrought-iron support. It is one of the newer houses, having been built after the massacre, the home of Miss Ellen Miller and the shop of the Blue and White Society, founded by Miss Miller and Miss Margaret Whiting twenty years ago.

In the diminutive show-rooms we are initiated into a new kind of embroidery—

an embroidery which serves a distinct decorative function and is not made for the sake of the stitchery. From the high chest of drawers are brought out curtains, panels, and squares of soft and beautifully blended shades, with designs of quaint significance, pure rhythm, or fancy. On one the full moon is seen through a group of bare trees, shining on a circle of gray-green moss—the fairy ring. On another two gay plumaged hoopoe birds are perched, saucily facing each other on the tops of conventionalized trees, against a background of gray and magenta.

Gradually we learn that the two friends started out together in New York to become landscape-painters, but, returning to Deerfield for a summer vacation, perceived through the light of their superior training that, owing to the poorness of their designs and material, there was a great waste of good labor on the part of the village women in the handicrafts which they pursued in their homes.

In attempting to resurrect some of the excellent early colonial designs for the needlewomen, the friends became interested in the quaintness and beauty of the old colonial embroidery, and felt keenly the gradual decadence of an art the roots of which had been deeply imbedded in American soil and which offered many possibilities in the decoration of the modern home. Abandoning visions of an artistic career, they went into the study of dyeing, and little by little attempted the regeneration of the old patterns along modern lines, supplying the materials and designs for the village needlewomen to execute. At first they restricted their work to the blue and white, but, fascinated with their experiments in color, came to the free and harmonious use of it for which their embroidery is distinguished to-day.

Mrs. Jeanne Durant Rice at work at the Durant Kilns

A group of pottery with Persian blue, violet, and aubergine glazes from the Durant Kilns

Such was the history of the founding of the Blue and White Society, which has bravely persevered in its original purpose for twenty years, although lack of recognition and appreciation of the importance of its work, either historically or ar-

tistically, has often made its existence precarious.

But the influence of the Blue and White Society did not rest here. Its far-reaching effects are felt in every one of the frugal little homes on the village street, where the death of husbands and fathers and the departure of the sons to mills and factories—for industrial progress has made a wide circuit around Deerfield, leaving little beside its past—have shifted the economic burden more and more to the shoulders of the women. Whether it be in the homes of the basket-makers, the rug-weavers, the embroiderers, or the photographers, one is impressed with the wonder of this broad new New England culture, which leans more to New York than to Boston, more toward Italian freedom than toward Puritan restraint, and as much to the new as to the old.

One cannot leave Deerfield, of course, without a visit to its oldest house, the old fort well, the Albany Road, and Memorial Hall, with its colonial bedroom and kitchen, its Parson Williams's cupboard, and the little shoes in which Mary Hawks walked home from Canada.

Journeying eastward over the gently sloping Connecticut valley to high and hilly Gardner, we come to the workshop adjoining the home of Mr. Arthur Stone, master silversmith.

Standing in the little office, we catch a glimpse through the open doorway of a large, pleasant room in which the master is seated at the same work-bench with his men, each absorbed in his own occupation. The men are beating with small-headed hammers small bars of silver destined to become spoons and forks and the graceful handles of pitchers. The master is tinkering with small, fine-pointed instruments at some triangular pieces, the corners of an elaborate book.

Now the master selects from the rack a particular wooden mallet and, placing a dull disk of silver on the anvil, with clear, true, ringing strokes proceeds to raise it before our marveling eyes into the shape of a bowl. Beating it until it is no longer malleable, he plunges it into a bath of fire, and then revolves and beats again, while it gradually assumes proportions of geometrical exactitude, consistent thickness, and with strength where strength is needed, in the firm, even edge.

It may be that our intelligent appreciation has been intensified by a knowledge of the processes involved, or that there is something in even the humblest of us which responds unconsciously to that magic touch which the master hand imparts to inanimate matter, but as piece after piece of the finished work is tenderly unwrapped and laid in our hands, we know that we can never again feel the same about silver, and that all the shining, flawless pieces in the silver-shop windows fade before the beauty and distinction of these pieces, where every part is wrought by cherishing fingers and the beaten surface wonderfully catches and holds the light.

Now and then we catch a glimpse of some of the pieces of the very remarkable silver service which Mrs. E. H. Sothern is having made for a gift to her husband and a great lasting tribute to the art of two masters, the maker and the one for whose use it is designed. Many happy months have already been lavished on the making, with the prospect of years before the whole work will be done, but it is one of those accomplishments which will probably go down in history to the glorification of our age and land.

Boston was the first important center of the craft movement in this country. In 1897, Charles Eliot Norton, intimate American friend of Ruskin and editor of his letters, organized the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, which bound together the isolated workers throughout New England. In almost all of the suburban towns grouped thickly around the city there are small bodies of craft-workers engaged in some particular industry. Hingham is noted for its toys, the workers of Dorchester turn out an interesting kind of china and glass luster ware, Duxbury has a colony of jewelry-workers, and Dedham is a center for pottery.

In Boston our first objective point was

the workshop of Elizabeth Copeland, enameler. Entering the dim room on the second floor back of an old building, we came upon a tall woman, garbed in an all-inclusive apron, moving with business-like precision between two long tables laden with an assortment of tools and broken bits of colored glass and wires.

As we approached one table we saw a little silver box the cover and sides of which were being filled with brilliant, translucent enamels of such colorful and imaginative charm that for a moment we almost imagined that we were looking at the opalescent green lights in the depths of the sea or the blue of deep evening or the purple shadows of the moon.

One needs to know very little about enamel to feel the spontaneity and beauty of this work, but when one stops to consider that enamel is one of the most difficult means of artistic expression and has deteriorated gradually since its high-water mark in the fifteenth century, we turn to look again at this retiring New England woman whose art rivals some of the glorious achievements of the Renaissance.

The story of Miss Copeland's life is touched with many of the romantic qualities which lie in her work. From the endless duties of a rural household she managed with great effort to escape once a week during four years to come up to Boston to an art school, without hope or possibility of ever increasing her vision or powers beyond what this school had to give her. In the fourth year she entered the metal-working class, and there attracted the attention of Mrs. J. M. Sears, a patron of enamels and herself an enameler. Through her sym-

Mrs. Robineau at her wheel

Perforated lantern and two vases with carved decoration by Mrs. Robineau

pathetic understanding and beneficence the gate of opportunity was suddenly flung open to the unbelieving girl, and she was sent abroad to study enameling under the greatest teachers the time afforded.

Making herself independent of Mrs. Sears's generosity as soon as possible, although her kindness is still a source of inspiration for every new piece of work, she established herself in the little back room in Boylston Street, and worked away day after day from early morning until evening, evolving new ideas and new possibilities, knowing her existence will never be long enough to achieve them all. Some of her work has found its way into Mrs. Sothern's notable collection of American craftsmanship, and into a few of our most progressive American art museums.

The next morning we set out in the direction of Cambridge to the wood-carving shop of Mr. I. Kirchmeyer. In a big loft stored with boards at the top of a building in one of the unbeautiful parts of Cambridge we found him, a gray-haired man with a long, active body and shaggy brows beneath which a pair of keen eyes peered out at us with the suggestion of a twinkle.

Mr. Kirchmeyer is a carver of reredoses, choir-stalls, and various parts of church interiors. He is also a carver of religious figures, in which capacity Mr. Cram, his discoverer, has referred to him as Peter Vischer restored to life, so we must not be surprised if we come suddenly face to face in some dim corner, amid panels and fretted borders, with the figure of a little saint from whose clasped hands the folds of her garments fall primly graceful and upon whose lovely wooden features rests a strange brooding silence.

In far-off Oberammergau, amid its religious traditions and close enough to Switzerland to come under the inspiration of its carving, he learned to whittle at his father's knee, helping him with the little wooden figures, animals, and scenes from the village which he carved on pipe-bowl and clock-case during the long winter evenings.

As the master ran his finger along the inside of a delicate piece of scrollwork, as smooth and finished there as where it is visible to the eye, the twinkle changed to a steady glow of pride, but it returned again when, slyly beckoning us to a corner, he drew from its hiding-place the little piece of ivory which he was carving as a surprise for his wife.

We turn next toward Newton Center, to the home and workshop of the Misses Morse, apostles of modern wood-carving.

The Morse house was found after some difficulty, a simple, unpretentious New England cottage standing out from a charming rural background at the end of an indefinite, grass-grown lane called Morseland Avenue.

Seated in the Morse front room, between the white-haired, delicately flushed Miss Carrie and the energetic Miss Mary, we felt for all the world as if we had strayed into the pages of one of Mrs.

Hand-wrought silver tea-service by Mr. Arthur Stone

Freeman's stories, so impossible did it seem that these slender women, with their long, slender fingers, should have gone in for so sturdy a craft as the carving of wood.

We learn that many years ago Miss Carrie was an invalid and a source of continual anxiety to her sister, all of whose odd pence went toward buying prints of masterpieces, the collecting of which seemed to be the invalid's one source of interest. In the reading which she did in connection with her collection she came across one day a description of some wonderful old Italian wood-carving, and astonished her sister that evening by manifesting a desire to take it up. The necessary implements were procured, and the two sisters took it up together, and so great was Miss Carrie's interest that her indisposition passed away. In the course of their work they came to the attention of Giovanni Triccolli, the Italian artist and wood-carver, who recognized in them the steadfastness of purpose and painstaking sincerity which characterized the craftsmen of old, and for them he opened new fields of ideas and inspirations.

Filigree silver plate. Designed and executed by Miss Knight of Boston

Their work consists principally of delicately carved and gilded frames and mirrors, and more elaborate oak and mahogany trays, in which the selection of ornament and its adaptation to the structure make them little masterpieces of the carver's art.

It is not surprising that the Morse sisters should be craftswomen, for the house is filled with examples of the handicrafts of their mother and grandmother, and in the hall hangs the framed corner of a piece of carpet made by one of their ancestors and attested by the Massachusetts Historical Society to be the first carpet woven by a woman in the State, and for which she received a prize of five dollars at one of the harvest festivals.

The handicraft shop and Miss Sears's complete bookbindery are among other important points of interest in Boston proper. The handicraft shop is an attempt on the part of several silversmiths to establish a place where they could work together under conditions similar to those in the old gilds. Here one may find Miss Knight, whose beautiful filigree work astonishes all who view it. Miss Sears's bindery occupies the two upper floors of her delightful studio in Newbury Street, and is given over to the teaching of bookbinding to classes of young men and women.

Near Providence one may visit the old Rhode Island mansion of the Talbots, where the New England art of handweaving is being revived. The house, Hearthside, is indeed everything which its name implies, spacious, comfortable, and hospitable, its great rooms filled with the discriminating collections of several generations of Talbots through whose possession the house has passed. Above the fireplace of old delf tiles in the dining-room hangs the portrait of Commodore Silas Talbot, of Revolutionary fame, painted by Benjamin West. On an opposite wall hangs Welcome Arnold, the Friend, who, while he could not fight in the Revolution, showed his public spirit by endowing Providence with its first hospital. In the back drawing-room we come

across the third piano brought into the city and in one corner of the commodious old kitchen into which we are finally ushered there is enough "junk" to turn a Colonial Dame green with envy.

The experiments in weaving were begun about twelve years ago, when Mr. Talbot was engaged in business in Providence. Several old hand-made looms had fallen into his possession which inspired him with the desire to try his skill at the old craft. After the mechanisms were mastered, he and his wife became very much interested in restoring the old colonial crafts which had been passed down from memory and were in a state of confusion and partial loss. The work gradually became so absorbing, as the beautiful old homespun fabrics, such as had not been turned out in this country for over a hundred years, came from the looms, that Mr. Talbot gave up his business to devote all of his time to the work.

That hand-weaving is an anachronism is certainly disproved by the products of the Talbots' looms. For durability and texture no power-woven materials can compare with homespun, for the very nature of the machine process involves the pressing out of the life of the goods. But in addition to the old delicacy and stoutness of workmanship, the Talbots have achieved all that modern artistic taste has evolved in color, design, and finish.

Our little craftsman pilgrimage is ended in Cos Cob, Connecticut, where we visited the artist's bungalow of Clara Wakeman, whose beautiful orange luster ware has brought joy into many households.

The journey was not aimed to include all the points of craft interest in the area through which it passed, and it can give one only a small idea of the great craftsman resources in this country. In 1911 an American woman, Adelaide Alsop Robineau, sent an exquisite collection of high-fire porcelains to the International Exposition in Turin, Italy, where they were awarded the grand prize, the highest award that could be given, and against the best modern porcelain manufactories in the world. In recognition of her great contribution to the ceramic art of the world, both France and Italy awarded her the highest honors in their power, and yet her work in this country is unglorified and unknown, and some of the rarest pieces for which collectors hereafter will pay fabulous sums have had to be sacrificed to provide for the bare means of sustenance.

It may not be in accordance with the democratic principles of this country to achieve a Sèvres, a Gobelin, or a Dresden, and so far certainly the National Government has been more interested in the raising of pigs than in the making of porcelains, but it is high time that our manufacturers awaken to the economic significance of the American craftsman, and undertake that public-spirited recognition and intelligent utilization of his powers which raised Germany's art products from a position of scorn to the conquest of the markets of the world.

The Master of his Fate

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Author of "They Both Needed It," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

"I'VE nothing suitable to wear on my head," concluded Miss Marye. She tossed a flower-trimmed hat on the bed.

"Wait a minute," said Mary. She ran across the hall to her brother Roddy's room, came back, and said, "Here, try on this."

"I don't like to," said Miss Marye. She tried it on.

"It 's awfully becoming," said Mary.

"W-well," agreed Miss Marye. She went down, wearing Roddy's cap.

Roddy was a person of uncommon self-command, but he had to turn his back on the group descending the porch steps in order to conceal his delight.

"I don't believe your brother likes my wearing his cap," murmured Miss Marye in an aside.

"He 's tickled to death," said Mary, carelessly.

Roddy had turned now, and was advancing to say:

"We are to go in the dog-cart, Miss Marye."

"Let me put Miss Marye in the cart," said his father, coming up.

Roddy stood aside with an indulgent air, and Ivor helped Miss Marye into the cart in his gallant manner.

"Be good to my boy," said Ivor as they drove off.

"What a delightful man your father is!" commented Miss Marye.

"Dandy," said Roddy. He flicked a fly from Rustum's flank, and the cart accelerated its speed.

"Won't we reach wherever it is we are to picnic a whole lot ahead of the others?"

"That 's all right," explained Roddy. "We are to stop along the way and fish the creek."

He presently halted Rustum in the shallows beneath a clump of young willows where, lulled by the ever-passing roar of the mountain creek, a trout pool slept in the morning coolness. Here Roddy cast a sober fly. It deftly avoided entangling branches and hovered delicately above the calm pool. There was a flicker, a flash, and a shining, many-colored object, scattering sunlit rain-drops, described a magnificent arc in the air, and descended into the basket at Roddy's feet.

"How beautifully you did that!" exclaimed Miss Marye.

"Well," said Roddy, a pleased expression stealing over his boyish face, "I 've been doing it all my life, you see." He offered her the rod. "Perhaps *you 've* the hand for it. Mary has." He pronounced it Murry.

Miss Marye smiled.

"*Mary*," Roddy corrected himself seriously.

"After all," said Miss Marye, with an air of having considered the matter, "I rather like to hear you say Murry. Why don't you call me Miss Murye?"

"Miss *Murye*," said Roddy, thoughtfully and experimentally.

The line jumped. Miss Marye, who had not been attending to her business or who had, we may say, been attending too fervently to her business, jumped, too.

"It 's a big one," she exulted. Roddy took it from the hook while she watched, uttering girlish cries of admiration and pity the while.

"It 's a beauty," said Roddy, showing it to her. Then, instead of placing it in the basket, he very calmly threw it back into the pool.

"Why did you do that?" asked Miss Marye, dazedly.

Roddy's gaze at her was rather blank.

"Why, I don't know," he said. Then he added amazingly: "Yes, I do. You are too sweet to kill things."

During the somewhat silent half-hour

which ensued Roddy filled the basket until it overflowed like a jar of jewels in an Arabian Nights picture, and Miss Marye sat beside him with a far-away expression in her eyes and thought of the man she had loved and lost in the spring. Sometimes she looked at Roddy, gravely about his business of catching enough trout for dinner. She honestly thought him the most beautiful human creature she had ever set eyes on; but he was obviously such a boy. She sighed unconsciously. Roddy glanced around.

"You 're tired of this," he said, with compunction. "We 'll go on now."

The mountain creek foamed down beside them as they drove. The morning shade was as deep as a well and as cool as well-water. Roddy's soft hat lay in the bottom of the cart. He held his splendid bare head as if he owned the earth, and struck up a song.

Miss Marye joined in, and they sang together and laughed together, and Miss Marye did not look twenty-six and crossed in love. She looked twenty and victorious.

Roddy kept stealing glances at her. She had pale-brown hair which, when unbound, came heavily to her knees. She had the candid blue eyes which should go with such hair as that. Her skin was as fair as a magnolia petal and as indestructible as ivory. She wore a rather deeply hued blue sweater coat. She had taken off Roddy's cap of a darker blue, and her pale hair, so full of light, wound and spun itself about her small head in a glorified cocoon such as Roddy had never before looked upon. Her brows were flawless beneath it.

"Mr. Ivor," she began, and paused, waiting. He had patently started to speak.

"Why don't you call me Roddy?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know you well enough," replied Miss Marye.

"My brother's sister-in-law is almost the same as a relation," said Roddy, sensibly. "What is the use of being formal when you are to be in the house with us —for a long time, I hope," said Roddy, meeting her eyes and smiling in a coaxing way.

"That 's nice of you," said Miss Marye, smiling back, "and it 's lovely to be adopted in this manner by Dexter's people. I *will* call you—" she thought about it—"Roderick."

Roddy's lips twitched.

"Please don't."

"Why?" inquired Miss Marye, somewhat coldly.

"Because no one ever called me that in my life except my father—when he was coming down on me like a ton of bricks."

"Then I 'll call you by your middle name," compromised Miss Marye, "if you 'll tell me what it is."

Roddy blushed vividly.

"I 'd rather not."

"It must be something dreadful."

"Oh—just a family name."

"I 'll ask Murry." She mimicked him adorably.

There was a grim moment of silence.

"Maude," said Roddy, desperately.

"Oh," said Miss Marye, faintly. She clasped her long, lovely, white fingers around her blue-serge knees and continued, "Well, I certainly can't call you—"

Roddy stirred nervously.

"Mau—"

Roddy looked almost sulky.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye, just above her breath.

Roddy glanced at her so quickly that she caught the tenderness in his eyes.

"Would you like to call me Susy?"

"I 'd be a cheeky beggar doing that," said Roddy, "just because you 're kind."

An odd pause followed. Roddy resumed speech, though not of the subject.

"Don't you like the creek here? There is a fall by the arbor-vitæ yonder. Shall we go over?"

Miss Marye meekly agreed to explore the fall, and Roddy assisted her across the rocks to the ledge which divided the tumbling water. She peered over the ten-foot descent, restrained by his respectful fingers, while he related mountain legends of the depth of the pool below.

"It makes me dizzy," she told him at last, retreating beyond the spray to a seat on a fallen tree. Roddy sat with his legs dangling over the flat ledge, watching her, and playing with the blue cap miraculously turned hers.

It was beginning to be warm. Hot sunbeams wandered about, and came to rest on Miss Marye's hair, changing its spun brown to spun gold. She rolled up her white silk sleeves.

"Your elbows have dimples in them," announced Roddy in the accurate tone of the scientific discoverer.

It tickled the Miss Marye who was twenty-six. She laughed helplessly.

Roddy viewed her merriment with his indulgent smile; but he was inwardly flustered, and gave the cap a twirl suited only to a boomerang. As the cap was not a boomerang, it went over the fall.

"Idiot!" exclaimed Roddy in a low tone full of vexation, and went over after it.

Miss Marye screamed. There was a great splashing for a moment, then a great trampling through bushes, and Roddy emerged on the opposite side of the creek, dripping like a trout in the air, but waving the cap. He crossed to her, leaping from stone to stone, sometimes in the water and sometimes out, and hung the cap on a sycamore limb beside her blue sweater.

"She had fled to the rustic seat by the creek with her letters"

"What in the world made you do that?" asked Miss Marye.

"You made me, laughing at me like that."

"I mean going over into the water like a fish."

"Oh, that was to get the cap."

"Why could n't you go around and get it?"

"There is a small whirlpool there. I did n't have time to go around. It would have been sucked down."

"What difference would that have made?" demanded Miss Marye, still petulant and nerve-shaken. "Are you so fond of that old cap?"

"Yes," said Roddy, gazing at it steadily.

Miss Marye turned a deep pink. She rose, putting out her hand to take down her sweater at the same moment as Roddy. Their hands and eyes met.

"Sorry I frightened you," said Roddy. "I forgot you were a town girl."

Miss Marye smiled a little tremulously at him.

"You take my hat," said Roddy. He crammed on the wet cap.

He helped Miss Marye into the cart,

but walked by it himself, explaining that he was too wet to get in by her.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Marye.

"All right," said Roddy, continuing to walk by the cart.

They plodded for another mile at a slant toward the sky; suddenly they slid over the top of the rise, and there below them the road had come to an end in a tiny mountain meadow overgrown with long grass as bright and fine as a mermaid's tresses, and bowed as if by the washing of waves across its surface. The great creek embraced it on two sides, and on all sides the forest rose, and beyond the forest towered the mountains, heavenly blue and beautiful.

Miss Marye gazed as if rapt by beauty. For the first time the man whom she had loved and lost became a little and faraway and negligible memory. Quietness and healing stole into her heart, and its wounded pride was stilled. Her face was very sweet as she turned to Roddy.

"Roddy," she said, making one of those unconsidered confidences which flatter the masculine recipient, "I 've been terribly unhappy, but some way I feel happy now." Roddy stood very still, just looking at her. "But you can't understand. You 've never been unhappy in your life, have you?"

"I 've been unhappier than you could ever have been," replied Roddy, astonishingly, "and I know what you mean about —all this." He glanced around him and out to the peaks.

"You?" said Miss Marye, disbelievingly.

"I acted badly once. I was unworthy," said Roddy, quaintly, but from his heart. "You could never have had that unhappiness. You have always been good and beautiful."

"Some one I loved was unworthy," sighed Miss Marye.

A great wave of warm, protective feeling surged up in Roddy's heart.

"The creek looks dangerous," said Miss Marye, nervously.

"Oh, just a little swift. Shall we go out into the river and around the island?"

"I don't believe you can make it around the island."

"Don't you?"

He smiled at her as he helped her into the skiff. She was awkward about this business of getting into a plunging boat, and Roddy's palms tingled from the contact of fluttering, frightened fingers. He picked up the oars, just holding them, and instinctively avoiding snags as they drifted riverward.

"Better than loafing in the house," said Roddy.

The brimming creek was indeed delicious that morning. They floated soundlessly beneath an arch of young willow branches toward the tumultuous foaming of the river. Miss Marye put back a straying filament of the brown hair and looked at Roddy with assent in her contented eyes. She bloomed, a human flower, amid all that gray greenery.

"Yes, it is," she said belatedly.

Coming around the upper end of the island gave Roddy his chance. The current here ran like a mill-race, and he bent to his oars and fought with the river. In the narrow stretch between island and shore the river rose up and fought back. Some of the wild water fell in the boat. Miss Marye uttered a cry of alarm.

Beads of diamond dew flecked Roddy's temples. His lips were a bitten line. The dark flush of exhausting effort overspread him. He thought:

"I can do it, but I 'm just an idiot—showing off."

With a final mighty pull he swung the skiff into a shallow among the eddies at the mouth of the creek.

"How strong you are!" said Miss Marye in an awed tone.

"How silly I am!" panted Roddy. "I 'd no business trying to make that with a girl in the boat."

"But you made it," said Miss Marye.

Roddy could n't help preening himself.

When they reached the house, after dallying along the creek path, they paused to examine the mail lying on a hall table.

"Most of it is yours," said Roddy, offering her several letters.

They went on through to the front porch, and Miss Marye sat down on a step to read her letters. Roddy, on the railing above, opened his one letter, which was from his freshman chum. It was full of boy stuff, and he chuckled over it, forgetting for the moment that he now inhabited the Land of Lovers, so much farther on toward the end of all than Jock's Boy Country. When next he turned to speak to Miss Marye she was not there.

She had fled to the rustic seat by the creek with her letters, there to weep over the one which told her that her lost lover was lost indeed, engaged, in fact, to a girl whom she had always distrusted and detested. Miss Marye had, perhaps, cherished dreams of regaining her lost lover. At any rate, she now wept bitterly and as one without hope, forgetting all about Roddy.

That evening at dinner, however, she was very gay, and after dinner she sauntered with Roddy in the starlight on the lawn, and found a certain consolation in his boy's face gazing at her with so sweet a wonder.

"We 'll have a climb in the morning," said Roddy.

Half-way up the Slide next morning, where the great round boulders the devil spilled many ages back were thickest, they stopped to rest. Miss Marye's cheeks matched her pink flower-colored tie.

"You look like a little girl," said Roddy, delightedly, "and you can climb like one, too."

He now went before her, for it grew much steeper, and they really climbed. Roddy had to keep reaching a hand back to her. This occurred so frequently that he said:

"Just you swing on to me until we reach the top."

"How strong you are!" said Miss Marye again when, breathless and glowing, they stood with the world dropping away from them in every direction.

"Look!" said Roddy in a confusion of tremors and masterfulness. "The river looks like a creek in a wide meadow."

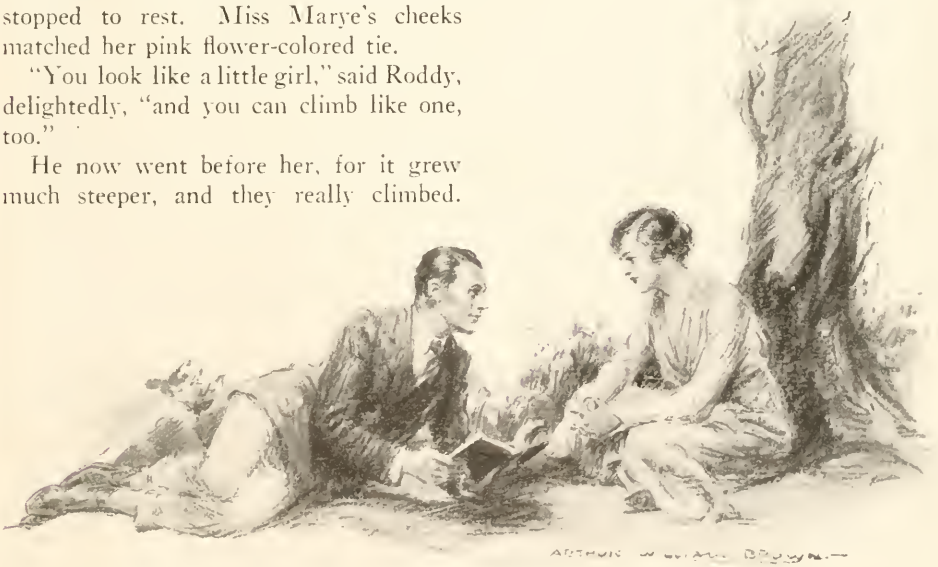
"It does, exactly. And your home—how far away it seems in the shadow of the hills!" Some light in Roddy's face made her add, "You must be very fond of Cedarcliff, it 's such a lovely old place."

"Yes," said Roddy, eagerly. "I like that about the English, the way they keep up a home from age to age. I 'd like to be the one to keep up my home."

"I 've lived in a good many places," said Miss Marye, "but my father never let us stay anywhere long enough to make a real home."

Roddy heard this plaint with tempered pity.

"It does n't make so much difference to a girl. No matter how much she cares for her home, she leaves it."



"'Are you thinking that I am a foolish boy?' asked Roddy, with his little air of indulgence"

"Gets married, you mean?"

Roddy nodded, coloring, a reddening, as of sunrise, all over his smooth forehead and throat.

She sat down beneath a tall pine, and he lay on the slope at her feet, his close-clipped, dazzling, dark head almost touching her knee. Her glance wandered over it.

"Your hair has little sparkles in it," said Miss Marye, idly.

"Guess it 's trying to be red," said Roddy.

He opened the small volume of poems they had brought along, and read the first thing that came to sight, with some indefinite intention of ridding himself of the self-consciousness suddenly obsessing him when the talk turned on home and marriage.

"'I am the captain of my soul,'" read Roddy. It happened that he had never read the poem before. It rang a bell in his soul. "I 'd just about thought it out that way myself," said Roddy, his brilliant gaze on the row of blue peaks across the river, "the time I mentioned to you, when I 'd acted so badly. My father sent me off by myself to a little hunting-camp we have back in the mountain yonder. I was up there alone for a week, and I had all the time there was to think myself out in. I found out then that the most important thing in the world was never to be a coward about anything." Miss Marye was enveloping Roddy in a wondering attention. She did not know precisely what to do with this line of conversation, so she did nothing, and after a glance back and up into her intent blue eyes, Roddy continued, "And ever since then I 've known what I meant to do with my life." He looked back to the book.

"Tell me, Roddy," invited Miss Marye, really curious.

"Oh," said Roddy, catching the note of curiosity, "it 's nothing startling. I 'm just going to stay here and help run the place if my father will have me; and I 'm going to marry some day," went on Roddy, with a mysterious smile at the blue peaks, "and I am going to lead the life of a Christian gentleman," he concluded in a firm and unembarrassed voice.

But it is safe to say that no collocation of words could have startled Miss Marye more or have been more totally unexpected. Then she felt ashamed of herself for being startled and surprised. After all, though it sounded queer to hear a boy speak like that, she recalled having read in biographies that some very famous men had been Christian gentlemen; that this was, in fact, an epithet of honor—in a biography. She concluded that it was meeting with it out of its book which made it sound queer. She smiled at her thought.

"Are you thinking that I am a foolish boy?" asked Roddy, with his little air of indulgence.

"Ah," said Miss Marye, "now you are thinking that I am a foolish girl, Roddy."

Roddy gave her a starry and adoring glance, then stooped and laid his lips, unkissed as yet by love, to the hem of Miss Marye's soft, silky-textured skirt.

"That 's what you are to me," flamed Roddy.

Afterward he dropped his dizzy head in his arm on his knee.

The shining, vibrating silence lay between them like sharp sunlight across streaming water. Miss Marye sat while the moments flowed, and gazed at Roddy's bowed head and wondered what dreams spun through it. But whatever they were, she knew that love had come to her again in this guise of a boy with the flowers of wonder and worship fresh in his hands. She could not help finding it sweet. At the summer's end she meant to go her way. In the meanwhile she shrank from the loveless days. She bent rather uncertainly, and touched Roddy on the head.

It came up. He returned her look, humbly waiting.

Tears came to the girl's blue eyes. When she bent to Roddy and kissed him on the forehead it was the most unconsidered action of all her unconsidering little life.

To Roddy it was an accolade. He shone so with happiness that she turned her eyes away, dismayed, ashamed.

What he said to her was unexpected, as usual.

"Look at your home down there," said Roddy, "all in the sun now."

When Miss Marye opened the door of her room she found Mary in it, arranging flowers and spreading lace scarfs on the tops of things.

"Have a nice climb?" asked Mary, pleasantly.

"A nice climb?" echoed Miss Marye. "Why, yes. What a charming view of the house one gets up there!"

She kissed Mary as she spoke, putting both arms around her from behind. At this unexpected caress Mary looked around sharply. She read her companion like a love-story. She said in a casual manner, as she replaced a small calendar on the dresser:

"Just think, Roddy will be nineteen tomorrow."

"Nineteen," repeated Miss Marye in an odd voice. She had thought Roddy twenty-one at least.

"Yes," said Mary; "there 's not much difference between us." She glanced back from the door to add, "Breck came home while you were out."

"Breck—is he the brother who went West?"

"No; he is the one papa sent South."

She vouchsafed no further information for Miss Marye's guidance, but betook herself to her mother's room.

"Susy 's got Roddy making love to her, Mama," said Mary, without preamble.

Her mother accepted the news tranquilly.

"Might n't it as well be Susy? Roddy won't expect to marry Susy."

"You don't know Roddy, Mama. If he ever kissed a girl, he would expect to marry her."

"Not without her consent, I trust," said her mother, still tranquilly.

"You won't be serious about anything, Mama."

"Why should I be serious, now that Breck 's home?"

"Breck may think he must n't meddle."

"If it were Croy, yes; but he looks on Roddy as a mere infant."

"I don't see how he can now."

"Well, he will pretend that he does. I think I may say that I know my own little stepson. Where is he now, by the way?"

"In the library with father. Father 's angry at his coming home before the doctors said he might."

"No use hurting his feelings now he *is* here. Run down, Mary, and rescue him."

Mary left her incurably light-hearted and ridiculously young mother, but she did not intrude on the men in the library.

Breck heard her pass the door and hoped she was coming in to create a diversion. He sat on the edge of the library table, looking sulky.

"You promised me to stick it out," said Ivor. "Why did n't you keep your word?"

"I 'm all right, Father," pleaded Breck. "I feel fine; honest, I do. Those old grafters just want to make off you. I 'm all right."

"Never want a drink, eh?"

"Well, I 'm not going to take one if I do."

"Same old thing to go through with in six months. I 've a mind to pack you straight back. I don't know now why you are here."

"I got so damned homesick, if you want to know," said Breck, in an unusual outburst of unaffected candor. Nervous tears blurred his eyes. He looked away.

"All right," said Ivor, after a pause. His voice was kind and understanding as he added, "But no drinking, Breck; get that in your head."

"Certainly not, Father," said Breck, cheering up.

He stood up as if to go, but lingered. Ivor studied him for a while before handing him a letter. Breck read it through with eyes filled with oaths.

"Sorry," said Ivor; "doctor's orders, you see. Show me that you mean to behave yourself, and you can have money."

Breck turned pale with anger. He took a step toward the door. Ivor halted him.

"And, Breck,"—Breck looked around, —"no borrowing from Roddy."

Breck flared scarlet.

"Damn it! I 'll get work somewhere."

"Bully for you, Breck!" said Ivor in a sad sort of irony. Still he jumped up and strode after Breck, stopping him at the door. "You know perfectly well that it is only for your own good that I make myself disagreeable," he said. "You know I want you home."

"No, I don't," said Breck, in a petulant outburst; "I don't know that at all."

"Oh, yes, you do, old fellow," said Ivor, smiling. He stood thinking, and there was a weak spot, rather than a tender one, in his heart for Breck that presently made him say, "If I take it upon myself to disobey orders, will you play fair?"

"Yes, Father," said Breck, with downcast eyes.

"Well, come back here." He sat down at his desk and made out a generous check. "No use doing things half-way," he thought.

Breck, Ivor was certain, had for the space of a second, perhaps, an impulse to hand back the check, to admit that he must n't be trusted with money yet. But the impulse, if there, came to nothing, and he put the check into his pocket instead, saying with some feeling:

"You are very good to me, Father, and I 'll do my best to play fair." After a decent pause he changed the subject.

"Who is the girl staying here? I caught a glimpse of her on the stair."

"Miss Marye, Dexter's sister-in-law."

"Oh, is *that* Miss Marye? Yes, Dexter wrote me about her."

He went on out, irrepressibly more jaunty in bearing.

Roddy was in a hurry. He was to meet Miss Marye and take her for a row that afternoon. Passing by a barn in process of construction, his attention was diverted. Near some scaffolding, about a horse, evidently injured, stood a group composed of Ivor, Breck, and a scared-looking negro boy. Approaching closer, Roddy perceived the animal to be a young mare that they had been pasturing to accommodate a neighbor, a new man recently settled among them.

"What 's up?" asked Roddy.

"This damned boy left the pasture gate open last night," said Ivor, "and the mare strayed in here and had a fall."

"Foreleg broken," added Breck.

Roddy stooped, examining the leg.

"You 're the very chap I want, Roddy," said Ivor. "You go right on over to Carson's and buy his confounded horse of him. Pay what he asks and keep your mouth shut. This is nothing I could have helped, but naturally he won't see it so. I 'm putting it off on you because I 'd probably have to knock him down if I went myself, and I 'm trying to keep the peace nowadays." He grinned rather reluctantly at Roddy.

"All right, Father," said Roddy, grinning back, though somewhat soberly. He put the signed blank check in his pocket and departed, not fancying his job in the least, disappointed at not getting his row with Miss Marye, and certain that Breck would carry her off walking and flirt with her.

He went through the hall, looking into various rooms, but he encountered only Cassie, the housemaid, from whom he learned that the girls had strolled to the post-office. He left a hastily scribbled note with Cassie, who promptly laid it down and forgot all about it.

Breck was on the porch when Miss Marye returned, and made himself agreeable.

"I wonder what became of Roddy," she said presently in a careless tone. "He was going to row me to Green Cove."

"Roddy?" said Breck. "Why, I saw Roddy going across the river half an hour back."

Miss Marye's head went up.

"Oh," said Breck in an indulgent tone, "Roddy 's nothing but a big kid. What he does or does n't do is n't of the least importance to grown-up persons."

"I don't mind Roddy not coming to take me rowing," explained Miss Marye; "I merely object to being ignored."

"If you 'll come for a walk, I 'll promise not to ignore you," Breck said laughingly.

Roddy, glancing up when midway in his dusty ride, beheld a bit of blue on the ridge overlooking Devil's Slide. He was too sensitively in love not to know at once that it was Miss Marye's parasol, and that the white speck beside it was Breck's Panama.

As he entered the front door on his return, Miss Marye, apparently unaware of his presence, was disappearing up a stairway. Roddy hesitated a second, then, catching sight of Ivor out back, went to report.

They talked business until interrupted by Breck.

"Breck," said Roddy, "I hope you explained to Miss Marye why I failed to keep my engagement with her." He added, "I saw you two on the ridge above the Slide."

"I don't think you need apologize, Roddy," said Breck. "I think Miss Marye enjoys the society of a grown man occasionally."

Roddy's eyes turned black. His fingers flew shut. Ivor, who had been immersed in some reflections of his own, roused at the sound of Breck's sneering words. His eyes fell on Roddy's fist. He put a prompt hand over it.

"None of that!" he said sharply. Roddy remained silent, and his fist turned back to a hand. "What 's it about, anyway?" Ivor added.

"I don't know," said Breck. "You 'll have to ask Roddy."

Ivor addressed Roddy:

"If you had an engagement to take Miss Marye somewhere, why did n't you say so?"

"That was all right, Father," said Roddy, "or it would have been if Breck had played fair."

"Well, you boys must n't quarrel," said Ivor. "I won't have it."

"I 'm not quarreling," said Roddy, disdainfully. "I simply asked Breck a question."

"No, then!" said Breck, explosively.

Ivor, his hand still on Roddy's, looked from one to the other.

"Roddy 's nothing but an overgrown kid," went on Breck, turning to Ivor. "He bores Miss Marye to death. She 's too kind-hearted to let on, but you can see for yourself, Father, that he would. He 's rather cheeky to expect to monopolize a pretty woman of twenty-six or seven. I know all about Roddy. He thinks Susy Marye a little angel. I 'll bet he 's never even kissed her all these weeks. Now, she 's not an angel at all. She 's a girl who has been sent to us to be distracted from an unhappy love-affair."

"Did n't know you fellows poached," said Ivor to Breck.

"I don't care a hang. It 's merely a matter of being nice to a visiting girl, and of doing what Dexter wrote me to do, cheering up Miss Marye. As for poaching, if Roddy were grown up, I 'd never look at his girl; but he 's just a kid. Look at him now," said Breck, cruelly, "ready to cry because he 's heard the truth."

Ivor's hand lifted quickly from Roddy's; but Roddy had other matters in mind at the moment. That faint quiver, as of wind on still water, which Breck had misread, really indicated exultation. "A pretty woman of twenty-six or seven," and Roddy had supposed her not more than twenty. His head reeled.

"Tease away, old Breck!" said Roddy, striding off.

Ivor gazed after him in some bewilderment.

"I hoped the kid was going to knock you down," he said to Breck.

"I knew why you let him go," grinned Breck.

"*Were* you just teasing?" asked Ivor, thoughtfully.

"Not a bit of it, Father," answered Breck, too carelessly to be lying. "It 's all true. He does bore Miss Marye. I 'd like to give her a good time if he would get out of the road occasionally."

"He did n't seem to bore her before you came. And," added Ivor, "I should think Roddy could hold his own with a girl."

"He could," admitted Breck, "if he was n't a blithering idiot."

"How do you know he does n't make love to her?"

"Oh, he does, I suppose, of a sort. Gets her off in a boat and reads poetry to her. Nice way to amuse a charming woman of—"

"Well," interrupted Ivor, abruptly, "I hope all my boys were once decent enough to think all women angels, Breck. Roddy will find out soon enough that they all are n't. Keep your hands off, can't you?"

Roddy had Miss Marye cornered on the stair-landing.

"Did you get my note?" he demanded.

"What note?"

"Then you did n't, and it 's all right," said Roddy, shining down on her. He explained at length.

"Of course, what your father wished came first," agreed Miss Marye.

"I knew you would think so," said Roddy, never seeing for a moment that she considered it at least a debatable proposition. "Did you have a nice time with Breck? I saw you, you know, up on the ridge. I knew your blue parasol. I wanted awfully to be up there with you."

"Then I should n't have had Breck," teased Miss Marye.

"I guess I do bore you sometimes," said Roddy, humbly.

Evening light from the high stair-window slanted between them. Miss Marye, hands dropped along her summer gown, pale brown head back against the dove-gray panel, lifted her blue eyes and let them dwell on Roddy's beautiful, beseeching boy's face bent above her.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye, "I think you must be the very sweetest boy in the whole world. Don't you want to go rowing this evening—to make up?"

"I can't, Susy," stammered Roddy. His distress was evident. "You see, I 've got to get that mare swung up. I would n't let them shoot her,—you don't shoot a man when he breaks his leg,—but it is some job to get a horse swung just right. I 'll have to be at the stables all evening, I 'm afraid."

"Can't Breck see to the horse?"

"Why," said Roddy, "it 's my job. Father was going to have her shot, but I begged her off; and he told me to take her for keeps and not to let him hear anything more about her. So, you see?"

"Yes."

"And we 'll go rowing in the morning?"

"Oh, if you can get off."

"Now you are vexed," said Roddy, stooping to smile at her.

She could n't help smiling back.

"Only because I want you with me."

Roddy's next words amazed her.

"Are you twenty-six?" asked Roddy.

"Why?" she parried, though taken aback.

"It makes it more wonderful than ever," said Roddy.

"What?" asked Miss Marye, altogether at sea.

"That you could care for me," said Roddy in a pale passion of humility.

"Roddy," said Miss Marye again, "I do think you are the very sweetest boy in the world."

She had run away up the stairs before Roddy could make any sort of reply to a statement which was becoming rather familiar.

During the ensuing week Roddy was much occupied at the stables, and this left Miss Marye to Breck's devices.

Roddy said to himself that it was all right for Susy to amuse herself with old Breck; that he certainly did not expect her to mope unattended because the job of the mare's broken leg proved unexpectedly exacting and difficult. He tried to be philosophical over the situation and almost succeeded. It was not that he doubted Susy's good faith, he mused; it was rather that he had his own private man's opinion of Breck.

He had not mentioned this matter of Susy to Ivor, but that was merely because she had asked him not to mention it to any one. There was plenty of time, she said, and Roddy might change his mind. But this last had hurt Roddy so much that

"'You don't know Roddy, Mama. If he ever kissed a girl, he would expect to marry her'"

she had to pretend it to be a poor sort of jesting.

Still, he came very near mentioning it the evening he chanced on Ivor basking all alone in the moonlight on the upper porch.

"Did n't feel like coming down tonight," said Ivor, "but why are *you* here?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Roddy, pulling out a chair so that it faced Ivor's. He put his knee up, and his arms behind his head, and smiled at his father.

"How 's the mare?"

"She 's going to do all right, I think," said Roddy. He went into details. "You 'll want her back when I get her well."

"I guess you 'll have earned her by then," said Ivor, with his friendly little grin and glance.

"Well," said Roddy, speaking his thought almost unconsciously, "she 'll make a dandy mount for Miss Marye next summer."

"Oh," asked Ivor, "is she coming back?"

Something in Ivor's tone made Roddy ask, with a pause of heart:

"Don't you like her, Father?"

"Why, of course I like her," said Ivor. "I like her immensely. I consider her a most attractive and beautiful girl. I was only thinking that a city-bred girl must find it dull here."

Roddy smiled mysteriously. He longed to confide in Ivor then and there. He was, indeed, about to speak when his pretty mother appeared in the doorway. Both men jumped up, but Ivor pushed Roddy aside:

"She 'll have my chair."

"Goose!" said Kathy, taking it.

"I 'll have yours now," said Ivor to Roddy.

The long-chairs stretched side by side, and Roddy sat on the porch rug, his head against his mother's knee, her fingers playing with his hair.

Ivor secured her unengaged fingers.

"Mama 's got two sweethearts she can count on, anyway," said Ivor.

"Goodness! I have n't got Roddy," said Kathy. Amusement overflowed her soft way of speech. "Miss Marye 's got Roddy."

Roddy reached up and drew her palm against his lips.

"U-m-m!" murmured Kathy. She withdrew her hand, held it out in the moonlight, gazed from it to Ivor. Ivor chuckled, and got hold of that hand, too.

"Roddy," he said, "go on down and talk to Miss Marye. Can't you see that your mother wants me to make love to her?"

Roddy departed, smiling at his foolish elders. Only Kathy smiled back. Ivor had turned grave.

"You don't think the girl 's in earnest, do you?" he asked as Roddy vanished.

"That girl! Why, she 's already making up to Breck." She added, "But Roddy 's in earnest."

"Oh, yes," agreed Ivor, heavily.

"Don't you bother about Roddy. Roddy can run himself."

"He conveys that impression, certainly," said Ivor, glad to take this view of it. "But why do you think the girl is making up to Breck?"

"Saw her," said Kathy, succinctly, looking at him—"like this—under the honeysuckle on the porch. Breck was about to kiss her when I stepped out."

"How 'd you say she was looking at Breck?" asked Ivor.

"Just so," said Kathy, looking up at Ivor.

"Huh!" said Ivor, "if she looked anything like that I don't see how Breck kept from kissing her, even if you did step out, you little marplot!"

"Goose!" said Kathy, submerged and blushing.

Ivor released her. Their eyes met almost shyly. The two broke out laughing.

"But all the same, honey," said Ivor, turning serious again, "don't you know this staying sweethearts is the greatest thing in the world?"

Roddy went through the lower hall seeking silence and seclusion. The back porch, with its long, dim stretches of shade and pools of silver light, appeared to offer these, and he mounted on a railing and sat gazing with musing, brilliant eyes through the irregular opening in the vines which framed a mountain scene far away beyond many moonlit hills and valleys.

Roddy was in the exalted mood, immortalized for us by our essayist, in which the lover prefers his musings of the beloved to her actual presence.

In this mood reality was mixed with dream. He heard and did not hear, saw and did not see. It was so that he heard, yet did not hear, steps approaching along the path leading from the big rock by the creek where a rustic seat invited sentimental couples. The steps continued to approach. Roddy continued to muse and remain oblivious. They paused almost beneath him, and were replaced by voices. These voices penetrated Roddy's trance. He looked down, and very nearly beneath his railing beheld Breck and Miss Marye standing close together. She was looking up at Breck. Her face in the moonlight was very young. Breck, his slight, mocking smile more in evidence than usual, gazed down at Miss Marye.

"Getting pretty tired of the infant class, were n't you?" asked Breck, as if pursuing a topic.

She made a girlish little face of assent. Breck, laughing, bent rather impulsively, and kissed her derisive mouth.

In Roddy's heart something turned its face to the wall and died.

He must have given a low, involuntary cry of grief or of farewell, for the two looked quickly up, and Miss Marye stood transfixed. She had not meant to lose Roddy's worship; she had sense enough to know it a treasure well worth a woman's keeping. But Breck only said blithely:

"'If you 'll come for a walk, I 'll promise not to ignore you,' Breck said laughingly"

"Well, listeners, you know, old fellow."

He had, as Roddy knew now, known that Roddy was there all the time.

Roddy swung himself over the railing and down before them. He addressed Miss Marye.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I was mooning out here and did n't hear you two coming by."

He passed them, taking the path leading to the highroad. A few yards along this path he encountered Mary and a young man who was gathering Mary a rose for her hair.

"Murry," said Roddy, "if any one asks for me, say that I 've gone for a walk, will you?"

Mary assented absently. She did not look around. Only when he had almost disappeared from sight she said, glancing after him:

"Why, Roddy is by himself! How queer!"

Later that evening she found Miss Marye alone on the porch.

"O Mary," said Miss Marye, her voice breaking, "Roddy 's furious with me."

Mary waited, gazing at her in silence.

"H-he caught Breck kissing me," confessed Miss Marye, unhappily.

"I told you not to let Breck kiss you," said Mary. "Breck kisses any girl who will let him. He does n't mean a thing by it. I would n't lose Roddy for a dozen Brecks—I mean his good opinion," flashed Mary. "I don't mean that I ever expected anything to come of his loving you. There is too much difference in your ages."

Even under this Miss Marye was meek; but she flared out at Breck:

"I hate Breck for that. I 'm sure he knew Roddy was there."

"Oh," said Mary, scornfully, "you 'd better keep Breck. You won't get Roddy back."

She passed by Miss Marye, viewing her discomfiture with satisfaction, and, encountering Ivor in the hall, stopped to be kissed and complimented on the becomingness of the rose in her dark hair.

"By the way," said Ivor, "do you know where I can find Roddy? I 'm off to town early to-morrow, and I want to leave some directions with him."

"Roddy caught Breck kissing Susy," said Mary, with her appalling feminine frankness, "and he 's such a funny boy—he thought Susy a perfect angel, you know, Papa. He was awfully hurt about it, I guess. He went off toward the road."

"Did n't he say anything?"

"Yes; he called to me to say that he had gone for a walk if any one asked for him."

"Oh, well," said Ivor, "he will be in presently, I dare say."

He went on into his room, which he had down-stairs that summer. Its low windows opened on the back porch, and after he had smoked his pipe out he stepped through one of these windows and strolled down the path. At the gate he halted, listening for a time, then opened it, and strolled up the road toward the mountain.

A mile back it branched. Ivor stood for a good while at this branching of ways. Sometimes he looked long in one direction, sometimes long in the other, and sometimes up the mountain road, which now began to climb.

All three roads were innocent-looking pathways disappearing among infolding wreaths of shrubbery and taller tree foliage, but of them two led to places where an unhappy boy might seek an unworthy revenge on a too frail ideal.

Now, Ivor did not believe Roddy had gone to Worth's saloon. He looked down the other road. He had far rather Roddy had gone to Worth's saloon than down that other road. He sighed in his doubt, and looked up the mountain road once more. A few paces on something gleamed in a patch of moonlight. Ivor could have hurrahed over the little fraternity pin as he picked it up.

"I 'm a fool," thought Ivor.

He turned, and went back home and to bed. He rose early. He had not slept so soundly that he did not know Roddy had not come in. As he left the house to go to the stables a splash arrested his attention, and he turned instead to the rock by the creek. Some one had dived off the little bluff.

Ivor looked down on the fresh, swirling water where the willow tips dipped. Roddy's shining shoulder and dark, dazzling head divided the tiny waves. He flung up an arm to Ivor.

"Come in," he gestured.

Ivor shook his head vigorously, with a grimace for the icy morning water. He sat down beneath the pine to wait. In a few minutes Roddy appeared. Ivor had never seen him look gayer. He felt aggrieved.

"Come here, you darn kid," he said, "and give an account of yourself."

Roddy, a foot on the bench, strung up a shoe before he answered:

"Where do you wish me to begin, Father?" He began on the other shoe.

"You might begin from the time you dropped this," said Ivor. He passed the fraternity pin to Roddy.

"Glad you found it," said Roddy, im-

passively. "How far up did you come across it?"

"A few yards beyond the Three Roads."

"That 's a very good place to begin," said Roddy, "because it won't take long to tell from there on."

"It won't, eh?" said Ivor, looking curiously at Roddy.

"Why, no," said Roddy, standing up, and thrusting an arm into a sleeve, "I just went on up to camp, and sat on the steps for an hour or so. Then I came back home, and," said Roddy, accenting the otherwise unaccented words with a clear, direct gaze into Ivor's eyes, " 'washed the night off me.' " He stooped to pick up his belt, adding: "Sorry if you were bothered at all. I thought you 'd think I was able to take care of myself."

"Well, I did," said Ivor, thoughtfully —"I did after I found that pin."

"Why after?" asked Roddy. He stopped pulling at his belt to glance questioningly at Ivor.

Ivor said to himself:

"I *was* a fool." He answered aloud, "Oh, I just meant I knew where you 'd be apt to go."

"It 's a good old place to find oneself in," said Roddy. He hung his coat over his arm, and smiled at his father as at his friend. "May I brush my hair in your room?"

"Sure; why don't you have a nap there before breakfast?"

"Can't. I 've got to look after my horse."

Ivor postponed his trip to town for an hour, and they went down to the stables together. His most careful scrutiny could not discover in Roddy anything of the languishing lover. His voice, as he jollied the negro boy or coaxed the mare, rang cheerfully true. He whistled like a thrush as they obeyed the summons to breakfast.

The family group had assembled. Roddy kissed his mother good morning, greeted the others in a matter-of-fact tone, and drew out his chair. Breck looked at him hard, Mary curiously, and Miss Marye stole glances from beneath drooping lashes that resembled a couple of small, discouraged sunbeams.

"Why are you all so glum?" asked Roddy. He helped himself to bacon and eggs with a lavish hand. "Miss Marye, may I have the rolls by you there?"

Their hands met as she passed the platter. Roddy's hand was steady; Miss Marye's shook a tiny bit. Her lashes lifted long enough to let her blue glance plunge in Roddy's hazel glance.

"Nothing doing," said Roddy's hazel glance. It said this so plainly that Roddy might as well have uttered the words. She drew back as indignantly as if he had spoken, and became very lively with Breck. Roddy ate his breakfast with the unassumed nonchalance of a hungry boy at peace with the world.

Ivor put up his paper to conceal a grin, and later threw Kathy a glance that promised a confidence. Roddy, joining them on the upper porch half an hour afterward, caught them having it.

"Don't let *me* interrupt you," said Roddy.

Ivor's eyes twinkled.

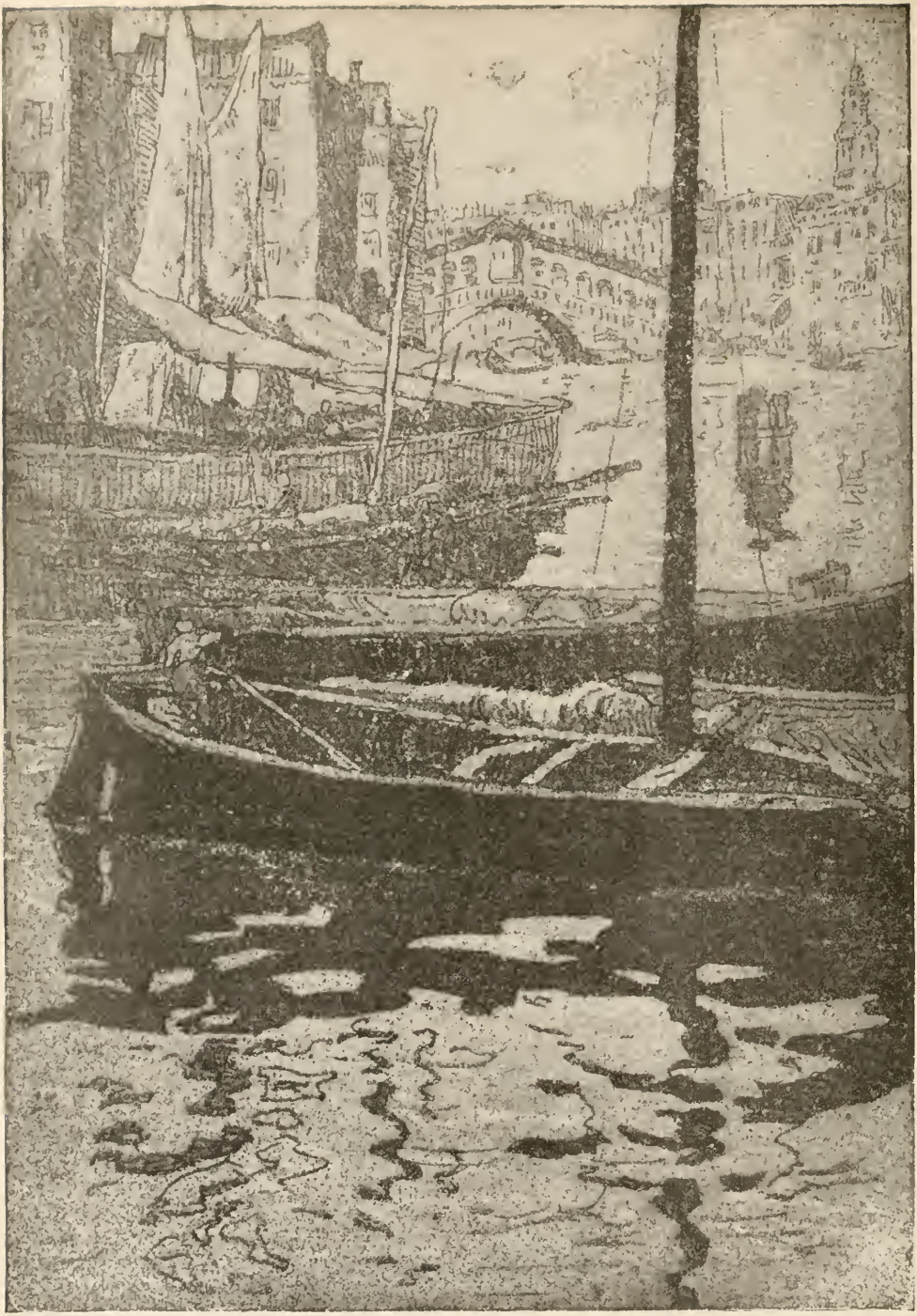
"Just through, thank you," he said. "Well, I 'm off."

He disappeared, laughing to himself, and Kathy and Roddy perched together on a railing among the wet vine leaves. Roddy pulled clematis sprays and tossed them to Kathy. She sat twining and binding these sprays into a wreath, which she presently flung on Roddy's unsuspecting head.

"Now you look like a young emperor in an ancient history," said Kathy.

"Stop making a monkey of your little boy," ordered Roddy, removing the wreath and holding it behind him. He added, "I guess you can have him back if you want him, Mama." Kathy's look pounced on Roddy. He did not evade it. He even let her see the empty place in his heart where that poor, beautiful dead thing had lain to be mourned for the space of a summer night.

"*But* I 'm all right, Mama," said Roddy. "When I 'm over a thing, I 'm over it. I 'm *all* right."



From an etching made for THE CENTURY by Benjamin C. Brown

"'Venetian boats—'
I had forgotten Venice!"

Venetian Boats

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

"VENETIAN boats—"
I had forgotten Venice!
I had stopped remembering it was there.
Blood and flame is what I have been thinking
Over there;
Flame and blood,
Famine, and the trenches, and the mud,
Soul-destroying mud
(Always they are telling of the mud).
Dreadful, mended faces I 've been thinking,
Ghoulish cripples;
Now I stare
At the placid pattern of the ripples.
It is *there!*
With a rush of memory returning,
Now I can remember,
And I know
What seems here a gentle, sallow silence
Is a quivering shimmer
And a glow,
Opalescent,
Silver,
Iridescent,
Colored like an abalone-shell.

Veronese,
Giorgione,
Titian,
Tiepolo, this is where they dwell!
I shall hold remembrance fast in future,
Clinging to the comfort I have caught;
It shall be a secret sanctuary
For my thought.
Sails of cream and crimson in the sunset,
Crumbling palaces of pinky pearl,
Lantern lights,
Dawns of gauze and days of silk and amber,
Velvet nights;
Sleepy slipping, slapping, of the water;
And my little cake shop's silly show!
Tintoretto's shy child, Virgin in the Temple,
Step by step ascending the great stair,
And a certain very grave young angel
In a whispering corner that I know.
"Venetian boats—"
I had forgotten Venice!
I had stopped remembering it was there

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Part VII. Chapter XVI

REDFIELD came rather later than he had promised, excusing himself for his delay.

"I was afraid the frost had caught my tobacco last night; but it seems to be all right as far as I can see. I stayed till the sun was well up before I decided."

"It *was* a pretty sharp night, but I don't believe there was any frost," the squire said. "At least Dylks did n't complain of it."

"Dylks?" Redfield returned.

"Yes. Did n't you know he was out again?"

"No, I did n't. If I had that fellow by the scruff of the neck!"

The squire knew he meant the sleeping sentinel at the thicket where Dylks had been hidden, and not Dylks. But he said nothing, and again Redfield spoke:

"Look here, Squire Braile, I think you did a bad piece of business letting that fellow go."

"I know you do, Jim, but I expect you 'll think different when you 've seen him."

"Seen him? You mean you know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I 've got to say is that if I can lay hands on him he won't give me the slip again."

"Suppose we see," the squire said, and he opened the door into the room where Dylks was cowering, and remarked with a sort of casualness, as if the fact would perhaps interest them both: "Here 's one of the Lost, Dylks. I thought you might like to see him. Now sit down, both of you, and let 's talk this thing over."

He took a place on the side of the bed, and the enemies each faltered to their chairs in mutual amaze.

"Oh, sit down! sit down!" the squire insisted. "You might as well take it comfortably. Nobody 's going to kill either of you."

"I don't want to do anybody any harm," Dylks began.

"You 'd better not!" Redfield said between his set teeth; his hands had knotted themselves into fists at his side.

"I 'm all weak yet from the fever I had there, with nothing but water and berries," Dylks resumed in his self-pity. "I *did* think some of my friends might have come—"

"I took good care of that," Redfield said. "They did come at first, with something to eat, but they knew blame' well we 'd have wrung their necks if we 'd 'a' caught 'em. We meant to starve you out, that 's what, and we did it, and if it had n't been for that good-for-nothing whelp sleeping over his gun, you would n't have got out alive."

"Well, that 's all right now, Jim, and you 'd better forgive and forget, both of you," the squire interposed. "Dylks has reformed, he tells me; he 's sorry for having been a god, and he 's going to try to be a man, or as much of a man as he can. He 's going to tell the Little Flock so, and then he 's going to get out of Leatherwood right off—"

Dylks cleared his throat to ask tremulously:

"Did I say that, Squire Braile?"

"Yes, you did, my friend; and what 's more, you 're going to keep your word, painful as it may be to you. I 'll let you manage it your own way, but some way you 're going to do it; and in the meantime I 'm going to put you under the protection of Jim Redfield here—"

"*My* protection?" Redfield protested.

"Yes, I 've sworn you in as special constable, or I will have as soon as I can make out the oath and have you sign it. And Dylks will get out of the county as soon as he can—he tells me it won't be so easy as we would think; and when he does, it will be much more to the purpose than riding on a rail in a coat of tar and feathers. Why," he broke off, with a stare at Dylks, as if he saw his raggedness for the first time, "you 'll want a coat of *some* kind to show yourself to the Little Flock in; the Herd of the Lost won't mind; they don't want to be so proud of you. I must look up something for you, or perhaps send to Brother Hingston; he 's about your size. But that don't matter now. What I want is your promise, Jim Redfield,—and I know you 'll do what you say,—that you won't tell anybody that the Supreme Being is hiding in my loft here till I say so, and when I do, that you 'll see no harm comes to him from mortals—from Hounds and such like, or even the Herd of the Lost. Do you promise?"

Redfield hesitated.

"If he 'll leave the county, yes."

"And *you,* 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord'?"

"I will as quick as I can, Squire Braile; I will, indeed."

The squire rose from the edge of the bed.

"Then this court stands adjourned," he said formally.

Redfield went out with him, leaving Dylks trembling behind. He said:

"I ain't sure you ain't making a fool of me, Squire Braile."

"Well, *I* am," the squire retorted. "And don't you make one of yourself, and then there won't be any."

Redfield still hesitated.

"I 'd just like to had another pull at that horse-tail of his," he said wistfully.

"Well, I knew old man Gillespie had n't quite the strength; but I thought maybe Hughey Blake helped pull—"

"Hughey Blake," Redfield returned scornfully, "had nothing to do with it."

"Well, anyway, I hear it 's converted Jane Gillespie, and she was worth it, though it was rather too much like scalping a live Indian."

"She 's worth more than all the other girls in this settlement put together," Redfield said, without comment on the phase of the act which had interested the squire, and went down the cabin steps into the lane.

Braile turned back, and opened the door of the room where Dylks was lurking.

"Better come out now," he said not ungently, "and get into a safe place before folks begin to be about much. Or wait—I 'll put the ladder up first." He brought the ladder from the kitchen, where he exchanged a fleeting joke with his wife, still at her work of clearing the breakfast things away, and set it against the wall under the trap-door of the loft. "Now, then!" he called, and Dylks came anxiously out.

"Ain't you afraid—" he began.

"No, but *you* are, and that 'll do for both of us. There 's nobody round, and if you 'll hurry, nobody 'll see you. Push the lid to one side, and get in, and you 'll be perfectly safe," he said as Dylks tremulously mounted the ladder. "I don't say you 'll be very comfortable. There 's a little window at one end, but it don't give much air, and this August sun is apt to get a little warm on the clapboards. And I don't suppose it smells very well in there; but the coon can't help that; it 's the way nature scented him; she had n't any sweetbrier handy at the time. And be careful not to step on him. He 's not very good-tempered, but I reckon he won't bite you if you don't bite *him.*"

The kitchen door opened, and Mrs. Braile put her head out. She saw the ladder and the two men. Then she came out into the porch.

"Well, Matthew Braile, I might have knowed from the sound of your voice that you was up to some mischief. Was you goin' to send that poor man up into that hot loft? Well, I can tell you you 're not." She went into the room they had left, and they heard her stirring vigorously about beyond its closed door, with a

noise of rapid steps and hard and soft thumpings. She came out again and said: "Go in there now, Mr. Dylks, and try to get some rest. I 've made up the bed for you, and *I 'll* see that nobody disturbs you. Matthew Braile, you send and tell Mr. Hingston,—or *go*, if you can't ketch anybody goin' past,—and tell him he 's here, and bring some decent clothes; he ain't fit to be seen."

"Well, he don't want to be," the squire said in the attempt to brave her onset. "But I reckon you 're right, Mother. I should probably have thought of it myself —in time. I 'll send Sally or Abel, if they go past,—and they nearly always do,—or some of the hands from the tobacco-patches. Or, as you say, I may go myself towards evening. He won't want to be troubled before then."

XVII

At the first meeting in the Temple after the open return of Dylks to his dispensation, the Little Flock had apparently suffered no loss in number. Some of his followers had left him, but his disciples had been busily preaching him during his abeyance, and the defection of old converts was more than made up by the number of proselytes. The room actually left by the Flock was filled by the Herd of the Lost, who occupied all the seats on one side of the Temple, with Matthew Braile and his wife in a foremost place, the lower sort of them worsening into the Hounds, who filled the doorway and hung about the outside of the Temple.

The whole assembly was orderly. Those of the Little Flock who conducted the services had a quelled air, which might have been imparted to them by the behavior of Dylks; he sat bowed and humble on the bench below the pulpit, while Enraghty preached above him. It was rumored that at the house-meetings the worship of Dylks had been renewed with the earlier ardor; there had been genuflections and prostrations before him, with prayers for pardon and hymns of praise, especially from the proselytes. Dylks was said to have accepted their adoration with a certain passivity, but to have done nothing to prevent it; there was not the more scandalous groveling at his feet which had stirred up the community to his arrest. There was as much decorum as could consist with the sacrilegious rites which were still practised with his apparent connivance.

He now sat without apparent restiveness under the eyes of the two men who had the greatest right to exact the fulfilment of his promise to forbid this idolatry, to end the infamy of its continuance, and to go out from among the people whose instincts and conventions his presence outraged. Near Redfield sat David Gillespie, with his eyes fixed on Dylks in a stare of hungry hate, and with him sat his daughter, who testified by her removal from the Little Flock her renunciation of her faith in him. Redfield looked a greater patience than Gillespie, and at times his eyes wandered to the face of the girl, who did not seem to feel them on her, but sat gazing at her forsaken idol in what might have seemed puzzle for him and wonder at herself. Others who had rejected him merely kept away; but she came as if she would face down the shame of her faith in him before the eyes of her little world. Sometimes Dylks involuntarily put his hand to the black silken cap which replaced the bandage Nancy Billings had tied over the place where the hair had been torn out. When he did this, the girl moved a little; her face hardened, and she stole a glance at Redfield.

The schoolmaster went on and on, preaching Dylks insistently, but not with the former defiance. He did not spare to speak of the cruel sufferings inflicted upon their Saviour and their God, who had borne it with the meekness of the Son and the mercy of the Father. The divine being who had come to sojourn among them at Leatherwood in the flesh for the purposes of his inscrutable wisdom might have blasted his enemies with a touch, a word, but he had spared them; he had borne insult and injury, but in the Last Day he would do justice, he the judge of all the earth. Till then let the Little Flock have

"They swarmed forward to the altar-place and flung themselves on the ground, and heaped the pulpit-steps with their bodies"

patience; let them have faith, sustained by the daily, hourly miracles which he had wrought among them since his return to their midst, and rest secure in the strong arms which he folded about them.

Dylks sat motionless.

"Well, Mother," Matthew Braile hoarsely whispered to his wife, "I reckon you 'd better have let me put him up with the coon. The heat might have tried the mischief out of him. He has n't kept his word."

"No, Matthew, he has n't," she whispered back, "and I think his lying to you so is almost the worst thing he 's done. The next time you may put him with the coon. Only, the coon 's too good for him. But Jim Redfield will look out for him."

"Jim 'll have to let him alone. We can't have any more mobbing, and there 's no law that can touch Dylks in the State of Ohio. We settled that the first time."

Enraghty abruptly closed his discourse with a demand for prayer, and addressed his supplication to the Saviour and the Judge incarnate there among them. The Little Flock sang the hymn which always opened and closed its devotions, and at the end, Hingston, who sat by Dylks on the bench below the pulpit, made a movement as if to rise. But Dylks put out his hand and stayed him. He welcomed Enraghty to the place which he left beside Hingston, and slowly, with the step of one in a dream, mounted the stairs of the pulpit, amidst the silent amaze of the people. He began without preamble in the blend of scriptural text and crude every-day parlance which he ordinarily used.

"Ye have heard it said aforetime that the New Jerusalem would come down here in Leatherwood, but I say unto you that all that has passed away, that the words which were spoken by the prophet might be fulfilled, 'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Verily, verily, I said unto you, that heaven and earth shall pass away, but the words I speak now shall not pass away. If the works which have been done in Leatherwood had been done in Tyre and Sidon, the New Jerusalem would have come down in both places, for they did not stone the prophets as the Herd of the Lost did in Leatherwood."

"He means that morning when he took up the pike and the fellows chased him into the tall timber," Braile whispered to his wife; "but *I* can't tell what he 's driving at."

"Be still!" she said.

Many of the Little Flock groaned and cried aloud; the Herd of the Lost, except for one shrill note of bitter laughter, were silent, and only those who sat near perceived that it was Jane Gillespie who had laughed. Redfield looked round at her, unconscious of his look.

"I go a long way off," Dylks proceeded, "and some of my beloved, even my Little Flock, cannot follow me; but though they cannot follow me, even the lame, halt, and blind shall be with me in the spirit, and shall behold the New Jerusalem where I will bring it down."

Many of the Little Flock at this cried out:

"Where will it be, Lord?" "Where will the New Jerusalem come down?" "How shall we see it?"

"With the eyes of faith, even as ye have seen the miracles I have wrought among ye, which were shown to babes and sucklings and were hidden from the wise of this world. But now I go from you, and my feet shall be upon the mountains and shall descend upon the other side, and there I will bring down the New Jerusalem, and there ye shall be, in the flesh or in the spirit, to behold the wonder of it."

Some of the Little Flock cried out again:

"Oh, don't leave us, Father!" "Take us all with you in the flesh!" "We want to be taken up with you!" and then some of them entreated, "Tell us about it; tell us what it will be like!"

Dylks lifted his eyes as if in the rapture of the vision.

" 'Its light shall eclipse the splendor of the sun. The temples thereof, and the residences of the faithful will be built of diamonds excelling the twinkling beauty of the stars. Its walls will be of solid gold, and its gates silver. The streets

will be covered with green velvet, richer in luster and fabric than mortal eye ever beheld. The gardens thereof will be filled with all manner of pleasant fruits, precious to the sight, and pleasant to the taste. The faithful shall ride in chariots of crimson, drawn by jet-black horses that need no drivers; and their joys shall go on increasing forever. The air of the city shall be scented with the smell of shrubs and flowers, and ten thousand different instruments all tuned to the songs of heaven shall fill the courts, and the streets and the temples, and the residences, and the gardens, with music like ear hath not heard, swelling the soul of the saved with perpetual delight.' "

Sighs and groans of ecstasy went up from the Flock at each of the studied pauses which Dylks made in recounting the wonders of the heavenly city, fancied one after another at the impulse of their expectation. At the end they swarmed forward to the altar-place and flung themselves on the ground, and heaped the pulpit-steps with their bodies.

"Take us with you, Lord!" they entreated. "Take us all with you in the flesh!" "Don't leave us here to perish among the heathen and the ungodly when you go!" Then some began to ask, as if he had already consented, "But what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed on that far journey?"

Dylks leaned forward against the pulpit-desk, and showed a few coins drawn from the pocket of Hingston's pantaloons which he was wearing.

"These shall be enough, for out of these three rusty old coppers I can make millions of gold and silver dollars."

The frenzy mounted, and the Herd of the Lost, who began to tire of the sight, left the Temple. Redfield followed out behind Matthew Braile and his wife.

"That settles it," he said. "I 'll see to Mr. Dylks in the morning."

"Now, I look at it differently. He 's going, like he said he would, and we 've got to let him go in his own way, and bring down the New Jerusalem Over-the-Mountains, or anywhere else he pleases, so he don't bring it down in Leatherwood."

"I say so, too, Matthew. He 's keeping his word the best he can, poor lying soul! They would n't let him back out now."

"I don't want you to trouble him, Jim Redfield, till you have a warrant from me," Braile resumed, braced by his wife's support. "And I want you to keep the Hounds away, and give Dylks a fair start. You know the law won't let you touch him. Now do you hear?"

"I hear," Redfield said sullenly, with the consent which Braile read in his words. "But if there 's any more such goings on as we 've had here to-night, I won't answer for the rest of his scalp."

He hurried forward from the elderly couple and overtook the Gillespies, walking rapidly. Hughey Blake had just fallen away from them and stood disconsolately looking after them.

"Is that you, James Redfield?" David Gillespie asked, peering at him in the night's dimness. "This is the man that helped me to get you a lock of that scoundrel's hair," he said to his daughter.

She answered nothing in acknowledgment of the introduction, but Redfield said, coming round to her side and suiting his step to hers:

"I would like to go home with you till my road passes yours."

"Well," she said, "if you ain't ashamed to be seen with such a fool. Nobody *can* see you to-night," she added bitterly, including him in her self-scorn.

"You need n't imply that I like it to be in the dark. I would like to walk with you in broad day past all the houses in Leatherwood. But I don't suppose you 'd let me." She did not say anything, and he added, "I 'm going to ask you to the first chance." Still she did not say anything, though her father had fallen behind and left the talk wholly to them.

XVIII

NANCY sat at her door in the warm September evening, when the twilight was beginning to come earlier than in the August days, and her boy rushed round the

corner of the cabin in a boy's habitual breathlessness from running.

"O Mother, Mother!" he called to her, as if he were a great way off, "guess what!" He did not wait for her to guess. "The Good Old Man is goin' to leave Leatherwood and go Over-the-Mountains with the Little Flock, and he says he 's goin' to bring down the New Jerusalem at Philadelphy, and all that wants to go up with him kin go. Mr. Hingston 's goin' with him, and he 's goin' to let Benny. Benny don't know whether he can get to go up in the New Jerusalem or not, but he 's goin' to coax his father the hardest kind."

He stopped, panting at his mother's knees, where she sat on the cabin threshold nearly as high as he stood. She put up her hand and pushed the wet hair from his forehead.

"How you *do* sweat, Joey! Go round and wash your face at the bench. Maybe Jane will give you a drink of the milk, while it 's warm yet, before she lets it down in the well. She 's just through milkin'."

The boy tore himself away with a shout of "Oh, goody!" and his mother heard him at the well: "Wait a minute, Jane! Mother said I could have a drink before you let it down," and then she heard him, between gulps, recounting to the girl's silence the rumors she had already heard from him. He came running back, with a white circle of milk round his lips. "Mother," he began, "have you ever been Over-the-Mountains?"

"No, I 've never been anywhere but just here in the country, and where you was born, back where we moved from."

"Well, Mother, how old am I now?"

"You 're goin' on twelve, Joey dear."

"Yes, that 's what I thought. Benny ain't on'y ten, and he ain't as big for his age as what I am. He 's been to the circus, though; his father took him to it at Wheeling that time when he went on the steamboat. I wisht I could go to a circus."

"Well, maybe you kin when you grow up. Circuses ain't everything."

"No," the boy reluctantly. "Benny says the New Jerusalem will be a good deal like the circus. That 's the reason he coaxed his father to let him go. Is Philadelphy as far as Wheeling?"

"A good deal further, from what I 've heard tell," his mother said; she smiled at his innocently sinuous approach to his desire.

He broke out with it.

"Mother, what 's the reason I can't go with Benny and Mr. Hingston and the Little Flock? They 'd take good care of me, and I would n't make Mr. Hingston any trouble. Me 'n' Benny could sleep together. And the Good Old Man he 's always been very pleasant to me. Patted my head oncet, and ast me what my name was."

"Did you tell him it was Billings?" his mother asked uneasily.

"No, just Joseph; and he said, well, that was his name, too. Don't you think the Good Old Man is good?"

"We 're none of us as good as we ought to be, Joey. No, he ain't a good man, I 'm afraid."

"My!" the boy said, and then after a moment, "I don't want to go, Mother, unless you want to let me go."

His mother did not speak for a while, and it seemed as if she were not going to speak at all, so that the boy said, with a little sigh of renunciation:

"I did n't expect you would. But I 'd be as careful! And even if the Good Old Man ain't so very good, Mr. Hingston is, and he would n't let anything happen to me."

The woman put her hand under the boy's chin, and looked into his eager eyes, which had not ceased their pleading. At last she said:

"You can go, Joey."

"Mother!" He jumped to his feet from crouching at hers. "Oh, glory to God!"

"Hush, Joey! You must n't say things like that. It 's like swearing, dear."

"I know it is, and I did n't mean to. Of course it 's right in meetin', and it kind of slipped out when I was n't thinkin'. But I won't say any bad things; you

"'I would like to walk with you in broad day past all the houses in Leatherwood'"

need n't be afraid. Oh, I 'll be as good! But look a' here, Mother! Why can't you come, too?"

"And leave your little sister?" She smiled sadly.

"I did n't think of that. But could n't Jane take care of her? She 's always carryin' her around. And Uncle David could come here, and live with them. He would n't want to stay there without me or no one."

"It would n't do, Joey dear."

"No," the boy assented.

"You can go and tell Benny I said you might go, if his father will have you."

"Oh, he *will;* he said so; Benny 's ast him! And he said he 'd take good care of us both."

"I 'm not afraid. You know how to take care of yourself. And, Joey—"

She stopped, and the boy prompted her: "What, Mom?"

"When I said the Good Old Man was n't a good man, I did n't want to set you against him. I want you to be good to him."

"Yes, Mother," the boy assented in a puzzle. "But if he ain't good—"

"He ain't, Joey. He 's a wicked man. Sometimes I think he 's the wickedest man in the world. But I want you to watch out, and if ever you can help him or do anything for him, remember that I wanted you to do it: a boy can often help a man."

"I will, Mother. But I don't see the reason, if he 's so very wicked, why—"

"That 's the very reason, Joey dear. And go and tell Benny now that I let you go. And—don't tell him what I said about the Good Old Man."

"Oh, I woon't, I woon't, Mom! Oh, glory— Oh, I did n't mean to say it, and I did n't, really, did I? But I 'm so glad, and Benny 'll be, too! Can I tell him now? To-night?"

"Yes. Run along."

He hesitated; then he leaped into the air with a joyful yell, and vanished round the corner of the cabin into the dusk.

His mother did not leave her place on the threshold, but sat with her face bowed in her hands. By and by Jane Gillespie came to the door from within, and then Nancy lifted her head and made room for her to sit beside her. She told her what had passed, and Jane said:

"If I was a man, I would— Well, I know what I would do!"

She did not sit down, but stood behind Nancy and talked down over her shoulder.

"Yes," Nancy said, "that 's what I used to say when I was a girl. But now I 'm glad I ain't a man, for I would n't know what to do."

"Well, I would n't 'a' left a hair in his head. I 'd 'a'—I 'd 'a' half killed him! Oh, when I think what a fool that man made of me!"

"Don't let Jim Redfield make a fool of you, then."

"Who said I 'm letting him?" the girl demanded fiercely.

"Nobody. But don't."

"Aunt Nancy, if it was anybody but you said such a thing! But *I* know. It 's because you 're so set on Hughey Blake. Hughey Blake!" she ended scornfully, and went back into the cabin.

Nancy rose from her place with a sigh.

"Oh, I s'pose you 're right about my lettin' Joey go. *I* don't know why I let him."

(To be concluded)

Farmer Sleep's Savings

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Author of "Demeter's Daughter," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

THE Lord's hand goeth light here and heavy there, and His ways with man are full of mystery; for none can say why for He 'll be gentle with the wicked and hard with the virtuous man, or why for He chastens them He loves best, or lets the famous sinner flourish like the green bay-tree in the sight of the nation. But this I know from my own amazing experience, that He tackles good and bad in one fashion only, and that idden according to human manners and customs, but because He can see the end from the beginning, and knows the manner of mind we be molded in, and what firing each man and woman needs to make them useful crockery, so as they shall justify their existence in this world and save their souls in the next.

To look at me, an old chapel member and useful in the pulpit, a man well thought upon and known to be honest and patient and trustworthy, and a man ever ready to advise the young out of long experience, and a father of a grown family doing good work in the world—to look at me, Tobias Keat of St. Tid, you 'd think you saw an old chap as had been blessed with sense and religion and wise parents and a good disposition from his youth up; and yet if you thought so, you 'd think as wrong as could be. For till I was one and twenty years of age I 'd got no sense nor yet religion, but a proper wilful temper and a rebellious character, and did n't care no more about doing my duty to my neighbor than a tom-cat does. Right-down wicked, in fact. And as for my parents, they be underground now, and so enough said; but truth 's truth, and it won't hurt 'em to tell it, and the truth is that my father spent half his time locked up for poaching or worse, and my poor mother, as might have been good with another sort of man, was wicked with father, and she lost her self-respect and went down hill, and died afore she was fifty along of being intemperate. She took to the bottle to drown her sorrows, poor woman, and, as often happens with females, the bottle soon drowned her. So the people said I had bad blood in me, which was true, and when they turned me out of the quarries for no fault but laziness and slackness, it looked as if I should have to wait longer than I wanted to get more work.

My mother was dead then, and my father happened to be going straight for the minute and making a sort of living doing a bit of fish jowstering, and he cussed me for losing my job proper, and said I was a disgrace to him and such like. But I took no 'count of him, because it was his way to be cruel' virtuous between his lapses. What I had to do was to get work or go for an emigrant to Canada, and if it had n't been for a girl by the name of Betty Bake—one of the Bakes of Newhall Mill—I dare say I should have gone. Only seventeen year' old she was, but she and me were tokened on the quiet. Her mother never would have allowed it if she 'd knowed; but she did n't know, and nobody knew, because Betty liked mystery, so we kept company in secret, and meant to marry some day and surprise St. Tid. That could n't be, however, till I 'd scraped a bit of cash, and when I lost my quarry job, Betty pulled a face, and I was half afeared she 'd throw me over. Terrible fond of money she was, and no more particular than me how she comed by it; and if there 'd been any way at St. Tid for me to get a bit, little she 'd have cared how I did. But there were n't no doubtful silver to be picked up in our church town, for 't was

always a poor and God-fearing place, with more chapels than pubs in it. So, though I 'd have done wrong for money just as soon as right in them evil days of my youth, there did n't seem none to tempt me, and I wore out a pair of boots looking for honest work, and at last I found some along with Farmer William Sleep of Lanteglos Meadows.

A hundred acres and no more the man had, but it was his own, and he made a bare living out of it, and after getting a fortnight's job in the hay-fields, and working harder than ever I worked before, and behaving so good as gold, you may say, to gain my own ends, I asked him to let me stop, and swore he 'd never regret it if he did.

He was an old man, thin as a new-come woodcock, and rather bird-like himself, for that matter; for he had a pointed nose and a sloping brow and a bald head and a mouth like a slit in a money-box. An excitable, bird-witted sort of man. A suspicious chap, too, and would n't trust nobody. Easily scared off an opinion and prone to distrust his own judgment, and much given to fretting and grizzling and prophesying bad luck that never happened. And when some other old chap would laugh at him afterward, and point out how he 'd worried for naught, Farmer Sleep would say it was his undying custom to look on the dark side, because it was better not to be disappointed, and if things did n't fall out so bad as he feared, then he 'd get a mite of comfort, which was all to the good. A widow-man he was, and thought to be harmless enough.

"Why for did they chuck you from the quarries?" he asked me when I begged to be took on regular.

"Because I did n't neighbor to the work, Master," I told him. "I was a rock man, and I hated it, and my heart were n't in it. But I 'm properly fond of the land and very wishful to l'arn farming, for my nature goes out to it."

I discovered after that he 'd been in two minds for a good bit about sacking his second man; and as he believed my yarn and liked the look of me, he took me on. He drove a pretty tight bargain for a start, but he said, if I was so good as my promises, he 'd rise me after six months, so I left the room where I 'd lodged in St. Tid with my mother's sister, and took up my quarters in a little dormer attic in the roof of Lanteglos Meadows Farm. And I worked hard, and soon found that the way to please old Sleep was to keep my mouth shut and stick to my job.

I did n't get much time to play about, but me and Betty met Sundays, and I was always on the lookout on the quiet to find something with more money to it and less work. After six months I got fifteen shilling' a week, and after another six I got a pound, and when he gave it to me, farmer said I must n't count on no more rises for a month o' Sundays and more, because things were terrible tight and he 'd had proper bad luck with his lambs. Which was true.

And Betty was getting a bit restive and wondering if we could wed on fifty-two pound' a year, and I was half in a mind to try, when a bank broke, and I took to crooked ways and did evil in the sight of the Lord. The parties are all gone but me now, so I can tell the story, and seeing that I 'm the villain of the tale and covered with confusion and shame, you might very well wonder how I care to do it. But I do it for conscience' sake, and for a lesson to the young men and maidens to go straight and fear their Maker.

'T was Polwarn & Trelissick's bank that broke, a private affair, held so safe as the Bank of England by folk in north Cornwall; and it hit a lot of poor people cruel hard and frightened the rest. And Trelissick got two years in prison, for 't was proved he knew in good time what was coming and had n't been straight; but Polwarn was in his grave ten years before, so he was taken from the wrath to come.

Well, as I say, not only them that were hit, but them that escaped, found themselves in a rare flutter over this sad come-along-of-it, and nobody was in a greater terror than my master. He had n't lost a

"Then he stood and listened for half a minute, and then he went off by the lane to the orchard"

penny, but he properly lost his nerve, and he declared most steadfast' that when one broke, 't was deathly certain you 'd very soon hear a lot more would follow after.

"No more banks for me," he said. "I 'll have my money where I know where to put my hands on it in future."

And the very next day he put on his market clothes and went to Launceston, and come back presently with a very heavy hand-bag what I had to carry for him from the station.

Then the silly old man had another fright, for no sooner was his cash safe hid somewhere—none knew where—than Orchard Farm, betwixt Lanteglos and St. Tid, was broke into by night, and a bit of money took, and some Sheffield plate.

It properly worried William Sleep, I do assure 'e; and if he 'd had any hair left, I doubt it would have turned white with fear.

Mrs. Tonkin, our housekeeper at Lanteglos Meadows, spoke to me about it.

"He 's between the dowl and the deep sea, poor soul," she said, "and his nerves be all over the place. For if he keeps his money, so like as not 't will be stolen from him, for they thieves always smell it out; and if he puts it in a bank, the bank will be sure to break. So he 's in a proper tantara; and that shows money 's a cuss, whichever way you look at it, and the more cash the more worrit."

"How much might he have, ma'am?" I asked.

"He might have a million from the way it frets him," she told me. "But what 't is I don't know and don't want to know."

Farmer fussed and fumed for two days and was always running up to his sleeping-room at all sorts of odd times; then a terrible queer thing happened, and my troubles and temptations began.

There were n't no blind to my window, and I was lying awake one night bothering about Betty Bake, for we 'd had words, when I see a light flash up against the ceiling over my head. The clock down-stairs had just gone two, so that I knew that no common thing was afoot, and as the light moved and disappeared, I went to my little window and looked out. 'T was rainy, with a hidden moon, and I very clearly saw a man moving below, and thought as the burglar had found us at last. But in a minute I saw 't was no burglar, but Farmer Sleep himself. He carried a lantern in one hand and a lump of something in t' other, and I saw him go across the farm-yard into a byre, where the hand tools was kept, and a minute later he came out with a spade. Then he stood and listened for half a minute, and then he went off by the lane to the orchard.

Of course I guessed very quick what he was up to, and the spirit of adventure got hold on me; so I pulled on my trousers and my coat and took my boots in my hand and slipped down-house and out. He 'd shut the front door after him, but I went in the scullery and out o' the window as quiet as an owl. Then I got on my boots, and very soon was in the orchard. I stood still for a bit, and presently, a good ways off, heard the old man digging. So I crept forward on my hands and knees, and soon saw he was very busy under an old walnut-tree that stood in the corner of the orchard. There was a pile of "deads" and rubbish under the tree, as had been there time out of mind. 'T was a corner no good for nothing, and us went there but once a year, when the walnuts was ripe, to beat the tree and gather 'em.

I watched, and did n't have to wait long, for the old chap had soon dug a hole a yard into the rubbish-heap. And that done, he thrust in his parcel, and rammed it home with his foot, and made all same as it was before. He held up his lantern then to see that everything was suent, and evidently felt he 'd done a mighty clever thing, for he gave a grunt, which he only did when he was pleased, and then he douted the lantern and crept back home. Not ten yards did he walk away from me; but I was lying curled up like a hedgehog, and silent as a stone, you may be sure.

I gave him a long start back and sat and thought a mighty good while as to

what I should do next. God forgive me! 't was no fear of wrong-doing that restrained me, but only wicked cunning to know how I could best get his savings and be off to safety.

I decided that I 'd leave it for the minute and have a tell with my Betty; because in such a matter she 'd be cleverer than me. And so when I reckoned farmer was safe to bed and asleep, I went back through the window and hitched it after me and crept up to my chamber so quiet as a beetle.

And the next Sunday I see Betty Bake and let her in the secret.

It came in the nick of time, you might say, for by signs and tokens I had got to see of late that my girl was properly tired of courting. I would n't say she was cooling off exactly, but I did know she began to grow a bit fretful and impatient with me. And once and again she threw the name of another chap at me, a man in the quarries who stood pretty high, and was likely to get a foreman's job afore long. Teddy Lobb was his name, and after she 'd mentioned him once or twice, I got nasty and told her I did n't want to hear no more on that score and reminded her of a thing or two she 'd forgot. We came in sight of a quarrel, in fact, and so I was very glad the next time we met to distract her mind with the tale about Farmer Sleep's savings.

Betty was terrible interested and said, wicked creature, that no doubt 't was my lucky star had kept me awake that night and not her sharp tongue, as I thought. And she did n't advise me to take the money; she ordered me to do it.

"There 's hundreds so like as not," she said, "and all us have got to do is to help ourselves. There 's no power on earth will ever guess 't was you, and very like when he goes that way and sees the rubbish-heap all right, he 'll not seek the stuff till we 've took it beyond his reach for evermore."

For plotting you never saw that girl's equal! Her mind moved as quick as thought, and she planned it all and worked out the details that clever you 'd have thought she 'd been doing such like sinful crimes all her life.

Farmer went to Launceston market every second Saturday, and he was due to be off three days from that time, so 't was settled on that afternoon, if the coast was clear, I would see what he had put away in his box, and hide it careful somewheres else till I 'd told Betty about it.

And that was what I did do, for the place was lonesome as the top of Brown Willy, and I picked my way, so as not to bruise a nettle, and got to the rubbish-heap, and soon fetched out the treasure with naught but a blackbird on a bough to see me do it. A heavy box it was that opened with a hasp, and in half a minute it lay open in my lap, and I see more money than ever I 'd see' before. Two hundred pounds and ten was in the box, and half was in gold, and half in five-pound notes. I properly gasped, but knew it was a time to keep my nerve well in hand, and so in ten minutes or less I 'd made the place look same as it did before to a dead stick. And the box I wrapped up very careful in a newspaper and put it under my arm and went my way to a little wood not fifty yard' from the high road to Camelford. And there I hid the stuff in a drain-pipe, where I could find it in the dark, if need be.

My brain properly reeled after that, but the feeling soon wore off, and I kept saying to myself, "You be worth two hundred and ten pounds, Toby Keat, and the world 's yours to conquer!"

Farmer Sleep was home by supper-time in a very cheerful frame of mind. He 'd sold a score of sheep to great advantage, and he 'd had an extra drop on the strength of it and seemed wonderful pleased with himself, which was a bit unusual. But the next morning the drink got home on him, and he 'd changed his tune; so I was glad 't was Sunday and but little work calling to be done. I guessed that he might have a look to his money during the day, but it did n't seem very likely he 'd do it till nightfall, and, anyway, there were n't no danger for me; so I went to see Betty Bake as usual and

brought her the glad news. And she was proper' pleased, and full of plots in a minute. Her great idea was to cut and run for it.

"With a dollop of money like that," she said, "there 's nothing beyond our power. And we 'll go to Liverpool and sail to America or Canada, where you can take up a bit of land and get out of this stuffy hole; for I 'm sick to death of it and want to live in a larger world. And if we can slip it pretty quick and get clear afore he gets to his money-box again, so much the better."

As to my giving a month's warning, she would n't hear of it.

"If not to-night, then to-morrow night," she said, "and not a day later. We 'll catch the early morning train to Okehampton, and then get to Exeter, and change there for Bristol, and change to Bristol for Liverpool, and then be on the way to foreign parts the first moment we can."

She 'd thought it all out, you see, and when I reminded her we were n't married, she said that did n't matter a button, and we 'd be brother and sister till we got to America and then get married there. I could n't but admire her cleverness, and afore we parted 't was all settled that o' Monday night I should meet her at a cross-roads not far from where the money was hid, and we 'd tramp it to Camelford and pick up the workmen's train. It looked good, and any doubt I might have felt was soon swept away by her confidence and pluck. For a maiden not eighteen I reckon she was the hardest piece of goods you might have found in Cornwall, and I was filled with admiration at her; but if she amazed me then, 't was nothing like what she did after.

Farmer Sleep were n't home to supper, for he spent Sunday in St. Tid as a rule, and we was gone to bed afore he came home. And somehow I fancied that he 'd go out to his treasure that night, so I kept awake till the small hours, expecting to see his light on my ceiling and mark him sneak off to the orchard; but he did n't stir, and with light I went to sleep, and slept that sound that the head-man, Sam Nute, came up over the stairs to call me.

Farmer laughed at me for a sluggard and said he 'd take an alarm-clock out of my wages if I was late again. He 'd got over his extra drop of whisky by now, and talked as usual, and, to my amazement, he spoke of his savings. To Sam he spoke, for he thought a lot of Sam, as had been with him ten year'; but I could n't help hearing while I ate my breakfast.

"No more trouble with my money now, Nute," he said. " 'T is safe at last, and a great weight off my mind."

"Very glad of it," answered Samuel, "for 't was on your nerves a lot."

"It was," confessed farmer; "but I 've made a bit of an experiment since I drawed it out of the bank, and the experiment have been very successful. I hid half my cash in a mighty snug place, Sam, to see how it would affect my mind, and the moment 't was done, I got a lot calmer and felt a proper weight off my chest. And some fine night afore very long I shall put t' other half with the rest, and then, I believe, I sha'n't have a care."

"A very clever thought," said Samuel Nute in his slow way; "but there 's a danger to it, because if you was took sudden', as the best of us may be, nobody would know where the money was to, and it might be lost."

Farmer Sleep nodded.

"I never thought on that," he said. "But if anybody knowed where the money was, my peace would be gone."

"You did ought to write it down and lock up the writing, only to be oped when you be dead," suggested Nute, and master allowed it was a very witty thought.

"I 'll do that," he promised, "and put the secret place in a sealed envelop, only to be broken when I 'm took. And thank you for the tip, Sam; and I may tell you you 're down for a momentum in my will when the time comes."

"I 'm very near so old as you," said Samuel, "and just as like to go first."

This talk was n't meant for me, of course, but I took it in, and it cheered me a good bit, because it showed the old man

"Betty Bake turned round on me, and said cruel words"

had n't been to his treasure since I had, and evidently did n't mean to go to it for a bit; but it also showed me he 'd be visiting the rubbish-heap under the walnut-tree before very long, so I was glad Betty and me had fixed that night to be off.

'T was long coming; but come it did, and at three in the morning I rose up and put on my best clothes and took my mother's photograph, which was the only thing in the world I valued, and slipped out by the scullery window. They 'd think I was oversleeping again, no doubt, and Sam would come up and call me at half after five; but by that time me and Betty would be in the train on the way to Okehampton.

So it looked then; yet, strange to relate, I had n't been at the cross-roads half an hour along with my girl before all was changed, and her lightning-quick mind made another plan far more brilliant than the last.

We met at the appointed place, and then I went in the little wood and found the money, and then we sat and talked for a bit, because we 'd got nearly two hour' to go four miles, and there were n't no hurry. And I told Betty about old Sleep and what a lucky thing it was that I 'd heard him talking to Samuel. She listened very quiet, and then she started up all of a tremble with excitement. An owl was hooting in the trees over our heads, and I shall think of that moment all my life when I hear one of them night-birds hollering.

"Good gracious!" cried out Betty so loud that the owl went off in a hurry. "D' you mean to say you 're going off with me after hearing that?"

"Of course," I said, "and the sooner the better."

"You silly gawk!" she answered me. "You must be three parts a fool. Here 's money properly flung at your head, and you turn your back on it."

I could n't see for my life what she was driving at, but she very soon made it clear.

"Why, the old man 's going to put two hundred more in his rubbish-heap, ain't he?"

"Yes," I said, "and when he does, he 'll find the rest have took wing."

"For two pins, Toby, I 'd throw you over," she declared, much to my amazement. "Why, can't you see? You 've got to go back this instant moment and put this here box where you took it from. And then, come presently, instead of us having two hundred-odd pounds, we 'll have four hundred!"

I fairly gasped with astonishment.

"You marvel!" I said, "I never should 'a' thought of that."

"If I am going to marry a fool," said Betty, "I 'd better think twice afore I do it."

But it were n't, of course, that I was a fool; only that she was a wonder and far beyond the common pattern of clever girl.

"I 'm no fool," I said, "and to show you I 'm not, we 'll nip back this instant moment afore dawn breaks, and I 'll pop the box in its place and get up to bed afore cock-light. And the sooner we go the better."

So it fell out that not an hour later she was running home to Newhall Mill like a lapwing, and I was in the orchard. I 'd soon got the money back in the rubbish-heap and was in my bed again, and such was my presence of mind that I did n't even forget my mother's picture, but put it on the mantel-shelf afore I turned in. And I were n't late rising, either, but got up with the birds, and was down-house afore Samuel Nute or the master.

And then come the time of waiting, and I never wish to go through nothing like it again. For three nights I made myself bide awake, hoping to hear William Sleep go out in the small hours to add to his treasure; and then I remembered that he might do it just as easy by day as by night, for nothing ever called me or Nute to the back end of the orchard. And then after a Sunday talk with Betty, she said 't was very certain by now the balance of the cash was stored and we must try our luck again. So the night was fixed, and once more we set out, and once more we went home again, for the adventure came to naught. On the second time of asking a

proper' fearful thing fell upon us, at least so it seemed, and our plans and projects was cut short in a very crushing manner. All went well at the start, and I did n't take two bites at the cherry next time; but left the farmer's saving till the very night I was going to run away. And then I went, as before, and the weight of the box told me I 'd got the lot sure enough.

And there was Betty with her bag, and 't was her thought to ope the box there and then and fill our pockets with the money and hide the box careful', so as no clue should ever be found against us. She lighted a match, and I scat open the box—and it was full of stones!

Not a penny, but only the stones and a piece of paper with five words from Scripture, "Go and sin no more."

The perspiration properly burst out on me, and Betty very near fainted, for anybody could see 't was a wicked plot against us, and that farmer, finding his money was gone, had hit on this dirty trick to get it back. And he 'd catched me; and, if you 'll believe it, Betty Bake, instead of comforting me as a woman should against such a shattering misfortune, turned round on me, and said cruel words, and called me a slack-twisted fool and a gawk and a gaby and everything else she could put her tongue to!

"Shut your mouth!" I said to her, getting pretty savage by then. "'S truth!" I said, "'t is you be to blame, not me, for 't was your notion to put the money back, and I never should have thought on any such plan myself. So you be the fool; and now you 've overreached yourself, you grasping creature, and so like as not I shall lie in clink to-morrow."

"And I hope you will," she dared to say. "You 'm the man, and you ought to have had the sense, and now you put the blame on a poor girl, like the mean coward you are; and never you speak to me again so long as you live. And if you try to drag me in, I 'll have the law on you."

Well, that showed me bitter clear that Betty were n't what I thought, and I went so far as to tell her so on the spot. In fact, I got her in a proper rage, and she 'd have liked to scratch my eyes out. But the dawn had broke by then, and so she just picked up her bag and turned her back upon me and went home; and 't was many a long year after that before I passed the time of day with her again.

And meantime she married Teddy Lobb. Within three months of the fatal night she took him! And such was the power of that man and his way of handling her, that by all accounts she made him a very useful wife and mother, and turned into the narrow path, and never had a breath against her at St. Tid.

But as for me, I went home sick at heart, and a great shame came upon me, and the still small voice woke, and afore breakfast-time, such is the amazing contrariness of human nature, I was glad that the thing had happened. I knew I was a wicked rogue at last, and the discovery made me feel lighter-hearted than I 'd felt for a month of Sundays. For you must n't think I 'd had no bad moments over the job. I had; and now that Providence had saved me from myself in a manner of speaking, I saw my escape, and felt that I could n't be too thankful to my Maker for His great and undeserved goodness.

But I knew I could n't leave it at that if I was to put the job right with Heaven, and it was borne in upon me I must confess all and take the consequences. I did n't rise to such a height of virtue all in a minute, however, and it were n't, in fact, till I thought upon the text as Farmer Sleep had left in his box for the thief that I decided to make a clean breast of it. For it seemed to me that out of gratitude for getting his money back farmer might find himself in a very Christian frame of mind, and might even forgive, though 't was beyond reason to ask him to forget.

So I owned up to him, and he were n't much surprised, either.

"I thought 't was you," he said, "and I 'm very glad that God have put it into your heart to confess your wicked crime. And I 'll ax you one question, Tobias Keat, if you please. How did you find out?"

"I see your lantern light on my bed-

room ceiling, Master; and with that I rose up and followed you."

"I won't pretend I was clever enough to catch you out," he answered; "but Uncle Retallack to St. Tid was the man. When I found out on a Saturday night, going to put in another ten pound', that I 'd been robbed, I went to Uncle Retallack with the trouble, and he told me how I might very like get back my money, for though the devil 's a clever party, there 's quite as clever as him, if not more so; and so he was bested, and the wit of man and the will of God have come between you and your damnation, Tobias."

"I 'm a changed creature from this moment," I said to Farmer Sleep; "and if you don't give me up to justice, I 'll richly reward you."

"What did my text in the box say?" he asked.

" 'Go and sin no more,' " I answered.

"Then you can do it," he said. "You can go this instant moment, for I 've done with you; but I won't take no action, and I won't tell nobody but Uncle Retallack, who has a right to hear how his cleverness was rewarded. You go and seek other work far ways off from here, and get your soul right with God, and thank Him many times on your knees for His long-suffering mercy. The way of the sinner be hard most times, but in your case it 's been cruel' easy, and the least you can do is to thank your Maker for your luck. And if so be as you reform and justify your existence and save a bit of money, don't you hide it in no rubbish-heap for the first knave to find, but take it to Uncle Retallack or some other sensible man who understands what to do with it. I was a fool and deserved to lose my stuff, and you were a wicked rascal and deserved a lot more than you 're getting, so we 've both good cause to be thankful; and you can be gone by midday, if you please."

So I went, and though 't is too much to say that I was so good as the holy text and sinned no more from that day to this,—for who can say they 've been sinless from one and twenty to seventy and three?—yet I 'm known to-day as a straight old man, with a good wife and good children, and money in the bank, and very well thought on as a lay preacher for miles around. I was brought to the fold by an easy path, sure enough, and never shall be sufficiently thankful it was so.

Five year' after I left Lanteglos Meadows I met Betty Lobb, so she was then, at a wedding, and had a minute's talk with the woman. A mother of three by that time she had become, and so good a chapel member, thanks to her husband, as I myself.

"Things have changed with us, Betty," I said, "since the bitter night when we thought to do wickedness and was saved by the watching Lord."

And she looked through me like a pane of glass and said, "What bee 's in your bonnet, Toby Keat? I don't know from Adam what you be talking about. But if you 're trying to make out that I ever did a wrong thing or thought a wrong thing, or anything like that, you 'd better tell my husband and hear what he 's got to say about it."

Defiant like she spoke, with a flash in her eyes; so I just shrugged my shoulders and went my way, and felt sorry the woman were n't so near grace as I could have wished.

The Capitol in 1814

As Others Saw Us

Our Nation in the Building

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part VII

AT the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the change in scale and standards of living was apparent even in the rural districts. Though the old coach and four, with its liveried servants, had passed out of existence, more people rode in carriages than ever before. Cooking-stoves had displaced the old crane and kettle and Dutch oven; wherever the first one appeared, it drew as many visitors to the house as a funeral or a bride would have drawn. People recklessly ignited lucifer matches despite the cost, instead of making fire with the good old flint and steel or running to a neighbor's to borrow a shovel of coals. Many new contrivances now added to the expense, and the comfort, of living; but in town and country alike there were conservatives who held out for the old ways of doing things, and particularly for the old scale of paying for them. Nowhere was this more true than in paying for public service.

The only time Henry Clay had trouble with his Kentucky constituents was over a question of this kind, in 1816, when he voted to change the salary of congressmen to fifteen hundred dollars a year from the six dollars *per diem* then the rule. The impossibility of making both ends meet in Washington on that basis seemed to him and his fellow-congressmen a logical ground for the change; but to hard-working farmers fifteen hundred dollars for sitting in cushioned comfort a few months "with nothin' to do but vote" appeared ruinously extravagant.

It was a far cry from the Methodist banquet described by Amos Kendall to the frugal, but substantial, table of the elder Adams, where for many years a "pudding" of boiled Indian meal had been served before the roast in the interest of economy, and hungry boys were deceitfully urged to partake of the former, a prize of a second helping of meat being offered to the one who ate most pudding.

But that was in New England, where careful management was essential, the ground being so poor, according to Southern scoffers, that you had to plant a herring in every hill of corn in order to raise a crop at all. There had always been careless prodigality in the South under slavery. The banquets described in detail by the guests of General and Mrs. Washington were almost as lavish as those of President Jackson's day. And in the newly turned loam of the West corn grew rank, even while venison and wild turkeys strayed within rifle-shot of the cabin.

The low price of meat and game in America, compared with food-stuffs of any kind in famine-gnawed Europe, astonished travelers of all classes. Immigrants listened incredulously to farmers who assured them that it was the custom of even poor people to satisfy hunger three times a day. More wealthy sojourners noted not only that the woods were full of game, but that the waters of stream and inlet were covered with wild fowl and their depths rich in "shell-fish called clams" and other aquatic dainties. James Stuart, who came over at this time, deemed it worthy of entry in his diary, as it certainly would be if a like incident happened to-day, that he ordered a chop at a Baltimore hotel before setting out on his journey, "but canvasback ducks are so abundant here that I found one of them prepared for my dinner without extra charge."

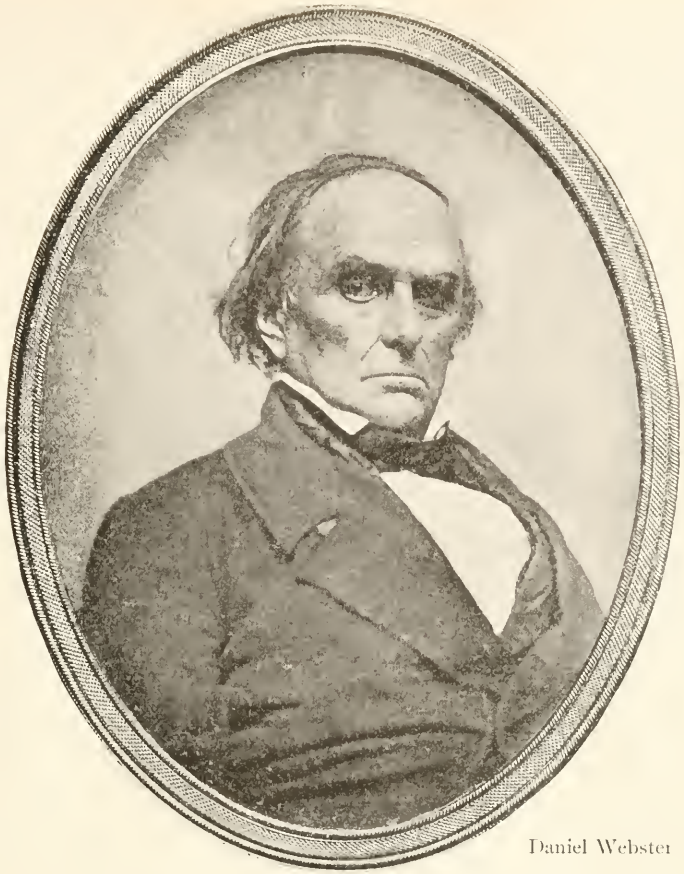
Food and fire were two things that any one could have almost for the asking. In the forbidding winters of New England these essentials were provided for as in a siege. The woodpile was of incredible size, and the supply of "durable" vegetables—turnips, potatoes, and pumpkins—they had few others—was stored indoors or buried deep in the earth to keep them from freezing. Housewives baked a prodigious number of pies and deliberately froze them for preservation, to be thawed out and presented to expectant households as needed. The size of this toothsome, if indigestible, store was a matter of family pride. One dear old lady whose memory stretched well back toward the beginning of the century told the writer, a flush still mounting to her cheeks at thought of it, how ashamed she felt one autumn nearly eighty years before when a boastful little schoolmate asked how many pies her mother had baked for the winter, asserting in the same breath that at her house they had 115; and truth wrenched from the other a reluctant admission that her mother had made only ninety-seven.

With food so plentiful and the more obvious creature comforts within the reach of all, theft was rare. Even so, there was plenty of scheming and sharp practice in pursuit of wealth. Mrs. Trollope, who sought our shores for the avowed purpose of gain, complained that every class was occupied in getting money and no class in spending it. According to her, Americans could never converse together without pronouncing the word "dollar. Such unity of purpose, such sympathy of feeling, can, I believe, be found nowhere else, except perhaps in an ant nest."

The code of business ethics, though so narrow in some places, was strangely broad in others. Smartness and honesty appeared to be two separate and distinct business qualities. In communities where bounties were still paid for the scalps of wolves, honesty required that a whole bona-fide scalp be produced for every bounty claimed. But smartness did not forbid deliberately breeding wolves for the market. That was merely a form of speculation, exciting and involving a certain risk, as speculation must.

Some of our visitors thought the country speculation mad. "From Maine to the Red River," wrote Chevalier, "the whole country has become an immense Rue Quincampoix. . . . I said that everything has become an object of speculation. I was mistaken. The American, essentially practical in his views, will never speculate in tulips—even in New York!"

The American sense of equality, the way men engaged in the humblest occupation said "our President" and "we did" so and so, identifying themselves with the governing power, struck foreigners as both



Daniel Webster

humorous and amazing. Even before landing they were apt, if they crossed on an American vessel, to moralize on the fact that every member of the crew could read and write and converse intelligently upon the history, laws, and future prospects of his country. Every man, indeed, seemed to feel himself quite capable, on demand, of leading the country through any crisis likely to arise; a state of mind that is perhaps the quintessence of Americanism, and that was shared, it will be remembered, by Lincoln, who told an Indiana regiment that competent men could be found in any volunteer regiment in the service to fill all the important offices of government.

Visitors who came to the United States before the days of steam were impressed with the number of swift little rowboats, manned by slim oarsmen with piercing eyes and keen, intelligent faces, that darted out to hail the newly arrived ship with a friendly "All 's well?" followed by a volley of questions about the voyage and the latest news from Europe, interspersed with laconic remarks on politics, the harvest, and the health of the city. After all these were disposed of, casually and as a side issue, would come the query whether any one wished to go ashore. They appeared to be conferring a favor instead of earning a living, and the monarchy-steeped soul of the traveler was torn from the moment of landing until his departure between admiration of this high-headed attitude and resentment at the "coldness and indifference" with which they met his demands for personal service.

No matter where he went, he met that same aggressive American equality. He soon learned that the word "servant" was not to be tampered with. It meant slave, and there was no such thing in the free

States. The Dutch word "boss" was tolerated in the place of "master," but the employee took orders only grudgingly from him and not at all from his master's paying guests. Feeing the waiter, if by chance there happened to be a waiter, was more apt to result in making him want to fight you than in improved service. Usually it was the innkeeper's daughter who waited at table and the innkeeper's son who put up the horses. They did not scruple to show that they did it as equals, not as inferiors, and once the service was rendered, hastened away to take their part in local social activities. "Help" was a euphonious subterfuge whereby maid or man, if hired, saved their pride and pocketed their dollars for services more or less skilful, and less rather than more willingly given. Any attempt to run a household according to transatlantic traditions was foredoomed. Fanny Kemble wrote in 1835 that the task of managing six Republican servants was "enough to make a Quaker kick his mother," an American expression she had just learned and thought the acme of desperation.

But let the traveler approach these same persons on a different plane, the maid-servant would set down her basket and walk a block out of her way to direct his steps. The hired man who could not be hired to black his monarchical boots would put a broad shoulder to the wheel in more senses than one to help him out of trouble, and would discuss the present administration or the prospects of the next one until the cows came home and chickens went to roost. And despite the reputation Americans had for pursuing the fleeting dollar, a civil "thank you" in a tone of real friendliness, not of condescension, was all they desired or expected in return. Equality was their luxury, and with true sporting spirit they were willing to pay for it. The great trouble was that once this friendly footing was established, it endured. "I contradict an American at every word he says to show him that his conversation bores me: he instantly labors with fresh pertinacity to convince me; I preserve a dogged silence, and he thinks I am meditating deeply on the truths which he is uttering. . . . This man will never understand that he wearies me to extinction unless I tell him so; and the only way to get rid of him is to make him my enemy for life," Tocqueville has put on record.

If while the maid-servant was escorting him to the next turning the traveler cast apprehensive glances back toward her well-filled basket waiting unprotected on the curb, she quieted his fears. Nobody would touch it, she assured him; and before he had been many days in the land he was recording in his diary that she was right, and that "very little attention is paid to locking up at night." Soon he accepted honesty in this sense as a matter of course, but he never could bring himself to regard the feeling of equality as other than a grotesque perversion of nature. The fact that there was a broad land where master and man, provided both were white, might change places in the dance of fortune overnight was a source of never-ending wonder.

"The servant of a lawyer or physician," wrote one such traveler, "perceives no material difference between himself and his employer. . . . One brushes clothes, the other pleads a cause, or feels pulses or preaches or judges or governs—and all for money. . . . Let him fall ill or have a lawsuit, and he will give his custom to his master, pay him like anybody else, and consider himself *quoad* as having changed characters with him."

And this was no mere theory. "I spent an evening at the house of the president of Harvard University," wrote Miss Martineau. "The party was waited on at tea by a domestic of the president's who is also major of the horse. On cavalry days, when the guests are invited to dine with the regiment, the major in his regimentals takes the head of the table, and has the president at his right hand. He plays the host as freely as if no other relation existed between them. The toasts being all transacted, he goes home, doffs his regimentals, and waits on the president's guests at tea."

From the copy owned by Mr. Thomas E. V. Smith of the engraving after the painting by P. L. De Bucourt, dedicated to the citizen soldiers Marquis de Lafayette, as commander-general of the National Parisian Guard

Our towns, even the oldest, seemed very bright and new and flimsy to foreign visitors, our "improvements" ephemeral beyond belief. Although scourges of yellow fever had fostered a certain amount of community spirit in street cleaning and sanitation, there was still much to be desired in these matters. Dickens in the forties noted that pigs worked as scavengers in the streets of New York, and years after his visit buzzards were doing the same friendly service in Southern towns. Statutes and ordinances regulating such matters were opposed as an infringement of private rights, just as Franklin's desire to substitute modern police for the old watch that used to wander through the night and inform the wake-

ful about the weather had been bitterly denounced as an "assault on liberty."

New York had no water-pipes or cisterns. Men drove about the city, as they did in Paris, with huge water-butts, leaving every house its daily supply. Fires were numerous, as was to be expected, and volunteer fire-companies, popular social organizations service in which for seven years exempted their members from militia and jury duty, ran through the streets at all hours of the day and night, dragging their inadequate apparatus after them, and shouting as though noise were as essential in putting out the blaze as the Chinese seem to find it in driving away an eclipse. Omnibuses with doors held close by a strap in the hands of the driver were the new means of public conveyance. Passengers paid not to get in, but to alight, passing the fare through a hole in the roof, when the hold upon the strap would be relaxed and the door fly open. When they were crowded, the men, with American gallantry, "stood, or took the ladies on their knees."

The streets were gay with people and movement. Chimney-sweeps walked about singing their peculiar song, "always agreeably, sometimes melodiously, so as to awaken ideas of cheerfulness and content." Locksmiths and bell-hangers passed with coils of wire over their shoulders and bunches of keys in their hands. Gentlemen wore picturesque full capes of black broadcloth, with velvet collars and rich tassels. The women, handsomer than the men, who looked pale and care-worn, were out in force, better dressed than seemed to the visitors quite justifiable. Signs and advertisements suspended over the sidewalks added color, and the rapid pace of pedestrians and the clatter of carts driven at a gallop over the rough pavements kept up an air of hurry and bustle from Monday morning till Saturday night, when suddenly all signs of life vanished, and nine tenths of the inhabitants might have been dead so great was the Sunday quiet that prevailed.

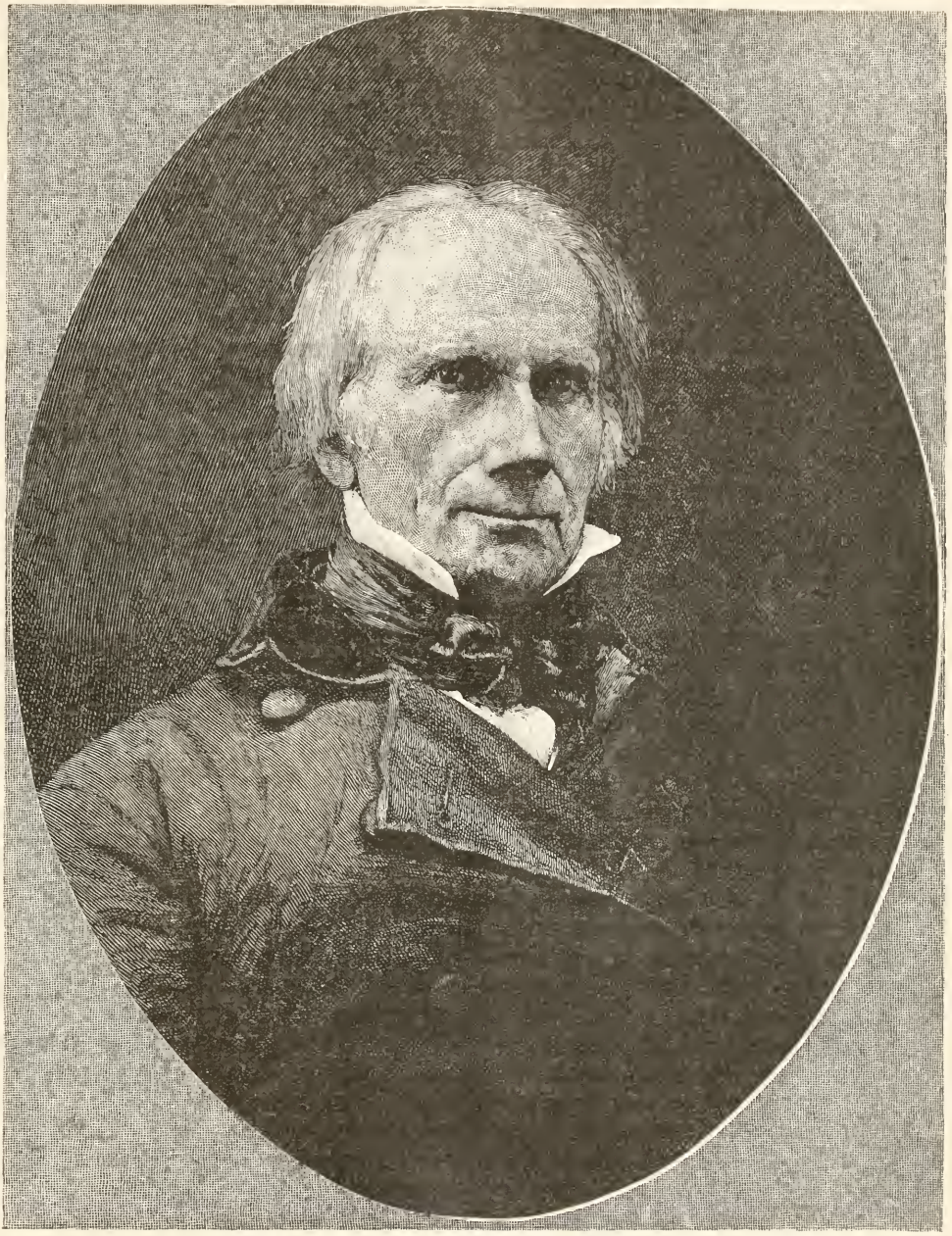
But early Monday morning the bustle began anew, and everybody seemed to be trying to make up for lost time. The national desire to get ahead impressed all these visitors. Restlessness and change not only with reason, but without it, appeared to them characteristic of our young and energetic people.

Captain Basil Hall, who traveled in this country in 1827–28, had the curiosity to visit the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. To his shocked surprise he found it much altered, presumably for the worse. "The unpleasant truth seems to be," he commented, "that nothing whatever is venerated in America merely on account of its age, or, indeed, on any other account, . . . The Turks who pounded the frieze of the Parthenon into mortar had an object in view; but I never could hear that the Americans had an equally good excuse for dismembering their Hall of Independence."

Tocqueville, more sympathetic, summed it up thus:

> America is a land of wonders, in which everything is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration . . . this perpetual change . . . keeps the minds of the citizens in a perpetual state of feverish agitation which admirably invigorates their exertion . . . the whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance, a revolutionary crisis, or a battle.

Those who penetrated to the "far West" of Cincinnati were astonished to find life moving at an even-accelerated pace, and to discover there hotels rivaling those of New York and a society resembling that of Boston. Cincinnati was perhaps the most progressive of the Western cities, and was made up largely of former residents of New England. Scattered here and there over our vast country were such unexpected oases of civilization. There were also marvels of natural scenery like Niagara, but dividing them were what appeared to the denizens of closely populated Europe endless stretches of bar-



Engraved by T. Johnson, after a photograph by Rockwood, from the daguerreotype owned by Alfred Hassack

Henry Clay

ren desolation, tangled woodland, and ill-cultivated fields. To go from town to town one had to travel for days and nights in boats or cars dangerously propelled by steam, or over bad roads by stages that stopped at impossible inns.

Every town had its characteristics that struck foreigners as oddly provincial. "In Boston smoking is forbidden in the streets," wrote Ampère. "You see them beating carpets in the public parks of Boston, as they dry clothes in those of New York. The people is at home—doing its housekeeping."

It did its housekeeping very openly, its business feverishly, its praying decorously, and went about its politics with wholehearted enthusiasm. Everywhere, from the halls of Congress to the cabin of the pioneer, where two or three were gathered together, you could hear discussions of politics, local and national. But the attitude of this energetic and warm-blooded young people toward relaxation puzzled Europeans even more. It was as though the whole nation had entered into a conspiracy to stifle a natural and perfectly legitimate longing, which it considered something to be ashamed of and not quite nice, if not actually sinful. "Even their drams they take standing!" was the comment of one on our haste and strange ways.

As for art and music and acting, they seemed to be waging an uphill battle against the ingrained Puritan notion that beauty must inevitably be an ally of the devil. They existed only on sufferance, and yet appealed to an ineradicable instinct. In this new country a civilization rich in old culture had been grafted upon the wilderness, but neither Puritan nor Cavalier could bring much worldly gear with him, and distrust of art as beguiling and morally dangerous added to the difficulty of transplanting the decorative features of life. A few pieces of furniture, a few books, a few cherished keepsakes and family miniatures found lodgment in the seaboard settlements, and became, for the women especially, precious and visible links with the old life across the sea. The little art we had was excused by sentiment. Pictures merely as art hardly existed, and statues, it will be remembered, remained "graven images" even to Whittier, who died not so very long ago.

Love of beauty, however, had been too strong for religious scruple or the restraining arm of circumstance. Little girls were encouraged to work their samplers and blend colors and contrive designs under the pretense of learning to make incredibly small, neat stitches. Maidens embroidered their romance into their wedding-clothes, and young mothers their hopes into a christening-robe. A box of precious hard cakes of water-color paints and the glossiest of Bristol-board and the smallest of brushes gave scope to family affection and love of craft in self-taught attempts at portraiture or flower-painting of artless sincerity. Shuttles were constrained to fly in patterns through looms, and after garments had served long and faithfully, in a descending scale of evolution from father's Sunday best to the youngest Joseph's much-patched coat, they found their apotheosis in a braided rug of many colors.

But manifestations of this very humble and domestic character were not likely to impress Europeans fresh from their galleries and art treasures. They found few works of art in our public buildings, and almost nothing to indicate that we knew which of those were good and which were bad. We had our group of painters in Revolutionary times who painted in the delightful manner of their English contemporaries, but whose works, particularly their portraits, were prized more for historical value than from any sense of their worth as art. We had developed a few artists since then whose canvases were interesting, psychologically at least, and lately some young men had discovered the glory of American landscape, and were celebrating it in the loving, if laborious, manner of the Hudson River school, trying to paint both sides of every leaf in a country full of red and yellow trees.

A few American sculptors had made their appearance, one in a watchmaker's shop out in Cincinnati, another in the family of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. But graven images were even harder than pictures to reconcile with the lingering Puritan conception of virtue, and the sculptors lived, when they could, abroad.

Music we liked in theory. Young ladies were taught to play a little on the piano, and those who could sang a little. "But . . . as to expression," wrote a visiting Frenchman, "our ladies are too chaste to include that in their singing; so that the finest pieces assume in their mouths a tone of icy virginity." Oratorio

Drawn by E. M. Ashe. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

Jenny Lind at Castle Garden

societies reflected a more mature and serious musical taste of the day. Concerts were rare, and if a concert singer happened also to be an actress, halls and school auditoriums in the smaller towns might be closed to her; and the chances were that if she found a place in which to sing, her audience would dwindle because of her profession.

Perhaps three fourths of the people of the United States disapproved of actors and acting. Surely the evil fruit of the tree of knowledge was self-consciousness. Although religious emotion had found vent in dramatic movement since the acting out of the first dawn myth, after Protestant "conviction of sin" came into fashion, body and soul alike were forced into strait-jackets of conventional behavior. Those who claimed special knowledge of the will of Heaven put a ban upon harp and psaltery and dancing before the Lord or elsewhere. No instrument more melodious than a tuning-fork was allowed to invade the meeting-house, and no actions more enlivening than head-shakings to punctuate the long sermon. Yet the bodily contortions and broken ejaculations of our Western camp-meetings, and the singing or intoning that forms part of almost every ritual under the sun, testify how impossible it is to sever this relationship between muscles and emotion.

Commercialism was not slow to appropriate to its own baser use the instinct toward laughter and leaping and tears so unwisely disowned by the church. Though all the solemnity of Puritan denunciation was vented upon the stage, it managed to keep a foothold, and back in the days when Congress met in Philadelphia a theater of that city painted triumphantly above its stage the legend, "The Eagle suffers little birds to sing."

Disapproval was strongest in the middle classes, from which the greater part of our population was recruited. The "gentry" of colonial times went to the play, as did the more liberal of our later citizens, and all the early Presidents attended the theater, to see and to be seen as well as for relaxation; but the large majority thought it a questionable proceeding at best. It resolved itself finally into a matter of denomination. Catholics and Episcopalians attended without scruple. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists, if they went occasionally, did so with the feeling that they were braving public opinion and the wrath of Heaven. Quakers never set foot inside a playhouse.

A fatal theater fire in Richmond on the day after Christmas, 1811, in which seventy perished, was looked upon as a merited judgment. A church was built upon the spot, and for seven years no other playhouse was opened in the town. In Massachusetts theatrical performances were forbidden for many years, and as late as 1830 their houses were dark and deserted on Saturday nights. In New York, about 1815, a committee "of substantial citizens" gathering money for the relief of the poor righteously refused a gift of a hundred dollars because it was offered them by the manager of a theater.

The century was well advanced before a native actor of prominence appeared, though every town had its stock company to support the stars, usually natives of Ireland or England, who followed erratic orbits from city to city as business dictated. In the early days manners were free and easy. Men kept on their hats in the boxes and took off their coats in the pit if so inclined. One hundred years ago box-seats cost a dollar each, those in the pit fifty and seventy-five cents. Servants were sent to hold them until the patrons arrived, and theater advertisements announced that servants positively could not remain during the performance. At that time, too, some of the larger theaters set aside proscenium-boxes for the use of women who had no reputation to lose, who thus sat in full view of the house, a spectacle that did much to foster prejudice and to explain the statement made by more than one traveler that "ladies of the first fashion do not go often to the theater," for though the custom died early, the prejudice remained.

Unless some well-known star was playing, the performance left much to be de-

Drawn by B. W. Clinedinst

A levee at the President's house in 1813

sired. "Dans ce pays lointain où on fait des machines que l'Europe admire, on ne sait pas faire de vaudeville," wrote Ampère. When the Duke of Saxe-Weimar saw "William Tell" performed at the Park Theater in New York, he had some difficulty in recognizing his old friend, the play had been so thoroughly "dressed in English taste," with plenty of battles; and whenever liberty was mentioned, the shirt-sleeved pit applauded by cries and vigorous stamping of feet.

Apparently good arguments, moral, social, and artistic, could be urged against attending the play. Only in ungodly New Orleans did the institution find unqualified support. There not only drama, but opera, which for some reason seemed wickeder than mere acting, flourished. Perhaps the blacker guilt of opera is to be explained by the fact that it supplements acting with the singing that even rigid Puritanism could not banish from the sanctuary, and thereby it adds insult to iniquity. New Orleans supported its annual season of French opera, and before 1815 every city of any size had experienced the seductive combination of sound, motion, and emotion, at least in English translation. But it was too exotic to take. About 1830, when New York supported no fewer than five theaters, Achille Murat wrote down the picturesque account that had been given him of the night upon which an opera with a *corps de ballet* dawned on New York. The sight of the dancers in their short skirts was startling enough, but at the very first pirouette, when the filmy things, weighted with lead at their edges, began to expand and mount rapidly heavenward, half the audience fled in alarm, while the rest rocked and sobbed with mirth, seeing no beauty, only the grotesque, in these strange gyrations.

Such exhibitions grew more shocking in retrospect than in actual experience. "The ascetic practice of taking care of one another's morals has gone to such length in Boston as to excite the frequent satire of some of its wisest citizens," wrote Miss Martineau. "When there was talk of attempting to set up Italian opera there, a gentleman observed that it would never do; people would be afraid of the very name. 'Oh,' said another, 'call it lectures on music, with illustrations, and everybody will come.'"

The satire was biting, but not undeserved, for the instinctive craving for amusement without loss of prestige in this world or the next tempted the ingenious Yankee mind to amazing invention and subterfuge. The law against play-acting by professionals, which closed all the theaters of Connecticut just before the year 1800, was evaded by calling their performances "moral lectures." Similar efforts by amateurs and school-children were called "exhibitions," a name to which they were undoubtedly entitled. Circuses were anathema, but menageries, being educational, were approved by the authorities, if not always by stern parents. "I remember running away from home to see the animals when I was a little chap of eight," an aged gentleman told the writer. He "made a safe get-away," as his graceless grandson would express it, and had almost reached the magic canvas circle wherein hyenas raged and lions roared when he looked back and saw the family horse bringing retribution after him. "My father and mother in the one-horse shay were coming to catch me. I can see that chaise climbing the hill now. Oh, yes, I was caught," he added with a satisfaction that showed how far he had traveled from the persecuted small citizen who was forced to improve his mind when the process was painful, and disgraced for trying to do the very same thing the minute it became alluring.

Marvels in the way of mechanical devices, real or faked, and "museums" of more or less doubtful attractions, fed the insatiable desire for amusement and novelty. "The people have a most extraordinary passion for wax figures," wrote Mrs. Trollope about the inhabitants of Cincinnati. "Hell," an early mechanical work by Hiram Powers, made in the transition days from his labors as a watchmaker to his career as a sculptor, was one exciting attraction of that Western

Athens. An enterprising Swede bought it, and connected it with an electric battery, then something of a novelty in itself, and brought up a large family of children on the proceeds of showing the timid and curious "how things go in hell," to the accompaniment of electric shocks and realistic thunder and lightning.

Redheffer's Perpetual-Motion Machine, which was raided by Fulton in his wrath and forced to yield up its secret of a pathetic old man turning a crank; The Automaton Chess-player; The Automaton Trumpeter; and panoramas, far-off prophecies of to-day's movies, were famous drawing-cards in their day. And to Niblo's Garden in New York came the delightful Signor Blitz, who combined philanthropy with his foolery, and sometimes used his wizard tricks to reform the erring and comfort the distressed.

But the man who knew best how to turn American curiosity into dollars, past-master in the art of advertisement, something of a fraud, and withal a very real benefactor to his fellows, was that shrewd Yankee peddler of Connecticut, Phineas T. Barnum. After the versatile manner of his countrymen, he was legislator and author, mayor and temperance lecturer, as well as king of showmen. Acting on his theory that "the public is a very strange animal," he catered to it in very strange ways: exhibited a "Feejee mermaid" of doubtful authenticity to wondering New Yorkers; got possession for a single day of the boats plying to Elysian Fields at Hoboken, and arranged the forerunner of our Wild West shows, a buffalo-hunt, which was not much of a performance, but a great success in harvesting ferry-tolls to the number of "forty-eight thousand sixpences." He imagined more ways of flamboyant advertising than had ever been invented, and he did one thing for which much more could be forgiven him—he brought Jenny Lind to this country.

She was comparatively unknown in America when he imported her charming personality and voice. His advertising made of her tour a triumph and a delight never again equaled during the lifetime

Statue of Marquis de Lafayette
By Auguste Bartholdi

of those who heard her, and that has now passed into a tradition, a standard of perfection. She had sung in opera, but she appeared here in concert. That was in itself a triumph of business shrewdness, reducing at once the expense and the opposition. Barnum offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an ode in her honor, which was won by a young man named Bayard Taylor. When her ship was nearing port he erected triumphal arches on the wharf. Guns announced her arrival off Sandy Hook, and he ostentatiously climbed aboard the *Atlantic* to welcome her "with a choice bouquet stuck in the bosom of his white vest." Another man, ostensibly Barnum's business rival, was already at her side, presenting her with a bouquet three times as big; but he may

have been part of the advertising scheme in disguise. At any rate, she smiled upon Barnum, and he mounted the box of her carriage, white waistcoat and all, and drove off with her in triumph through the crowd, a move which his autobiography confesses was a detail of his well-thought-out plan.

The newspaper account of her arrival was as picturesque as it could be made, and the auctioning of seats for her first concert proved as exciting as a flurry on the stock-exchange. Three thousand people were present, and bids rose by leaps and bounds until the first seat was awarded to a hatter, with a talent for advertising equal to Barnum's own, for the modest sum of $225.

Great preparations were made for the opening concert, which took place, as did the auction, in Castle Garden.

A reporter could find only one thing to criticize—a large motto, "Welcome, Sweet Warbler," done in flowers that stared Jenny Lind in the face as she came out in her simple white dress to sing "Casta Diva." The great place was filled to the last seat, but only one eighth of the audience, the reporter estimated, were ladies. "They must stay at home, it seems, when the tickets are high." The gentle modesty of the singer's bearing and the wonder of her pure, rich voice all of us know, though not one of us has heard it. "Jenny Lind *was* the very music, for the time being," wrote the enthusiastic reporter. Low of stature and "rather more robust" than her portraits indicated, with a face that would have been plain had not dignity and kindliness made it beautiful, she sang as simply as a child, and stood as simply to receive the applause that broke in torrents when she finished. At the end of the concert an even greater burst of enthusiasm greeted Barnum's dramatic announcement that she would give her share of the proceeds of the entertainment, considerably more than $10,000, to local charity.

It must have been a wonderful evening, but more wonderful, emotionally and artistically, was a night soon after, described to the writer by one of the many ladies who "must stay at home when the tickets are high." She was at her hotel a block or so from the one that flew the great flag of Sweden and Norway in honor of Jenny Lind. Sitting beside her open window and thinking about the treat she had missed, this little lady heard the music of a band not quite in tune come to serenade the songstress, heard the burst of applause that greeted her when she appeared upon her balcony, and then in a hush that seemed to still the noises of the whole city, that clear, incomparable voice rising above the housetops and filling the darkness with the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

We were not musical; the word "artistic" was not in our vocabulary, or, if there, was a synonym for questionable pleasures rather than for beauty; but we were sentimental and big-hearted and genuine, and we could go wild over this genuine woman with her golden voice, as we did over Lafayette when he returned to us after an absence of fifty years.

We could and often did appear callous and altogether crude to our visitors. We were boastful, but not about the things that seemed to them to redound to our credit. We were courteous, but we were rarely polite. We were practical, yet we were forever dreaming dreams and seeing visions of great power and great possessions and greater luck. And we were maddeningly self-satisfied.

A visit to our shores was like seeing a familiar face in a glass that slightly distorts the features; it was the same, with a disturbing difference. We had new standards of value for everything—for words as well as for deeds and things. We used the same speech, yet had a radically different vocabulary. Americans "fixed" everything from an enemy to a cut finger or a baby's broken doll, not forgetting a political nomination; and after all there was nothing really fixed in their changing, hurrying life save a colossal belief in their country and their future.

In reading what visiting foreigners wrote about us during those early days, the sum of their remarks seems to be that

From the Chevillet engraving of the Duplessis portrait of 1778 in possession of Miss E. F. Harwood

Benjamin Franklin

America was like olives, a matter of personal taste. People liked or disliked us rather vigorously. But whether they liked us or not, our vital young civilization interested them enormously.

SENTIMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE

A THOUGHTFUL writer has said that Americans have "a national capacity for expecting national greatness." It was of course just this capacity that made the country in the first place and then developed it. Lafayette summed up our ideals and our resources when he called our American Revolution "the grandest of contests won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." The outcome of that early contest and the next one with England did not shake our young confidence in our motives or our destiny. Our wonderful physical growth confirmed the belief that everything of ours must be big and good and bound to rise higher, that just because it was American it would expand and was quite incapable of sinking. To a cynic these properties suggest an unflattering comparison; the enthusiast with glowing eyes likens them to aspiration.

The same optimistic belief, buoyant hope springing from a substratum of Puritan consecration, has enabled us many

times to overcome impossibilities. It enabled us to keep clean and wholesome such a scramble for wealth as that rush to California. In a word, our motive power as a nation is spiritual rather than utilitarian, wide-spread belief to the contrary notwithstanding. We are a sentimental people, and though overlaid with a substantial covering of practicality, sentiment has come to the surface time and again in a strange way to change our history in the making.

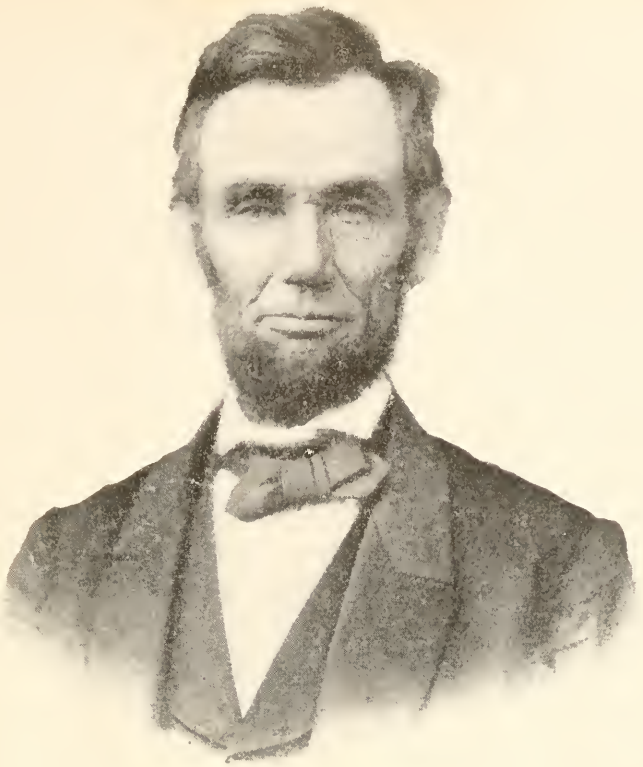
At Monroe's second election, for example, the vote in the electoral college was virtually unanimous. It just failed of unanimity, but, oh, the wide difference! A New Hampshire man wrote upon his ballot the name of John Quincy Adams, explaining to his colleagues that since Washington had been elected by unanimous vote, it was due to his memory that no one else should share the honor.

The unexpected act is typical of our American ways. We go along in humdrum fashion, intent on the business in hand, which is as often as not a work of destruction and is oftener than not connected with dollars; quite without warning a word is spoken, a chord of memory struck, and suddenly no persuasion in the world could tempt us to do the thing that a moment before seemed natural, if not inevitable. Whatever it is, it is done without breast-beating parade, almost with levity, for race amalgamation has corroded phlegm and sharpened stolidity and slowed up Latin emotionalism into a type of mind blessed with a keen sense of the absurd and cursed with a most cowardly horror of making itself ridiculous. The grim frontier jest that pictures a lynching party discovering its mistake too late and apologizing to the widow in the cryptic words, "The laugh is on us, ma'am," is nearer truth than fiction. We act as though ashamed of the sentiment that moves us and indulge the national sense of the ridiculous at the expense of emotion, even of reverence.

With changing conditions, national sentiment has showed itself at different periods in varied and characteristic ways. Before so many racial elements came to dwell among us, its expression was more sedate. It is doubtful if any of the continental worthies could have understood that lynching story, with the possible exception of Franklin, the only one of them born with the quality that has since come into its own as "American" humor.

Even in the sedate days our tribute to public men was apt to be paid in somewhat free and easy fashion. Washington is the only one in our national pantheon to whom decorous reverence has always been made. The admirers of Franklin who knew his reputation abroad were astonished when they came to this country and made a pilgrimage to his tomb to find only a plain white slab in "an obscure corner of an obscure burying-ground." Not even a path led to it. But they might have found food for thought in the fact that the tall grass about it was pressed down by the tread of many feet, and there was no need of a guide to show them the way.

The roads leading to the homes of our early Virginia Presidents were filled with admirers who arrived, according to the custom of the South, by coach and chariot, bringing their horses and their servants, and staying sometimes for days to cumber the stables and empty the larder. Washington, one of the richest Americans of his generation, escaped bankruptcy, having the fortune to die within three years of laying down the Presidency. The others all suffered. Jefferson paid the penalty of fame by being literally eaten out of house and home and his biographer's idyllic statement that "no hard work was done at Monticello" scarcely tallies with the assertion of his daughter that she and her household servants were sometimes called upon to provide beds for half a hundred people. Monroe said of his visitors that "some were bounties and some were taxes." On the whole he thought that there were enough of the former to offset the latter; but in his opinion pensions for ex-Presidents were a necessity, since under our republican plan they could not shut their doors and refuse hospitality



Copyright, 1891, by M. P. Rice Abraham Lincoln

to this sentimental horde without discredit to the country.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. Ex-Presidents are left in comparative seclusion now, and the lawns of Presidential candidates suffer. But there is a deal more than selfish and "lively expectation of favors to come" in the acclaim given a President or a President-elect. Monroe's shrunken figure in his old-fashioned military coat, light small-clothes, and obsolete headgear, the "last Cocked Hat," was insignificant enough; and neither his personality nor the few offices at his disposal explained the furor with which he was greeted on that tour of his into the "enemy's country" shortly after he assumed office. The campaign had been unusually bitter, but the whole population turned out and politics were forgotten in enthusiasm for the mighty country this unimposing little man represented. Men who for years had never willingly entered the same room suddenly found it agreeable to sit side by side at banquets and to shout themselves hoarse together in the frenzy of fireworks, cheers, and artillery salutes that marked the President's progress. "The demon of party for a time departed and gave place to a general outburst of national feeling." Amazed and delighted, the people fell to analyzing their own sensations, and when the Boston "Sentinel" called it an "era of good feeling," enthusiastically adopted the phrase into the language of the day.

Such furors have swept the country again and again: sometimes for a person; sometimes in recognition of a great gift, as in the case of Jenny Lind; sometimes in an ovation to foreigners, like Kossuth and Garibaldi, for gallant efforts in behalf of principles Americans hold dear.

The crowning tribute of this kind was given to one who belonged both to Europe and America, to the first by birth, but to us if brotherly sympathy counts for anything at all. When Lafayette returned

after fifty years to lay the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, the number of our States had doubled. As Clay said in his address of welcome, a whole new world had come into being. Lafayette himself had experienced tragic vicissitudes in that half-century. He had done his ineffectual best for Marie Antoinette, kneeling in dumb show of loyalty to kiss her hand on the balcony at Versailles while the mob howled below. The French Revolution had spared his life, but it had swept away all his wealth and inflicted upon him imprisonment and hardships too painful to remember. He had come to us as a young man in a ship of his own purchasing, with a gift of arms for the continental soldiers. For this second visit President Monroe, who as a subaltern had been wounded on the same American battle-field with Lafayette, offered him the courtesy of a nation's ship. This Lafayette declined, preferring, he said, to come as a private person to meet old friends and renew old ties. Having little vanity, he could not dream of the welcome that awaited him. "It will burst!" he cried, pressing both hands upon his heart, while tears streamed down his honest cheeks when on landing he realized the fervor of the greeting.

The pent-up enthusiasm of fifty years were in those shouts, not only in tribute to his winning personality, but in gratitude for the help and comfort he had brought us on his first visit. Young and old, grave and gay, were caught up and carried out of their ordinary behavior. Dr. Bowditch of Boston, the mathematician, confessed that instead of waiting in quiet dignity as he meant to do to watch Lafayette go by, he seemed to lose his senses at first sight of him, and regained them to find himself out with the crowd in the middle of the street battling to reach the barouche and huzzahing with all his might.

If Lafayette had not been the sincerest and most genuine of men, and full of wiry health as well, he could never have survived that twelvemonth of ovations. He visited every State, almost every important town, interested in all that was new, reminiscent of all that was old, graciously playing his part in every ceremony, whether it was "standing godfather to all the children born in his path," as his compatriots said he did; or leading the blind, white-haired widow of General Montgomery through a minuet; or fraternizing with Harvard graduates on class day; or gossiping with old men who had served as privates in the Revolution. Interminable processions by day and receptions by night robbed him of half his rest, but left him apparently unwearied.

Lightheartedness and tact helped him through moments that would have been trying to a more self-centered man, and he was not above slyly seeking information to use it again with happy effect an hour later. "Now tell me all about this place, and for what it is remarkable," he commanded Josiah Quincy, who as governor's aide accompanied him through Massachusetts. "This place" happened to be Andover, where Quincy had attended school, and the answer lacked neither detail nor picturesqueness. Lafayette treasured all the hints, and in his speech, seasoned with his French accent, made happy reference to Andover's pride, the theological seminary, as that sacred hill from which hope had gone forth to the heathen and light to the uttermost parts of the earth. A little later Quincy met a proud and beaming townsman.

"I was really surprised," he said, "at the particular and accurate knowledge that General Lafayette possesses. I always knew that in the religious world our theological seminary was an object of great concern; but I never supposed that in the courts and camps of Europe so much interest was taken in it." Quincy answered diplomatically that, after the talk he had had with the general, he was not surprised by his knowledge of local conditions.

But there were many places where Lafayette's memory needed no prompting. On the trip up the Hudson he was on deck betimes to show his son the spot where Major André had been arrested; he de-

scribed Wayne's capture of Stony Point with eloquent hands and voice; and pointed out the house where the commander-in-chief and he were breakfasting with Mrs. Arnold at the time Washington learned of Arnold's treason. In Washington his mind ran forward as well as back, for here in a capital that had not then existed was most clearly to be seen the difference between the country he had left and the one to which he returned. As Clay put it, here he was "in the midst of posterity." The brilliant and dashing Clay captivated him. That was the man he wished to see President, he declared. But in his kindness of heart he found time to spend an hour with another of the unsuccessful Presidential candidates of 1824, the stricken Crawford, sitting so close to his paralyzed side that his attitude seemed an embrace.

Three of his good friends of other days, Madison, Adams, and Jefferson, were now ex-Presidents. Lafayette's meeting with the latter on the lawn at Monticello, whither he had been escorted with trumpets and banners, was a moment of sudden change from gaiety to pathos. The trumpets ceased in the middle of a note and every head was bared as the general, a fine portly figure betraying little infirmity save the slight limp he had carried since Brandywine, dismounted to embrace his host. Jefferson, advancing to meet him, looked emaciated and old as well as ill. He was suffering physically, and mentally also, from troubles that were soon to drive him from the home he loved. And for all Lafayette's jauntiness, he was no longer young. He was nearing seventy, and there were wrinkles upon his face that the fine brown wig pulled low on his forehead could not hide.

It was in the ceremony at Bunker Hill that enthusiasm culminated. The weather was perfect, justifying the pious belief that "the Lord would not permit it to rain" on that day, and the number of spectators was limited only by physical possibilities of space and transportation. "Everything that had wheels and everything that had legs" moved toward the monument. In a room apart from the crowd Lafayette met the forty survivors of the battle, greeting each with the tenderness of a personal friend. No officer of field or staff remained alive, but one old captain, tottering with the weight of his ninety-five years, brought the far-off days of King George very close indeed. A young aide, the only person in the room who was not of that past time, pinned a badge over the heart of each veteran, and they filed out into the June sunshine for the ceremony. With them and the other survivors of the Revolution Lafayette elected to sit after he had done his part in laying the corner-stone. "I belong there," he said, refusing the chair of honor that had been prepared for him, and took his place among them, his chestnut wig giving him a strangely youthful air in that company.

The same chaplain who had invoked a blessing before the soldiers went into action made a prayer, and Webster, rising, set the emotional key in those two opening words of his address, "Venerable men," spoken to the gray-haired band in that wonderful voice of his. It was more wonderful than ever that day, vibrant with feeling, and all his power of oratory and all his wealth of patriotism seemed concentrated in his speech. He played upon the vast audience as upon an instrument. Wave upon wave of feeling passed across the sea of upturned faces as cloud shadows pass over a meadow. He himself felt it as something almost uncanny. "I never," he said, speaking of that day, "desire to behold again the awful spectacle of so many human faces all turned toward me." His popularity had lately been under partial eclipse, but this address, so eloquent and adequate, set him in full favor again, and many little accustomed to weep found the sunshine suddenly dimmed that day by a mist of sentiment and tears.

Materially the country felt itself still much in Lafayette's debt. Besides the aid of his sword and courage, he expended a fortune in our behalf, equipping a regiment and bringing us a ship. As an offi-

cer of the Revolution he was entitled to a grant of land and pay for his services. The latter he accepted only after his patrimony had been swept away by the Revolution in France. The former had been assigned him in the new territory of Louisiana, which, as Jefferson wrote one of his Italian correspondents, "enabled us to do a handsome thing for Fayette." "Locations can be found adjacent to the city of New Orleans . . . the value of which cannot be calculated. I hope it will induce him to come over and settle with his family." A thousand acres of such land were set apart for him by his agent, but Congress, not being informed, granted the same tract to the city, and Lafayette with princely unselfishness refused to press his own prior claim. "He would have no contest with the American people," he said.

During Lafayette's second visit, Congress, bent on reparation, voted him two hundred thousand dollars in money and twenty-four thousand acres of "fertile land in Florida," which, so far as known, never proved of great benefit to him or his heirs. But it is a satisfaction to remember that this greatest wave of popular feeling did not ebb without leaving a token more tangible than sighs and good wishes. And without that perhaps the account between Lafayette and ourselves was balanced, after all. No man is without his faults; even neighborly gallantry may get his best friends into trouble; and it is to Lafayette that we are indebted for that pest of our farms, the thistle, sent over from France in a package of seeds addressed to Mrs. Madison and marked "very rare."

Sometimes, alas! a wave of popular sympathy in this sentimental country of ours lapses without practical result. This happened when Jefferson's financial straits became known. A subscription was started, and twenty thousand dollars was sent him, with the intimation that it was merely a first payment for value received. Jefferson accepted it in the spirit in which it was sent. "I have spent three times as much money and given my whole life to my countrymen," he said. "Now they come nobly forward in the only way they can and save an old servant from being turned like a dog out of doors." But the impulse died down, and his home had to be sacrificed, after all.

An interesting and possibly pertinent fact to be remembered in considering national sentiment is that the successful warrior has cast his spell over us as he has over other nations since the dawn of history. The United States is a country devoted to ideals of peace, but war Presidents elected by the people would have governed about half the time had not death intervened. Peace, like heaven, seems indeed a hypothetical state of bliss, laudable and longed for in theory, but secretly feared as deadly dull to live in. In his autobiography General Scott sets forth the idea that men at heart adore fighting, and to prove it asserts that he had been told by Revolutionary worthies that Jefferson, brilliant and successful though he was, felt himself discredited and ill at ease in the presence of Washington not because of Washington's calm dignity and great wisdom, but because of his military record, and that it was this "painful sense of inferiority" that forced him into political opposition. It is an interesting theory; and it must be confessed that we find a military record a valuable asset in any walk of life. It would make curious reading could a table be compiled that would show how many candidates for office, from coroner to President, have been helped up the political ladder by bayonet and carbine.

Perhaps the real reason is that successful military record presupposes fearlessness and ability to strike out from the shoulder, qualities that have always had their fascination for us. We have done not a little in the way of hero-worship in the United States, but we have done much more in worshiping the heroic spirit, and the admiration of which we have been lavish has been most freely offered before the shrine of pure motive and high ideal.

One proof of this is that although our national sense of humor is keen, there is a

distrust of the very same quality when it comes to serious matters of government A prerevolutionary earnestness lingers among us yet to discredit wit and condemn satire in our public servants. Humor has been a pitfall to many unwary politicians, and a quick tongue and a sense of the ridiculous have proved the undoing of more than one statesman amply endowed with talent and patriotism. Voters are willing to be amused by such men. They elect them to Congress, sometimes even to the Senate, but there they stop. John Randolph's opium-tinged display of "intellectual jewelry" had rightly the morbid charm of a pathological exhibit; but the saner brilliant speeches of congressional wits from his day down to Thomas B. Reed's have kept them from higher offices in the gift of the people. The one man with a reputation for humor who has been elected to the Presidency was elected not because of, but in spite of, it. It was the unanswerable logic of his Cooper Institute speech and the white fearlessness of Lincoln's character, not his stories, that brought him success. Americans laugh at and with almost anything, but they take their country seriously. They often shirk their own part in the job of government, and revile political methods; but they hold their Government too sacred to be trusted in the hands of a jester.

"In the privacy of their houses," wrote Miss Martineau eighty years ago, "many citizens have lamented to me with feelings to which no name but grief can be given that the events of 1832–33 have suggested the words 'use' or 'value of the Union.' To an American, a calculation of the value of the Union would formerly have been as offensive, as absurd as an estimate of the value of religion would be to a right-minded man. To Americans of this order the Union has long been more than a matter of high utility. It has been idealized into an object of love and veneration. · In answer to this *cui bono?* many have cried with Lear, 'O reason not the need!' . . . But instances of carelessness or levity about the Union are very rare, and this is the reason why more show of attachment to it is not made."

Protestations of devotion are still rarer now. Even on the Fourth of July they are thought to be in questionable taste. But question the fact of patriotism and see what happens.

The change in the fashion of expressing sentiment can be seen in the political nicknames that have followed one another through the century.

Washington was the Father of his Country; Madison, Father of the Constitution; Jackson, the Preserver of the Union; Webster, Defender of the Constitution; Frémont, the Pathfinder; William Henry Harrison, the Cincinnatus of the West. Names all of them as high sounding as titles in the age of chivalry, as well merited, doubtless, and acquired in the same way by popular acclaim. They have in them a world of gratitude and admiration, but little levity. Side by side with them, though beginning a little later and growing more marked as the new Western note crept into politics, is another group equally admiring, but expressing greater intimacy of feeling, and more daring, if not more wit. The Last Cocked Hat, applied to Monroe; J. Q. Adams's Old Man Eloquent; Jackson's Old Chief and Old Hickory; Zachary Taylor's Old Rough and Ready; Clay's Gallant Harry of the West; Douglas's Little Giant; and the Honest Old Abe that grew with Lincoln's cares and responsibilities into the fond and trusting Father Abraham. Of late years still greater familiarity has crept in. Each can extend the list to suit himself. But it must not be forgotten that parallel to both, beginning very early and continuing on, is a third set, cruelly caustic, like His Superfluous Excellency applied to the elder Adams, and the Fox of Kinderhook directed against Van Buren, showing how keen is the people's demand for virtue and that their criticism never sleeps.

First and last enough sentiment has been expended upon American politics to equip a regiment of poets laureate. Distinctly American holidays are full of it. Fourth of July, of course, made itself.

The twenty-second of February became one by common consent. It had its origin at a convivial supper in a New York tavern in 1783, when a company met to listen to an original ode and drink innumerable toasts. Enthusiasm survived the wine, and as the gentlemen went gaily and unsteadily home they swore to meet again on future anniversaries. Regarded at first as a purely party custom, it broadened beyond Federal circles to take in all Americans. Jefferson's followers attempted a similar observance in his honor, but he countered with another bit of sentiment, refusing to divulge the date, on the ground that only the birthday of the nation should be so treated. Thanksgiving was sectional and religious as well as political, and sentiment graced it in plenty. One of the customs that lingered in good old New England households until the middle of the last century was to lay five grains of corn upon the plate of every person at table in memory of a day in early colonial history when five ships came sailing into harbor just in time to chase away the specter of famine. It was Washington who appointed the first national day of thanksgiving at the instance of Congress, after the adoption of the Constitution. For many years, however, annual observance of the day remained a matter of state action, virtually confined to New England. Like the twenty-second of February, it became a national custom only gradually; unlike the twenty-second of February, it spread largely through the influence of a woman, Mrs. Sarah Joseph Hale, who advocated it for twenty years, in the editorial columns of "Godey's Lady's Book" and in private letters to many governors.

On the first inauguration day both Washington and Vice-President Adams took the oath of office clad from head to foot in garments grown and spun and fashioned on American soil. And the form of oath in which they pledged their loyalty has been carefully repeated by office-holders high and low ever since.

The color of the West Point uniform records another bit of feeling. It is a little sentimental note on the forgotten battle of Chippewa, when there was not enough blue cloth in the country to cover our small army, and the British commander, seeing a gray line of regulars advance, mistook them, to his undoing, for "nothing but a body of Buffalo militia."

How quickly our public ear responds to rhythm or effective wording is seen in the eagerness with which some telling phrase is caught up and made to do duty as a rallying-cry. Even the lilt of campaign songs and ephemeral, but temporarily popular campaign slang have turned the tide of battle. Marcy's picturesque defense of rewarding party loyalty, "to the victors belong the spoils," and the not quite frank "fifty-four forty or fight," each did yeoman's service; and when it comes to more serious and sentimental utterances, their influence has been enormous. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute" both added to and steadied excitement in the X. Y. Z. affair. Clay's "Free trade and sailors' rights" helped on the War of 1812. "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever" out of Webster's reply to Hayne was a resounding line plucked from among the innumerable words of the Nullification debates and exalted into a national watchword. How much the glowing title of that new patriotic song the "Star-Spangled Banner" did to inspire enlistment, or the harder duty of cheerful endurance in the discouraging days of British invasion and burning; or how far Lawrence's dying injunction not to give up the ship has carried individual Americans from that day to this in deeds of heroism, each heart must determine for itself.

Once in a long while sentiment obliterates for an hour even our sense of humor. When Saxe-Weimar was traveling in this country, a dinner was given in his honor by the German Society of Philadelphia. Wishing to pay him the highest respect, they arranged to have only German music. Fortunately the genial duke's sense of fun was equal to the strain. "Our waiters wore black," he wrote, describing

the occasion. "Even the music was performed by blacks, because white musicians will never perform at public entertainments. After every toast the music struck up; but our virtuosi were only acquainted with two German pieces. After drinking my health, they played 'A dish and a song,' and after the toast was given of 'The German Athens,' they played 'Oh, du lieber Augustin!' "

"On the eighth day of January next, wind, weather, and snow permitting," a frontier paper announced late in 1837, "the Great Prairie will be set on fire in commemoration of the great Whig victory in New York. The Prairie is about 300 miles long, with an average breadth of from ten to twenty miles. The fires to be lighted at eight o'clock in the evening."

There is a wide and breezy enthusiasm about that which cannot fail to awaken a responsive chord in every American breast, though as to fitness there might be room for difference of opinion. However enthusiasm may stray from the path of fitness in such minor matters, in great crises American sentiment can be trusted not to go wrong. There were no huzzahs at Yorktown when the British gave up their swords; at Vicksburg no humiliating cheers added to the bitterness of defeat. Instead, there was a brotherly pressure of hands and a breaking of bread. The end of the Rebellion was marked by no widespread celebration of victory. Men, as best they could, set about following Lincoln's injunction to bind up the nation's wounds.

In the early Western migration there was little time for anything except daily tasks, and little room to carry anything beyond the barest practical necessities. But sentiment found a place in the pack of every immigrant family that crossed the Alleghanies. They could carry names with them, if nothing else.

The cabin and the fare might be poor indeed, but a loom in the corner reproduced patterns woven "back yonder," and the names by which they were called, repeated over and over, carried the mind far rolling through biblical history in the wake of "Chariot Wheels," or through the heavens with the "Seven Stars," to bring it to earth again in some dearly loved garden spot beside a "Double Snowball" or a "Briar Rose."

The names these immigrants gave their new homes are themselves a record of no mean interest. Often they were a counterpart of the old home left east of the mountains, as that had been of some village around a gray Norman tower under moist English skies. They tell a tale of loyalty and homesickness, and of sturdy New World faith in their ability to carve a home "equally as good" out of the forest or the rich prairie loam or the alkali of their new dwelling-place.

In their trail can be followed successive waves of thought and aspiration. Lexington, Kentucky, was christened by some hunters who were camping on that spot when they first heard of the battle. The revolt against Puritan dominion is to be seen in the nightmare medley of Greek and classic names with which central New York is covered. The few Indian names that have survived race prejudice for their music's sake tell a story of their own, as does the boastful exuberance of those names ending in "opolis," planted along the line of march in a spirit of commercial optimism that withered into failure, and which remain to clog the landscape like last year's burs. As we journey westward, alongside exotic French and Spanish saints and royal personages who fastened their tenacious names deep in our free soil years before men of English origin came to dispute them, are harsh descriptive phrases that etch like a biting acid the picture of a brave and virile and not over-squeamish phase of our young civilization—the Deadwoods and Mudholes and Long-a-Comings of the miners and ranchmen who carried abundant sentiment in their hearts, but counted it weakness and strove to hide it under callousness and profanity.

How sentiment grew and flourished on the new soil, and what strange and sometimes perverted forms it took, many a bit of local nomenclature shows.

They are interesting reading, these names on our map. And rightly read, they yield up an unassailable history of American politics. The number of Clay and Calhoun and Webster counties testify to the popularity of those famous leaders, and Scott and Taylor and Harrison counties show what a hold military success has upon our peaceful imagination. While an occasional state capital may bear the name of a President, or a large and thriving city the name of our favorite Frenchman, even the beloved Franklin was not deemed worthy of having a State named after him, that honor being reserved for Washington alone.

It is too soon for the country to have attained the finished beauty that covers the seamy side of Europe. We are still delving, and still cherish our American ideals, some of us with yearning, some with a hot conviction that makes it hard to remember they are still only a hope for the future, not an accomplished fact.

When we think of our nation as hopelessly material, given over to pursuit of wealth and without the saving grace of poetry, it is well to remember that a vision brought our forebears across the sea; that American conceptions of liberty are not prosaic, however short of ideal their working out may be; that the country's industrial development has been like an epic, and American invention a dream of magic. Stern necessity forced the early workers of the country to be practical. Men had instantly to take up their part in feeding and defending the struggling settlements; and women found their hands more than full in rearing children and contriving orderly households out of the abundant lack with which they were surrounded. Even after pioneer days were over they were under the same necessity to dig or die. Confronted by the unsightly gashes such work makes in nature's beauty, they scarcely heeded them, so intent were they upon what these gashes were to become. It has not been through lack of idealism, but abundance of it, that we have overlooked much that was crude and even laughable in our daily life. And if the time ever comes when this flame of hope dies out, leaving only ashes of criticism, it will usher in sad and perilous days for our beloved land.

THE END

Editorial Correction

IN the June CENTURY, in an article entitled "Can Wilson Win?" by Mr. George Creel, the following statement appears:

From the very first, foreign interference has contributed as largely to Mexican disorder as internal revolution. Documentary evidence is coming to light that proves the Mondragon-Reyes-Diaz plot against Madero to have been hatched with the full knowledge of the American ambassador, if not planned in the very embassy itself.

This having been taken as a reference to the Hon. Henry Lane Wilson, former American ambassador to Mexico, and the intimations therein made being unsupported by proof, we are happy, on behalf of the magazine and in justice to Mr. Wilson, to withdraw the statement and to express our regret that it should have appeared.—THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Pitiable Penguin and his Awkward Appetite

By E. L. McKINNEY

THE penguin I had long inferred,
From books of polar exploration,
To be an unresponsive bird,
Due to his frigid habitation.
His life, I felt, was dull and cold,
And empty as an icy chasm;
In fact, I frequently made bold
To think he lacked enthusiasm;
His spirits, I was more than sure,
Were very low in temperature.

But once, returning home quite late,—
Indeed, the midnight bells were pealing,—
I found one standing by my gate
Who greeted me with bursts of feeling.
"How do you do?" he said to me.
"My name is Herbert; call me Bertie,"—
He took his watch out,—"Let me see,
I 've waited here since seven-thirty.
But if you have an ice or two,
I 'll come and spend some time with you."

"I have an ice," I said; "for that,
I always have ice-cream for dinner.
My doctor says it makes me fat,
Though I persist in getting thinner.
And have a drink. I 've ginger-ale
And lots of sparkling sars'parilla—"
"No, just ice-cream; I 'm feeling pale.
Which is it, choc'late or vanilla?"
And as he ate he told to me
His melancholy history.

"Some fifteen years ago to-day,
Upon an ice-cake, damp and chilly,
I lived in my accustomed way
With mother and my brother Willy.
We lived a simple life, and ate
The artless food the spot provided,
Which I grew speedily to hate,
And suddenly one day decided
To swallow nothing but ice-cream
And make each meal a dazzling dream.

"At every meal, and in between,
I ate a store of creamy ices.
My daily rate was seventeen;
I purchased them at wholesale prices.
All kinds I had, pistache and peach
And frozen pudding, dishes heaping;
Vanilla, choc'late—quarts of each—
I ate when other folks were sleeping.
My mother often told me, 'Bert,
Some day you 'll hate the word dessert.'

"But I ate on, and as I ate
This food against my mother's wishes,
I lost, I found it out too late,
My appetite for other dishes.
I could not eat, how hard I 'd try,
The wholesome rice, the cool tomatoes;
I was not fascinated by
The memories of mashed potatoes.[1]
I looked with scornful eyes at Will,
Who ate this simple diet still.

"My fearful appetite grew keen;
I had to have ice-cream in plenty.
My rate increased from seventeen
Each day to many more than twenty.
Ice-cream grew scarce. I left my home
And wandered over all creation;
From place to place I used to roam
To keep from imminent starvation.
And now I beg from street to street
For ices—all that I can eat."

He stopped. I heard a single tear
Splash sizzling on the empty platter.
I sighed, his limited career
Was such a lamentable matter.
He thanked me, stumbled out the gate,
And left me thinking, mournful, lonely.
Ah, child, consider well his fate
And do not long for ices only:
Choose not the cold, seek not the sweet,
But learn to like whate'er you eat.

[1] The reader is requested not to linger over this rhyme, which has already endangered the otherwise cordial relations between the author and ourselves.—THE EDITOR.

"To-morrow You Will be King"

By STACY AUMONIER

"TO-MORROW you will be king. This is the best and most highly paid job that I give out. You will have an enormous salary, and you will be able to buy anything you like to eat or drink, but you must wear the clothes that I give you. There will be several hundred suits, and you must wear them on occasions as I dictate. You must always be thinking of ME and my CONSTITUTION (spelled in very large capitals), and you must not have any ideas of your own. You may think, but you must not express your thoughts. You must not have any likes or dislikes, any prejudices, any bias, or any political thought.

"Above all, you must not marry whom you like. I will find you a wife. You see, I was once a slave, as you will be to-morrow, and I like to keep you, although you are expensive to me, because you remind me of that time; or, rather, you bring home to me how I have developed, how I have become free, and I like to feel this power that I, a People (with a very large P), may even keep one slave myself, may even be a tyrant when the mood comes over me. For I rejoice in you, and as you pass me in the street I will take off my hat and bow to you, and when you deign to acknowledge me, I will cheer and cry, 'God save the King!'

"To-morrow and every day after I shall introduce you to hundreds and hundreds of people. You will not find them interesting, in fact you will find them mostly tedious and dull, but you must remember them all—all their names and faces and many facts concerning them, so that in after years, if you meet one of them, you must be ready to say, 'Ah, Mr. Brown, how is your youngest son getting on in Nicaragua?' You must be very careful to remember that it *is* the youngest son and that it *is* Nicaragua. If you ask how his eldest son is getting on in Fiji, and his eldest son is dead and had not even been to Fiji, you will estrange Brown, and I value Brown very highly. He supports the exchequer of one of my greatest parties. I shall expect this of you. It is what I am pleased to call 'tact.' If you meet others, and you look into their eyes, and they seem sympathetic to you, you must not treat them with more cordiality than those to whom you take an aversion.

"You must worship in the church established by my prelates, and considered best for you, and you must be strict in your observances. Every day there will be many papers for you to sign, but fortunately for you, you need not read them, for you must sign them in any case. And when you open my house of government you must read a speech. This speech will be written for you by some one you won't know, and will be printed in bold type, so that it will not be difficult to read.

"This holds good with every public act of yours. I try to make it as easy for you as possible, so that you have no personal worry or responsibility. You must not even refer to yourself as 'I'; you must say 'we.' This does not mean that there is more than one of you, but it gives you emphasis, and lends point to the phrase, 'Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!'

"You may have relaxation,—that is to say, you may have change of scene and to a certain extent change of society,—but you must never deviate by a hair's-breadth from these restrictions that I have laid down. Into my life you will bring color, history, pageantry, and a sense of form. For these things I am prepared to pay you well and to stand by you.

"When your day is finished and you say your prayers and retire to bed, in the silent watches of the night you may have whatever thoughts you like. Of course I should prefer you to think of ME and my CONSTITUTION, but I shall not exact that from you, provided your thoughts do not color your actions of the preceding day. Now go, sire, for to-morrow you will be king."

The Leisure Class

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

AS he shuffled his way to the park bench on which I already was sitting, he seemed to me the most perfect specimen of the tramp perennial that I had ever beheld.

His hat had once been a derby. Now it was little more than a buckled and drooping brim. Most of the crown was gone, and in its place appeared a thicket of dirty gray hair. A beard of the same color burst from the lower half of the face like an inverted halo of dirt. The color of the face itself differed very little from that of its shaggy frame. It might as well have been the face of a dead man but for a pair of piercing, peppery eyes, into which seemed to have been concentrated all the mobility withdrawn from the rest of the body. Despite the bright sunlight and the soft spring air, he wore a heavy overcoat reaching below his knees. A fringe of rags about each bare leg suggested trousers, and rags wound about his feet took the place of shoes.

As he sat down beside me, not much more than a foot away, my immediate impulse was to get away as quickly as I could, for the smell surrounding him was in keeping with his looks. But a voice within me whispered, "Oh, you fool, here 's one of those chances to study human nature that you are always pining for and never using!"

And so I made myself sit still, though it came hard. Without paying the slightest attention to me, he pulled from somewhere within his long coat a newspaper that must have littered the street a good while before he picked it up. In fact, it was only one half of a newspaper, but the upper half, fortunately, with all the headlines on it. This remnant of uncertain age he spread across his knees and began to study carefully.

"I guess it 's war all right, all right," he said at last without turning his head. "Well, it 's about time we showed them their place."

Of course I felt that I ought to say something diplomatical to lead him on, but I was still too busy holding on against the terrific impact of that smell.

"I 'd have given it to them long ago, if it had been up to me," he went on, ap-

parently unaware of the lack of response. "There will never be any order down there until we take hold. 'And the sooner we do it, the less trouble we 'll have."

"Do you mean to say that you care?" I found myself blurting out before I knew that I meant to speak at all.

"Care?" His head turned with the slow, awkward movement of a wooden doll; but when his eyes met mine, their fire made me wince.

"Care?" he repeated more calmly. "What do you mean?"

"I—I thought you were one of those unemployed," I faltered; "and so I did n't imagine that such a thing as the march of empire would interest you."

"Unemployed nothing!" he snorted. "I 'm a real hobo, and not one of those poor fools who 're running around to churches and such places like a lot of headless chickens."

There was a pause, broken by me at last.

"So much the more reason for you not to care, then," I said.

"Those things—what you call the march of empire—they 're the only ones I do care for," he retorted severely. "And mind you, young man, this empire is going to march on and on until we get clear down to the Horn, and there 's nothing left between the south and north poles without the letters U. S. stamped on it."

"But why, then—" I gasped.

"There are two things you overlook," he interrupted me. "First, that you ain't so much of a muchness after all, in spite of your cute looks; and second, that I 've got as much of a share in this country as you have—"

It was my turn to break in:

"Why don't you work for it, then?"

"Work?" he repeated with a sneer. "You mean drudge, of course. Why should I? What would it bring me? Fine food, swell clothes, a big house, a foolish wife—well, that 's what you care for. I don't. I care for just one thing and no more: to see this nation fill out its destiny, which is to rule and run all the Americas. See?"

"But you don't help along," I tried to protest. "You lie down on the job—"

He brushed aside my words.

"That means only you can't see much beyond your own nose, young man. I don't lie down at all—not in that sense. Perhaps I don't do much of what you call work, and perhaps I don't want to do it, either. But I vote, for one thing,—vote where it 's most needed, whether it 's here or in Frisco,—and I do a lot of hard brain work, which is more than can be said of you, I fear."

"I see," I said, having at last reached a point of interest where the smell was almost forgotten and a smile possible.

"No, you don't," he cried back at me. "If you did, you 'd see that civilization means nothing but to stop doing and start thinking, and thinking takes a lot of leisure. No nation can be called civilized, young man, unless it has a leisure class with plenty of time to do the thinking for it. But the leisure class is n't all one. Some of it you find up there,—" he jerked a thumb in the direction of Fifth Avenue, —"and some of it you find right where you 're sitting now. Leisure has to be paid for, you see, and it is n't always paid for in the same way. Those up there—" again his thumb indicated wealthy residence districts to the northward—"make others pay for their leisure. I pay for mine myself—pay for it by doing without a lot of worthless and useless things; pay for it that way just because I care more for this glorious nation than for myself. Do you see now?"

"Go on," I urged.

"No," he said, shaking his head and rising lazily to his feet. "I 've given you about all you can stand in one dose."

Folding up the old rag of a newspaper carefully, he shuffled off again in the direction from which he had appeared. Half-way across the open space in front of the bench he stopped and turned once more toward me:

"You have n't got a dime that 's not working, have you?"

Of course, considering the circumstances, I could n't possibly refuse him.

Eliza

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

ELIZA is a portly toad
With gold-rimmed jewel eyes.
I often meet her in the road
At twilight, catching flies.
She wears what seems a shabby gown
Of speckled, faded, earthy brown;
But as she calmly sits among
The flowers at dusk, with agile tongue
Collecting from the atmosphere
Such dainties as may venture near,
So lofty is her pride
She will not deign to jump or run
Though she be almost stepped upon.
It 's I who leap aside
Lest my rude foot should jar her poise
Or interrupt her evening joys.
She scorns to seem the wiser
As I recoil, with Thackeray
Exclaiming, in my sportive way,
"'Lor'! It 's Eliza!'"

Eliza, admirable toad!
Is a domestic soul.
She stays all day in her abode,
A well-selected hole
Beneath the arbor's latticework,
Compactly seated, like a Turk,
And smiles as weirdly, as she thinks,
As Mona Lisa or the Sphinx;
And when I say, "Eliza dear,
You know the home is woman's sphere,"
And stroke her on the nose
With blade of grass or bit of straw,
She makes no effort to withdraw.
Her eyelids she will close,
And merely, slightly, bow her head
With tolerant ease, as if she said,
"Thanks, yes." One can't surprise her
By offering votive grub or fly.
If I 've a garden deity,
"Lor'! It 's Eliza!"

FINANCE AND BANKING

The New Discount Market

By H. V. CANN

SIGHT-SEERS visit the financial district in New York every day. They form lines in the galleries of the exchanges and on the Broad Street curb to watch the bulls and the bears on the stock-markets. Thence their usual route is via Fraunces's Tavern to the Aquarium. Not long ago a visitor, more independent of guide-books, turned from contemplating an active stock-market, and wanted to see the new discount market. He had heard of its large transactions, and looked forward to a spectacle as interesting and animated as that which he had just witnessed. It surprised him to learn how intangible is the institution, newly adopted from abroad, called the open discount market, that no association or trading-place is necessary, and that it is in reality only a general change to better banking practice. The change was effected by the Federal Reserve Act and state legislation. New laws, framed in the full light of experience in other countries, gave American banks and trust companies authority to accept drafts for their customers. In this way, for a small commission, a bank will lend its name and credit to a customer, thus enabling him, without use of the banks' money, to finance elsewhere a trade transaction at a rate of discount lower than his own name alone would command. Such acceptances are usually based upon the purchase or sale of merchandise which, when finally disposed of, will yield funds to pay the acceptances. Self-liquidating commercial bills of this kind bearing the acceptance of a sound bank are the safest short-term investments that can be made.

Only a certain percentage of a bank's deposits is held in actual money. The balance must be kept employed to earn funds wherewith to pay running expenses, interest on deposits, and dividends. Next to actual money and balances with correspondents, banks hold, as a provision against sudden withdrawals of deposits, a so-called secondary reserve. Heretofore this secondary reserve in American banks consisted of call loans against stock-exchange securities. This collateral is continually fluctuating in price; loan margins require constant attention, and there have been memorable times when call loans were not so quickly collectable as the name implies. Out of the whole population of the country only a fortunate few can ever afford to buy stocks and bonds, but everybody must buy merchandise. It follows, therefore, in both theory and practice, that bankers' acceptances based upon goods are incomparably more liquid and stable secondary reserves than call loans against stocks and bonds.

The organization of the Federal reserve banks and the first offerings of acceptances drawn under the new laws provided the nuclei of a discount market and the necessary leadership. Recognition of its value is rapidly becoming general. Acceptors and buyers are increasing in number all the time. The supply of acceptances and the demand for them are growing larger every day. Country banks are taking an interest in the development, and will become buyers when rates are a little more attractive. A few New York agencies of foreign banks are beginning to use the market. Their branches in distant ports buy bills of exchange drawn under letters of credit issued by American bankers. These bills are sent through the New York agencies for sale in the open market. In the course of time large foreign banks doing an international business may be expected to invest in American acceptances either to profit by an exchange situation or for attractive yields. The

(*Continued on page 63 following*)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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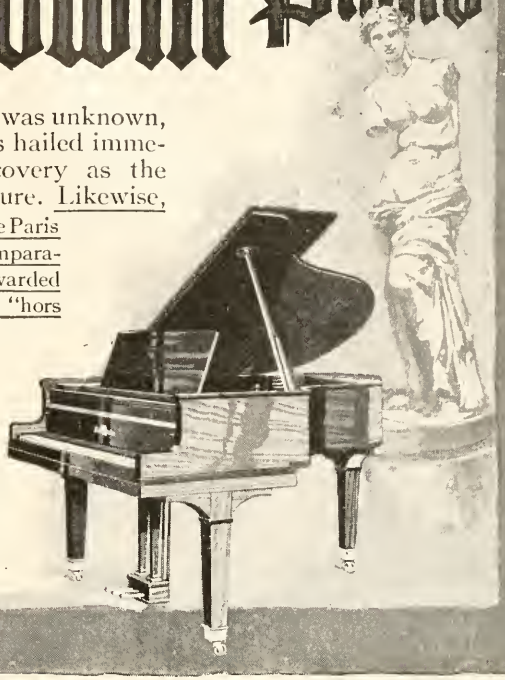
ALTHOUGH its creator was unknown, the Venus de Milo was hailed immediately upon its discovery as the world's greatest sculpture. Likewise, the Baldwin Piano when exhibited at the Paris Exposition was the product of comparatively unknown makers but it was awarded the Grand Prix and was declared "hors concours" (beyond competition). True genius proclaims itself. It needs no pedigree.



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Finance and Banking

Continued from page 960, preceding

rapid growth of the new system is indicated by a volume of acceptances for nearly $200,000,000, now current, and by the turnover during the last eighteen months or so of about $750,000,000. Impressive figures these, until they are compared with, and found to be only one tenth of, the normal volume in the London discount market. That is the one great market in the world for bankers' bills, and its example and methods must be followed here before the bankers and traders of the world will believe that a new international money center and discount market have arisen in New York.

The reasons for England's, or in this sense London's, supremacy in international banking have been described at length elsewhere. Obviously they cannot be reviewed in these few hundred words. To outline a small number of them in passing, there are: her concentration of liquid banking resources, discretionary bank reserves, vast colonial possessions in the productive parts of the earth, world-wide investments, unrivaled ocean mail, passenger, and freight service to and from all ports where bills of exchange are drawn, enormous importations of goods and materials to be finished and reshipped abroad, head offices or branches established there of about sevenscore foreign and colonial banks, with thousands of branches over the world the operations of which bring an endless supply of bills to London. Then there are the merchant bankers, private and incorporated discount houses, and acceptors whose names have long been familiar to all dealers in bills of exchange. British bankers enjoy comparative freedom from restrictive laws; their leaders are men of great ability and experience. Guiding and controlling the market is that wonderful old institution the wisdom and high standing of which are epitomized in the familiar adage, "As safe as the Bank of England." No wonder that bills are attracted to such a market—bills representing not only the vast trade of the United Kingdom, but much of the trade of other nations as well.

The bare outline of London's advantages is enough to show what a task confronts the upbuilders of an American discount market: first, to furnish adequate banking facilities for that large part of the United States trade which heretofore has depended upon British bank credits and the London market; then to convince bankers in other countries that a real and stable market exists here. There is money enough,—more than the British have,—but it is scattered and immobile, except that small percentage of the whole which is held by the Federal reserve banks. Money which centers in New York is, by reason of the great seasonal demands upon it from the interior, more subject to ebb and flow than London's funds. These tides are hard to navigate, and more than one financial craft has landed on the rocks at low tide. It will be necessary to grant credits abroad and quote forward rates as freely as British and Continental banks do. Rates must be reasonable and steady, otherwise the market will never win the confidence of bill-buyers and discount houses. Erratic and uncontrolled rates for call loans and such fluctuations as occurred in July would discourage any discount house from attempting to do business in this market unless a preferential rate is allowed on loans against bankers' acceptances. At least hundreds of American bank branches should be opened abroad, so that buyers of exchange having a direct interest in this market will be ready to do business wherever an important volume of exchange is drawn. Reciprocity in the establishment of branches is also desirable. The leading international banks of other countries should be encouraged to open agencies here.

Eventually the usury laws may require modification, but the need is not apparent in these times. There is room for a great increase in the discount market and a large reduction in the gold holdings before anything higher than the present legal rate should be called for.

A novel and rather questionable practice in this market has been observed and

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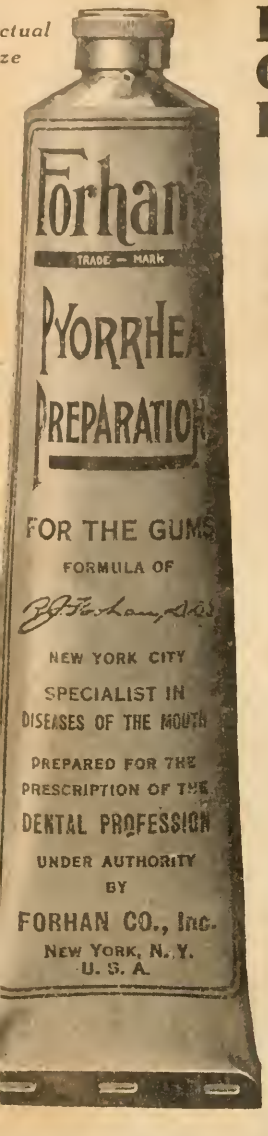

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commented upon: that is the purchase by banks of their own acceptances. In the acceptor's portfolio such bills can no longer be regarded as secondary reserves, and banks who hold them are in an anomalous position where they have charged a commission for making their own loans.

Now, although the business has developed the aforesaid substantial turnover of three quarters of a billion dollars, it must not be forgotten that most of the bills have been drawn under special credits resulting from the European War. The volume of normal commercial business secured thus far is relatively insignificant. Large credits have been granted to foreign governments and syndicates of bankers; but, if this is to be a real international money center, credits must go further afield into the ordinary commercial channels. Customers at home and abroad will use the market only if it can serve them as well as other centers do. Mr. Francis Hirst said recently, "American capital does not take easily to salt water." However true that may be of the past, nothing is more indicative of a changing policy than the opening of foreign branches and the establishment of a discount market.

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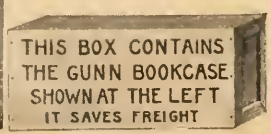

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